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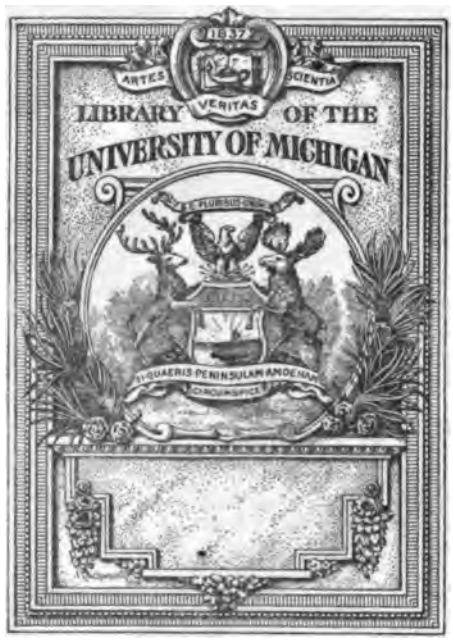
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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES. VOL. XXII.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES. VOL. XXII.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1880.

BLUES AND BUFFS.

A SKETCH OF A CONTESTED ELECTION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MONTHS passed, and the Shamboro' election was forgotten by the world, but not by Messrs. Cheetham and Co. Charles Greville had been trying to banish it from his mind by a trip to America, but winter found him again at the Grange, where his fate for a second time overtook him.

It was a dark and gloomy evening of a wet November day, depressing even to the fox-hunters who, with their scarlet coat-tails empurpled and bemudded, wended their weary way home to the Grange stables, after what Augustus called a 'sharp thing with Lord Puddingtown.' Charles was poring over some favourite folios of Flaxman's illustrations of 'Dante' in the library, when he was told that 'a gentleman was waiting to see him in the hall.' A vision of Cheetham at once rose to Greville's prophetic eye, but marching at once to confront the enemy, he was accosted by a mysterious muffled-up individual standing at the front door, who, thrusting a slip of paper into his hands, retreated immediately through the pouring rain down the drive, leaving our hero to study at his leisure the 'esteemed favour' bestowed upon him by his unknown friend. The document turned out to be a writ, served on the defendant in the suit of 'Cheetham and Another *v.* Greville,' in the Court of Queen's Bench; the damages in the action being laid at 10,000*l.*

In order to explain the apparent abruptness of this proceeding, it must be understood by Mr. Greville's numerous admirers, who will be naturally indignant at the insult thus offered to him, that for some months past every letter addressed to him bearing only the Shamboro' post-mark, and therefore manifestly hailing from that objectionable quarter, had, by Greville's orders, been pitched unread into the waste-paper basket or the fire. Among the precious MSS. thus lost to the world were divers pressing letters from Cheetham's partner, Mr. Swallow, urging the claims of his firm for further payment over and above the 1,000*l.* already remitted, and which, as he alleged, only half covered their 'costs out of pocket.' In these appeals hints

[illegible]

[illegible] must be [illegible]

[illegible] heard his share of [illegible] all way, though [illegible] Charlie and [illegible] that Mr. Dion [illegible] was utterly indis- [illegible]

[illegible] was bound [illegible] four years [illegible] he should have [illegible] wilderment, if not [illegible]

[illegible] had refused you; and I'll be [illegible]

[illegible] you are crumpling up in [illegible] the consoling Greville into [illegible]

[illegible] case if you like," [illegible] Chesthams to [illegible] chaff, [illegible] once. [illegible] Charles [illegible] nce" next. [illegible] all these [illegible] speak [illegible]

[illegible] Where is that to come from?

'Well, I must find it somewhere, I suppose, by sinking about a third of my capital and living more carefully on the interest of the rest; but they have not quite beat me yet, and I may pull through, after all. At any rate there's no good in talking about it now. And here comes your father across the garden, and I wouldn't have him bothered with my troubles for the world. It's bad enough for him to have a miserable defendant in a lawsuit billeted on the Grange, so let us say nothing about it to him, and I must go and write my letter, and you had better take off those soaking leathers and boots that have been clinging to your legs like sticking plaister ever since you got off your horse.' And just as Sir Henry's hand was on the door both the young men bolted into the ante-room, by which Greville escaped by the back staircase to his bed-room, where he rapidly penned the following note:—

Mr. Greville will be obliged to Mr. Brown if he will learn whatever may be the proper step to be taken in reference to the enclosed writ, which was served on Mr. Greville to-day at the suit of Messrs. Cheetham and Swallow, solicitors, of Shamboro'.

The Grange, Shamboro'.

Having despatched this note and its enclosure, Greville felt particularly light-hearted. It was his practice, whenever his conscience was clear of all complicity in the craft of his fellow-creatures, to shake off any extraneous burdens which their devices might seek to impose on him. No one would have supposed, from the tone of Greville's talk that evening, that any trouble had arisen to ruffle the serenity of his life, or to imperil his future fortunes.

Mr. John Brown, on the receipt of Greville's letter, which was duly delivered to him at the office of Messrs. Thumbscrew, Smart and Thumbscrew, did the needful respecting the writ. But for valid reasons he did not think it safe that the business of his patron should be entrusted to his own masters; and after obtaining authority from Greville, he instructed a steady-going firm in Chancery Lane to enter an appearance for his client. Counsel were retained. Payment of the 1,000*l.* was pleaded, and all liability traversed as to the remainder. Issue was joined, and the case set down for trial at the sittings in Hilary Term.

It will be remembered that John Brown, having overheard the conversation which took place immediately after the Fig Tree Court conference, had derived the impression of some intended false play as against his old patron, and it had been decided by the solicitors, who had received a private intimation from Brown as to the nature of the evidence he was prepared to give, to subpœna him for the defendant. Unfortunately, however, John Brown's employers, though not actually Cheetham's agents or attorneys in the cause, were fully cognisant of the strong sympathies of their clerk for Greville, which, indeed, Brown had been at no pains to conceal. They were not, perhaps, aware that it had been through Brown that Gre-

ville had become the client of another firm, who were now conducting the case. If this had transpired, poor John Brown would doubtless have been sacked at once, but warnings from Shamboro' had determined Messrs. Thumbscrews to get John Brown out of the way before the trial came on. It so happened that a convenient pretext for transporting John Brown beyond the seas was at this juncture afforded by the appointment of a commission for the examination of witnesses at Rio Janeiro in a Chancery suit, in which a client of Messrs. Thumbscrew' was concerned, and Brown was sent off at three days' notice to South America. To have refused this appointment, which had been assented to by both parties to the suit, and which, besides being lucrative, involved a high compliment to Brown's character and energy, would have been equivalent to throwing up his post at Messrs. Thumbscrews. Greville, to whom he telegraphed the fact, and his anxiety lest his absence at the trial of the pending cause might prejudice his patron's interests, urged him in reply to go, and take no thought for the consequences.

Chapter XXIV.

Christmas had come round again at the Grange, and though everybody was a year older and some were a year wiser, things looked externally much the same as they did a twelvemonth before. Charles was beginning to wonder whether Gertrude's turn might come round for a visit to the Berkeleys, but he dared ask no questions on the subject nearest to his heart, lest some *arrière pensée* should be suspected. Marion had talked casually of a letter she had received from Gerty, but whence it came or what it told did not transpire, and Charles, though he would have given worlds to know, did not venture on any interrogatories. And so, resigning himself to the inevitable, our hero took life as it came to him, and fitted himself into the niche hospitably provided for him in the Grange family circle. But while Charles was endeavouring, with the aid of his hospitable friends, to drive dull care away at the Grange, Messrs. Cheetham and Co. were carrying on their plots against his fortunes in the Court of Queen's Bench. Little more than a month had passed since the service of the writ in the case of Cheetham *v.* Greville, when at an early hour of the morning a brown envelope containing a pink paper was handed to our hero in his bedroom at the Grange.

'Verdict for plaintiff, damages 10,000*l.* and costs: will write by post.' These were the words pencilled on a telegram addressed to Mr. Charles Greville, at the Grange, from his solicitors in Chancery Lane. No letter by post, though it might add six-and-eightpence to his costs, could, as Greville well knew, remove this verdict, which, with his characteristic coolness, he accepted as final, and began immediately to calculate the ways and means of meeting this formidable claim on his moderate resources Throughout that day

he spoke not a word, even to Augustus, of the telegram or its tidings, but determined to wait till the promised letter should convey to him next morning the full particulars of his fate. It so happened that when that letter was delivered to him, Greville was sitting in what was called the gallery at the Grange—a long oak-panelled room which opened both into the library and the drawing-room, and afforded a rendezvous before dinner and after breakfast to the members of the family who formed the inner circle at the Grange. The only individual who happened to be seated in the recess of the oriel window which was in the centre of the gallery when Greville's letters were brought to him was Lady Anne, who was busily occupied in knitting a pair of thick worsted socks for Augustus; and she happened to have arrived at the critical operation of turning the curve of the sock's heel when Greville, who suddenly resolved to make the good lady his *confidante*, and finding it no longer possible to brood alone over his troubles, asked Lady Anne if she was at leisure. The benevolent lady at once expressed her willingness to listen to any communication it might please Mr. Greville to make to her. Whereupon he poured forth the full tale of his misfortunes, and ended by handing to her for perusal the letter he had just received. It was dated from Chancery Lane, and ran as follows:—

Greville ats. Swallow and another.

Sir,—We regret to inform you that mainly in consequence of the absence of a material witness for the defendant in this cause, a verdict for the plaintiff was this day given by a common jury in the Court of Queen's Bench, with the exorbitant damages of 10,000*l.* Should you desire it, we will instruct counsel to move next Term for a rule nisi for a new trial on the ground of misdirection on the part of the Judge; but we cannot undertake to urge this course, the result of which would be necessarily doubtful. The costs already incurred in defending the action are, we regret to say, heavy, and when those of the plaintiff are added to them we fear the amount will not fall far short of 2,000*l.* Awaiting your instructions, we remain your obedient servants,

TRUMAN BROS.

To C. Greville, Esq.

By what instinct Charles was led to confide his troubles to Lady Anne can be explained only on the same principle on which the gravitation of all troubled spirits to that lady's counsels is accounted for. She knew nothing of law or lawyers, and had not the remotest idea of the meaning of a 'rule nisi,' but she carried about with her a stock of sympathy which seemed absolutely inexhaustible, and Charles felt assured that the heart would supply all deficiencies of acquaintance with business, and that she was sure to help him in his perplexity.

'Well,' said Lady Anne, after reading Messrs. Truman's letter, and hearing Charles's story from beginning to end, 'one thing is clear; you had better go to the workhouse at once than have anything more to do with the lawyers. But does Sir Henry know about all this?'

'He knows nothing. I have carefully concealed everything from everybody; Augustus knows about the action, but nothing about the verdict. I can't stay here—I will not have these dear people worried with my affairs. I must be off to-day——'

'But where are you going, and what are your plans?'

'I have no plans except to pay my debts if I can, and get as far from England as I can when I have done it. When I have sold out capital enough to pay these fellows, and all their rascally costs, I shall have about enough left to take a sheep run in New Zealand and to stock it. There are two old schoolfellows of mine there now, and we shall get along well enough together. It's my only chance; but I can't bear to tell Sir Henry of all this. It seems so disgraceful to have made such an ass of myself. You must tell them all for me, and I shall be just in time for the next train if I am off at once. There's only one other person you must tell my story to—though of course everybody will know it through those wretched newspapers in a week. But you must tell it all to Gertrude, for I am engaged to her.'

'Engaged!' exclaimed Lady Anne with well-feigned astonishment.

'Yes,' quietly replied Charles. 'It was all done in two minutes at the ball last Christmas. I had not the remotest notion then of what all this business would come to, and confidently expected that somehow I should get well out of it. But now I am what Mr. Richardson would call a beggar, and as he always hated me, he will now have a good excuse for refusing his consent to our marriage, so there must be an end of it all.' With these words, Charles, who was fairly overcome and dreaded a breakdown in the presence even of the sympathising Lady Anne, bolted out of the room, rushed upstairs, and in less than half an hour was driving rapidly through the lodge gate in Augustus's dog-cart, little dreaming of the trials which awaited him, or of the winters destined to roll over his head ere he again entered the hospitable precincts of the Grange.

The transaction of Greville's necessary business in London before his departure for New Zealand was only an affair of a few days. Having ascertained as nearly as was possible from his solicitors the amount which would be required to cover damages and costs in Messrs. Cheetham's suit, and having also estimated the cash in hand which would be required for his immediate purposes in New Zealand, Greville gave an order to his broker to sell out of the Funds as much capital as would enable him to meet all claims. He then took his passage in the 'Empire Queen,' the first vessel of a line of auxiliary screw passenger ships bound for Melbourne, provided himself with a slender outfit (for he hated the encumbrances of superfluous baggage), and bidding farewell to two or three old friends who happened to be in London, before a full week had passed since his sudden departure from the Grange, Greville had passed the Nore on his voyage to the Antipodes.

Chapter XXV.

The 'Empire Queen' was slowly steaming southward, against an adverse wind, and Greville was busily occupied in preparing a letter for the chance of falling in off the Cape with a homeward-bound vessel. The letter, which contained a record of his hitherto uneventful voyage and a programme of his plans in New Zealand, was addressed to Lady Anne, but written for Gertrude (a practice which lovers have been known occasionally to adopt), when that sound so fearful to all voyagers in mid ocean—the cry of 'Fire!'—was suddenly heard by the occupants of the saloon. Rushing on deck with the rest, Greville at once realised, from the dense cloud of smoke rising from the forward hatchway, the imminent peril of the situation. Presently sparks, and ten minutes afterwards flame, were commingled with the smoke. Crowds of steerage passengers—men and women—rushed aft. In vain the ship's officers strove to maintain discipline even among the crew, who were panic-stricken and indifferent to all orders, and seemed to think of nothing but their own danger. Instead of making any efforts to extinguish the fire, half a dozen of these cowards (two of whom were Lascars, shipped at the last moment at Plymouth) rushed to one of the boats, and, with their clasp-knives, tried to cut it off the davits; but the ropes became entangled, and the boat, falling stern first into the water, capsized and became useless. The same fate befell another, which a frenzied body of emigrants had seized and actually succeeded in lowering; but a crowd of helpless men, women, and children, jumping on board in the agony of despair, sank her down to the gunwale, and the next heavy wave swamped her and drowned all hands. Greville meanwhile, finding that in the hopeless anarchy which prevailed, the restoration of anything like order or submission to the command of the ship's officers was impossible, devoted himself to efforts to save the lives of some of the poor women and children who had been deserted by their natural guardians.

He was engaged in lashing together some spars, out of which he hoped to form a raft, when the explosion of a cask of petroleum, which had become ignited by the excessive heat of the surrounding atmosphere, shivered the planks of that portion of the deck on which he was standing and of the bulwarks against which he was leaning. He fell overboard, and was for a short time immersed in the waves. But the same shock which threw him into the water precipitated also in the same direction the half-finished raft which, with the assistance of two or three fellow-passengers, he had been constructing, and to this, as soon as he rose to the surface of the water, Greville clung. He had no desire to live; on the contrary, if the Almighty had not 'fixed his canon against self-slaughter,' Charles would have welcomed the watery grave which was yawning beneath him, and plunged into its depths. But while multitudes who were clinging with desperate tenacity to life clung in vain on that awful day, alone, perhaps among them all, Greville

would have hailed any fate which promised to end his sorrowful existence. And yet it was his lot to watch from the rocking, wave-tossed spar, from which he kept his outlook on the tragic scene around him, mast after mast crowded with human beings roll over the side of the blazing wreck; and in less than forty minutes after Greville himself had been thrown into the waves, the hull, with all the heavy machinery, sank suddenly into the ocean, engulfing the only four or five passengers who were still visible holding on to planks in immediate proximity to the wreck, and leaving Greville the only survivor, so far as he could see, of the whole ship's company.

Through all that night poor Charles lay at full length on the frail raft which bore him up, and when morning dawned, chilled and exhausted, he sank into a stupor from which he was suddenly roused by a violent concussion which, if he had not been lashed to the spars which supported him, would have plunged him into the sea. Lifting his eyes, he saw a small brig carrying close-reefed square sails within a few yards of him, but rapidly leaving the spot where he lay in a northerly direction; but before ten minutes had elapsed he could see the brig shortening sail, porting her helm, and bearing up again for his raft. The helmsman of the vessel, which was a French trader laden with fruit from St. Michael's, and bound for St. Nazaire, had seen an object in the waves as they passed Greville's raft, and the officer on deck immediately determined to put about, fancying that he saw through his glass a human figure in the waves. A boat was sent off, and poor Charles unlashed from his spars and taken on board the 'Laure.' Having been for more than thirty-six hours without food, and almost frozen with the cold, the effort of struggling from the raft to the boat, and from the boat to the brig, brought on a comatose state, which lasted for more than two hours before he at all revived. The kindness of the captain and crew of the 'Laure' was unbounded. Before Charles had even the power of telling a word of his story, they provided him with every comfort at their command, and during the week which elapsed before they reached St. Nazaire, Greville had good reason for thankfulness not only that his life had been spared, but that he had fallen among these friendly Frenchmen, with whom he passed his days chatting pleasantly, and only perplexed and tried when the day came for his landing at St. Nazaire. The night was dark, and the rain poured down in torrents, when Greville stepped from the dingy of the 'Laure' on the quay, without a shilling in his pocket or any protection from the weather but that afforded by a coarse oilskin cape, lent by one of the sailors, who had enough instinct to perceive that the borrower was a gentleman, and enough good nature to help him so far even without any prospect of repayment. The glare of a gas lamp threw its rays on the sign of the 'Lion d'Or,' which seemed a sufficiently humble hostelry for a traveller whose want of baggage might indicate want of money, and thither Greville betook himself, not without some misgivings as to his reception. 'Il n'y a pas de place, Monsieur,'

brusquely responded a shabby-looking subordinate to the traveller's appeal for hospitality: 'il faut voyager à Nantes pour trouver un assez magnifique logement pour Milord.' The problem thus presented of a journey to Nantes without a franc in his pocket, and with no credit to obtain one, was rather too much for Greville's wits, and he was beginning to think of making tracks for the old fruit ship, which was about this time beginning to discharge her cargo, when he was suddenly accosted by a not unfamiliar voice, which proved to be that of an Englishman at all events, though at the first moment and in the darkness Greville could scarcely distinguish it; and, indeed, it could only have been by his voice that Greville, whose face had been unshaven for three weeks, and whose raiment presented a strange contrast to his average costume in England, could have been at that time distinguished at all.

'Sir! is that you?' was the rapid interrogatory of the stranger. 'I'm sure it is. I always said I should know your voice all over the world to the end of time; but where on earth have you been?'

'Well, the fact is I haven't been on earth at all lately,' responded Greville, recognising at last his old friend of Fig Tree Court, who was on his way to discharge his duties as commissioner for examining witnesses at Rio de Janeiro. 'I've been *in* the water, or *on* it, for some time past, and I shouldn't be sorry to be on earth again, if I could only get something to eat, and some decent clothes to put on, and a roof to cover me.'

The story of Greville's shipwreck and marvellous escape was soon told to the astonished John Brown, who, notwithstanding all his sympathy for his patron's sufferings, was inwardly rejoiced at the opportunity which seemed to be opening to him of offering some substantial token of his gratitude.

'Well,' he said, 'I've a credit on one of the banks at Nantes, and I've only come down here to see about a passage by one of the Messageries steamers to Brazil. My employers are bound to keep me in cash for all my expenses, and I can advance anything you want. There's no decent place for a fellow here; we must go to Nantes by the next train, and to-morrow you can settle what to do next. My steamer doesn't start for four days, so there's plenty of time to arrange plans.' By midnight Greville found himself comfortably reposing on a spring bedstead at one of the best hotels at Nantes, dreaming of the 'Empire Queen' as her mainmast sank under the waves, drawing with it his own helpless self, inseparably lashed on to the mast, while the fair form of Gertrude was blazing at the figure-head, and Uncle Richardson complacently gazing on the scene from the deck of his steam yacht.

Chapter XXVI.

After a refreshing night's rest at the 'Quatre Saisons,' and a sumptuous breakfast, provided in royal style by Mr. John Brown, Charles felt up to anything except returning to England; and, in

reply to the offer of Brown of a free use of his credit letter, for the purposes of Charles's journey money, he decidedly informed him that, having once started on his New Zealand route, it formed no part of his plan to go home for the operation of starting again. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* might be a very good maxim for a fox-hunter, but a very bad one for an emigrant. He should await remittances at Nantes, which would involve only a few days' delay, and in the meantime he consented to borrow ten napoleons for a temporary outfit, being at that moment encased in John Brown's garments.

'You are off by the next Messageries steamer for Brazil, are you not? I'll come with you. I've always wanted to see South America and its Pampas; and, perhaps, while you are doing business at Rio, I may get a peep at the Andes.'

Though John Brown was rather astonished at what seemed a sudden change of purpose on the part of his patron, who had been a few weeks ago *en route* for New Zealand, his comparatively humble position, and, still more, the recollection of the wide gulf which in former days had separated the scrubby little John from the aristocratic pupil who dawdled away his hours at the chambers in Stone Buildings, forbade the slightest criticism. Mr. Brown simply forked out the ten napoleons, and obsequiously asked whether he should go by the next train to St. Nazaire, and secure the best available berth in the 'Grand Monarque,' by which ship Brown himself had engaged his own passage to Rio. Greville acquiesced, and, as a sort of plea for his altered plan, reminded Brown that, after all, Rio was on the way to New Zealand, and, perhaps, the nearest for him, under the circumstances.

John departed on his errand, and Charles, left to his own meditations, travelled, far more rapidly than words could have been transmitted by the electric wire, to Gertrude and the Grange. The half-written letter which was in progress just before the catastrophe of the 'Empire Queen' was in the Bay of Biscay. Charles now wrote and posted another to Lady Anne, which, unhappily, was never destined to reach its destination, having been despatched by a mailboat which was sunk by a collision in the Channel.

Nobody in England had heard anything of Greville since he left his native shore. Some of those who called themselves his 'friends' had not even thought of him. Even Augustus only remarked now and then, 'What an ass Charles was to bolt in that way. I'd never have lent him my dog-cart if I'd known what he was about.' But there was one who had not forgotten him. Gertrude had passed the winter and spring in Italy with the Richardsons, cherishing in secret the affection which she dared not betray. She had returned only a few days after Greville's departure far from well, and Lady Berkeley claimed her turn of her niece's society. She continued, however, even under all the cheerful influences of the Grange, an invalid hardly able to make an occasional excursion beyond Lady Berkeley's boudoir, where she was visited now and then by Lady Anne. She longed to

receive news of Greville, and yet she dared not show any special interest in him, as no one knew her secret. At first the arrival of each post raised a flutter of expectation in her heart, to be so miserably succeeded by a blank despondency that hope seemed gradually to vanish altogether, and Lady Anne watched with tender anxiety the settled look of woe, and the gradually attenuating form, which indicated the approach of that malady which science can neither cure nor arrest.

On a chilly morning in the first week of March, when fishing had not begun, and shooting had ended, and hunting was drawing to a close, and Augustus was suffering from the depression naturally incidental to such circumstances, he took up in the library, contrary to his wont, the 'Shamboro' Gazette,' and under the head of 'Latest Intelligence' read the following paragraph, at the commencement of which stood in large type, 'Loss by fire of the "Empire Queen."—We regret to state that this fine ship, 2,000 tons burden, has, according to advices received yesterday at Lloyd's, been burnt in the Bay of Biscay; all hands lost. Among the passengers, we regret to state, was Mr. Charles Greville, recently a candidate for the representation of this borough. The only information which has as yet been received as to this calamitous event, is from the captain and crew of a French fruit vessel homeward bound from the Azores.' To give Augustus his due, it must be recorded that for the moment every thought of selfish amusements—everything, in fact, but the sense of a terrible shock at the fate of his friend—vanished from his mind. His father and mother being for the day absent from home, he rushed upstairs to Lady Berkeley's boudoir in search of Lady Anne, to communicate to her the sad tidings. Unfortunately Gertrude was in the room, and though Augustus said nothing, his manner convinced her that something terrible had happened. Nor was this suspicion dispelled when poor Augustus, who was rather clumsy in his attempts at concealment, asked Lady Anne to come downstairs, as he had something to tell her. She followed him out of the room, and though the paragraph announced poor Charles's death as certainly as if day, month, and place had been recorded in the obituary column of the 'Times,' Lady Anne, who had as much confidence in the facts reported in that journal as she had contempt for the opinions propounded by it, suggested that before accepting the 'Shamboro' Gazette' as gospel, recourse should be had for confirmation to the 'Daily London Oracle,' which, as her ladyship said, always had the most accurate shipping intelligence. Alas! the confirmation was, on reference to the journal in question, only too complete; for, in addition to the record of the loss, the underwriters were stated to have accepted their full liability for the insurances of the ship. Augustus was in despair. The 'rascally shipowners' came in for a full share of his anathemas. They had sent, he declared, a wretched old coffin to sea, laden probably with gun-cotton and petroleum, for the express purpose of pocketing 5,000*l.* by the murder of their

fellow-creatures. He would indict them! He would write to the 'Times!' Poor old Charles was worth thousands of such scoundrels!

But while the impetuous Augustus was helplessly raving, Lady Anne was anxiously considering how to break the terrible tidings to Gertrude. Should she go straight back to the boudoir, and take her chance of any interrogatories that might be addressed to her? Should she wait for the return of Lady Berkeley? She trembled at the possible effect of the news on poor Gertrude. It was dreadful to think of the shock to her shattered nerves. Lady Anne ascended the stairs with a heavy heart, pondering still in her mind whether to speak with Gertrude at once, or whether to wait till an absolute necessity for doing so should arise.

We draw a veil over the crisis of Gertrude's grief. The shock was overwhelming, and her health seemed likely to give way altogether. A mournful gloom settled for a time upon the Grange. The very servants all talked with genuine sorrow of 'poor dear Mr. Greville;' and except for the absence of mutes from the hall-door, you would have supposed that a sort of chronic funeral was going on at the Grange for three weeks after the arrival of the tidings of the loss of the 'Empire Queen.'

But leaving Charles's friends to lament his supposed loss, let us pick up the threads of our narrative, so far as one at least of the other actors in the drama is concerned.

Chapter XXVII.

The dissolution of Parliament had given the Ministry a working majority of fifty; and though the crisis had, as a matter of fact, arisen out of some squabble at Hong Kong, the constituencies, knowing little and caring less about the unintelligible Chinese puzzle, had practically taken matters very much into their own hands, and returned the men they liked best, or the men who paid most, irrespective of politics.

Some wiseacres pronounced the net result to be an indication of 'Liberal reaction.' The Reform Club was in ecstasies, and though some of the old stagers at Brookes's shook their heads, the advanced Radicals said there was nothing in them, and even openly indulged in expressions of contemptuous pity for the weak brethren who were incapable of appreciating the noble aspirations of the Prime Minister, who was for the moment the idol at once of English Jacobins and Irish Whiteboys, of Oxford High Churchmen and Manchester Free-traders. Poor Jem, for whom his affectionate uncle had anticipated the pedestal of an Under-Secretaryship, to be ascended from the stepping-stone of Shamboro', was rather in the dumps, not from any low feelings of disappointed personal ambition, but because he could not

throw himself into the ranks of gushing Radicalism at what seemed to be the hour of its approaching triumph.

'Well, what next, I wonder?' said Sir T. Tarleton. 'If Merrypebble goes at this pace, depend upon it he won't keep his team together for six months. He may play at Ritualism or Methodism, or send the Church to Jericho if he likes, but when he comes to trifle with the law of entail, and conspire with the poachers to stop all our sport, it's time for the landowners to look alive. Don't talk to me about the Liberal party and the progress of opinion while all the good old Whigs are being dished and served up. I'd rather have the Tories back again, and then we could fight and turn them out, and know where we were, at all events.'

Jem was just about to suggest to his uncle that they 'knew where they were,' and to give reasons for self-gratulation on the happy position of affairs, when the library door opened, and a visitor of some consequence was announced, who proved to be no less a personage than the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who had been an old college friend of Sir T. Tarleton's, and who, knowing that Jem had fought for the party at Shamboro', came to offer him, through his uncle, a lucrative appointment in the West Indies which lay within his patronage.

'We pay our fellows who lose, you see—what are we likely to do with those who win?' chuckled the Cabinet Minister as he unfolded his gracious intentions to the rather ungrateful Jem, whose associations with Demerara were blended with mutinous negroes, swamps, and yellow fever.

Not anticipating any demurrer on the part of his fastidious nephew, Sir Thomas, who had just paid the balance of the Shamboro' bills, and did not see his way to any English career for Jem, assured his old friend that this was the very thing he had wished for his nephew, who, he was sure, would at once have spoken for himself if he had not been rather taken aback at this unexpected bit of good luck. Without waiting for further thanks, the Colonial Minister, who was, he said, due to meet a deputation at the office, instantly rushed out of the room, and was out of Arlington Street before Jem had realised the situation.

'But am I really to take this place, my dear uncle, and bury myself alive in British Guiana, where I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me?'

'Well, all I can say is, if you don't, I can't tell what you are to do with yourself, except lounge about the Travellers', and rough it on your four hundred a year. I've nothing for you, and that horrid election has fairly cleared me out. So I should say, "take the goods the gods provide you." A firstrate opening for a clever fellow! Why, there's my old friend Eastbrook, Governor-General of India, with his 28,000*l.* a year, and he began not so long ago as Superintendent of Honduras; and they shifted him from Belize to Trinidad, and from Trinidad to Jamaica, and from Jamaica to Van Diemen's Land, and

from Van Diemen's Land to Nova Scotia, and from Nova Scotia to the Cape of Good Hope, and from the Cape to Bombay; and when poor Scatterbrains got into a scrape about some war with the Rajpoot Princes, they sent Eastbrook to Calcutta, and he spends half his time on the cool hills at Simla, and they tell me leads a very jolly life of it. So you see what you may come to before long, and all out of this Demerara appointment. No, don't thank *me*—thank those beneficent stars which saved you from Shamboro' and a career of juvenile Jacobinism, which would have ended in smoke, or something worse.'

Jem had not the remotest idea of thanking his uncle. Indeed, it was as much as he could do to refrain from banning him; but seeing no alternative open to him but, outwardly at least, to accept his sentence of transportation, he did what people often do when they feel compelled to say something which they intend shall mean nothing—he asked a question:—

'Ought I to write to the Secretary of State about this, Uncle Tarleton?'

'Well, I don't know that you need. He considers the favour done to *me* for backing the party by starting you for Shamboro', and it wasn't necessary for him to trouble himself about your fitness for the post, as the salary will come out of the revenues of the colony, and there will be nobody to grumble about it in the House of Commons, and pretend that it's a job.'

Jem's disgust would, in spite of his awe of his uncle, have found utterance in some protest at this last remark, if all further conversation had not been suddenly suspended by the arrival of a telegraphic message summoning Sir Thomas from the room.

Mr. James Maxwell was shortly gazetted as head of the Immigration Department in British Guiana, salary 1,200*l.* a year, just thrice the amount of the allowance he had hitherto enjoyed, and more than ten times as much as he was ever likely to earn from any occupation in England. Most of his acquaintances considered him 'an awfully lucky fellow' to drop into so princely a stipend with nothing to do, as they said, but to 'whack the coolies and pocket the money.' It was arranged to give Jem a parting dinner at Willis's Rooms, with a popular nobleman in the chair, who was at once a good cricketer and a fluent orator, and everything went off as well as possible. Finally, Jem went off too, cursing, we regret to say, the hard fate which bestowed talents originally intended for the extirpation of despots and the regeneration of mankind on the walloping of niggers and the development of sugar-canes. But as the Cornish cliffs receded from his gaze on the deck of the West Indian steamer, the Agent-General of Immigration for British Guiana was comforted by the thought which has consoled other exiles in a similar predicament, viz. that 'it would lead to something else.' And once settled at his post in Demerara, Jem developed into a highly important official, intent upon his duties, and nursing his ambition for some higher service which was still in the future, when we finally part with him.

Chapter XXVIII.

Charles Greville in the meantime had landed at Rio, without much thought of what would become of him. He was naturally of a careless, happy disposition, ready to take things as they came, without much concern or feeling of responsibility. Popular at school, at college, everywhere, a good shot, a plucky horseman, good, if he pleased, at books, a bit of an artist, more than a bit of a musician, good-looking, good-tempered, 'sound and free from vice,' Charles had enjoyed perhaps as happy a combination of advantages as a young man of six and twenty could possess. But, like the rolling stone which gathers no moss, Charles had rolled from Eton to Oxford, from Oxford to Lincoln's Inn, from Lincoln's Inn to Shamboro', from Shamboro' to St. Nazaire, from St. Nazaire to Rio, and now he was about to roll on from Rio across the Pampas, and possibly to the Andes, and it was difficult for him to point to any single practical result accomplished for the bettering of himself or his fellow-creatures by all his desultory wanderings.

As soon as he had landed he sallied forth to survey the conspicuous church of Nossa Senhora da Gloria, which had attracted him, as it attracts all who enter the magnificent harbour. Returning to his hotel, he found on his table a pencil note from an old friend, Henry St. John, who happened to be with his yacht in Rio harbour, and had accidentally learned from the British Consul of Greville's arrival. The sight of the note, and its contents inviting him on board the 'Moonbeam,' and promising him news of his friends at the Grange, brought to the system of Greville a shock which Professor Tyndall would best describe. If that distinguished philosopher had seen Charles jump up, seize his hat, and rush to the door as he held St. John's note in his hand, he would probably have described the performance as 'a complex mass of action, emotional, intellectual, and mechanical, evoked by the impact on the retina of the infinitesimal waves of light coming from a few pencil marks on a bit of paper.' What actually happened was that Charles, forgetful of his own dignity and of the mud through which he was running along the street in wild pursuit of 'recent news of the Grange people,' rushed at once to the quay in search of the 'Moonbeam.' As there were at least a thousand vessels of all nations in the harbour, some at the wharves and some far off at anchor, and as the majority of the people on the quay spoke tongues unknown to Charles, the discovery of the 'Moonbeam' was not a very simple process. His only chance seemed to be to try the British Consulate, where, to his joy, he found St. John just about to start in a shore boat for the 'Moonbeam.'

'Well, old fellow, fancy dropping on you here of all places in the world. Why, I thought you were at the bottom of the Bay of Biscay long ago. Well, all I can say is the "Woman in White" is nothing to it all. But come along at once and let's go off to my yacht.'

Charles had no chance of putting in a word, for the voluble St. John kept up the ball all the way to the 'Moonbeam,' and it was not until they were on board that he had a chance even of asking how the 'people at the Grange' were.

'Well, I tried hard to persuade Augustus to come out with me, but he said something about his cousin being seedy, and he seemed as anxious about her as old Gus can be about anything. But now I must show you all over the yacht before we get on home affairs,' and then he rattled on in praises of the 'Moonbeam,' which was certainly a magnificent craft of about 700 tons, with a powerful screw, and splendid fittings, and everything first rate.

'I'm going off to Australia to-morrow, and you must come with me—you've only to go ashore after dinner and pack up your traps, for we shall weigh anchor before sunrise to-morrow. It's just the place to suit you. Why, they said you were going to New Zealand to be a squatter or a tallow boiler, or something of that kind, before you were drowned; and now you've come to life again, the least you can do is to fulfil the vows made in a previous state of existence. I'll put you ashore at Wellington, or Lyttelton, or Auckland, or wherever you please. We'll go round the Horn or through the Straits of Magellan if you like to have a brush with the Patagonians, and there's Tahiti and Fiji to be seen if you like it; or who knows but that you may pick up a bride in the islands of the south. And though we have no ladies on board, we have a Colonial Governor whom I've engaged to land in New Zealand sooner or later. Here he comes. Allow me to introduce to you Lord Henry Primrose,' and his lordship, taking his pipe from his mouth and his cap off his head, courteously bowed to Greville, who returned the compliment. Charles was preparing soon afterwards to go ashore, when St. John, with a decision which seemed to forbid refusal, gave orders that two of his men should go with him to his hotel and bring him back, bag and baggage, to the 'Moonbeam.' Though at first rather taken aback by these orders, Greville, who had really no plans of his own, surrendered at discretion and went ashore, bade farewell to John Brown, and before midnight was asleep in the stern cabin of the 'Moonbeam.'

'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,' was the refrain of Charles's dream as he lay dozing in the stern cabin, and the voice seemed to issue not from the lips of the good little chaplain at Rio, but from some distant patron saint inspired by the 'people at the Grange.' Rio and its glorious harbour were almost below the horizon when Charles found himself on deck. Still the text of the chaplain's sermon haunted him as Lord Henry greeted him, puffing his cigarette, an operation which he seemed to be performing with all his might.

Lord Henry Primrose was on his way to New Zealand, of which colony he had been appointed Governor. It was the usual practice in those days, as now, to promote to the most important posts in our distant dependencies men who had proved their qualifications for the

work in subordinate and smaller spheres of action in the colonies. In the case of Lord Henry this wholesome rule had been departed from, for he had not been hitherto in the colonial service at all. As ambassador at Vienna he had given indeed some evidence of his unfitness for diplomacy; but having many old friends in Parliament and nothing to live upon at home, the ex-ambassador having a claim on his party for a billet *somewhere*, was transported bag and baggage to the Antipodes, and was lucky enough to find a friend in St. John, who was ready to take any number of colonial governors anywhere gratis. Lord Henry, who had an inconvenient number of creditors in England and no money to pay them with, arranged with St. John before leaving Vienna that the 'Moonbeam' should pick him up at Havre on its outward voyage, and St. John had only stipulated that they should go round the Horn, afterwards touching at Valparaiso or possibly Buenos Ayres on their way. The new Governor was due in New Zealand in the autumn, but Sir Hector Crowen, whom he was to succeed, was to hold office till Lord Henry's arrival, so that he was not closely tied to time.

As New Zealand was the eventual destination of both Charles and Lord Henry, it formed a mutual topic of conversation to both till the bell summoned them to breakfast, and curried fish and various delicacies which the skipper had picked up at Rio put distant prospects aside for the moment, especially as St. John's good-humoured rattle began to sound, and he started a subject more interesting to Greville than even sheep farming, boiling down bullocks, or colonial administration.

'By the by, Greville, have you heard anything of the Grange people since you left England?'

'Not a word,' answered Charles, 'except what you have told me.'

It must be observed that St. John knew nothing whatever of the *affaire de cœur* between Charles and Gertrude, and since he had sold his property to Mr. Shoddy, had seldom been in the neighbourhood of the Grange. The local papers, when he was in England, were sent to him, and provided him with a certain amount of provincial gossip, the truth of which he had no opportunities of testing. 'Then you can make up arrears,' said he, 'with an old "Shamboro' Gazette." It's only three weeks old, and was lying about here yesterday. There it is under the log book. I'll find, if I can, what it says about our friends. Here is a flaming paragraph about the "terrible loss of the 'Empire Queen,' with our late gifted candidate on board," and here is another headed "Marriage in high life," which seems to hint that your old friend Miss Berkeley is likely to make some noble alliance, to the great gratification of her uncle, Mr. Richardson. Mr. Furbelow, of the High Street, has orders to furnish the trousseaux, and those gifted native artistes, Messrs. Aspic and Carraway, whose *batteries de cuisine* recently astonished the county epicures at Castle Booby, will provide the *déjeûner*. Then comes a report of a rattling good run with Lord Puddingtown, and an abstract

of a philosophical lecture from Miss Lydia Buncombe, and the rest of the paper seems to be filled up with advertisements of Maravilla Cocoa, and Glenfield Starch, and Holloway's Pills, except a short paragraph headed "Snoreham," announcing the sudden death of Mr. Proser, supposed to have been caused by a shock to the system, occasioned by a recent judgment of the Privy Council. Now, old fellow, if I haven't redeemed my promise of giving you news of the people at the Grange, I should like to know what will satisfy you. But I must go on deck and have a talk with the skipper, and settle whether we are to run for Buenos Ayres or keep our course straight for the Horn.' So saying, St. John, with a light step and light heart, tripped on deck, leaving Lord Henry and our hero to their meditations; the former, who had been rather bored by the 'Shamboro' Gazette,' already half asleep; the latter, consumed in his inmost heart by a fire intenser than that of the volcanic Cordilleras of Patagonia, while the glaciers of those mountains might aptly symbolise the icy chill which seemed to deaden and freeze poor Charles's life-blood.

Chapter XXIX.

'Well, what do the doctors say? inquired Sir Henry, with an *empressement* quite unusual to him, as he entered the library at the Grange; 'I met Gregory at the lodge, but these country apothecaries always talk such a lot of Latin that nobody but a schoolboy can understand them. What did Sir Todd Parker say, and what was the upshot of the consultation?'

'Sir Todd was only here twenty minutes,' replied Lady Anne; 'he had to catch the 4.30 train. I don't think he could have been more than ten minutes with our dear patient, and I suppose about five more with Mr. Gregory afterwards; and when he came in here for a cup of coffee before starting, there was scarcely any time to ask him questions; the only definite thing I could extract from him was, that he thought there was a cavity in the left lung, and he said that he had left full instructions with Mr. Gregory, whose treatment had been hitherto all that could be desired. I asked Mr. Gregory, beforehand, to find out about Sir Todd's fee, which he said was a hundred guineas, for which Lady Berkeley gave him a draft.'

'But, my dear Lady Anne, what about this "cavity"? I thought all lungs had cavities; and besides, cannot people get on with one lung, if it's sound? I really wish there were no doctors to put one into a fright about people one loves, with all this mysterious jargon. There's Gregory, who's always talking about the "mucous membrane" and the "cellular tissues," and I don't believe he knows what they are or where they are. But is Gerty to remain shut up in her room and none of us to see her?'

'Well, my dear Sir Henry, both doctors did certainly enjoin

complete rest and quiet until warmer weather came, when we might possibly move her to the South of France or Madeira.'

Sir Henry pursued the question no further, partly, perhaps, because he feared he foresaw the sorrow which was in store for them all.

Chapter XXX.

The 'Moonbeam' is gliding into the harbour of Valparaiso, for it had been arranged that any despatches for Lord Henry, either from New Zealand or from the Colonial Office, should be addressed there. As for St. John, who never wrote to anybody, he naturally did not expect anybody to write to him; for, said he, 'what on earth should people write about unless they are in love, and then they ought to be put in a lunatic asylum.'

Charles, who had succeeded, as he supposed, during his voyage round the Horn in stifling all tender passions, and had resolved that no romantic delusions should ever more possess his soul, felt that *he* at all events was not a subject for St. John's strait waistcoat; and when the Panama mail was delivered at Valparaiso, Charles cared not what might be its contents so far as he was concerned. To Lord Henry it brought the tidings of a Maori war and a ministerial crisis in New Zealand, and some instructions from the Secretary of State as to how the Governor was to deal with both. But to a mind so innocent of all knowledge of colonial politics as that of Lord Henry, the tidings conveyed no ground of apprehension. As he puffed away at his pipe, and uttered some interjectional vows about 'putting the niggers down,' he dictated to his private secretary letters to the Colonial Office and to Sir Hector Crowen, acknowledging their favours, and informing the latter that he should probably be at Government House before any despatch could reach New Zealand by the mail.

Charles employed a portion of his short half-day at Valparaiso in writing to Lady Anne, to whom it was his one relief to open his overburdened heart. He told her of the rumours that had reached him and of their sources, and unfolded his own plans; concluding with a request that her next letter to him might be addressed to Lyttelton. Though St. John stowed as much coal as the bunkers of the 'Moonbeam' would hold, the improbability of replenishing his stock rendered economy in fuel necessary, in anticipation of a run of over 4,000 miles.

One day in the 'Moonbeam' closely resembled another, and as no land was touched on the voyage, the only varieties were those of a calm or troubled sky and sea, which appropriately reflected the ups and downs of Charles's spirits. Lord Henry's, on the contrary, maintained a tolerably uniform mediocrity. It was a source of consolation to him that his creditors in England were now separated from him by a distance of nearly 12,000 miles, and that his salary of 5,000*l.* a

year, as Governor, had been running for some months. Having been assured, moreover, that New Zealand was a 'self-governing colony,' Lord Henry naturally inferred that there would be nothing for him to do except to represent the Queen. He had heard indeed of a Maori war, but was it not the business of the Commander of the Forces to put that down?

It was, therefore, in a very pleasant and self-satisfied frame of mind that Lord Henry landed at Wellington from the 'Moonbeam,' under a salute, and amid the cheers of the populace, and was escorted by Sir Hector and his body-guard to Government House. Though Lyttelton was Greville's eventual destination, he could not well refuse the hospitable invitation of the Governor to take up his quarters for a few days at Wellington before proceeding southward.

This brief parenthesis gave our hero an opportunity of observing the conflicts of 'Blues and Buffs' in an entirely new sphere.

Sir Hector, who had been for some time due at Sydney as Governor of New South Wales, started for his destination three days after Lord Henry's arrival at Wellington, having previously given his successor a lucid *précis* of the situation, which was to Lord Henry wholly unintelligible. The main facts appeared to be that Sir Hector's responsible advisers had introduced into the New Zealand Parliament a bill for paying all its members 400*l.* a year each and travelling expenses; and the ministry, being defeated on this measure, had insisted on an appeal to the constituencies, which, at the time of Lord Henry's arrival, was taking place. There was also a Maori war going on in the Waikato country, where the natives were vigorously peppering the British troops with powder and shot, bought, in spite of an ordinance to the contrary, from colonial traders. There were thus politico-military questions calculated to puzzle wiser heads than Lord Henry's bristling on all sides; and when Sir Hector was gone to Sydney, and the new Governor was left with no officials to consult but his aide-de-camp and his private secretary—who were, if possible, more ignorant than himself—it may be imagined that his Excellency felt rather in the dark.

On the morning after Sir Hector Crowen's departure, three of the leading members of the Opposition were announced at Government House. After preliminary courtesies had been exchanged, they propounded their friendly purpose of cautioning his Excellency against placing implicit confidence in the ministers who now provisionally held office. It was, as they said, with this disinterested view that Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson waited upon the Governor, who, as a stranger in the colony, might be misled by his so-called 'advisers.' The ministers were, said they, 'men of no position in the colony—mere adventurers, who had, by their want of judgment and principle, brought about the present crisis.'

Scarcely had Lord Henry succeeded in bowing out his guests, when the chief members of the Administration were ushered into the viceregal presence. Having taken with Sir Hector a formal part in

the reception of Lord Henry a few days before, these gentlemen were not altogether strangers to him. Mr. Jobson, the Prime Minister, was the chief spokesman. He talked of the weather, of the charming climate of the colony, of the attachment of himself and his colleagues to Sir Hector—whom they had, in fact, bullied into the resignation of his post. *Apropos* of Sir Hector, reference was made to the bush-rangers, who were then haunting his new dominion in New South Wales, and by a natural transition in the conversation, these marauders were compared to the far more insidious enemies who at this moment were disturbing the peace of New Zealand. When Lord Henry was expecting a dissertation on Maoris and their 'pahs,' Mr. Jobson explained that the real foes to the Governor's future peace, against whose machinations it was the duty of his responsible advisers to warn his Excellency at the earliest possible moment, were the identical Brown, and Jones, and Robinson who had just retired from his presence.

Mr. Jobson, who was quite aware that the triumvirate of the Opposition had been first in the field, exercised his right of reply on their supposed attacks on the Jobson administration very freely; and Lord Henry, whose addled brain was quite unequal to any reply or discussion, determined, when the visit was ended, to rush forth at once, and escape the danger of a third deputation.

The carriage was therefore ordered immediately. To Greville, who was to leave for Lyttelton the next day, and was the companion of his drive, and to whom, therefore, he could safely confide his perplexities, Lord Henry, in the course of their afternoon's drive, confessed his troubles and anxieties.

'If these wretched ministers don't get a majority out of the new Parliament, I shall have nothing for it but to send for a new set. I wish you'd take to politics, Greville, and save me from these fellows. I never saw such a set of cads in my life. Cabinet ministers, indeed! Why, there's not a man among them that can sound his aspirates, or speak the Queen's English. And they have the impudence to tell me that it does not matter what instructions I may have from home, but I must do what they tell me. St. John says he's going to take you down in the "Moonbeam" to-morrow to Lyttelton. Why don't you stand for some place down there, and come back a ready-made Prime Minister? I think you said you had a contested election in England, so it won't be anything new to you.'

'Thank you—very kind,' replied Greville, suppressing the inward sense of horror which the bare idea of a colonial edition of his Shamboro' campaign suggested; 'but I've no money to spend in electioneering; and I came out here in the hope of retrieving, if possible, the losses in which English political contests have involved me. I'm going in for sheep farming up country in Canterbury, and if I can get a berth in that line, I must stick to it—for the present, at least.'

The next morning, wind and tide favouring, St. John made ready

for his departure, and warned Greville to be ready. Wellington was as lively as it could under any circumstances be with preparations for the forthcoming elections; and though no ribbons or rosettes, either buff or blue, were visible, there were many tokens that something was ruffling the ordinary calm current of colonial life. St. John, who had not troubled himself to inquire into politics, and knew nothing of the pending election, supposed innocently that the knots of people on the quay were assembled in honour of himself and the 'Moonbeam,' and expressed a hope to Greville that the crowd would not cheer, as he should not know what to say in reply. Before, however, the 'Moonbeam' was clear of Cook's Straits, Greville had an opportunity of explaining the position of affairs to his friend, so that when they arrived at Lyttelton the hubbub going on there and at Christchurch did not surprise him. But Greville's first object was not to amuse himself with colonial politics, but to find out his old schoolfellows, the Arkwrights, with whom he hoped to ally himself in his new calling. Luckily falling in at the Christchurch Club with a wool-broker with whom the Arkwrights had transactions, Charles learnt that they had a sheep-run about sixty miles off, not far from Timaru. Bidding farewell to St. John, who was to be off, as soon as he had coaled the 'Moonbeam,' for Melbourne, where he had promised to pick up a bishop going home for a change, Greville started the next morning by one of Cobb's coaches, which had not then, as now, been superseded by a railway, for Arkwright's station, close to which the coach passed, and early in the afternoon he was deposited within a few yards of Arkwright's wool-shed, and not more than a quarter of a mile from their house.

The Arkwright brothers, having started with very small capital, had taken three years to attain their present position, which was not indeed a very grand one. They had between them about 10,000 sheep, pastured on an area of about 30,000 acres. What with the cost of fencing and building, and losses by floods and other casualties, and fluctuations in the wool market, the Arkwrights, though both without encumbrances in the shape of wife or child, had up to this time found it as much as they could do to make both ends meet. A loan from their agents at 8 per cent. hung round their necks, and under all circumstances the sudden descent on the Dovedale station of an old friend with a little capital, and prepared to embark it in their business, was a very welcome apparition. The elder brother, who had been some years ago stroke of the Brasenose boat at Oxford, and had always affected athletics rather than classics or mathematics, was engaged in an attempt to shoe his mare at a forge close to the shed where the coach deposited Greville, and did not at first hear the coach or see any of its passengers; nor was it until the vehicle had resumed its journey that he noticed a young man, who, by his uncolonial appearance, was evidently a fresh arrival, standing a few yards off. Mutual recognitions were soon exchanged, and all the hundred questions sure to grow out of so sudden an encounter asked and answered. Leaving the mare's shoe to be finished

off by the smith, Arkwright piloted his friend to the house, a small but comfortable wooden mansion, where his younger brother was engaged in some interesting culinary operations which formed a striking contrast to Charles's last remembrance of Fred Arkwright's polo performances at Oxford. After a hearty banquet on mutton at nothing a pound, Charles fully propounded all his plans to the Arkwrights. The preliminaries of their partnership were speedily arranged. Charles was to put 10,000*l.* into the business, and it so happened that a favourable opportunity for extending it was just now presented by the low price of sheep, and the offer of a neighbouring squatter to part with a portion of his run. In order to complete the necessary formalities, and to make arrangements with the bank, Fred Arkwright and Greville went into Christchurch as soon as possible to settle everything. And though the lawyer who was to draw up the deed of partnership was a candidate for a seat in the Assembly, electioneering in New Zealand was such a deadly-lively affair as not to interfere with ordinary professional business. The firm, therefore, of Arkwright and Greville was, in a few hours and by a few strokes of the pen, duly consolidated.

Chapter XXXI.

Charles was soon initiated into the mysteries of a settler's life. In a few short months he could shear a sheep, shoe a horse, not only cook but eat a 'damper,' and as he had never been a wine bibber or an epicure, he fell in naturally to a tea and mutton diet. Before the year had ended there were few more accomplished squatters in Canterbury than Charles Greville. By a vigorous effort he had, as he thought, choked off all sentiment, though, when on solitary duty at some distant hut on the confines of the station, he could not help reverting sometimes to the Grange and its inmates, as people of a past dreamland. But his talk was, for the most part, of bullocks, wire fences, and the mysteries of wool cleaning. He had, as may be remembered, written to Lady Anne from Valparaiso, and had given her for the first time an address which might enable her to write in return and, as he then feared, to wind up for ever their correspondence. 'Lyttelton' was the only address he could then give, and the good lady must have speedily availed herself of the information, for on September 1, not devoted in New Zealand, as in England, to St. Partridge, Greville, as he came back from a hard day's work to the station, found a letter bearing the Shamboro' post-mark, which had been forwarded by the Arkwrights' agent from Lyttelton. With a tremulous hand he seized the letter. The absence of all associations likely to awaken recollections of the past had deluded Charles into the supposition that he had succeeded in subduing all tokens of tenderness, and that the bitterness of romance was past. But when, on opening Lady Anne's envelope, he found that besides her own letter it contained a little pencil note, written and directed by Gertrude

herself, his weakness was soon revealed to him. And it was well for him that the sudden appearance of Fred Arkwright compelled him to nerve himself to composure.

'Any news about the price of wool on the other side? I see you've got a letter by the Suez mail,' sharply asked Fred.

'No, it's only from my people, nothing about business,' quietly replied Charles, thrusting the despatches into his pocket till a more convenient season for perusing them should arrive.

He then learnt from Lady Anne's report that the rumours which had reached him about Gertrude's intended marriage were not only wholly false, but that her illness was causing them all grave anxiety, and that under Sir Todd Parker's advice the experiment of a winter in Madeira had been resolved on. There was little detail as to the actual state of the patient, and of local or parochial news; the only item, of any consequence, was that of Mr. Richardson's apoplectic seizure, which, though it had not terminated fatally, was causing much anxiety among his creditors. In a postscript Lady Anne added, 'You will find in my envelope a little pencil note from a friend.'

What may have been the contents of that note it would be profane to inquire. For many months to come it travelled about in the breast pocket of Greville's waistcoat which was nearest to his heart, and not being marked 'private and confidential,' it was tolerably safe from the perusal of the Dovedale world, even if it should have gone astray. It is hardly necessary to say that it was answered at considerable length.

But the Suez mail and its contents made not the slightest change in the outward life and demeanour of Charles. As before, so he continued steadily at his work—in the wool shed and at the out stations, in business enterprise to Christchurch or Timaru. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might. And thus two years passed away, during which the Suez mail supplied him with constant but varying tidings from the Grange.

Two winters in Madeira had in some degree restored Gertrude, but Mr. Richardson had also partially recovered from his 'seizure;' and as long as he lived, Greville felt that whatever success he might achieve at Dovedale, he might as well woo some 'bright particular star' in the Southern Cross as Gertrude, and he resigned himself to his lot. Gertrude, on her part, did not urge his return to England, for she knew the misery it would occasion both her and him.

In the third autumn of Greville's life at Dovedale it became necessary that one of the partners should go to England on business, and it was decided that Greville could best be spared. The period of his absence would be from October to May. It so happened that the months prescribed by the doctors for what they hoped would be Gertrude's last sojourn in Madeira, fell within this period. St. John had offered to take the Berkeleys out in his yacht. Finding that the extra time occupied by the journey to England *viâ* Panama, the West Indies, and Madeira would not exceed the ordinary direct route by

more than a fortnight, Charles resolved to take that line homeward; and though there was no time to write to communicate this arrangement, Charles felt sure, from the tone of Lady Anne's recent letters, that a meeting in Madeira would not, in her judgment, be open to any objection.

It was on the morning of All Saints' Day that Greville found himself in the roadstead at Funchal, and he was not slow to discover lying off the Loo Fort the familiar figure-head of his old friend the 'Moonbeam.' From a Portuguese huckster of fruit and flowers, who had boarded the steamer, he learned that the English 'Milord' and family, who had arrived in the 'Moonbeam,' were living at the Quinta da Fonte, about half a mile out of the town of Funchal. To land and stow his baggage at the hotel was not a long business; what should be his next move required more deliberation. To march straight to the Quinta da Fonte was his first impulse, but on reflection a sudden appearance there seemed rather undesirable, especially as no one there, except Lady Anne, knew his secret. A preliminary note to that wise lady seemed the most prudent course. In this note, which he despatched at once by the Portuguese porter who had brought his baggage from the vessel, Charles simply announced his arrival, and requested some detailed information on the present health of Gertrude, and advice as to his own further movements. Having sent off this note, and feeling too restless to settle down to the business letters he had to write both to New Zealand and to England, Charles strolled out to beguile the time till some answer should arrive from Lady Anne.

As he was passing by the marine villa which was some years ago occupied by the Empress of Austria, and was gazing alternately on the blue sea and the green sugar-canes which clothed, instead of vines, the slopes of the hills, he stumbled suddenly on St. John and Augustus.

Charles had grown an enormous beard in New Zealand, and that small portion of his face which was still visible was so bronzed with sun and sea-breezes, that his two friends, who supposed him to be wool-gathering at the Antipodes, actually passed him without recognition.

'Halt!' shouted Charles; 'is that the way you treat your old friend?'

It may well be imagined that for the next quarter of an hour Charles had no chance of putting in another word. What with St. John's vocal *mitrailleuse* and the simultaneous volleys from Augustus, and the interjectional fire of fresh queries before 'answer knew what question would,' Charles had not even a chance of beginning his history since he drove from the Grange in Augustus's dog-cart, nearly three years ago.

'But of course you're coming to our quarters? Where are your traps? Let's go for them at once,' suddenly cried Augustus.

Charles, to whom this proposal afforded the first opportunity f

single word which might draw forth any information about Gertrude, deprecated the hospitable offer, on the ground that 'any noise might be bad for their invalid.'

'Noise! Invalid! I should like to know who can make half the noise that I and St. John do every day of our lives; and as for our invalid, I suppose you mean Gatty. Why, she's no more an invalid than you are. That double-tongued, double-named old muff of a doctor in England frightened us all out of our wits about her two years ago, and bowled us off to this miserable island just as the hunting season was beginning; and my father, who hates doctors, you know, vowed that after going to what they called the "first opinion of the day," he wouldn't send for any more of them, and ever since has done just what this old humbug advised. But the doctor here, who's got more sense in his little toe than all the Todds and Parkers together in their brains, says it's all my eye, and that Gatty's all right if they'll only let her alone, and let what he calls "Nature take its course;" though I don't know what the dickens he means by such a nonsensical expression.'

At this point of the conversation they happened to have nearly reached Charles's quarters, and finding it quite impossible to persuade him to come to the Quinta, Augustus declared that he should go at once with St. John to Sir Henry, and see if his father could not overcome Charles's 'stupid obstinacy,' and order him up bag and baggage to the Quinta da Fonte.

Charles was not sorry for the moment to have got rid of his friends, for he had no wish to have Lady Anne's letter delivered to him at the hotel in their presence. On entering the hotel, he found the anxiously desired despatch waiting for him. Though it did not quite coincide with the rose-tinted report of Augustus, Lady Anne's bulletin was certainly encouraging. After a very hearty expression of pleasure at hearing of Charles's arrival, which fact she had already communicated to the individual chiefly interested, she gave him the substance of the opinion of the Madeira physician who had attended her, and under whose treatment the soft air of the island had contributed so much to Gertrude's restoration. Without venturing to impugn the accuracy of Sir Todd Parker's diagnosis, Dr. Lund had hinted that the very brief visit of ten minutes to the Grange, when Sir Todd had first visited his patient, could scarcely have enabled him to examine the condition of the lungs sufficiently; that he (Dr. Lund) could detect no cavity, but was inclined to ascribe the symptoms of physical weakness rather to depression of spirits than to organic disease. Dr. Lund did not think another visit to Madeira would be necessary, but that no doubt a warm and dry climate, such as that of Australia or New Zealand, would be more calculated than that of England to ensure complete restoration.

Lady Anne's letter concluded with an assurance that as soon as the Berkeleys knew of Greville's arrival in Madeira they were sure to press his immediate adjournment to the Quinta da Fonte. It

contained a postscript (in which it has been observed that ladies generally put the most important items of their letters), with the information that tidings had reached them by yesterday's mail of the death of Mr. Richardson, and that Sir Henry had undertaken in consequence to act as her guardian during the brief remaining period of her minority. Charles had scarcely finished the perusal of this interesting document when Sir Henry, accompanied by Augustus, was announced. The unceremonious alacrity with which Augustus bundled off Charles's baggage to the Quinta da Fonte; the well-affected reluctance with which Charles himself deprecated an intrusion on his part into a house in which every additional guest might 'increase trouble and disturb the quiet which probably might be still thought necessary for Miss Berkeley;' the courteous but curt condemnation by Sir Henry of Charles's scruples as 'humbug,' will scarcely require describing or even telling to those who are acquainted with the manners or customs of the Grange. Suffice it to say that in less than half an hour the whole party were (Charles included) gazing on a glorious sunset from the verandah of the Quinta da Fonte. And as their sayings and doings there form no part of the annals of Blues and Buffs, we must leave them unrecorded, and our readers must draw on their imagination for the events of the next ten years.

Chapter XXXII.

In the valley of the Rangitata, about fifty miles from the Arkwrights' run at Dovedale, stands among evergreens, gum-trees and totaras and at no great distance from the clear waters of the river, a gabled house, which, though smaller in its dimensions, &c., is not unlike, in its architectural features, to one of the familiar homes of England. It is called 'The Grange.' There is a little church hard by built by the owner of the mansion. In the church are several tablets to the memory of departed friends in England. A small brass cross is let into the chancel wall, sacred to the memory of Sir Henry Berkeley. In a forest half a mile off, in the centre of a cluster of log huts calling itself a village, there is a small school built of wooden slabs, and roofed with shingles. In the school there is an harmonium. Little Gertie is beginning to help her mother in carrying hymn-books to the school, and little Charlie, who is two years younger, is beginning to tease his sister for her goodness and obedience. In all these little childish struggles Gertie is supported against her little tyrant of a brother by their father, who has now become the Hon. Charles Greville, having been appointed by the Governor a Member of the Legislative Council. Though neither a Blue nor a Buff, he is still the same Charles Greville as of old. Surrounded by the unpoetical influences of a material prosperity which sometimes is unchastened and uncorrected in a new country by the checks and trials which are almost ever present in old England, all Charles Greville's influence is devoted to elevate the land of his adoption.

The last month's mail had brought tidings of the death of Sir Todd Parker and of the enormous fortune he had left behind him. Augustus having inherited his paternal acres, had settled down into a respectable county gentleman, was always vowing that he would 'go out to New Zealand and see old Charles;' but as St. John had sold his yacht, and the hunting season and his fishing trip to Norway divided the year pretty well between them, poor Gus had, as he said, really 'no time to spare.' The dear old friend of the family, the good genius who had watched over the destinies of Charles and Gertrude from their first betrothal under the tall-spreading ferns in the princely conservatory at Castle Booby, feeling that she had now watched over as many 'births, deaths, and marriages' as ought to fall under the supervision of any one being, however angelic, in one country, transported herself in the evening of her days to the banks of the Rangitata; and when Gertrude had any doubts or domestic problems on the education of her children, or wished for support against any too independent assertion of authority on the part of her husband, she never laid down the law without a concluding appeal to the still supreme authority at the Antipodean 'Grange,' with the gentle interrogation, 'Don't you think so, Lady Anne?'

Lord Henry Primrose's term of office as Governor of the Colony has expired. Though repeatedly pressed by his Excellency to come to the rescue as one of his 'responsible advisers,' Charles has always steadily declined to take any active part in colonial politics. The Jobsons and the Browns are still intriguing against each other, though by an amicable compromise all parties in the Legislature have pocketed both their salaries and their travelling expenses; and with regard to the latter item the more favoured friends of the colonial treasurer sometimes find on their return from their Parliamentary labours that they have, like Joseph's brethren, 'their money in their sacks.'

It is perhaps fortunate for Charles Greville that his political wild oats were sown in the barren soil of Shamboro,' and that he has no temptation to grow another crop in New Zealand. To more restless spirits, 'full-welling fountain heads of change.' To backwoodsmen and pioneers of political enterprise the task of reproducing, even in a caricatured form, a counterpart of our home institutions in the outlying provinces of our empire may have its attractions—to Greville it has none. His quiet home on the Rangitata has more charms for him than the bustling Council chamber at Wellington, and the rippling of the waters of the river and the prattling of his children bring more music to his ears than all the phone or antiphone of 'Blues and Buffs.'

THE END.

The Austrian Power.

In some of the many speeches which went before the late general election, words like these were often heard, 'Austrian nationality,' 'Austrian national feeling,' 'Austrian national interests,' 'Austrian national honour,' 'Austrian national independence.' The exact words do not greatly matter; the point is that the word 'Austria' and some of the derivatives of the word 'nation' were coupled together in a way which implied that the ideas expressed by the word 'Austria' and the word 'nation,' had something in common. That any one of decent information should speak in this way, especially that any one in the position of a statesman should speak in this way, suggests some curious subjects for thought. Such language might of course be used with the direct purpose of misleading those who heard it. It might be used out of simple ignorance of the plainest facts on the part of the speaker. But let us, as is becoming, put both these suppositions aside. There remains a remarkable instance of that process of confusion of thought which does quite as much as either sheer ignorance or direct deception to lead men into mistakes, both of reasoning and of practice. Forms of words with which we are familiar in cases to which they thoroughly apply are, not so much carelessly as in a certain way mechanically, transferred to other cases to which they do not apply. Men are thereby led to think, to speak, and to act, as if they did apply to those cases; and not only endless mistakes in thought and expression, but much practical evil follows. Of course everyone who insists on accuracy of thought and expression must expect to be met with the charge of pedantry. But the charge of pedantry commonly means that he who brings it is angry with him against whom it is brought for knowing something which he is in his heart ashamed of himself for not knowing. Certain it is that a little more pedantry, that is, a little more care to make words answer to thoughts and thoughts answer to facts, would have saved not a little mischief during the last five years. Not a little practical evil has come of the mere use of misleading phrases like 'Turkey,' 'Turkish government'—sometimes even 'Turkish Christians'—and the like. Such phrases disguise the real facts of the case, and thereby help to hinder such practical action as the facts of the case call for. People come to think that the names 'Turkey' and 'the Turks' express things which answer to one another as 'England' and 'the English,' 'France' and 'the French' answer to one another. They do not see that the Turks are to 'Turkey,' not what the English have been to England in any age, but rather what the English were to Ireland in the last age. They come to think the 'government' of 'Turkey' is something which answers to the government of England or France.

They do not see that, while the government of England or France exists, as its main object, to secure the common rights of human beings to the inhabitants of England or France, the so-called 'government' of 'Turkey' exists for the exactly opposite object, that of hindering the mass of the inhabitants of 'Turkey' from enjoying the common rights of human beings. Confusions of the same kind, equally likely to lead to practical error, are sure to arise, if men allow themselves to use such phrases as 'Austrian nationality' and the like. In such phrases there is exactly the same transfer of words from cases to which they really apply to cases to which they do not apply. There are six great powers of Europe: England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria. There is, beyond all doubt, an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian nation. It is very tempting to infer that there must be an Austrian nation also. We may, with the strictest fitness, apply phrases like 'nationality,' 'national feeling,' 'national independence,' to England, France, Germany, Italy, or Russia. It is tempting to infer that phrases which are so thoroughly in their place when they are applied to five out of the six great powers, must be equally in their place when they are applied to the sixth also.

Now there doubtless are cases in which this way of talking is the result of sheer ignorance. We have lately heard the story[1] of the Englishman who landed at a Dalmatian—that is, in one sense, an Austrian—port, and expected that the people of that port would speak the Austrian language. His argument was as good as any of the other arguments. As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, as people in those several countries speak those languages, so there must be an Austrian language, and people in Austria must speak it. Most people, one would think, know better than this. Most people of any kind of education surely have knowledge enough to keep them from thinking that there is an 'Austrian' language spoken throughout the whole of 'Austria.' And, if they have knowledge enough for this, they really have knowledge enough to keep them right on the whole matter. But this is one of the endless cases in which people do not use their knowledge. They do, in a certain sense, know a thing; that is, if they were strictly examined, they would give the right answer. But, unless so specially pressed, they think, speak, and act, exactly as if they did not know it. Crowds of people who, if they were examined, would show that they really know that all 'Turkey' is not Turkish, that all 'Austria' is not Austrian, must yet be set down as practically thinking that they are so, because they habitually speak as if they thought so. And not only is speaking, whoever may be the speaker, really acting—for every man's speech helps to make up the mass of public opinion, and so leads towards public action—but those whose more direct business it is to act are of all men the most liable to be influenced by these

[1] See Mr. A. J. Evans, in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1880.

inaccuracies of thought and expression. The diplomatist, of whatever rank—he who ought to know, and who in a certain sense does know, more of foreign affairs than any private man can know—is of all men the most exposed to influences which are likely to make him, in another sense, know less of foreign affairs than a well-informed and thoughtful private man. I remember some years ago reading an article, written by one who, I believe, was not strictly a diplomatist, but who had certainly passed his life in the thick of national business. He dealt with the political position of several of the European states, and among others of the Austrian power. He was in no danger at all of believing that there was a single Austrian language spoken throughout all 'Austria.' His facts could not be gainsaid; but his way of putting them was remarkable. He explained to his readers that there was a considerable Slavonic element in 'Austria,' 'even in those provinces, like Bohemia, which border on Germany.' Nothing can be more undoubtedly true; but the way of putting it showed the state of mind of a man who had never stopped to think of the real present relations among the lands of which he was speaking, still less of the past events which have caused those present relations. He would seem never to have looked at any map earlier than 1815, perhaps at none earlier than 1866. His whole notion was that there was a power called Austria, quite distinct from Germany, that one province of Austria was called Bohemia, that both in that province and in others there was a considerable Slavonic element. The amusing and instructive thing is that the writer was clearly a little amazed that there should be a Slavonic element in 'Austria' at all, and he was specially puzzled that there should be such an element in a province so near to Germany as Bohemia. In short he was surprised at finding that *Beamish boys* were Beamish boys.[2] He was in the same state as those who are surprised to find Welsh spoken in Wales, and French spoken in the Channel Islands.

The special danger of the diplomatist, that which causes his special knowledge to be balanced by a special kind of ignorance, is that his line of life leads him to deal with princes, ministers, courts, hardly ever with nations. He is tempted to forget that there are such things as nations, or at all events to assume that every nation is necessarily represented by its so-called 'government.' He is tempted to assume that the formal arrangements which are entered into between governments must necessarily take effect, as by a kind of physical law, and to forget that the arrangements of governments need, after all, the practical consent of the nations which are concerned in them. The climax of this kind of feeling was reached when an English statesman

[2] I do not know whether the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, when he spoke of a 'Beamish boy,' knew that he was naming an ancient and honourable nation. Yet *Beme* was the name by which our forefathers knew the kingdom of Bohemia or *Böhmen*, and *Beamish*, which exists as a surname, like *French* and others of the kind, is its regularly formed gentile.

counselled the Christian subjects of the Turk not to listen to 'foreign intriguers,' but to lay their grievances before 'their own Government.' He forgot that those whom he counselled looked on the so-called 'foreign intriguers' as their own countrymen, engaged in a common cause. He forgot that what he called 'their own Government' was in their eyes nothing but a system of foreign brigandage, which hindered them from having any government of their own. He forgot that the existence of the 'government' before which he counselled them to lay their grievances, was itself the greatest grievance of all, the root of all other grievances. Yet, if that English statesman had been minutely examined, it would most likely have been found that he really knew the plain facts of the case. Only those facts were so utterly contrary to diplomatic formulæ and diplomatic conventional assumptions that he forgot the facts in the formulæ and the assumptions. He knew the facts; yet he thought, spoke, and acted, exactly as if he had not known them. Thus the very men who ought to go to the root of the matter are led by the habits of their craft to accept names for things, and thereby to act in a manner which is unreal, unpractical, sometimes even sentimental. The 'Austrian Government,' even the 'Turkish Government,' must, as long as they exist and artificial diplomacy exists, be addressed according to the conventional phrases of artificial diplomacy. But it will be a very unreal and unpractical kind of action if any English statesman is led by the habitual use of conventional forms to forget that those 'governments' are not governments in the same sense as those of England, France, and Italy, as those of Germany and Russia, to forget that they are not, in the same way as those five, entitled to speak on behalf of a nation.

In this sense, I hope I may not be thought by any one to be guilty of the injustice of placing the 'Austrian Government' on the same level as the 'Turkish Government,' with regard to its general practical working. I hope also that I may not be thought to have overlooked the great differences which may be found in the several positions of the five governments with which I have contrasted them. This last distinction I shall presently have to draw. But from the point of view of the moment, the 'Austrian Government' and the 'Turkish Government' may be looked on as forming one class, and the other five governments, along with the governments of those other European states which do not rank as great powers—as forming another class. Indeed, in one way, the 'Turkish Government' comes nearer to the position of the English government than the 'Austrian Government.' We speak of the 'Turkish,' or more accurately 'Ottoman,' Empire as a thing to be destroyed, and the phrase may be justified in some ways and in some senses of law. But there is no sort of law or fact which we ever think of applying to that Empire in which it could in any sense be considered.

There is really no sense in which the Ottoman Empire is entitled to the style of the man who speaks of his 'Majesty's Opposition' or 'Her Majesty's speaking

'Austrian.'[3] As there is an English, a French, a German, an Italian, and a Russian language, so there is also a Turkish language. But there is no Austrian language. That is to say, in the most marked outward sign of nationality the Turks themselves make a nearer approach to nationality than the so-called 'Austrians.' Looking at Europe only, we should say that the Turks—it is better in such discussions to say the Ottomans—have no right to be called a nation. In Asia they undoubtedly have such a right. In Europe, in large parts of Asia, they are simply foreign intruders in the lands of other nations; but in other large parts of Asia they are really the people of the land. I have said before now that, while we cannot put up with a Sultan at Constantinople, we should have no quarrel with a Sultan at Iconium. The actual rule of the ring at Constantinople is quite as oppressive, though not quite in the same way, to the settled national Turk as it is to the Christian; still to the one it is the oppression of a native sovereign; to the other it is the oppression of a foreign invader. We may fairly say that there is an Ottoman nation. What we complain of is that a certain part of the Ottoman nation intrudes itself as a ruling order, caste, or gang, into the lands of other nations. Our traveller would, in any part of 'Turkey,' have found some people who spoke the Turkish language; in some parts of 'Turkey' he would have found the Turkish language the only language spoken. But there is no part of 'Austria' in which he would find any Austrian language spoken at all. And if, armed with greater accuracy of speech, instead of going to 'Austria' to seek for the Austrian language, he had gone into 'Austro-Hungary,' to seek for the Austro-Hungarian language, one can only guess that his fate might be the same as if he had gone forth in any age of English history to seek for a live Semi-Saxon.

Now it may here be objected that, if Austria or Austro-Hungary is not a national power, so neither are some at least of the other five powers. If the test of language be taken, it may be said that, out of all the five, Italy alone can stand the test. Those parts of the kingdom of Italy which do not speak Italian are certainly so small that, in a general view of Europe, or even of Italy, it needs a strong magnifier to see them. It may be said that everybody in England speaks English; but if, for the somewhat inaccurate, or at least inadequate, name of England, we substitute the United Kingdom, or even Great Britain, or even England and Wales, there are within any of these limits some people who do not speak English at all; there is a perfectly visible proportion to whom English is not their natural tongue. So in France there are perfectly visible corners which speak other tongues than French. In the German Empire there are not

[3] I am here assuming, in a slighter and more general way, the results of the inquiry which I have made in the article headed 'Race and Language,' in my Third Series of Historical Essays. I have there spoken of some 'Austrian' and 'Turkish' questions in a more minute and scientific fashion than I can do here, and I have drawn some distinctions which I must here take for granted.

only visible corners which speak other tongues than German, but visible corners which would be glad to be separated from the German Empire. And if all people in France do not speak French, if all people in Germany do not speak German, still less do all people in Russia speak Russian. It is quite certain that none of the powers, not even Italy, exactly answers to a nation as defined by language. But three, perhaps four, answer to nations as defined in other ways. The strongest Home Ruler in Ireland does not ask that Ireland shall be so separated from Great Britain as that Great Britain and Ireland shall cease to form one whole in the face of other powers. Up to the changes of 1860 and 1871, one might have said that no one in France wished to be separated from France, and that no one out of France wished to be joined to France. This can no longer be said with the same exclusive truth; but it is still perfectly true that those corners of France which speak some other tongue than French have not the faintest wish to be separated from France. The German Empire is far from containing all Germans, and it contains some who are not Germans; still it contains so great a majority of the German-speaking people everywhere, it contains so overwhelming a majority of German-speaking people within its own borders, that not only is it essentially a German state, but it is the representative state of the German people everywhere. In the Russian Empire, even in European Russia, the non-Russian elements are far greater and more important, and one element, perhaps more, would gladly part asunder from the others. Still the moving power of the Russian Empire is Russian, and though there is, as we shall presently see, a Russian population outside the Russian Empire, that population is not to be compared for a moment to the German population outside the German Empire. Thus, in all these cases, even in that where the political power is furthest from coinciding with a nation as defined by language, there is one race, one language, which is manifestly dominant, and which gives its national character to the power of which it is the head and centre. In 'Austria' there is none such. In Hungary taken alone there is; but in 'Austria' or 'Austro-Hungary' there is none. There is no one dominant race, no one dominant language. Two races, two languages, are dominant in the sense of bearing rule over the others; a third race, a third language, is dominant in the sense of forming the great majority of the whole. In the kingdom of Hungary the Magyars form a ruling race among a majority of non-Magyar races, Slavonic, Rouman, and German. In the whole Austro-Hungarian dominions, Magyars and Germans side by side form two dominant races among other races more numerous than either.

Now it is well to learn from an enemy, and there is one enemy who gives us his teaching day by day. This is the Vienna correspondent of the 'Times,' in whose letters we daily see what the official Austrian spirit has become under Jewish and Magyar ascendency. Nowhere do we see a more bitter and remorseless hatred towards the struggling nations of South-Eastern Europe,

whether under Austrian or under Turkish rule. But no one better understands the facts of the case. With him, if we ever find confusion of language, it does not mark confusion of thought, but is a sign of the fact that confusion of language is sometimes expedient. Something may in this way be learned almost every day from the Vienna correspondent's despatches. But there was one despatch which, though now more than a month old—it appeared in the course of May—is worth as long a life as we can give it. The correspondent is speaking of those who had ventured to hint that the Austrian power might possibly be thinking of an extension in the South-eastern lands beyond the limits of Bosnia and Herzegovina. For the benefit of such pestilent persons the correspondent, in his more than official, his almost imperial manner, kindly explained the ethnological condition of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy with a clearness which left nothing to wish for.

> Those who make this insinuation, if they are not actuated by illwill, can have but an indifferent idea of the special character of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, which, unlike the other great empires of the Continent, with their compact nationalities, is formed of an union of a number of kingdoms and lands, inhabited by various nationalities. This constitution alone seems a bar to extension, which would infallibly lead to a disturbance, if not to the overthrow, of the existing organisation. If, however, this spirit of aggression and extension seems to be altogether out of the question, the duty of self-preservation and self-defence does not allow the Empire to look with indifference at the feeling of insurrection which is rising in the neighbouring Turkish Empire. All along the southern and south-eastern frontier of Austria-Hungary dwells a kindred population, so that any changes which this process of fermentation may produce in the Balkan Peninsula must needs react on the Austro-Hungarian population on the frontier, a large portion of which consists of refugees who came over in the last century and have settled there. Austria has no wish or interest to prevent the free development of these neighbouring populations, &c.

The difference between 'Austria-Hungary' and other European states is here as clearly set forth as one could wish. But some questions arise. How is it that 'this constitution' can be 'a bar to extension,' when the power so 'constituted' has always extended itself whenever it has had a chance, down to the last filching of poor little Spizza? But let this pass. The instructive questions which arise out of this passage are these. What is the 'Empire' spoken of in one place, and the 'Austria' spoken of in another? The 'Empire' has 'duties,' duties of 'self-preservation and self-defence;' it has feelings too; it 'cannot look with indifference,' and the like. 'Austria' again has 'wishes' and 'interests;' at least she has 'no wish or interest' in a particular way, which implies that she may have wishes and interests in another way. So, further on in the same despatch, we read how 'Austria-Hungary' 'cannot claim,' 'cannot allow;' we read 'of the policy of Austria-Hungary,' of 'Austrian interests,' and so on, in a string of sentences in which personified 'Austria' does, wishes, feels, hopes, fears, this and that. The question

is, who does all this which is attributed to 'the Empire,' to 'Austria,' to 'Austria-Hungary'? If we read that 'France' did all this, we need ask no questions. 'France' would simply mean the French nation, and the French Government as acting on behalf of the French nation. There is a vast range of subjects, all matters of foreign policy among them, on which all France, from Britanny to Provence, has the same duties, interests, wishes, feelings, and so forth. We cannot conceive one part of the country having duties, interests, &c., different from any other part. We cannot conceive a French government having interests, wishes, &c.—at all events it cannot have duties—different from the interests and wishes of the whole French nation. If it has any such interests and wishes, it at once forfeits its right to exist as a French government. But when the same kind of language is applied to 'Austria,' the meaning is less clear. What is 'Austria'? It clearly does not mean simply the German archduchy to which that name properly belongs. It means something greater even than the German circle to which that name was afterwards extended. It seems to take in the whole mass of the 'kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities' which have come together under the rule of the ruler of Austria. But can we say anything for certain about these various nationalities as a whole? Can we say that they have any common interests, common duties, common feelings, and the like? No one supposes that there is any difference in interests or wishes between Rennes and Marseilles, between Lille and Bayonne. But can we be sure that there is the same community of interest and feeling between Prag and Spizza, between Trent and Tzernovitz? Among the kingdoms and lands inhabited by various nationalities, can we be sure that all have the same ideas even on the subject of 'self-preservation and self-defence'? It is just possible that a course which to the German or the Magyar might seem a course of self-preservation, might seem a course of self-destruction to the Italian or the Serb. The truth comes out in the passage which follows the words about self-preservation and self-defence. It is not the self-preservation and self-defence of any of the nationalities within the so-called 'Empire' which is at stake, but only the self-preservation and the self-defence of the so-called 'Empire' itself. That is to say, the interests, the policy, the wishes, and so forth, attributed to the personified being called 'Austria' or 'Austria-Hungary' mean the interests and policy, not of the nations concerned, but simply of their common master. The whole talk about interest, duty, policy, and what not, turns out to mean simply that the master of all the kingdoms and lands spoken of wishes to keep them together, if he can. From his point of view, this is doubtless a matter of self-preservation and self-defence. Whether the kingdoms and lands themselves, with their various nationalities, look on the matter in the same light, is another question. While it is their ruler's interest and policy to keep them together, it is quite possible that it may be their interest and policy

to part company. It certainly is not clear that the people of Bukovina or Transsilvania lost anything when Milan and Venice were restored to Italy. It is not clear that they would lose anything if Trent and Aquileia were restored also. It is not clear that the people of Bohemia or Galicia gained anything by the filching of Cattaro or of Spizza. It is not clear that they would lose anything, if Montenegro won back her own at Spizza and at Cattaro too. Our teacher unwittingly tells us a great deal. He teaches us that when the words 'interest,' 'policy,' 'wishes,' and the like are coupled with the words 'Austria' or 'Austria-Hungary,' they have no reference whatever to the interests and wishes of the kingdoms and lands which are meant to be included under those names, but that they mean simply the interests, wishes, policy, and so forth, of the prince and the dynasty under which those lands have been so strangely brought together. We mean something different from this when we speak of the interests or policy of England or France.

These unwitting revelations lead us at once to the great difference of all between 'Austria' and the other five great powers, or rather, between 'Austria' and all the other European powers, great and small. It is the only one about which the question can be raised whether it ought to be a power at all. England, France, Italy, Germany Russia, must exist, must be powers. Men, within or without their territories, may see much in the internal condition or in the outward position of any of those powers which they might wish to see otherwise; but no sane person wishes that any of those powers should cease to exist. Frenchmen differ widely as to the form of government which they wish to see prevail in France; but every Frenchman wishes that there should be some government of France, with a boundary at least not narrower than France has at this moment. External or internal enemies may wish that certain lands should be detached from Germany or Russia; no sane person wishes that Germany or Russia should be blotted out of the map of Europe. But it is a perfectly intelligible doctrine, on behalf of which sober arguments might be brought, that it would be better for Europe and for the nations concerned, if 'Austria' or 'Austria-Hungary' were blotted from the map of Europe. Such a doctrine might imply 'ill-will' towards the dynasty which rules those nations; it might be put forth in the purest good will towards the nations themselves. Look at the case in this way. The worst that a reasonable enemy of Germany or Russia could ask would be that those powers should lose all their territory which is not German or Russian. Germany might undergo that loss without the slightest lessening of her real power and greatness. To Russia such a loss would be real and frightful; but it would still leave a Russian nation, a Russian power. But try the same process on 'Austria.' Cut off from 'Austria' whatever is not Austrian. If the word 'Austrian' is here used in the strict sense, something would be left, namely, a single German duchy. But in the conventional sense in which the word is commonly used,

either everything would be left, or else nothing; for in that conventional sense the words 'Austrian' and 'Austro-Hungarian' mean the whole extent of the possessions of the common ruler of Austria and Hungary. They do not mean one part more than another. In that sense there is no central 'Austria' from which the non-Austrian parts can be cut off. 'Austria,' in that sense, might indeed be dissolved into its component elements. It could not, like the other powers, have its excrescences cut off from the centre, because there is no centre from which to cut the excrescences off.

Now all this does not of itself prove that it is for the good of Europe, that it is for the good of the 'kingdoms and lands' with their 'various nationalities,' that the existing Austrian dominion should be thus broken up, thus dissolved into its component elements. It is a perfectly fair subject for argument whether such a change is to be wished for or not. There may be special reasons to show that it is right and expedient that a scrap of Germany, a scrap of Italy, a scrap of Poland, a scrap of Russia, a scrap of the Rouman and Servian lands, a few stray counties and lordships, here a suppressed commonwealth, here a stolen haven, should be joined with the kingdoms of Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, and Dalmatia, to make up together an 'Austro-Hungarian monarchy.' On the other hand, there may be reasons to show that it is right and expedient that so strange a collection of atoms should again be parted asunder. The burthen of proof may be made to lie either way. It may be held that whatever is should be held to be right until it is proved to be wrong. Or it may be held that a power so strange at first sight, so unlike all other powers, should be held to be wrong till it is proved to be right. This is not our present question. What is proved is that the Austrian power is something wholly different in its nature from the other five powers. What is proved is that the kind of language which is applied with more or less of truth to all the other powers, becomes misleading when it is applied to Austria. Words like 'interest,' 'policy,' 'wishes,' and the like, when applied to Austria do not mean what they mean when they are applied to England or France. They do not mean the interest, the policy, &c., of a nation, but simply the interest or policy of the common ruler of a crowd of nations or scraps of nations. And to speak of 'national feelings,' 'national independence,' 'national honour,' and the like, as applied to the Austrian power, is not merely misleading—it is simple nonsense. There cannot be 'national feelings,' and the like, where there is no common nationality, and there is no common Austrian or Austro-Hungarian nationality. It may be deemed in Vienna a point of national honour to keep possession of Trent. Trent itself may think otherwise. What the Magyar looks on as national independence, the Serb and the Rouman may look on as national bondage.

The formation of the Austrian power is one of the oddest pheno-

mena of history. It has something in common with the formation of its neighbour and rival Prussia. But it has points which are quite peculiar to itself, as the growth of Prussia has other points which are no less peculiar. In both cases a power has grown up, resting on no genuine national basis, but consisting of all the possessions which have by any means, fair or foul, peaceful or violent, come into the hands of a certain ruling house. Such powers have existed before, but they have seldom been so lasting. The Angevin dominion in the twelfth century, the Burgundian dominion in the fifteenth, were essentially of the same kind; but they lasted only for two or three reigns each. Prussia and Austria have been far more long-lived. The characteristic of powers of this kind is that they mark simply the advance of a dynasty, not that of either a nation or a city. But the difference between Prussia and Austria has been this, that Prussia has had a *quasi*-national character about it, while the career of Austria has been purely dynastic. The rulers of Prussia—I mean of course since the word Prussia began to take its present meaning—have held, and still hold, both German and non-German territory. But the German element has always been so predominant as to give its character to the whole, and to allow Prussia to grow in the end into the national head of Germany. Austria, on the other hand, starting from a more purely German origin than Prussia, has often tried to Germanize her non-German territories; but in by far the greater part of these she has never succeeded. Her last development has been the exact opposite to the German headship of Prussia. It has taken the form of the 'dual' state of 'Austria-Hungary,' in which the two dominant races, German and Magyar, have agreed to sit side by side as dominant races, among the various nationalities of the endless kingdoms, duchies, counties, and lordships, which are held by the common sovereign of Austria and Hungary.

The history of the mere name of *Austria* is remarkable. The German mark or frontier-land on the Danube, the bulwark of the German realm against the Magyar, took its name from its geographical position. It was the *Marca Orientalis*, the Eastern mark. It was the *Oesterreich*, a name which our forefathers cut short into *Ostrich*, but which we now call by the Latin form *Austria*, a form which might easily suggest a wrong point of the compass. This *Austria* was not the only land so named. There was more than one *Austria* in other parts of Europe; the word had a kind of technical use wherever a land was divided into an eastern and a western portion. The eastern part of Lombardy was *Austria*, a fact which may now be safely proclaimed: twenty years ago or less, dangerous arguments might have been founded on it. So the eastern part of the old Frankish realm was *Austria* or *Austrasia*, two forms of the same word. And in both these cases the rest of the land, that which was not Austria, was known by the negative name of *Neustria*. We get the same division in the *Ostro-* or *East-Goths*, though their western fellows did in this case gain a positive and not a negative

name. Indeed one is sometimes tempted to wonder that there never was an *Austria* in our own island; the name might have been just as well applied to East-Anglia and Essex as it was to the lands which actually bore it. But it was only to the Austria on the Danube, the *Oesterreich* of the German realm, whose princes had the duty of keeping the German realm against the Magyar, that the name permanently clave. The *mark* became a duchy; it was raised to the unique rank of archduchy. And an archduchy the true Austria, Upper and Lower, still remains; among all his endless titles, the king, duke, count, and lord of so many lands and cities, the self-styled Emperor, has never dropped his style as Archduke of Austria. The duchy of Austria was united in the twelfth century with that of *Steiermark* or *Styria*. The two passed for a moment to the Bohemian King Ottocar; under him a power was formed which stretched from the Giant Mountains to the Hadriatic; but its head was at Prag, not at Vienna. But the history of Austria in the modern sense began with the grant of Austria and Styria to Albert of Habsburg in 1282. Since then the names 'House of Austria' and 'House of Habsburg,' have had the same meaning. Austria was now united with the Swabian dominions of the Counts of Habsburg, and thus the dukes of Austria came to play a part in the affairs of the famous Confederation which arose on their borders in the West. From that time to our own, the Austrian house has been ever extending its dominions by every kind of means, and sometimes losing them by every kind of means. A crowd of German territories, greater and smaller, were added one by one, the county of Tyrol being the most worthy of notice. And to these German territories the Austrian name was in some sort extended. The Swabian and Alsatian possessions were known as *Fore-Austria*; the Austrian circle took in the whole German dominion of the Austrian House. The kingdom of Bohemia, a vassal state of the Empire, the kingdom of Hungary, lying altogether beyond the bounds of the Empire, so often chose Austrian princes for their kings that their crowns at last became hereditary in the Austrian house. Add to this the occasional possession of Italian kingdoms and duchies from the beginning of the last century to our own time—add the possession of the southern Netherlands from the beginning of the last century to the French Revolution—add the share of Poland won at the first partition, and the shorter possession of the share won at the third—add Dalmatia, won and lost and won again—add Ragusa and Cracow basely seized in modern times, and Trieste held for ages by the free commendation of its own citizens; allow for endless dismemberments and annexations during the French revolutionary wars and the negotiations which followed them—all this gives us the picture of a power whose outward frontier has shifted as much as a frontier can shift, but which has always kept a solid mass of dominion in and near its original seat. We behold a power holding a very marked position, partly German, partly non-German, and able to use at pleasure its German and its non-German elements to influence each other. We behold a power,

the furthest removed of all powers from a really national character, a power made up of scraps of endless peoples, nations, and languages, each of which may be played off against the others, but which have no common tie of origin or of interest, which have nothing to bind them together except that a series of historical accidents have placed them all under the rule of the same prince. The old phrase of 'the House of Austria,' now almost forgotten, but which used to be used where we now say 'Austria' or 'Austria-Hungary,' exactly expressed the truth of the case. It marked the distinction between the land inhabited by a nation and the territory possessed by a dynasty. The territory under Austrian rule was, and is, neither the land inhabited by an Austrian nation nor the land conquered by an Austrian nation; it is neither a free confederation nor yet an assemblage of provinces dependent on a common centre; it is the dominion of the House of Austria and nothing else. It is made up of all those lands and cities which, having nothing else to bind them together, are bound together by the artificial and accidental tie that they all have at sundry times and in divers manners passed under the rule of the Austrian house.

A power thus formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms needed above all others some kind of traditional majesty, some kind of imposing title, to make up for the lack of national being, and to give dignity to a dominion which might otherwise seem a grotesque collection of odds and ends. And that genius of happy accident which seems, from the thirteenth century onwards, to have ever watched over all things Austrian, did not fail to supply exactly what was wanted in the way of title and tradition. The thing lacking was found in the long connexion of the ducal and archducal House of Austria with the Roman Empire and the kingdom of Germany. The majesty of a long line of Cæsars was gradually spread over the Austrian dukes and their motley territories. The first Duke of Austria of the line of Habsburg was also the first ruler of Austria who added, not indeed the imperial crown of Rome, but the royal crown of Aachen, to the ducal coronet. In the person of the first Albert, a duke of Austria rose in 1298 to the rank, not indeed of Emperor, but of King of the Romans. No other Austrian duke was chosen to that rank till the second Albert (fifth of Austria) in 1438; but from the second Albert onwards every King and Emperor was either a member of the Austrian house, a claimant of its dominions, or a husband or son of their female sovereign. Thus the ideas of Emperor and of Austria easily got confounded in many minds; it seemed impossible to conceive an Emperor who should not be duke of Austria, or a duke of Austria who should not be Emperor. It has been said in very respectable books that Duke Leopold at Morgarten commanded an Imperial army. It was assumed that an Austrian army must have been an Imperial army, and that men at war with Austria must have been at war with the Empire. Yet the records of the time show that Lewis, King of the Romans and afterwards Emperor, rejoiced

with his loyal men of the Three Lands on their victory over his Austrian enemy. In later times a cloud of impenetrable darkness seems to hang over the position of Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary and Archduchess of Austria in her own right, Empress through the election of her husband to the Imperial Crown. We may well believe that Duke Francis of Lorraine would never have been chosen Emperor if he had not been the husband of the Queen and Archduchess; still it is in his Imperial election that we have the key to what seems to many people her mysterious title of Empress-Queen. It has been said in book after book that the succession to the Empire was settled by that Pragmatic Sanction by which Charles the Sixth secured his hereditary states to his daughter. Not a few writers seem puzzled when they find the daughter of one Emperor, the wife of another, the mother of two more, spoken of, as she necessarily was from the death of her father to the election of her husband, simply as Queen of Hungary. Confusion of course reached its height when, in 1804, the Emperor Francis the Second, to the titles of Roman Emperor-elect and King of Germany, added that of 'Hereditary Emperor of Austria' —when in 1805 he was styled in the Treaty of Pressburg 'Emperor of Germany and Austria'—when in 1806 he laid aside his Roman and German titles, and went on reigning by the style of Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, and all the rest.

We have now reached the days of the 'Austrian Empire,' the days of that title of 'Emperor of Austria,' which a moment's thought shows to be so strange and anomalous, but which the usage of seventy-six years has made so familiar that in modern writings we not uncommonly find it carried back to ages in which it was never heard. Not only the Emperors of the last century, but Emperors of far earlier times—Emperors who had nothing to do with the Austrian duchy except to receive its homage—are not uncommonly made to suffer under this title of yesterday. I believe I have seen Frederick Barbarossa himself spoken of as an 'Emperor of Austria.' This amazing confusion is the best comment on the way in which the special meaning which even in the last century attached to the title of Emperor has been wholly forgotten in our own day. Till 1804 the Imperial title still carried with it a claim to represent, in some way or other, by descent or by analogy, the power of Rome, Eastern or Western. We may even say that it was in that sense that the title was taken by the elder Buonaparte. By calling himself Emperor, he meant to challenge a position beyond that of the local Kings of France, the position, in short, of Charles the Great. What Francis the Second, already Roman Emperor-elect, meant by calling himself Hereditary Emperor of Austria, is less easy to explain. One is tempted to think that he had forgotten who he was. But the new form was plainly designed to announce that the House of Austria, as the House of Austria, apart from any elective Roman or German crowns, was at least the equal of the House of Ajaccio.

One thing is certain, that, with whatever motive it was that the

last heir of the Cæsars called himself *Erbkaiser von Oesterreich*, the thing has paid. It enabled him to keep on his Imperial style and Imperial pretensions after he had cast aside his character as heir of the Cæsars. He was Emperor before; he went on being Emperor still; he seemed simply to resign a position external to his own states, but to lose nothing of power or dignity within them. Whether names and titles ought to influence men's thoughts and actions or not, as a matter of fact they do influence them, pedantic as it may be to acknowledge the fact that they do. It is quite certain that the 'Emperor of Austria' has held a position in Europe which could not have been held by a simple King of Hungary and Archduke of Austria. The Imperial title has dazzled men's minds; it has led them to see a connexion, which has neither historical nor practical existence, between the odd collection of territories in or out of Germany which have come together in Austrian hands, and the ancient majesty of Germany and of Rome. It has thrown a false air of antiquity and legitimacy over a very modern creation, made up largely of very modern pilferings. Many people, whenever they see a two-headed eagle, cry out 'Austria,' forgetful that the bird of Cæsar is the lawful bearing of Cæsar and of none other, and that when Francis of Austria laid aside his Roman empire and German kingdom, he should, according to all the laws of heraldry, have been content with the lion of his archduchy. For an archduke of Austria to use the Imperial arms because he is the descendant of an elective Emperor, is really as absurd as it would be for a private Englishman to use the arms of an English see because he is the descendant of one of its former bishops. But all these seeming trifles pay; they produce an effect of continuity, of antiquity, where there is no continuity, no antiquity. The Emperor with his eagle can hold himself much higher than the archduke could hold himself with his lion. A power, essentially modern, upstart, revolutionary, which exists only by treading down every historic right and every national memory, has, by shifting from one character to another, by playing off one character against another, come to be looked on as the venerable embodiment of legitimacy and conservatism. The legitimacy is a little doubtful: about the conservatism there is no question. The one Austrian rule —a rule, to be sure, not peculiar to Austria—has ever been to get all that can be got, and when it is got, to keep it.

Still the phrase 'Empire of Austria' suggests a geographical question. Where is it? What are its boundaries? The 'Hereditary Emperor of Austria' did not lay aside his style of archduke. What were the relations between the 'Empire' and the archduchy? Did the 'Empire' take in all the possessions of the Austrian house, German, Hungarian, Italian, Polish, or any other? Since 1867 the question has been a little easier to answer. Since the establishment of the dual system, the Empire of Austria and the Kingdom of Hungary have been two states with a common sovereign. This seems to give us a means of making at least a negative definition of

the Empire of Austria. It is that part of the dominions of the common ruler of Austria, Hungary, and several other states, which is not the kingdom of Hungary. Shall we say that the land which was once the *Austria*, the eastern mark, of Germany has become the *Neustria*, the western mark, of Hungary? Shall we go a step further? According to ancient precedent, what was not *Austria* was *Neustria*. One is tempted to turn the analogy about. The sovereign of Hungary is also sovereign of some other lands which can be defined only as not being Hungary. Their most descriptive name would seem to be *Nungaria* or *Nungaria*.

There is really no tie but this negative one to unite the archduchy of Austria and the duchies immediately connected with it, with Bohemia, Moravia, Austrian Silesia, Tyrol, Trent, Trieste, Aquileia, Istria, Dalmatia, Cattaro, Spizza, Galicia and Lodomeria, Bukovina, and any other land where Francis Joseph may reign in any character other than that of King of Hungary. These lands make up *Nungaria*: nothing more can be said of them. The odd thing is that several of these lands can be claimed by their present master in no other character than that of King of Hungary. The feeble claim to Galicia put forth at the first partition of Poland was that it had, at two remote periods, been held by Hungarian kings. It had never been held by any Austrian duke. The equally feeble claim to Dalmatia was that several kings of Hungary had also been kings of Dalmatia; no Austrian duke ever had been so. Yet Galicia and Dalmatia count, not to Hungary but to *Nungary*. It is practically better that they should so count: but the historical confusion is remarkable. Yet again, the King of Hungary could put forth at least as good a title to the old kingdom of Bosnia or Rama as he could put forth to Galicia and Dalmatia. Yet he is content to 'administer' one of the kingdoms of his predecessors, not as duke, not as king, not as Emperor, but as the vassal of the Turk. Yet again, how many people remember that part of the territory which Austria wrung from Poland had been in earlier times wrung by Poland from Russia? As a matter of fact, Alexander is not 'Emperor of all the Russias,' while Francis Joseph holds the old Red Russia, the so-called Galicia and Lodomeria.

The Austrian power is a fact; while it exists as a power, it is entitled to be treated in formal matters like any other power. But it is not wise to forget its real nature. While each of the other powers answers to a nation, or at least has a nation as its kernel, the Austrian power has no national basis whatever. A Hungarian power would have a national basis in the Magyar nation; an Austro-Hungarian power has none. It is a mere accidental gathering of odds and ends, which must fall to pieces the moment the several nations concerned feel at once the wish and the power to part asunder. When the German is drawn to his fellow-Germans, the Italian to his fellow-Italians, the Slave to his fellow-Slaves, the Rouman to his fellow-

Roumans, what will be left of the 'great constitutional power' of Lord Salisbury's admiration? The Magyar and nothing else. Some years back, before the events of 1875–1878, some observers of South-Eastern affairs—I must confess to having been myself one of them[4]—cherished the hope that the Hungarian kingdom, as the most settled state of South-Eastern Europe, might, when freed from its artificial connexion with German and Italian yoke-fellows, have become, whether under the shape of a Confederation or any other, the centre of the other nations of South-Eastern Europe. Such a 'solution,' to use the cant phrase of diplomacy, was possible so lately as five years ago; it has become, for the present at least, impossible by the position taken up both by the Magyars as a people and by the Austro-Hungarian power as a power. The hope which I have just spoken of was kindled in many minds by the state of things which was to be seen in the lands east of the Hadriatic, at the time when the war first began in Herzegovina in 1875. That war began, very significantly, immediately after the visit of Francis Joseph to his Dalmatian kingdom, a visit which was universally understood to be a visit of reconciliation to his Slavonic subjects. It was at that moment perfectly open to him to have put himself at the head of the Slavonic movement, and to have done all, and more than all, that Russia did afterwards, without awakening anything like the same jealousy which was awakened by the action of Russia. Such a policy, boldly carried out, might have changed the prince who still calls himself King of Croatia, Dalmatia, and Slavonia—to say nothing of Bohemia, Galicia, and Lodomeria—into the head of a Slavonic empire, like that which was striven for by the Servian Stephen, and in earlier times by the Bulgarian Simeon and Samuel. That is to say, the Hungarian kingdom might have grown into a great Slavonic power. Such a change must, sooner or later, have led to a separation between the Austrian and Hungarian realms, and to the restoration of Austria in some shape or other to its natural connexion with Germany. And, towards the end of 1875, things really looked as if the beginning of such a chain of events had actually taken place. Austria was helping the people of Herzegovina in their struggle with the Turk in every way short of actually making war on the Turk. Presently all these hopes faded away, and Austria, from the friend, became the enemy of the struggling nations. The change was not wonderful. The policy which would have enabled Francis Joseph to carry out the dreams of Charles VI. was in itself a very bold one; it was contrary to all Magyar interests; it was contrary to Austrian interests in the narrower sense. But since that change in Austrian policy—of which the kidnapping of Ljubibratich on foreign ground may be taken as the most marked outward sign—everything has to

[4] I put forth this hope in the first edition of my First Series of Historical Essays, p. 282, as late as 1871. In 1879 I had to speak in another tone, in the Third Series pp. 413, 416.

be looked at in another way. From that time every advance of Austria in the South-Eastern lands has meant, not the possible growth of a great Slavonic power, but the further sacrifice of the Slavonic nations to the narrowest dynastic interests. The power which might have entered Bosnia and Herzegovina as a deliverer at last entered those lands as a conqueror. They are at this moment held as a conquered land. Under Austrian 'administration,' the old grievances have not been redressed, and some new grievances have been created. Christians and Mussulmans are beginning to forget their old quarrels in common loathing of the foreign yoke. The dealings of Austria with Montenegro at the Berlin Treaty were all in the same spirit.[5] The principality was forbidden to annex the kindred lands which were eager to be annexed, but was allowed to annex alien lands which had no wish to be annexed, but whose annexation was necessary for Montenegro to win her way to the sea. All this shows that the Austrian power is the most immediate and most dangerous enemy of South-Eastern freedom. Nowhere did the accession to power of the English friends of South-Eastern freedom awaken a stronger feeling of fear and loathing than it awakened in Austria, if by 'Austria' we understand the official circles of Vienna and Pesth; nowhere was it welcomed with more enthusiastic delight than in Austria, if by that word we understand the vast majority of the nations which are still under the rule of Vienna and Pesth. To the Slavonic and Rouman subjects of the Austrian and Hungarian crowns—the people who of all the people of Europe have the feeblest means of making their voice heard in other lands—no less than to all the nations which are still under the Turk, Mr. Gladstone's triumph was indeed glad tidings of great joy. His accession to power was at once followed by a formal denial on the part of the representative of Austria in England of schemes which, as everyone knew, were the most cherished schemes of Austrian policy. The real meaning of what passed between Mr. Gladstone and Count Karolyi was understood at once in Austrian official circles; after a certain amount of puzzledom at some expressions which might well have been otherwise worded, it was soon understood by the nations whom it specially concerned. To know what is really going on in those parts we must go a little deeper than the despatches which fly daily from one great capital to another. Vienna and Constantinople may tell London the mind of Vienna and Constantinople, or of some classes in Vienna and Constantinople. But better light may be had from more obscure 'provincial' sources, say from Manchester and Philippopolis. How the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina feel under Austrian 'administration' may be seen, not uncommonly, in the letters which pass from Ragusa to the 'Manchester Guardian.'[6] How such 'administration' looks in the eyes of a people who have gained what turns out to be the better boon of 'adminis-

[5] See more in Historical Essays, Third Series, p. 410.
[6] See an instance, the latest of the series, June 7.

I seek, I, born in these our later days,
Using the measure thou didst love,
With halting tribute of too tardy praise,
A poet throned above.

. . . . . .

Thou hast rejoined thy dear ones now, and art,
Dear soul, as then thou wouldst be, free:
I, still a prisoner, strive to do my part
In memory of thee.

Thou art so high and yet unknown: shall I
Repine that I too am obscure?
Nay, what care I, though all my verse shall die,
If only it is pure?

The reference to Vaughan and his favourite measure is significant, and the opening stanza of Vaughan's poem on 'Departed Friends' may be quoted as showing how thoroughly the modern poet sympathises with his predecessor:—

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

Vaughan, too, is consistent in his admiration of duty well performed —of individual heroism, however obscure, in preference to blind adherence to the movements of the crowd. He sums up, in his 'Rules and Lessons,' what he conceives to be the true man's attitude, in this wise:—

A sweet self-privacy in a right soul
Outruns the earth, and lines the utmost pole.

The author of the 'Epic of Hades' is a warm advocate of manliness such as this. In all his poetry one feels that what is said is the expression of what is felt and believed, and what, moreover, the poet cannot help saying. He depends for his effect upon his quiet refinement, his sure though delicate touch, and his influence over subtle chords of association and the recondite harmonies of grave sentiment. Both on his own showing, and as illustrated in his practice, the poet is not eager for the applause of the vulgar; he would rather, indeed, have none of it than catch it at a run or at the expense of his own calm dignity and self-command. He will resort to no trick of verse, nor pander to any unworthy passion, but will quietly and steadily go on his way, giving unpretentious expression to the best that is in him. There is music, too, in his verse, but the grouping of phrases and the management of cadences are dependent less upon the sound and more upon the sentiment. Indeed, a tendency towards superfluity of sentiment is just the one feature of these poems that a captious criticism might point to as a flaw. Yet it is quite possible to

sympathise with the author, and to deprecate any charge of egotism, when he says in 'Songs of Two Worlds'—

> If ever, for a passing day,
> My careless rhymes shall gain to please,
> I would that those who read may say,
> 'Left he no more than these?'

The prevailing note of these songs is pathetic. They invite pensive musing at intervals rather than continuous study. We are taken by the deep mellow suggestiveness of what is uttered rather than by the musical quality of the utterance. Even so, there are times when we can listen to the blackbird rather than the thrush, when we would rather 'hear the cushies croon' than be thrilled by all the force and passionate fervour of the nightingale. Schubert will certainly never fail to attract us because he is not Beethoven, and Pindar soaring with mighty sweep may please us less at times than Euripides 'the human with his droppings of warm tears.' Certainly, the poet is entitled to hope that readers may wish more of him, for while human nature remains what it is there will be room for the skilful expression of genuine tender sentiment. Just as in a grove, in the spring months, we may hear one supreme thrush whose voice is enough for the neighbourhood, and by its very force and compass precludes rivalry, while within a comparatively small space several blackbirds give forth their rich thoughtful lyrics nor once suggest interference or competition; so for one mighty interpreter of the passion of life—its defeats and its triumphs—there may be several whose sphere is the expression of reflective pathos, tender regret, quiet but firm aspiration. We find a true interpreter of the latter kind in these songs and other poems. The 'Songs of Two Worlds' are not lyrics of fervid emotion, glowing passion, ineffable sweet fluency, like those of Burns; they are rather little discourses in lyrical form which do not run away with the reader but hold him. If read leisurely, as the poet intends they should be, they will be found to contain some of the best, profoundest, soberest thinking of this generation. But we must not look for sparkle and brilliant effects, and we must be less anxious to reach the end of the volume than to grasp the deep significance of each separate unity. The poet deals with the world that is, and the world that the human spirit is fit to occupy, and thus his separate themes have individual interest, and demand direct undivided attention.

A leading thought with all poets of reflective pathos is that the human spirit is in direct contact with unceasing movement and change, that the loved faces disappear and the favourite objects get beyond our grasp, while we ourselves are powerless to stay the fleeting breath or prevent the relentless process of transformation. Shelley sums up the thoughtful man's feeling in regard to this in his epigrammatic utterance that 'nought may endure but mutability.' Some of Wordsworth's finest sentiment rests on this pathetic atti-

tude, and it regulates the best thinking of Bryant, the foremost of purely reflective poets produced thus far in America. So, too, with the best of these songs. Take, for example, 'The Wanderer,' which is the poet's setting of that engrossing theme, the painful getting of experience. It is a faithful, exhaustive, and deeply interesting narrative. The passing allusion to the philosophy of the Greeks, as represented by the three most potent of their thinkers, and to the strength and weakness of Buddhism and the other Asiatic systems, is a good specimen both of the method of the poem and the author's style.

> The sweet Ideal Essences revealed,
> To that high poet-thinker's eyes I saw;
> The archetypes which underset the world
> With one broad perfect Law.
>
> The fair fantastic Commonwealth, too fair
> For earth, wherein the wise alone bore rule—
> So wise that oftentimes the sage himself
> Shows duller than the fool;
>
> And that white soul, clothed with a satyr's form,
> Which shone beneath the laurels day by day,
> And, fired with burning faith in God and Right,
> Doubted men's doubts away;
>
> And him who took all knowledge for his own,
> And with the same swift logical sword laid bare
> The depths of heart and mind, the mysteries
> Of earth and sea and air;
>
> And those on whom the visionary East
> Worked in such sort, that knowledge grew to seem
> An ecstasy, a sudden blaze, revealed
> To crown the mystic's dream;
>
> Till, once again, the old light faded out,
> And left no trace of that fair day remain—
> Only a barren method, binding down
> Men's thoughts with such a chain
>
> That knowledge sank self-slain, like some stout knight
> Clogged by his harness; nor could wit devise
> Aught but ignoble quibbles, subtly mixed
> With dull theologies.

Thus does the poet continue to delineate, with appreciation of worth and with sound judgment, the various stages the anxious soul arrives at and passes in the quest of truth. Nor does he rest merely in this, and content himself with declaring a passing show or preaching a vanity of vanities, but he strives for a substantial unity, and an abiding climax.

Till prizing union more than dissidence,
And holding high the race, I came to prove
A spring of sympathy within, which swelled
To a deep stream of love.

And Knowledge gave me gold, and power, and fame,
And honour; and Love, a clearer, surer view:
Thus in calm depths I moored my weary soul,
Fast anchored to the True.

The pathos of our poet, then, is not merely passive with possible dejection in store; it is rich with a trustful music and bright with the confidence of hope. We may not be able to reason out all that is implied in our lot, far less what may be the aim of that Cosmos in which we are set; but at any rate we have intuitions, and Faith is above Knowledge.

Tho' much be taken, much is left,
Not all forsaken nor bereft;
From change on change we come to rest,
And the last moment is the best.

In this view, therefore, every man ought to do at once, and with energy, what his hand finds waiting. The Present is the deep and instant concern of every soul, and there is nothing sadder than the missing of golden opportunities and the wasting of powers. Thus 'The Apology,' gives the author's view of the true sphere of the poetical artist—

To sing To-day,
Not dead years past and fled away,
But this alone—To-day;

and the ground of his conviction is that there is always poetry for the making, if only there be the observing eye, the true sympathetic chords, and the worthy utterance. There is the same human nature now as existed for Homer and Æschylus. Shakespeare, in the sixteenth century, could stand forth as the prophet of mankind; Swift, in the eighteenth, could satirize the race; and in the nineteenth, Mr. Carlyle can revile follies for all time. The poet of our day, also, can find material for his purpose if he only look about him, and it is the successful grasping and setting of generalizations that give life and charm to studies like 'The Organ Boy,' 'The Children of the Street,' and 'The Enigma.' The poet is not inclined to fling up his cap and cheer in the wake of success, but he goes thoroughly with every manly aspiration and every virtuous effort. Thus, after some sharp and pointed criticism of what this age admires, he looks forward and exclaims:—

There shall come from out this noise of strife and groaning
A broader and a juster brotherhood,
A deep equality of aim, postponing
All selfish seeking to the general good.

> There shall come a time when each shall to another
> Be as Christ would have him—brother unto brother.

In the 'Ode on a Fair Spring Morning' the conditions of a higher life are insisted on, from consideration of man's own capabilities; while in 'Evensong'—one of the best poems added to the language since Wordsworth—there is an elaborate and beautiful series of reflections, embodying what is virtually the author's confession of faith. It is frank, distinct, profound, calculated to impress if not to convince, and charged with fine feeling, remarkable reflective power, and steady speculative energy. These lines, after long wrestling with doubt and near approach to the blackness of darkness, come with the inspiring tones of a trumpet to rouse men to the pressing interests of the Present :—

> We have heard His voice, and we hear it sound wider and more increased,
> To the sunset plains of the West from the peaks of the furthest East.
>
> For the quick and the dead, it was given; for them it is sounding still,
> And no pause of silence shall break the clear voice of the Infinite Will.
>
> Not only through Christ long since, and the teachers of ages gone,
> But to-day He speaks, day by day, to those who are toiling on;
>
> More clear perhaps then to the ear, and with nigher voice and more plain,
> But still the same Teacher Divine, speaking to us again and again.
>
> For I like not his creed, if any there be, who shall dare to hold
> That God comes to us only at times far away in the centuries old.

In the 'Epic of Hades' we have the Past used to inform and enrich the Present. As we have seen, the poet considers it his duty to 'sing To-day' rather than to dwell upon Antiquity for its own sake, and thus he goes back to the myths of ancient Greece not merely for their poetic quality, but also because the Past in its essential features is really the Present. The dead may bury their dead how and when they will, but the vital interests that were at stake of yore, the spiritual impulses, the stern truthful activities are not dead, and have a deep significance for this and for all time. That Tantalus was immersed, as the ancient poets describe, that Sisyphus wrestled with a rock, that Ixion whirled hopelessly on a wheel, that Narcissus swooned beside a fountain, that Marsyas was flayed for his presumption, and that Helen was all that Homer makes her—these, and similar romantic conceptions, are the artistic crudities of the primal time, and need special reproduction only for the initiated and those whom they may particularly concern. Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, and their best followers, will satisfy the most ardent English student of the Past who wishes to read Greek myths in his own tongue. In the 'Epic of Hades' the aim is more than mere revival; it is that, too, in a certain measure, but it is chiefly the

setting of the myths in accordance with their poetical beauty and their deep spiritual meaning. The poem is not an epic in the strict sense of the word; it is rather a series of dramatic monologues superintended by the poet himself. The conception is not unlike that of the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' and the work should serve a similar purpose on a wider scale. Every individual has a part in life to play, and he may be warned, guided, and strengthened by the examples thus depicted from ancient mythology. Friendship, fidelity, patriotism, avarice, selfishness, revenge were features of human character then as now; and, despite what is known as the accumulated hereditary wisdom of countless generations, there are still fresh beginnings to make, careers to enter upon, triumphs to admire, failures to deplore.

> For while a youth is lost in soaring thought,
> And while a maid grows sweet and beautiful,
> And while a spring-tide coming lights the earth,
> And while a child, and while a flower is born,
> And while one wrong cries for redress and finds
> A soul to answer, still the world is young!

There may be some who will take objection to the interpretation of the myths as given in this poem, and who will say that at any rate it is inconsistent to make the interlocutors the expounders as well. The objection certainly is possible, but not particularly valid, and it will occur only on the first blush and as a feature of a hasty and unreflecting criticism. The poem postulates development, and that too is quite in keeping with the genius of Greek mythology itself. In any case, the poet has preferred this method, and the reader has simply to accept it and make the most of the arrangement. After all, there is a sense of fitness in regarding this allegorical treatment; it disposes at a sweep of the omnipotent Sun-myth, and reduces the manifold romance of antiquity to tangible human conditions. The story of Andromeda, for example, has been told in English by Charles Kingsley on purely classical lines. It is all there, as Ovid told it, and it is set off, besides, with the long roll of the hexameter. In the 'Epic of Hades' the maid gives her story in due narrative form, but with an added philosophy of it rendered possible from her new and more penetrating outlook. It is the poet's gloss, of course, but does it not add force and point that it should be declared by Andromeda herself?

> I seem to see new meaning in my life,
> And all the deeds I spoke of. Evermore
> The young life comes, bound to the cruel rocks
> Alone. Before it the unfathomed sea
> Smiles, filled with monstrous growths that wait to take
> Its innocence. Far off the voice and hand
> Of love kneel by in agony, and entreat
> The seeming careless gods. Still when the deep
> Is smoothest, lo, the deadly fangs and coils

Are nigh to smite with death. And o'er the crags
Of duty, like a sudden sunbeam, springs
Some golden soul half mortal, half divine,
Heaven-sent, and breaks the chain, and evermore
For sacrifice they die, through sacrifice
They live and are for others, and no grief
That smites the humblest but reverberates
Thro' all the close-set files of time, and takes
The princely soul that from its royal towers
Looks down and sees the sorrow.

So, too, at the close of the beautiful, and beautifully told myth of Persephone, we have a characteristic gathering-up of the threads, a familiar climax of reflection :—

Time calls and Change
Commands both men and gods, and speeds us on
We know not whither; but the old earth smiles
Spring after spring, and the seed bursts again
Out of its prison mould, and the dead lives
Renew themselves, and rise aloft and soar
And are transformed, clothing themselves with change
Till the last change be done.

The development is finely graduated, from Tartarus on through Hades and up to Olympus, Psyche at the threshold of the highest stage giving to the pilgrims the mystic and thrilling pass—

. . . one universal word
To all things living, and the word is 'Love.'

And it is Apollo who urges brave souls to press onward to the ultimate and glorious goal—the merging of their imperfect beings in the perfection of Zeus the Giver—in words that are aglow with gracious impulse and benign wisdom :—

There is a Height higher than mortal thought;
There is a Love warmer than mortal love;
There is a Life which taketh not its hues
From earth or earthly things, and so grows pure
And higher than the petty cares of men,
And is a blessed life and glorified.

In regard to poetical workmanship, the myths that probably stand foremost are Sisyphus, Marsyas, and Helen. The introductory descriptive portion of 'Sisyphus' is worthy of a theme that Homer glorified by specially careful versification, and it is interesting to mark how very simple but extremely careful diction does a duty not unworthy of comparison with the expressive Greek dactyls. How vivid is this rapidly depicted scene! How well suited every word is to the position it fills!

A crash,
A horrible thunderous noise, as down the steep
The shameless fragment leapt. From crag to crag
It bounded ever swifter, striking fire

And wrapt in smoke, as to the lowest depths
Of the vale it tore, and seemed to take with it
The miserable form whose painful gaze
I caught, as with the great rock whirled and dashed
Downward, and marking every crag with gore
And long grav hairs, it plunged, yet living still,
To the black hollow; and then a silence came
More dreadful than the noise, and a low groan
Was all that I could hear.

'Marsyas' is a triumph of sweet melody, a veritable monument of graceful, chaste, refluent English. The very movement of the young Apollo has music in it, and the passage descriptive of the contest is elaborated and rounded with rare finish and delicacy. Exclusive of Shakespeare, whose onomatopœic passages (as in the *Merchant of Venice* on the 'harmony that is in immortal souls,' and the opening speech of *Twelfth Night*) are supreme, this description of the expansive reach and the subtle influence of musical sound will bear comparison with anything else in the language. It is quite as effective as the somewhat specialized tributes to the genius of Lawes in *Comus*, while it is not simply written to order like Mr. Rossetti's 'Sonnet composed during Music,' or Charles Lamb's bright epigrammatic 'Chapter on Ears.' The Sun-god's instrumental music was of course unusually thrilling and captivating, but it was trifling compared with the ethereal notes of his song.

Oh, to hear the young
Apollo playing! and the hidden cells
And chambers of the universe displayed
Before the charmèd sound! I seemed to float
In some enchanted cave, where the wave dips
In from the sunlit sea, and floods its depths
With reflex hues of heaven. My soul was rapt
By that I heard, and dared to wish no more
For victory.

Still the playing itself might have left even the Muses doubtful about judgment, had it not been followed by that glorious heavenly voice!

Oh, ecstasy,
Oh happiness of him who once has heard
Apollo singing! For his ears the sound
Of grosser music dies, and all the earth
Is full of subtle undertones, which change
The listener and transform him. As he sang—
Of what I know not, but the music touched
Each chord of being—I felt my secret life
Stand open to it, as the parched earth yawns
To drink the summer rain; and at the call
Of those refreshing waters, all my thought
Stir from its dark and secret depths, and burst
Into sweet, odorous flowers, and from their wells
Deep call to deep, and all the mystery
Of all that is, laid open.

The best portion of 'Helen' is the romance of her youthful innocence and growth—sweetly idyllic, tenderly sympathetic, gravely foreboding. It quite prepares apt students of the poet for the touching pathos, the long-suffering heroism, the bitter-sweet joys, the hearts heavy laden, the fatal burden and tragic circumstance of 'Gwen, a Drama in Monologue.' In no sense, as the author himself points out, is this little work of fresh lyrical movement and grave sentiment adapted for stage purposes. The title, as usual, is somewhat unfortunate and misleading. It is a poem to read on the hillsides and among the heather, away from the bustle and the jar of worldliness, and with the subtle and penetrating associations of a solitary retreat. It will not endure the flare and the gaudy vulgarity of the crowd. It appeals to the reflective forces; it goes straight to the individual heart. It tells of a secret that courtiers cannot know; it is a story of too touching an interest for the worldling to appreciate. It is the course of true love, thwarted and disturbed and misdirected as from of old, but still steadfast in aim and reaching its destined outlet somehow at the last. Henry, an earl's son, loves Gwen, a clergyman's daughter, among the Welsh hills, and struggles manfully against society for his love; but the contest entails heart-breaking and domestic tragedy, and bitter wrestling of the lone human spirit with the powers of Evil. The lesson taught is a noble and a manly one—there is a heroism of sentiment that stirs to the depths of manhood and proves the purification of the soul.

> The springtide that awakens land and sea,
> The spring of Youth and Love, awakens me.
> It calls, and all my life
> Answers from its dim depths, 'I come, I hear.'
> It breaks, it bursts, in sudden hope and strife,
> And precious chills of fear.
> It comes with tremulous, furtive thrills which can
> Strip from me all the Past, and leave me man.

And to this there is the gentle and confiding and withal foreboding response:—

> I do obey. I lay my soul
> Low at Love's feet for his control.
> Farewell, oh paths half hidden in flowers,
> Trodden by young feet in childish hours;
> White bed, white room, and girlish home!
> The hour of Love and Life is come!

Significant are these lines of the concentrated affection and the endearing trials, the smiles that strive with tears and the well-grounded but chequered hopes, that one and all accompany the struggle with untoward events:—

> More dear you are, my love, and sweet,
> A thousand times more dear,
> Than when my heart forgot to beat
> In the springtime of the year.

A thousand times more dear, my love,
A thousand times more dear;
For the tender pity that you move
And the anxious boding fear.

The climax of the chastening, the perfection of the discipline, the purification of the fiery trial, compose the acclamations of a glorified epilogue. It is the same familiar exalted goal.

But Love, the Conqueror, Love, Immortal Love,
Through the high heaven doth move,
Spurning the brute earth with his purple wings,
And from the great Sun brings
Some radiant beam to light the House of Life;
Sweetens our grosser thought, and makes us pure;
And to a Higher Being doth mature
Our lower lives, and calms the ignoble strife,
And raises the dead life with his sweet breath,
And from the arms of Death
Soars with it to the eternal shore,
Where sight or thought of evil comes no more.

The ultimate contribution thus far to this poetical philosophy of continuous change culminating in Love is the 'Ode of Life.' This is a canticle of odes, just as Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' and Mr. Rossetti's 'House of Life' are canticles of sonnets. Again, fault may be found with the title the author has chosen, but it is impossible to cavil at the execution of the separate poems, or to deny that they constitute a compact and well-managed series. The work begins with an 'Ode of Creation,' and traces human experience onwards from Infancy through all the intermediate stages, with their respective joys and sorrows, to Age, Decline, and Change. It is interesting to note here, as in the earlier work, the influence of the poet's master—that 'unknown poet,' Henry Vaughan—as well as to find a maturity of thought and expression that betoken strong originality and singular devotion to a lofty range of culture. The following lines, for example, from the 'Ode of Infancy,' may be set down by some as an echo of Wordsworth, whereas the fact is that both poets would probably not have written their respective passages but for Vaughan's 'Silex Scintillans':—

Oh, little child! thou bringest with thee still,
As Moses, parting from the fiery hill,
Some dim reflection in thine eyes,
Some sense of Godhead, some indefinite wonder
As of one drifted here unwillingly;
Who knows no speech of ours, and yet doth keep
Some dumb remembrance of a gracious home,
Which lights his waking hours and fills his sleep
With precious visions which unbidden come;
Some golden link which nought of earth can sunder,
Some glimpse of a more golden land and sea!

One would willingly linger over the poet's sympathy with the tenderness and fresh innocence of childhood, his dainty lyrical movement with the lovers, as

> Rapt, careless, looking in each other's eyes,
> With lingering steps and slow,
> The lovers go;

his sense of what is due to the 'perfect years'—especially his worthy tribute to devoted motherhood—his discriminating separation of Good and Evil, and his reverence for declining years, but it is not possible here and now. Suffice it to say, that the 'Ode of Change' brings us once more nearer a glimpse of the eternities, and leaves us impressed with the supreme importance of Faith by contrast with its handmaiden Knowledge.

> Take me, oh infinite Cause, and cleanse me of wrong!
> Take me, raise me to higher Life through centuries long!
> Cleanse me, by pain, if need be, through æons of days!
> Take me and purge me, still I will answer with praise—
> There is no Death for ever!

> Shall I mourn for those who are not? Nay, while love and regret
> Still linger within our souls, they live with us yet.
> If we love, then the souls that we love, they exist and they are,
> As memory which makes us ourselves, brings precious things from far.
> Love lives and is for ever.

Finally, then, may we not see some length towards an explanation of our poet's popularity? He has a message for the English reader such as is seldom delivered to him; an appeal to his individual consciousness which he finds it impossible to resist. The Poet speaks as a man to his brother, striking sympathetic chords, stirring tender and far-reaching associations, and ever wisely didactic in the endeavour to point the way to spiritual Truth. These are modes of influence that can never fail. A busy, thronging, money-loving people will still find time—even were it from the commonplace motive of noting contrasts—to see what the author of 'Songs of Two Worlds' has to depict for them as his ideal of 'The True Man.' The phenomenon of his popularity is to be explained on the ground of his ability to take his readers into his confidence, and insist, as in these lines, upon their higher perceptions :—

> Take thou no care for aught save truth and right;
> Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure;
> Wealth palls and honours, Fame may not endure,
> And loftier souls soon weary of delight;
> Keep innocence; be all a true man ought;
> Let neither pleasures tempt nor pains appal;
> Who hath this, he hath all things, having nought;
> Who hath it not, hath nothing, having all.

THOMAS BAYNE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

We should like sometimes to find this arch-philosopher of practical wisdom in earnest about other things than indifference, and we naturally seek for this quality of earnestness in his views of religion and politics—subjects which call forth the passions of men more than any other. But notwithstanding all that has been said and written on these points, I think we shall find that his whole mental attitude was such as to forbid definite conclusions even on these vital subjects. His Apology for Sebonde does not throw so much light on his religious beliefs as we should desire. If readers are disappointed in their expectations here, they have themselves to blame, for they search for something which his philosophy has beforehand told them not to expect. In religion he was strictly conventional, and in politics he was equally conventional. 'For Heaven's sake,' he would say, 'don't disturb the *status quo*; things are bad enough, I grant, but in seeking to make them better you will probably make them worse. Let us go on from day to day, quietly meeting little difficulties as they arise, and making the best both of the good and of the bad. The practical guidance of life, that is our business.'

If we prosecute our inquiry after the 'earnest' side of Montaigne's character, we shall find it perhaps most conspicuous in his heartfelt desire to amend the condition of the poor, and in his views on education. It is the latter with which we have to do here; but of both characteristics I would say that they were the fruit of his positive philosophy. A happy, useful (provided usefulness did not call for too much exertion), practically wise life was his *summum bonum*, and it was this aim that unconsciously determined the substance of his educational theory. In considering then his teaching, we must keep Montaigne's theory of life before our minds. Education as distinct from instruction is a subject on which no man can possibly write without being more or less consciously controlled in all his utterances by his philosophy of man and of human life.

So much is necessary for the proper understanding of Montaigne on education. But more than this is needed for the proper placing of him in the series of educational writers. We have to understand his historical relations and the circumstances of his life and time, of which men like Montaigne are in a special sense the product and reflection.

Luther died when Montaigne was thirteen years old. It was during the latter period of Luther's life that the Humanistic movement among the leaders of the Thought of Europe began to tell, as all great philosophic and political movements inevitably do, sooner or later, tell, upon the education of youth. The reformation of religion was itself only part of the larger Humanistic movement. For Humanism was simply a rebellion against words and logical forms in the interest of the realities of life and thought. An intellectual movement of this kind could not fail to make itself felt in education as well as in the domain of religious forms and formularies, for it was a philosophical movement, and philosophy ultimately determines all such

...ings. Up to the period of university life, and even beyond it, education consisted in the acquisition of Latin words and rules about Latin, and thus in time required the addition of logic with all its scholastic subtleties, and such physics as abridgments of Aristotle could supply. Prior to Montaigne's school-days the intellectual life of the schoolboy was, as may be supposed, very wretched, but those who survived it and continued to devote themselves to grammar, rhetoric, and logic, certainly acquired an amount of discipline which could not fail to sharpen their wits. Intensity and subtlety of thought were the material outcome of the educational system, but accompanied with a restricted range of view and a worship of arid terms and phrases. Luther's educational activity was directed to aid the Humanists in reviving in the school a regard for substance as opposed to form. Pure Latinity, the study of the substance of the great Roman writers, and of rhetoric and logic by the perusal of those great products of literary genius out of which the rules of rhetoric and logic were themselves generalised, began to take the place of mere words and of barbarous Latinity. The typical schoolmaster of this period was John Sturm, the rector of the High School of Strasbourg, whose course of instruction, severe and mainly linguistic, was yet such as to give genuine culture to all those who were capable of culture. Sturm died in 1589. Already the Humanistic movement in schools had been represented in England by Dean Colet, who died in 1519, and by Roger Ascham, who died in 1568, and was a correspondent of Sturm. Erasmus, the friend of Colet, died in 1536. Montaigne's position is thus clearly defined. Born in 1533, and dying in 1592, he was in the midst of the full tide of the reaction against, what Milton calls, 'the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages,' 'ragged notions and babblements.' Bacon's influence had not yet begun.

Montaigne's father, a gentleman of private estate in the province of Guienne, had notions of his own as to the education of the young Michel, and whatever we may think of them, the son thought highly of the method, and all through life retained for his father's memory the profoundest affection and respect. He used to ride in his father's old military cloak, 'because,' he said, 'when I have that on I seem to wrap myself up in my father.' His education, under the paternal roof, was directed morally to the cultivation in him of an intense love of truthfulness and of kindliness of feeling and manners towards the poor and dependent. So solicitous was the father to surround his child with every beneficent influence, that he had him roused every morning by the sound of music, that there might be no violent disturbance of his nervous system. As regards intellectual education, the main object even with Humanists was Latin (and a little Greek), because Latin represented Humane Letters. Montaigne himself tells us the novel arrangements his father made for initiating him in this language without straining his powers. He gave him a Latin-speaking tutor, and surrounded him with Latin conversation, so that

when he was six years old he spoke Latin fluently, much better, indeed, than he could speak his own tongue. The whole household, indeed, became so Latinised that the domestics, and even the peasants on his father's property, began to use Latin words.

Greek was taught by the invention of a game, but it would appear without much success, for Montaigne's knowledge of Greek literature was never much more than he could obtain through a Latin medium.

He was only six years old when he was sent to the College of Guienne at Bordeaux, an institution of mark, in which the Humanistic culture must have reigned supreme, if we may judge from the names of the teachers—William Guerente the Aristotelian, Muretus the classical Latinist and rhetorician, and our own George Buchanan the historian and Latin poet. At college he lost his familiar acquaintance with colloquial Latin, but largely extended his private reading in classical authors, but this only by a breach of school rules in which he was wisely encouraged by his masters. At the early age of thirteen he had accomplished his college course, and although he afterwards studied law, it cannot be said that he had any special instruction after he was a boy outside his professional reading. Had it not been for the wise connivance of his masters which enabled him to make acquaintance with the literature of Rome, he would have 'brought away from college nothing but a hatred of books, as almost all our young gentlemen do.' His father was satisfied with the result of his school life, 'for the chief things he expected from the endeavour of those to whom he had delivered me for education was affability of manners and good humour.' Montaigne was, to speak the truth, idle and desultory, and he would be the first to admit it. He also complains that he had 'a slothful wit that would go no faster than it was led, a languishing invention and an incredible defect of memory, so that it is no wonder,' he adds, 'if from all these nothing considerable could be extracted.' He was incapable of sustained effort and of taking much trouble about anything. Nor could it be said that with all the leisure at his command he was ever master of any subject: he had 'only nibbled,' he himself says, 'on the outward crust of sciences, and had a little snatch of everything and nothing of the whole.' Even of Latin he was not a master, and Scaliger speaks with contempt of his scholarship; to which, however, Montaigne never made any claim. His innumerable classical allusions and quotations were, however, the genuine fruit of his own reading; but he read not as a grammarian or philosopher, but as a man of letters. 'I make no doubt,' he says, with his usual naïveté, 'that I oft happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade.' . . . 'Whoever will take me tripping in my ignorance will not in any way displease me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible to another for my writings, who am not so to myself nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found: there is nothing I so little profess.' Again, 'I could wish to have a more

perfect knowledge of things, but I will not buy it so dear as it will cost. My design is to pass over easily, and not laboriously, the remainder of my life. There is nothing that I will cudgel my brains about; no, not knowledge of what price soever. . . . I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading, and after a charge or two I give them over. . . . Continuation and a too obstinate endeavour darken, stupefy, and tire my judgment.'

The moral result was more satisfactory. Montaigne's disposition was naturally kindly, and its kindliness was further fostered by his father's affectionate upbringing. If ever there was a man distinguished for that 'sweet reasonableness' of which we have heard not a little of late, that man was Montaigne. He had the light of culture and also its sweetness.

I have dwelt a little on Montaigne's own education and character, because they have to be taken into consideration along with the circumstances of his time to which I have already alluded, in forming a true estimate of his educational opinions. The character of the man also is itself to be regarded as, to some extent at least, the fruit of his education, and retrospectively his father's method comes up for judgment according to the saying, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' It is sufficiently clear that of discipline, intellectual or moral, Montaigne had received none, and that his nature was one that stood in some need of it. The love that his father bore him and the gentleness of his treatment unquestionably nurtured the ingenuous spirit of the son and gave him a freedom of judgment and a fearlessness of intelligence which are among Montaigne's principal charms. His mind was not at any time oppressed with too strong a burden of duty or warped by fear. He grew up into an open-eyed, gentle, bright-souled, and sweet-blooded man, with a sound practical judgment—a wise man, if not a learned one—capable of looking at every side of a question by turns and dallying with each.

But to follow the example of Montaigne's father would not always succeed. He had a man of genius as his child and pupil, and all he did was felicitously adapted to develop the boy's natural endowments. But the system pursued did not cure the pupil's manifest defects of character. Even his natural weakness of memory, so far from being remedied, was probably increased by the father's lax treatment. Perhaps all the better for the world, it may be said. In this particular case it was so; but we have not young Montaignes to deal with. We have to *discipline* the intellectual and moral nature of the average boy if we would give energy of will, earnestness of purpose, power of application, and love of truth.

When Montaigne gives us his own views on the education of the young we find them to be very much a reflex of his own experience and character. Let us look at them for a little as they bear on the end of education, the materials of instruction, on method, on intellectual and moral discipline, and on punishment whereby the work of *the school is usually* enforced.

shortest form Montaigne's idea of the
say that it is this: that a man be
his own reason. 'A man,' he says, 'can
wisdom.' 'If the mind be not better
be not better settled, I had much rather
time at tennis, for at least his body would
exercise and breath. Do but observe him
m school, after fifteen or sixteen years that
is nothing so awkward and *maladroit*, so
employment; and all that you shall find he
in and Greek have only made him a greater
xcomb than when he went from home. He
oul replete with good literature, and he brings it
up with vain and empty shreds and snatches of
lly nothing more in him than he had before.'
t men and vigorous natures overcome all this
worse; but 'it is not enough that our education
must alter us for the better.' It is not enough
the soul, but to work and incorporate them to-
cture the soul merely, but to give it a thorough
nd if it will not take colour and meliorate its im-
re, without question, better to let it alone.' . . . .
t 'find a man eyes; its business is to guide, govern,
ps, provided he *have sound feet and straight legs*
ther Persia nor Sparta made much account of mere
ome was at its greatest in virtue and vigour before
ı thought of. To train to valour, honesty, pru-
ıtice—these were the aims of the greatest nations.
when asked 'what boys should learn.' 'Those
ught to do when they become men.'
en, would keep in view the end of education from
l that end is to train to right reason and indepen-
o moderation of mind, and to virtue. The cul-
le man of affairs, capable of managing his own
discharging public duties wisely, is his educated
antique idea of education, and is very much what
view in the training of the 'Good Orator.' Philo-
est fruit of education—not the philosophy which
e for its subject-matter; but philosophy which has
ıd. Virtue and philosophy are not 'harsh and
ools suppose,' but the 'enemies of melancholy and
lom: they teach us how to know and make use of
ıd how to part with them without concern.' 'Phi-
us to live, and infancy has there its lessons as
.' We are not, however, to force to virtue and to
attract by showing that they alone yield happiness,
he pupil to recognise their essential beauty and
e that there are youths who are inaccessible to all

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that is noble and beautiful and ingenuous in thought and action, and turn aside by preference to common pleasures. What is to be done with these? 'Bind them 'prentice,' says Montaigne, 'in some good town to learn to make mince pies, though they were the sons of dukes;' and in a MS. emendation he recommends that the masters should 'strangle such youths *if they can do it without witnesses!*'

What now has Montaigne to say as to the materials of instruction whereby his end is to be attained? 'The most difficult and most important of all humane arts is education,' he says. The differences among children increase the difficulty; but the promise of the future is with young children so uncertain that it is better, so far as the matter of instruction goes, to give to all the elements of knowledge alike. In any case, let us begin when they are young, when the clay is moist and soft.

From the very first the lessons of philosophy in their simple and practical form can be inculcated. In philosophy Montaigne includes all that we now understand by the religious and moral, and he maintains, and rightly maintains, that a child's mind is more open to all such lessons than to reading and writing. In selecting other materials of instruction we must bear in mind that a child 'owes but the first fifteen or sixteen years of his life to discipline and the rest to action. Let us therefore employ that time in *necessary* instruction.' At every stage that which constitutes the ultimate aim of education is to appear in some form or other—philosophy, namely, which forms the judgment and conduct. This has a hand in everything. 'She is always in place, and is to be admitted to all sports and entertainments because of the sweetness of her conversation. By guiding conduct, as well as by discourse in season, this instruction is to be given and habits thus formed.'

Montaigne is generally classed by educational writers as a realist—as the very founder of realism. Those who so write, write without understanding. Educational realism in our modern sense means the substitution of a knowledge of nature and of the practical *work* of after life for the study of language and literature and all that we include in the Humanities. Those who advocate the latter are Humanists, and are the true descendants of the Humanists of the Reformation period. All educationalists, however (except, perhaps, the majority of schoolmasters), are realists in this sense—Montaigne's sense—that they desire to see reality, that is, to see the substance of fact or thought in the education of youth. Montaigne's realism opposed itself merely to verbalism, and he fought a good fight in this. But all this belongs to the past, in the region of educational theory at least. We all now seek reality; we are all opposed to verbalism. The difference now consists in this, that one school of philosophy holds by language and literature as introducing youth to the highest and best realities—the realities of feeling and thought if properly handled: the other school holds by facts, the facts of nature and of

man's triumphs over nature as yielding the highest and best realities for educational purposes. If we may make a distinction between the real Humanistic and the verbal Humanistic, there can be no doubt that Montaigne belonged to the former class, and not to the utilitarian realists of whom Mr. Spencer and Professor Bain are the best contemporary types.

Ethical training, then, in the broadest sense is the main purpose of education according to Montaigne. Virtue and wisdom sum him up. The ordinary subjects of reading, writing, and casting accounts are of course to be taught. After this, whatever you teach, avoid words simply as words. Most modern Humanists would not go so far as Montaigne certainly in their opposition to words. They see more in them. But we must bear in mind the state of things at the time Montaigne wrote. The Humanistic revival, which was a revival in the interests of realities, was also a revival of style; and the tendency was to give prominence to art in language. This must always be the case: teachers in their daily work cannot consistently maintain from hour to hour the reality of any subject, be it language, literature, or science. The tendency inevitably is to fall back upon mechanical expedients, on the learning of rules, and on symbolism generally. It is so even with religion and morality. To the end of time the task of the true teacher who desires truly to educate will be a struggle against the dominion of words and forms, and this quite irrespectively of the subjects he may choose to make the basis of his school work. The virtues of the educational profession are all summed up in the words life, reality; but, like other virtues, they are not always easily practised.

'The world,' says Montaigne, 'is nothing but babble. . . . We are kept four or five years to learn nothing but words and to tack them together into clauses; as many more to make exercises, and to divide a continued discourse into so many parts; and other five years, at least, to learn succinctly to mix and interweave them after a subtle and intricate manner. Let us leave this to the learned professors!' Words, grammar, style, or rhetoric in the larger sense as embracing all these, constituted the main end of school and college instruction in those days, and this was supplemented by logic. Montaigne held that if a man had really anything to say he could manage to say it without all this training. 'Let the pupil be well furnished with things,' he says, 'words will follow but too fast.' People who pretend to have great thoughts which they cannot express are deceiving themselves; they are not labouring to bring forth, but merely 'licking the formless embryo' of their minds. If a man has any clear conceptions he will express them well enough though ignorant of 'ablative, conjunctive, substantive, and grammar.' 'When things are once formed in the fancy, words offer themselves in muster. *Ipsæ res verba rapiunt*,' says Cicero. 'The fine flourishes of rhetoric serve only to amuse the vulgar, who are incapable of more solid and nutritive diet.' The attack on mere rhetoric in the sense of style is keen and incisive and

has not a little truth in it. 'Words are to serve and to follow a man's purpose.' He quotes Plato as approving of fecundity of conception rather than of fertility of speech, and Zeno as dividing his pupils into two classes, the philologi, who loved things and reasonings, and logophili, who cared for nothing but words. 'I am scandalised,' he says, 'that our whole life should be spent in nothing else.'

What would he have then in addition to the usual elements of education, and the teaching of philosophy and of virtue? He would have a man learn thoroughly his own language first, and then that of his neighbour, regarding Greek and Latin as ornamental merely. Little, however, did Montaigne think that instruction, even in our own language, could degenerate into what it has become in these latter days—verbalism of a kind much more offensive than any to be found in classical teaching. He could not foresee detailed analysis of sentences, and the dreary pedantry of school grammars of our native tongue! Pedagogic ingenuity had not yet invented such arid substitutes for the substance of our mother-speech—arch-enemies of true Humanistic culture—the logical babblement of the primary school. Truly teachers have an 'infinite capacity for sinking.'

Vernacular and modern languages once secured, Montaigne would thereafter limit the course of study 'to those things only where a true and real utility and advantage are to be expected and found. To teach a boy astronomy, for example, instead of what will make him wise and good, is absurd. After you have done *this last*, the pupil may be admitted to the elements of geometry, rhetoric, logic, and physics; and then the science which his judgment most affects, he will generally make his own.' But we must above all teach him 'what it is to know and what to be ignorant, what valour is, and temperance and justice; the difference between ambition and avarice, servitude and subjection, licence and liberty, in brief, season his understanding with that which regulates his manners and his sense, that which teaches him to know himself, and how both well to die and well to live. Over and above this, let us make a selection of those subjects which directly and professedly serve for the 'instruction and use of life.' But the direct instruction of the master is not all. 'Human understanding is marvellously enlightened by daily conversation with men, for we are otherwise of ourselves so stupid as to have our sight limited to the end of our own noses. One asking Socrates of what country he was, he did not make answer, "of Athens," but "of the world."' We must learn to measure ourselves aright: 'whosoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother nature pourtrayed in her full majesty and lustre, whoever in her face shall read her so universal and constant variety, whoever shall observe himself and not only himself but a whole kingdom no bigger than the least touch or prick of a pencil in comparison with the whole, that man alone is able to value things according to their true esti-

mate and grandeur.' The great world is the mirror wherein we are to behold ourselves, to be able to know ourselves as we ought to do. History naturally suggests itself in this connection as a leading subject of study, for 'thereby we converse with those great and heroic souls of former and better ages'—an empty and an idle study as commonly conducted, but of 'inestimable fruit and value' when prosecuted with care and observation.

Meanwhile the body is not to be forgotten, for, not to speak of the moral instruction which may be conveyed in connection with leaping and riding and wrestling, &c., we have to form the youth's outward fashion and mien at the same time as his mind: for ''tis not a soul, 'tis not a body we are training only, but a man, and we ought not to divide him.' And, as Plato says, 'we are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together like two horses harnessed to a coach.' 'It is not enough to fortify the soul: you are also to make the sinews strong, for the soul will be oppressed if not assisted by the bodily members, and would have too hard a task to discharge two offices at once.' Effeminacy in food or clothes or habits is also to be eschewed.

So much for the end of education according to Montaigne, and the materials of instruction whereby that end is to be attained. Montaigne's public school, if he had to construct one in these days, would certainly be somewhat after the fashion of a German Real-school, and, so far, he is rightly named a realist. But the leading purpose of all his instruction would essentially be ethical and humanistic. The only respect in which his curriculum would be realistic in the utilitarian meaning would be in the subordinate place assigned to Latin and Greek. So far is he from being a realist in the modern sense, that he may be rather set down as an enemy of mere knowledge or information. 'The cares and expense our parents are at in our education, point at nothing save to fill our heads with knowledge,' he says, 'but not a word of judgment or virtue. We toil and labour to stuff the memory, and in the meantime leave the conscience and the understanding unfurnished—void.'

It has to be noted that Montaigne, and after him Milton and Locke, think only of the education of the few and not of the many —of the sons of gentlemen only: but while the *extent* to which school instruction goes, depends for the most part on the social position of the parent, the principles which regulate a prolonged education are equally operative in the briefest, if they are worth anything at all as principles.

Of equal importance with end and means is *method*. On this Montaigne has less to say, but what he says contains probably the germs of the most important principles of all method.

'Tis the custom of schoolmasters to be eternally thundering in their pupils' ears as if they were pouring into a funnel, whilst the business of the pupil is simply to repeat what the teacher has before

said. I would have a tutor correct this error, and at the very first he should, according to the capacity he has to deal with, put it to the test, permitting his pupil himself to taste and relish things and of himself to choose and discern them, sometimes opening the way to him and sometimes making him break the ice himself; that is to say, I would not have him alone to invent and speak, but also hear his pupil invent and speak in his turn. Socrates, and since him Arcesilaus, made *first* their scholars speak and then they spoke to them. The authority of those who teach is very often an impediment to those who desire to learn. It is good to make the pupil, like a young horse, trot before the master, that he may judge of his going and how much he, the master, is to abate of his own speed to accommodate himself to the vigour and capacity of his pupil. For want of this due proportion we spoil all: to know how to adjust this and to keep within an exact and due measure is one of the hardest things I know; and it is an effect of a judicious and well-tempered soul to know how to condescend to the boy's puerile movements and to govern and direct them. Those who, according to our common way of teaching, undertake with one and the same lesson and the same measure of direction to instruct several boys of differing and unequal capacities, are infinitely mistaken in their method; and at this rate it is no wonder if, in a multitude of scholars, there are not found above two or three who bring away any good account of their time and discipline.' Here we have the foreshadowing of the organisation of instruction and the classification of pupils. The importance of examination as a part of good method is also insisted on. 'Let the master,' he says, 'not only examine him about the grammatical construction of the bare words of the lesson, but of the sense and meaning of them, and let him judge of the profit he has made, not by the testimony of his memory, but of his understanding. Let him make the pupil put what he hath learned into a hundred several forms, and accommodate it to many subjects to see if he yet rightly comprehend it and have made it his own, taking instruction by his progress from the "Institutions of Plato." 'Tis a sign of crudity and indigestion,' he says, 'to vomit up what we eat in the same condition it was swallowed down, and the stomach has not performed its office unless it have altered the form and condition of what was committed to it to concoct.' 'What is the good of having the stomach full of meat if it do not nourish us?' Here we have what used to be called the 'Intellectual method' anticipated, the importance of assimilation enforced, and the distinguishing characteristic of cram well exposed. Montaigne further, in opposition to theories of education still current, advises that the pupil be made to sift and examine for himself, and to accept nothing on mere authority. 'We can say, Cicero says thus: that these were the manners of Plato: that these again are the very words of Aristotle: but what do we say *ourselves* that is our *own*? What do *we* do? What do *we* judge? A parrot would say as much.'

So much for *the method* of intellectual instruction. The method

of moral teaching is summed up in the words that it should 'insensibly insinuate' itself in so far as it is direct, as lessons do which are not set and formal, but suggested by time and place.

Of intellectual and moral discipline in the true sense of these terms we find in Montaigne nothing. Nor does religion, in any true sense, enter into his scheme of education. And when we have said this we convict him of having left unwritten the two chief chapters in any educational theory. These grave omissions the character and upbringing of the man would lead us to expect, and we must not quarrel with what we have, because it falls short of our demands.

With respect to discipline, in the vulgar school sense—that is to say, the means taken to force boys to do what their masters want them to do—Montaigne takes up a position substantially the same as that of the greater number of eminent writers on education. He is persuaded that, by following a good method, instruction will become pleasant, and that it will not be difficult to *allure* the pupil to both wisdom and virtue. 'If you do not allure the appetite and affection,' he says, 'you make nothing but asses laden with books, and, by virtue of the lash, give them their pocket full of learning to keep; whereas, to do well, you should not merely lodge it with them, but make them to espouse it.' Physical punishment fails of its aim, and *must fail* by the nature of the case. If it be necessary at any time to punish a child, it should be done when we are calm. 'No one,' he says, 'would hesitate to punish a judge with death who should have condemned a prisoner in a fit of passion. Why is it allowed any more to parents and masters to beat and strike children in their anger? That is not correction: it is revenge. Chastisement stands to children in the place of medicine; and should we endure a physician who was angry and violent with his patient?' 'Education,' he says elsewhere, 'should be carried on with a severe sweetness, quite contrary to the practice of our pedants, who, instead of tempting and alluring children to letters by apt and gentle ways, do, in truth, present nothing before them but rods and ferulas, horror, and cruelty. Away with this violence! away with this compulsion! than which nothing, I certainly believe, more dulls and degenerates a well-descended nature. If you would have the pupil alive to shame and chastisement, do not harden him to them. . . . . The strict government of most of our colleges has even more displeased me; and peradventure they might have erred less perniciously on the indulgent side. The school is the true house of correction of imprisoned youth. . . . . Do but come in when they are about their lesson, and you shall hear nothing but the outcries of boys under execution, with the thundering noise of their pedagogues, drunk with fury, to make up the concert. A very pretty way this to tempt these tender and timorous souls to love their book—with a furious countenance and a rod in hand! A cursed and pernicious way of proceeding! . . . . How much more decent would it be to see their classes strewn with green leaves and fine flowers, than with the bloody stumps of

birch and willows! Were it left to my ordering, I would paint the school with the pictures of Joy and Gladness, Flora and the Graces, that where the profit of the pupils is, there might their pleasure also be.'

We are all of Montaigne's opinion nowadays; for he did not forbid punishment or coercion, in some form or other, when all other means failed. *Extrema in extremis.* He merely protested against the scholastic tyranny of his time—a tyranny still existing, and till lately prevalent. Slave-driver and schoolmaster were almost convertible terms. The school and the rod were ideas of inseparable association. Samuel Butler calls 'whipping'—

> Virtue's governess,
> Tutoress of arts and sciences.

Oh! ye (says Byron) who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, and Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends the morals; never mind the pain.

Thomas Hood, in looking back on his school-days, has before his mind chiefly the place where he was birched; and yet his pleasant humour can call up some regret:—

Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again,
I'd kiss the rod, and be resigned
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some *sugar* in the *cane*.

The subject, however, is too serious for a jest. Before Montaigne's day, and long after it, the brutality of schoolmasters was such as to leave an almost indelible stain on the profession for all time. The whole body should make an annual pilgrimage of penitence for the sins of their predecessors. Schoolmasters are now beginning to understand that it is only by balanced temper and by sound method that they can dispense with physical motives, and out of the more or less contemptible dominie of the past, evolve the educator of the future. In no other way certainly can they make good their claim to that social position which they, often too morbidly, claim.

Montaigne's educational views were defective certainly, though in substance and in their main purpose sound. The defects, as before observed, may be traced to his own upbringing and character. Everything with him is too easy. Wisdom's ways, alas! are *not* always ways of pleasantness, nor are her paths always those of peace. The charming way of life of Montaigne is for a few fortunate souls only. We have to train our boys to work hard, to will vigorously, to be much in earnest, to have a high sense of duty. Such qualities do not come by wishing. By intellectual and moral discipline, by doing what may be disagreeable, by obedience, by enforcement of law, we have to mould our British savage. For all this kind of work Montaigne has little to teach us; but we can learn much from him, and we part from the wise and kindly Frenchman with gratitude, and even affection.

S. S. Laurie.

Mary Anerley: a Yorkshire Tale.

Chapter XLVI

stumped out.

'I THINK, my dear, that you never should allow mysterious things to be doing in your parish, and everybody full of curiosity about them; while the only proper person to explain their meaning is allowed to remain without any more knowledge than a man locked up in York Castle might have. In spite of all the weather, and the noise the sea makes, I feel quite certain that important things, which never have any right to happen in our parish, are going on here, and you never interfere; which on the part of the rector, and the magistrate of the neighbourhood, to my mind is not a proper course of action. I am sure that I have not the very smallest curiosity; I feel very often that I should have asked questions, when it has become too late to do so, and when anybody else would have put them at the moment, and not had to be sorry afterwards.'

'I understand that feeling,' Dr. Uproud answered, looking at his wife for the third cup of coffee, to wind up his breakfast as usual; 'and without hesitation, I reply that it naturally arises in superior natures. Janetta, you have eaten up that bit of broiled hake, that I was keeping for your dear mother!'

'Now really, papa, you are too crafty. You put my mother off with a wretched generality, because you don't choose to tell her anything; and to stop me from coming to the rescue, you attack me with a miserable little personality. I perceive by your face, papa, every trick that rises; and without hesitation I reply, that they naturally arise in inferior natures.'

'Janetta, you never express yourself well'—Mrs. Uproud insisted upon filial respect—'when I say "well," I mean—well, well, well, you know quite well what I mean, Janetta.'

'To be sure, mamma, I always do. You always mean the very best meaning in the world; but you are not up to half of papa's tricks yet.'

'This is too bad!' cried the father, with a smile.

'A great deal too bad!' said the mother, with a frown. 'I am sure I would never have asked a word of anything, if I could ever have imagined such behaviour. Go away, Janetta, this very moment; your dear father evidently wants to tell me something. Now, my dear, you were too sleepy last night; but your peace of mind requires you to unburden itself, at once, of all these very mysterious goings on.'

'Well, perhaps I shall have no peace of mind, unless I do,' said

the rector, with a slight sarcasm, which missed her altogether; 'only it might save trouble, my dear, if you would first specify the points which oppress your—or rather, I should say, perhaps, my mind, so much.'

'In the first place, then,' began Mrs. Uproud, drawing nearer to the Doctor, 'who is that highly distinguished stranger who cannot get away from the Thornwick Inn? What made him come to such a place in dreadful weather; and if he is ill, why not send for Dr. Stirbacks? Dr. Stirbacks will think it most unkind of you, and after all he did for dear Janetta! And then, again, what did the milkman from Sewerby mean by the way he shook his head this morning, about something in the family at Anerley Farm? And what did that most unaccountable man, who calls himself Mr. Mordacks—though I don't believe that is his name at all——'

'Yes, it is, my dear; you never should say such things. He is well known at York, and for miles around, and I entertain very high respect for him.'

'So you may, Dr. Uproud. You do that too freely; but Janetta quite agrees with me about him. A man with a sword, that goes slashing about, and kills a rat, that was none of his business! A more straightforward creature than himself, I do believe; though he struts like a soldier with a ramrod. And what did he mean, in such horrible weather, by dragging you out to take a deposition in a place even colder than Flamborough itself—that wild rabbit-warren on the other side of Bempton? Deposition of a man who had drunk himself to death—and a Methodist, too, as you could not help saying.'

'I said it, I know; and I am ashamed of saying it. I was miserably cold, and much annoyed about my coat.'

'You never say anything to be ashamed of. It is when you do not say things, that you should rather blame yourself. For instance, I feel no curiosity whatever, but a kind-hearted interest in the doings of my neighbours. We very seldom get any sort of excitement, and when exciting things come all together, quite within the hearing of our stable-bell, to be left to guess them out, and perhaps be contradicted, destroys one's finest feelings, and produces downright fidgets.'

'My dear, my dear, you really should endeavour to emancipate yourself from such small ideas.'

'Large words shall never divert me from my duty. My path of duty is distinctly traced; and if a thwarting hand withdraws me from it, it must end in a bilious headache.'

This was a terrible menace to the household, which was always thrown out of its course for three days, when the lady became thus afflicted.

'My first duty is to my wife,' said the rector. 'If people come into my parish with secrets which come to my knowledge, without my desire, and without official obligation, and the faithful and admirable partner of my life threatens to be quite unwell——'

'Ill, dear, very ill—is what would happen to me.'

'Then I consider that my duty is, to impart to her everything that cannot lead to mischief.'

'How could you have any doubt of it, my dear? And as to the mischief, I am the proper judge of that.'

Dr. Uproud laughed, in his quiet inner way; and then, as a matter of form, he said, 'My dear, you must promise most faithfully to keep whatever I tell you, as the very strictest secret.'

Mrs. Uproud looked shocked at the mere idea of her ever doing otherwise; which, indeed, as she said, was impossible. Her husband very nearly looked as if he quite believed her; and then they went into his snug sitting-room, while the maid took away the breakfast things.

'Now don't keep me waiting,' said the lady.

'Well, then, my dear,' the rector began, after crossing stout legs stoutly, 'you must do your utmost not to interrupt me, and in short—to put it courteously—you must try to hold your tongue, and suffer much astonishment in silence. We have a most distinguished visitor in Flamborough, setting up his staff at the Thornwick Hotel.'

'Lord Nelson! I knew it must be. Janetta is so quick at things!'

'Janetta is too quick at things; and she is utterly crazy about Nelson. No, it is the famous Sir Duncan Yordas.'

'Sir Duncan Yordas! why, I never heard of him.'

'You will find that you have heard of him, when you come to think, my dear. Our Harry is full of his wonderful doings. He is one of the foremost men in India, though perhaps little heard of in this country yet. He belongs to an ancient Yorkshire family; and is, I believe, the head of it. He came here looking for his son, but has caught a most terrible chill, instead of him; and I think we ought to send him some of your rare soup.'

'How sensible you are! It will be the very thing. But first of all, what character does he bear? They do such things, in India.'

'His character is spotless; I might say too romantic. He is a man of magnificent appearance, large mind, and lots of money.'

'My dear, my dear, he must never stay there. I shudder to think of it, this weather. A chill is a thing upon the kidneys always. You know my electuary; and if we bring him round, it is high time for Janetta to begin to think of settling.'

'My dear,' said Dr. Uproud; 'well, how suddenly you jump! I must put on my spectacles to look at you. This gentleman must be getting on for fifty!'

'Janetta should have a man of some discretion: somebody she would not dare to snap at. Her expressions are so reckless, that a young man would not suit her. She ought to have someone to look up to; and you know how she raves about fame, and celebrity, and that. She really seems to care for very little else.'

'Then she ought to have fallen in love with Robin Lyth, the most famous man in all this neighbourhood.'

'Dr. Upround, you say things on purpose to provoke me, when my remarks are unanswerable. Robin Lyth indeed! A sailor, a smuggler, a common working-man! And under that terrible accusation!'

'An objectionable party altogether, not even desirable as a grandson. Therefore say nothing more of Janetta and Sir Duncan.'

'Sometimes, my dear, the chief object of your existence seems to be to irritate me. What can poor Robin have to do with Sir Duncan Yordas?'

'Simply this. He is his only son. The proofs were completed, and deposited with me for safe custody last night, by that very active man of business, Geoffrey Mordacks, of York city.'

'Well!' cried Mrs. Upround, with both hands lifted, and a high colour flowing into her unwrinkled cheeks; 'from this day forth I shall never have any confidence in you again. How long—if I may dare to put any sort of question, have you been getting into all this very secret knowledge? And why have I never heard a word of it till now? And not even now, I do believe, through any proper urgency of conscience on your part, but only because I insisted upon knowing. Oh, Dr. Upround, for shame! for shame!'

'My dear, you have no one but yourself to blame,' her husband replied, with a sweet and placid smile. 'Three times I have told you things that were to go no further, and all three of them went twenty miles within three days. I do not complain of it; far less of you. You may have felt it quite as much your duty to spread knowledge, as I felt it mine to restrict it. And I never should have let you get all this out of me now, if it had been at all incumbent upon me to keep it quiet.'

'That means that I have never got it out of you at all. I have taken all this trouble for nothing.'

'No, my dear, not at all. You have worked well, and have promised not to say a word about it. You might not have known it for a week, at least, except for my confidence in you.'

'Much of it I thank you for. But don't be cross, my dear, because you have behaved so atrociously. You have not answered half of my questions yet.'

'Well, there were so many that I scarcely can remember them. Let me see; I have told you who the great man is, and the reason that brought him to Flamborough. Then about the dangerous chill he has taken; it came through a bitter ride from Scarborough; and if Dr. Stirbacks came, he would probably make it still more dangerous—at least, so Mordacks says; and the patient is in his hands, and out of mine; so that Stirbacks cannot be aggrieved with us. On the other hand, as to the milkman from Sewerby, I really do not know why he shook his head. Perhaps he found the big pump frozen. He is not of my parish; and may shake his head without asking my permission. Now I think that I have answered nearly all your questions.'

'Not at all; I have not had time to ask them yet, because I feel so much above them. But if the milkman meant nothing, because of his not belonging to our parish, the butcher does, and he can have no excuse. He says that Mr. Mordacks takes all the best meanings of a mutton-sheep, every other day, to Burlington.'

'I know he does. And it ought to put us to the blush, that a stranger should have to do so. Mordacks is finding clothes, food, and firing for all the little creatures poor Carroway left, and even for his widow, who has got a wandering mind. Without him, there would not have been one left. The poor mother locked in all her little ones, and starved them, to save them from some quite imaginary foe. The neighbours began to think of interfering; and might have begun to do it, when it was all over. Happily Mordacks arrived just in time. His promptitude, skill, and generosity saved them. Never say a word against that man again.'

'My dear, I will not,' Mrs. Upround answered, with tears coming into her kindly eyes. 'I never heard of anything more pitiful. I had no idea Mr. Mordacks was so good. He looks more like an evil spirit. I always regarded him as an evil spirit; and his name sounds like it, and he jumps about so! But he ought to have gone to the rector of the parish.'

'It is a happy thing that he can jump about. The rector of the parish cannot do so, as you know; and he lives two miles away from them, and had never even heard of it. People always talk about the rector of a parish, as if he could be everywhere, and see to everything. And few of them come near him in their prosperous times. Have you any other questions to put to me, my dear?'

'Yes, a quantity of things which I cannot think of now. How it was that little boy—I remember it like yesterday—came ashore here, and turned out to be Robin Lyth, or at least to be no Robin Lyth at all, but the son of Sir Duncan Yordas? And what happened to the poor man in Bempton Warren?'

'The poor man died a most miserable death, but I trust sincerely penitent. He had led a sad, ungodly life, and he died at last of wooden legs. He was hunted to his grave, he told us, by these wooden legs; and he recognised in them Divine retribution, for the sin of his life was committed in timber. No sooner did any of those legs appear—and the poor fellow said they were always coming—than his heart began to patter, and his own legs failed him, and he tried to stop his ears, but his conscience would not let him.'

'Now, there!' cried Mrs. Upround; what the power of conscience is! He had stolen choice timber, perhaps ready-made legs.'

'A great deal worse than that, my dear; he had knocked out a knot, as large as my shovel-hat, from the side of a ship homebound from India, because he was going to be tried for mutiny upon their arrival, at Leith, it was, I think. He and his partners had been in irons, but unluckily they were just released. The weather was magnificent, a lovely summer's night, soft fair breeze, and everyone

rejoicing in the certainty of home within a few short hours. And they found home that night, but it was in a better world.'

'You have made me creep all over. And you mean to say that a wretch like that has any hope of heaven! How did he get away himself?'

'Very easily. A little boat was towing at the side. There were only three men upon deck, through the beauty of the weather, and two of those three were asleep. They bound and gagged the waking one, lashed the wheel, and made off in the boat wholly unperceived. There was Rickon Goold, the ringleader, and four others; and they brought away a little boy, who was lying fast asleep, because one of them had been in the service of his father, and because of the value of his Indian clothes, which his ayah made him wear now in his little cot, for warmth. The scoundrels took good care that none should get away to tell the tale. They saw the poor "Golconda" sink with every soul on board, including the captain's wife and babies; then they made for land, and in the morning fog were carried by the tide towards our North Landing. One of them knew the coast as well as need be, but they durst not land until their story was concocted, and everything fitted in to suit it. The sight of the rising sun scattering the fog frightened them, as it well might do; and they pulled into the cave, from which I always said, as you may now remember, Robin must have come—the cave which already bears his name.

'Here they remained all day, considering a plausible tale to account for themselves, without making mention of any lost ship, and trying to remove every trace of identity from the boat they had stolen. They had brought with them food enough to last three days, and an anker of rum from the steward's stores; and as they grew weary of their long confinement, they indulged more freely than wisely in the consumption of that cordial. In a word, they became so tipsy that they frightened the little helpless boy; and when they began to fight about his gold buttons, which were claimed by the fellow who had saved his life, he scrambled from the side of the boat upon the rock, and got along a narrow ledge, where none of them could follow him. They tried to coax him back, but he stamped his feet and swore at them, being sadly taught bad language by the native servants, I dare say. Rickon Goold wanted to shoot him, for they had got a gun with them, and he feared to leave him there. But Sir Duncan's former boatman would not allow it, and at dark they went away and left him there. And the poor little fellow, in his dark despair, must have been led by the hand of the Lord through crannies too narrow for a man to pass. There is a well-known land passage out of that cave, but he must have crawled out by a smaller one, unknown even to our fishermen, slanting up the hill, and having outlet in the thicket, near the place where the boats draw up. And so he was found by Robin Cockscroft in the morning. They had fed the child with biscuit soaked in rum, which accounts for his heavy sleep

and wonderful exertions, and may have predisposed him for a contraband career.'

'And perhaps for the very bad language which he used,' said Mrs. Upround thoughtfully. 'It is an extraordinary tale, my dear. But I suppose there can be no doubt of it. But such a clever child should have known his own name. Why did he call himself "Izunsabe"?'

'That is another link in the certainty of proof. On board that unfortunate ship, and perhaps even before he left India, he was always called the "Young Sahib;" and he used, having proud little ways of his own, to shout, if anybody durst provoke him, "I'se young Sahib, I'se young Sahib," which we rendered into "Izunsabe." But his true name is Wilton Bart Yordas, I believe; and the initials can be made out upon his gold beads, Mr. Mordacks tells me, among heathen texts.'

'That seems rather shocking to good principles, my dear. I trust that Sir Duncan is a Christian at least, or he shall never set foot in this house.'

'My dear, I cannot tell. How should I know? He may have lapsed, of course, as a good many of them do, from the heat of the climate and bad surroundings. But that happens mostly from their marrying native women. And this gentleman never has done that, I do believe.'

'They tell me that he is a very handsome man, and of most commanding aspect—the very thing Janetta likes so much. But what became of those unhappy, sadly tipsy sailors?'

'Well, they managed very cleverly, and made success of tipsiness. As soon as it was dark that night, and before the child had crawled away, they pushed out of the cave, and let the flood tide take them round the Head. They meant to have landed at Bridlington Quay, with a tale of escape from a Frenchman; but they found no necessity for going so far. A short-handed collier was lying in the roads, and the skipper, perceiving that they were in liquor, thought it a fine chance, and took some trouble to secure them. They told him that they had been trying to run goods, and were chased by a revenue boat, and so on. He was only too glad to be enabled to make sail, and by dawn they were under weigh for the Thames; and that was the end of the "Golconda."'

'What an awful crime! But you never mean to tell me that the Lord let those men live and prosper.'

'That subject is beyond our view, my dear. There were five of them, and Rickon Goold believed himself the last of them. But, being very penitent, he might have exaggerated. He said that one was swallowed by a shark, at least his head was; and one was hanged for stealing sheep; and one for a bad sixpence; but the fate of the other (too terrible to tell you) brought this man down here, to be looking at the place, and to divide his time between fasting, and drinking, and poaching, and discoursing to the thoughtless. The women flocked to hear him preach, when the passion was upon him; and he used to hint at awful sins of his own, which made him earnest.

I hope that he was so, and I do believe it. But the wooden-legged sailors, old Joe and his son, who seem to have been employed by Mordacks, took him at his own word for a "miserable sinner"—which, as they told their master, no respectable man would call himself—and in the most business-like manner they set to to remove him to a better world; and now they have succeeded.'

'Poor man! After all, one must be rather sorry for him. If old Joe came stumping after me, for half an hour, I should have no interest in this life left.'

'My dear, they stumped after him the whole day long, and at night they danced a hornpipe outside his hut. He became convinced that the Prince of Evil was come, in that naval style, to fetch him, and he drank everything he could lay hands on, to fortify him for the contest. The end, as you know, was extremely sad for him, but highly satisfactory to them, I fear. They have signified their resolution to attend his funeral; and Mordacks has said, with unbecoming levity, that if they never were drunk before—which seems to me an almost romantic supposition—that night they shall be drunk, and no mistake.'

'All these things, my dear,' replied Mrs. Upround, who was gifted with a fine vein of moral reflection, 'are not as we might wish, if we ordered them ourselves. But still there is this to be said in their favour, that they have a large tendency towards righteousness.'

Chapter XLVII.

A TANGLE OF VEINS.

Human resolution, energy, experience, and reason, in its loftiest form, may fight against the doctor; but he beats them all, maintains at least his own vitality, and asserts his guineas. Two more resolute men than Mr. Mordacks and Sir Duncan Yordas could scarcely be found in those resolute times; they sternly resolved to have no sort of doctor, and yet within three days they did have one, and, more than that, the very one they had positively vowed to abstain from.

Dr. Stirbacks let everybody know that he never cared two flips of his thumb for anybody. If anybody wanted him they must come and seek him, and be thankful if he could find time to hear their nonsense. For he understood not the system only, but also the nature of mankind. The people at the Thornwick did not want him—very good, so much the better for him and for them; because the more they wanted him, the less would he go near them. Tut-tut-tut, he said; what did he want with crack-brained patients?

All this compelled him, with a very strong reluctance, to be dragged into that very place the very same day; and he saw that he was not come an hour too soon. Sir Duncan was lying in a bitterly cold room, with the fire gone out, and the spark of his life not very

far from following it. Mr. Mordacks was gone, for the day, upon business, after leaving strict orders that a good fire must be kept, and many other things attended to. But the chimney took to smoking, and the patient to coughing, and the landlady opened the window wide, and the fire took flight into the upper air. Sir Duncan hated nothing more than any fuss about himself. He had sent a man to Scarborough for a little chest of clothes, for his saddle-kit was exhausted; and having promised Mordacks that he would not quit the house, he had nothing to do, except to meditate and shiver.

Gil Beilby's wife Nell, coming up to take orders for dinner, 'got a dreadful turn' from what she saw, and ran down, exclaiming that the very best customer that ever drew their latch, was dead. Without waiting to think, the landlord sent a most urgent message for Dr. Stirbacks. That learned man happened to be round the corner, although he lived at Bempton; he met the messenger, cast to the winds all sense of wrong, and rushed to the succour of humanity.

That night, when the general factor returned, with the hunger excited by feeding the hungry, he was met at the door by Dr. Stirbacks, saying, 'Hush, my good sir,' before he had time to think of speaking. 'You!' cried Mr. Mordacks, having met this gentleman when Rickon Goold was near his last. 'You! Then it must be bad indeed!'

'It is bad; and it must have been all over, sir, but for my being providentially at the cheese-shop. I say nothing to wound any gentleman's feelings, who thinks that he understands everything: but our poor patient, with the very best meaning, no doubt, has been all but murdered.'

'Dr. Stirbacks, you have got him now; and of course you will make the best of him. Don't let him slip through your fingers, Doctor; he is much too good for that.'

'He shall not slip through my fingers,' said the little doctor, with a twinkle of self-preservation; 'I have got him, sir; and I shall keep him, sir; and you ought to have put him in my hands long ago.'

The sequel of this needs no detail. Dr. Stirbacks came three times a day, and without any disrespect to the profession, it must be admitted that he earned his fees. For Sir Duncan's case was a very strange one, and beyond the best wisdom of the laity. If that chill had struck upon him, when his spirit was as usual, he might have cast it off, and gone on upon his business. But coming, as it did, when the temperature of his heart was lowered by nip of disappointment, it went into him, as water on a duck's back is not cast away when his rump-gland is out of order.

'A warm room, good victuals, and cheerful society,—these three are indispensable,' said Dr. Stirbacks to Mr. Mordacks, over whom he began to try to tyrannise; 'and admirable as you are, my good sir, I fear that your society is depressing. You are always in a fume to be doing something—a stew, I might say, without exaggeration—a wonderful pattern of an active mind. But in a case of illness we require

the passive voice. Everything suggestive of rapid motion must be removed, and never spoken of. You are rapid motion itself, my dear sir. We get a relapse, every time you come in.'

'You want me out of the way. Very well. Let me know when you have killed my friend. I suppose your office ends with that. I will come down, and see to his funeral.'

'Mr. Mordacks, you may be premature in such prevision. Your own may come first, sir. Look well at your eyes, the next time you shave; and I fear you will descry those radiant fibres in the iris which always co-exist with heart-disease. I can tell you fifty cases, if you have time to listen.'

'D—n your prognostics, sir!' exclaimed the factor rudely; but he seldom lathered himself thenceforth without a little sigh of self-regard. 'Now, Dr. Stirbacks,' he continued, with a rally, 'you may find my society depressing, but it is generally considered to be elevating; and that, sir, by judges of the highest order, and men of independent income. The head of your profession in the northern half of England, who takes a hundred guineas for every one you take, rejoices, sir—rejoices is not too strong a word to use—in my very humble society. Of course he may be wrong; but when he hears that Mr. Stirbacks, of Little Under-Bempton—is that the right address, sir?—speaks of my society as depressing——'

'Mr. Mordacks, you misunderstood my meaning. I spoke with no reference to you whatever, but of all male society as enervating—if you dislike the word "depressing"—relaxing, emollient, emasculating, from want of contradictory element: while I was proceeding to describe the need of strictly female society. The rector offers this: he was here just now. His admiration for you is unbounded. He desires to receive our distinguished patient, with the vast advantage of ladies' society, double-thick walls, and a southern aspect; if you should consider it advisable.'

'Undoubtedly, I do. If the moving can be done without danger, and of that you are the proper judge, of course.'

Thus they composed their little disagreement, with mutual respect, and some approaches to goodwill; and Sir Duncan Yordas, being skilfully removed, spent his Christmas (without knowing much about it) in the best and warmest bed-room of the rectory. But Mordacks returned, as an honest man should do, to put the laurel and the mistletoe on his proper household gods. And where can this be better done than in that grand old city, York? But before leaving Flamborough, he settled the claims of business and charity, so far as he could see them, and so far as the state of things permitted.

Foiled as he was, in his main object, by the murder of the revenue officer, and the consequent flight of Robin Lyth, he had thoroughly accomplished one part of his task, the discovery of the 'Golconda's' fate, and the history of Sir Duncan's child. Moreover his trusty agents, Joe of the Monument and Bob his son, had relieved

him of one thorny care, by the zeal and skill with which they worked. It was to them a sweet instruction, to watch, encounter, and drink down a rogue, who had scuttled a ship, and even defeated them at their own weapons, and made a text of them to teach mankind. Dr. Uproud had not exaggerated the ardour with which they discharged this duty.

But Mordacks still had one rogue on hand, and a deeper one than Rickon Goold. In the course of his visits to Bridlington Quay he had managed to meet John Cadman, preferring, as he always did, his own impressions to almost any other evidence. And his own impressions had entirely borne out the conviction of Widow Carroway. But he saw at once that this man could not be plied with coarse weapons, like the other worn-out villain. He reserved him, as a choice bit, for his own skill; and was careful not to alarm him yet. Only two things concerned him, as immediate in the matter—to provide against Cadman's departure from the scene, and to learn all the widow had to tell about him.

The widow had a great deal to say about that man; but had not said it yet, from want of power so to do. Mordacks himself had often stopped her, when she could scarcely stop herself; for until her health should be set up again, any stir of the mind would be dangerous. But now, with the many things provided for her, good nursing, and company, and the kindness of the neighbours (who zealously rushed in as soon as a stranger led the way), and the sickening of Tommy with the measles—which he had caught in the coal-cellar—she began to be started in a different plane of life, to contemplate the past as a golden age (enshrining a diamond statue of a revenue officer in full uniform), and to look upon the present as a period of steel, when a keen edge must be kept against the world for defence of all the little seed of diamonds.

Now the weather was milder, as it generally is at Christmas time, and the snow all gone, and the wind blowing off the land again, to the great satisfaction of both cod and conger. The cottage, which had looked such a den of cold and famine, with the blinds drawn down, and the snow piled up against the door, and not a single child-nose against the glass, was now quite warm again, and almost as lively as if Lieutenant Carroway were coming home to dinner. The heart of Mr. Mordacks glowed with pride, as he said to himself that he had done all this; and the glow was reflected on the cheeks of Geraldine, as she ran out to kiss him, and then jumped upon his shoulder. For, in spite of his rigid aspect and stern nose, the little lass had taken kindly to him; while he admired her for eating candles.

'If you please, you can come in here,' said Jerry. 'Oh, don't knock my head against the door.'

Mrs. Carroway knew what he was come for; and although she had tried to prepare herself for it, she could not help trembling a little. The factor had begged her to have some friend present, to

encourage her in so grievous an affair; but she would not hear of it, and said she had no friend.

Mr. Mordacks sat down, as he was told to do, in the little room sacred to the poor lieutenant, and faithful even yet to the pious memory of his pipe. When the children were shut out, he began to look around, that the lady might have time to cry. But she only found occasion for a little dry sob.

'It is horrible, very, very horrible,' she murmured with a shudder, as her eyes were following his; 'but for his sake I endure it.'

'A most sad and bitter trial, ma'am, as ever I have heard of. But you are bound to bear in mind, that he is looking down on you.'

'I could not put up with it, without the sense of that, sir. But I say to myself, how much he loved it; and that makes me put up with it.'

'I am quite at a loss to understand you, madam. We seem to be at cross purposes. I was speaking of—of a thing it pains me to mention; and you say how much he loved——'

'Dirt, sir, dirt. It was his only weakness. Oh, my darling Charles, my blessed, blessed Charley! Sometimes I used to drive him almost to his end, about it; but I never thought his end would come; I assure you I never did, sir. But now I shall leave everything, as he would like to see it—every table, and every chair, that he could write his name on it. And his favourite pipe with the bottom in it. That is what he must love to see, if the Lord allows him to look down. Only the children mustn't see it; for the sake of bad example.'

'Mrs. Carroway, I agree with you most strictly. Children must be taught clean ways, even while they revere their father. You should see my daughter Arabella, ma'am. She regards me with perfect devotion. Why? Because I never let her do the things that I myself do. It is the one true principle of government, for a nation, a parish, a household. How beautifully you have trained pretty Geraldine! I fear that you scarcely could spare her for a month, in the spring, and perhaps Tommy after his measles; but a visit to York would do them good, and establish their expanding minds, ma'am.'

'Mr. Mordacks, I know not where we may be then. But anything that you desire is a law to us.'

'Well said! Beautifully said! But I trust, my dear madam, that you will be here. Indeed it would never do for you to go away. Or rather, I should put it thus—for the purposes of justice, and for other reasons also, it is most important that you should not leave this place. At least, you will promise me that, I hope? Unless, of course, unless you find the memories too painful. And even so, you might find comfort in some inland house, not far.'

'Many people might not like to stop,' the widow answered simply; 'but to me it would be a worse pain, to go away. I sit, in the evening, by the window here. Whenever there is light enough to

show the sea, and the beach is fit for landing on; it seems to my eyes that I can see the boat, with my husband standing up in it. He had a majestic attitude sometimes, with one leg more up than the other, sir, through one of his daring exploits; and whenever I see him, he is just like that; and the little children in the kitchen peep, and say, "Here's daddy coming at last, we can tell by mammy's eyes;" and the bigger ones say, "Hush! You might know better." And I look again, wondering which of them is right; and then there is nothing, but the clouds and sea. Still, when it is over, and I have cried about it, it does me a little good every time. I seem to be nearer to Charley; as my heart falls quietly into the will of the Lord.'

'No doubt of it whatever. I can thoroughly understand it; although there is not a bit of resignation in me. I felt that sort of thing, to some extent, when I lost my angelic wife, ma'am, though naturally departed to a sphere more suited for her. And I often seem to think that still I hear her voice, when a coal comes to table in the well-dish. Life, Mrs. Carroway, is no joke to bandy back; but trouble to be shared. And none share it fairly, but the husband and the wife, ma'am.'

'You make it very hard for me to get my words,' she said, without minding that her tears ran down, so long as she spoke clearly; 'I am not of the lofty sort, and understand no laws of things; though my husband was remarkable for doing so. He took all the trouble of the taxes off, though my part was to pay for them. And in every other way he was a wonder, sir; not at all, because now he is gone above. That would be my last motive.'

'He was a wonder, a genuine wonder,' Mordacks replied, without irony. 'He did his duty, ma'am, with zeal and ardour; a shining example, upon very little pay. I fear that it was his integrity, and zeal, truly British character, and striking sense of discipline, that have so sadly brought him to—to the condition of an example.'

'Yes, Mr. Mordacks, it was all that. He never could put up with a lazy man; as anybody, to live, must have to do. He kept all his men, as I used to do our children, to word of command, and no answer. Honest men like it; but wicked men fly out. And all along, we had a very wicked man here.'

'So I have heard from other good authority—a deceiver of women, a skulk, a dog. I have met with many villains; and I am not hot. But my tendency is to take that fellow by the throat, with both hands, and throttle him. Having thoroughly accomplished that, I should prepare to sift the evidence. Unscientific, illogical, brutal, are such desires; as you need not tell me. And yet, madam, they are manly. I hate slow justice, I like it quick—quick, or none at all, I say; so long as it is justice. Creeping justice is, to my mind, little better than slow revenge. My opinions are not orthodox; but I hope they do not frighten you.'

'They do indeed, sir; or at least your face does; though I know

how quick and just you are. He is a bad man—too well I know it—but, as my dear husband used to say, he has a large lot of children.'

'Well, Mrs. Carroway, I admire you the more, for considering what he has not considered. Let us put aside that. The question is—guilty, or not guilty? If he is guilty, shall he get off, and innocent men be hanged for him? Six men are in jail at this present moment, for the deed which we believe he did. Have they no wives, no fathers and mothers, no children—not to speak of their own lives? The case is one in which the constitution of the realm must be asserted. Six innocent men must die, unless the crime is brought home to the guilty one. Even that is not all, as regards yourself. You may not care for your own life, but you are bound to treasure it seven times over, for the sake of your seven children. While John Cadman is at large, and nobody hanged instead of him, your life is in peril, ma'am. He knows that you know him, and have denounced him. He has tried to scare you into silence; and the fright caused your sad illness. I have reason to believe that he, by scattering crafty rumours, concealed from the neighbours your sad plight, and that of your dear children. If so, he is worse than the devil himself. Do you see your duty now, and your interest also?'

Mrs. Carroway nodded gently. Her strength of mind was not come back yet, after so much illness. The baby lay now on its father's breast; and the mother's had been wild for it.

'I am sorry to have used harsh words,' resumed Mordacks; 'but I always have to do so. They seem to put things clearer; and without that, where would business be? Now I will not tire you, if I can help it, nor ask a needless question. What provocation had this man? What fanciful cause for spite, I mean?'

'Oh, none, Mr. Mordacks, none whatever. My husband rebuked him for being worthless, and a liar, and a traitor; and he threatened to get him removed from the force; and he gave him a little throw down from the cliff—but what little was done, was done entirely for his good.'

'Yes, I see. And after that, was Cadman ever heard to threaten him?'

'Many times, in a most malicious way, when he thought that he was not heeded. The other men may fear to bear witness. But my Geraldine has heard him.'

'There could be no better witness. A child, especially a pretty little girl, tells wonderfully with a jury. But we must have a great deal more than that. Thousands of men threaten, and do nothing; according to the proverb. A still more important point is—how did the muskets in the boat come home? They were all returned to the station, I presume. Were they all returned with their charges in them?'

'I am sure I cannot say how that was. There was nobody to attend to that. But one of them had been lost altogether.'

'One of the guns never came back at all!' Mordacks almost shouted. 'Whose gun was it, that did not come back?'

'How can we say? There was such confusion. My husband would never let them nick the guns—as they do at some of the stations—for every man to know his own. But in spite of that, each man had his own, I believe. Cadman declares that he brought home his; and nobody contradicted him. But, if I saw the guns, I should know whether Cadman's is among them.'

'How can you possibly pretend to know that, ma'am? English ladies can do almost anything. But surely, you never served out the guns?'

'No, Mr. Mordacks. But I have cleaned them. Not the inside, of course; that I know nothing of; and nobody sees that, to be offended. But several times I have observed, at the station, a disgraceful quantity of dust upon the guns, dust, and rust, and miserable blotches, such as bad girls leave in the top of a fish-kettle; and I made Charley bring them down, and be sure to have them empty; because they were so unlike what I have seen, on board of the ship where he won his glory, and took the bullet in his nineteenth rib.'

'My dear madam, what a frame he must have had! But this is most instructive. No wonder Geraldine is brave. What a worthy wife for a naval hero! A lady who could handle guns!'

'I knew, sir, quite from early years, having lived near a very large arsenal, that nothing can make a gun go off, unless there is something in it. And I could trust my husband to see to that; and before I touched one of them, I made him put a brimstone match to the touch-hole. And I found it so pleasant to polish them; from having such wicked things quite at my mercy. The wood was what I noticed most, because of understanding chairs. One of them had a very curious tangle of veins, on the left cheek behind the trigger; and I just had been doing for the children's tea, what they call "crinkly crankly,"—treacle trickled (like a maze) upon the bread; and Tommy said, "Look here, it is the very same upon this gun!" And so it was; just the same pattern on the wood! And while I was doing it, Cadman came up, in his low surly way, and said, "I want my gun, missus; I never shoot with no other gun than that. Captain says I may shoot a sea-pie, for the little ones." And so I always called it "Cadman's gun." I have not been able to think much yet. But if that gun is lost, I shall know who it was that lost a gun, that dreadful night.'

'All this is most strictly to the purpose,' answered Mordacks; 'and may prove most important. We could never hope to get those six men off, without throwing most grave suspicion elsewhere; and unless we can get those six men off, their captain will come and surrender himself, and be hanged to a dead certainty. I doubted his carrying the sense of right so far, until I reflected upon his birth, dear madam. He belongs, as I may tell you now, to a very ancient family, a race that would run their heads into a noose, out of pure obstinacy, rather than skulk off. I am of very ancient race myself; though I never take pride in the matter, because I have seen more

harm than good of it. I always learned Latin at school so quickly, through being a grammatical example of descent. According to our pedigree, Caius Calpurnius Mordax Naso was the Governor of Britain, under Pertinax. My name means "biting;" and bite I can, whether my dinner is before me, or my enemy. In the present case, I shall not bite yet; but prepare myself for doing so. I watch the proceedings of the Government; who are sure to be slow, as well as blundering. There has been no appointment to this command as yet, because of so many people wanting it. This patched-up peace, which may last about six months (even if it is ever signed) is producing confusion everywhere. You have an old fool put in charge of this station, till a proper successor is appointed.'

'He is not like Captain Carroway, sir. But that concerns me little now. But I do wish, for my children's sake, that they would send a little money.'

'On no account; think twice of that. That question is in my hands; and affords me one of the few pleasures I derive from business. You are under no sort of obligation about it. I am acting under authority. A man of exalted position, and high office—but never mind that, till the proper time comes; only keep your mind in perfect rest, and attend to your children, and yourself. I am obliged to proceed very warily; but you shall not be annoyed by that scoundrel. I will provide for that, before I leave; also I will see the guns still in store, without letting anybody guess my motive. I have picked up a very sharp fellow here, whose heart is in the business thoroughly; for one of the prisoners is his twin-brother, and he lost his poor sweetheart through Cadman's villany, a young lass, who used to pick mussels, or something. He will see that the rogue does not give us the slip; and I have looked out for that, in other ways as well. I am greatly afraid of tiring you, my dear madam; but have you any other thing to tell me of this Cadman?'

'No, Mr. Mordacks; except a whole quantity of little things, that tell a great deal to me; but to anybody else would have no sense. For instance, of his looks, and turns, and habits, and tricks of seeming neither the one thing nor the other, and jumping all the morning, when the last man was hanged——'

'Did he do that, madam? Are you quite sure?'

'I had it on the authority of his own wife. He beats her; but still she cannot understand him. You may remember, that the man to be suspended was brought to the place, where—where——'

'Where he earned his doom. It is quite right. Things of that sort should be done upon a far more liberal scale. Example is better than a thousand precepts. Let us be thankful that we live in such a country. I have brought some medicine for brave Tommy, from our Dr. Stirbacks. Be sure that you stroke his throat, when he takes it. Boys are such rogues——'

'Well, Mr. Mordacks, I really hope that I know how to make my little boy take medicine!'

Chapter XLVIII.

SHORT SIGHS, AND LONG ONES.

Now it came to pass that, for several months, this neighbourhood, which had begun to regard Mr. Mordacks as its tutelary genius—so great is the power of bold energy—lost him altogether; and with brief lamentation, began to do very well without him. So fugitive is vivacious stir; and so well content is the general world to jog along, in its old ruts. The Flamborough butcher once more subsided into a piscitarian; the postman, who had been driven off his legs, had time to nurse his grain again; Widow Tapsy relapsed into the very worst of taps, having none to demand good beverage; and a new rat, seven fold worse than the mighty net-devourer (whom Mordacks slew; but the chronicle has been cut out, for the sake of brevity), took possession of his galleries, and made them pay. All Flamborough yearned for the 'gentleman as did things,' itself being rather of the contemplative vein, which flows from immemorial converse with the sea. But the man of dry hand-and-heel activity came not; and the lanes forgot the echo of his Roman march.

The postman (with a wicked endeavour of hope to beget faith from sweet laziness) propagated a loose report, that death had claimed the general factor, through fear of any rival in activity. The postman did not put it so; because his education was too good for long words to enter into it; but he put his meaning in a shorter form than a smattering of distant tongues leaves to us. The butcher (having doubt of death, unless by man administered) kicked the postman out of his expiring shop, where large hooks now had no sheep for bait; and Widow Tapsy, filled with softer liquid form of memory, was so upset by the letter-man's tale, that she let off a man, who owed four gallons, for beating him as flat as his own bag. To tell of these things may take time; but time is thoroughly well spent, if it contributes a trifle towards some tendency, on anybody's part, to hope that there used to be, even in this century, such a thing as gratitude.

But why did Mr. Mordacks thus desert his favourite quest, and quarters, and the folk in whom he took most delight—because so long inaccessible? The reason was as sound as need be—important business of his own had called him away into Derbyshire. Like every true son of stone and crag, he required an annual scratch against them, and hoped to rest among them, when the itch of life was over. But now he had hopes of even more than that; of owning a good house and fair estate, and henceforth exerting his remarkable powers of agency on his own behalf. For his cousin, Calpurnius Mordacks, the head of the family, was badly ailing, and having lost his only son in the West Indies, had sent for this kinsman, to settle matters with him. His offer was generous and noble; to wit, that

Geoffrey should take, not the property alone, but also his second cousin, fair Calpurnia; though not without her full consent. Without the lady, he was not to have the land; and the lady's consent must be secured, before her father ceased to be a sound testator.

Now, if Calpurnia had been kept in ignorance of this arrangement, a man possessing the figure, decision, stature, self-confidence, and other high attributes of our Mordacks, must have triumphed in a week at latest. But with that candour, which appears to have been so strictly entailed in the family, Colonel Calpurnius called them in; and there (in the presence of the testator, and of each other) they were fully apprised of this rather urgent call upon their best and most delicate emotions. And the worst of it was (from the gentleman's point of view), that the contest was unequal. The golden apples were not his to cast, but Atalanta's. The lady was to have the land, even without accepting love. Moreover he was fifty per cent. beyond her in age; and Hymen would make her a mamma, without invocation of Lucina. But highest and deepest woe of all, most mountainous of obstacles, was the lofty sky-line of his nose, inherited from the Roman. If the lady's corresponding feature had not corresponded—in other words, if her nose had been chubby, snub, or even Greek—his bold bridge must have served him well, and even shortened access to rosy lips, and tender heart. But, alas! the fair one's nose was also of the fine imperial type, truly admirable in itself, but (under one of nature's strictest laws) coy of contact with its own male expression. Love—whose joy, and fierce prank, is to buckle to the plated pole ill-matched forms and incongruous spirits—did not fail of her impartial freaks. Mr. Mordacks had to cope with his own kin; and found the conflict so severe, that not a breath of time was left him for anybody's business but his own.

If luck was against him in that quarter (although he would not own it yet), at York and Flamborough, it was not so. No crisis arose to demand his presence; no business went amiss, because of his having to work so hard at love. There came, as there sometimes does in matters pressing, tangled, and exasperating, a quiet period, a gentle lull, a halcyon time when the jaded brain reposes, and the heart may hatch her own mares'-nests. Underneath that tranquil spell lay fond Joe and Bob (with their cash to spend), Widow Precious (with her beer laid in), and Widow Carroway, with a dole at last extorted from the Government; while Anerley Farm was content to hearken the creak of waggon, and the ring of flail; and the rector of Flamborough once more rejoiced in the bloodless war that breeds good will.

For Sir Duncan Yordas was a fine chess-player, as many Indian officers of that time were; and now that he was coming to his proper temperature (after three months of barbed stab of cold, and the breach of the seal of the seventy-seventh phial of Dr. Stirbacks), in gratitude for that miraculous escape, he did his very best to please everybody. To Dr. Upround he was an agreeable and penetrative

companion; to Mrs. Uproud, a gallant guest, with a story for every slice of bread and butter; to Janetta, a deity combining the perfections of Jupiter, Phœbus, Mars, and Neptune (because of his yacht), without any of their drawbacks; and to Flamborough, more largely speaking, a downright good sort of gentleman, combining a smoke with a chaw—so they understood cigars—and not above standing still sometimes, for a man to say some sense to him.

But before Mr. Mordacks left his client under Dr. Uproud's care, he had done his best to provide that mischief should not come of gossip; and the only way to prevent that issue is to preclude the gossip. Sir Duncan Yordas, having lived so long in a large commanding way, among people who might say what they pleased of him, desired no concealment here, and accepted it unwillingly. But his agent was better skilled in English life, and rightly foresaw a mighty buzz of nuisance—without any honey to be brought home—from the knowledge of the public that the Indian hero had begotten the better-known apostle of free trade. Yet it might have been hard to persuade Sir Duncan to keep that great fact to himself, if his son had been only a smuggler, or only a fugitive from a false charge of murder. But that which struck him in the face, as soon as he was able to consider things, was the fact that his son had fled and vanished, leaving his underlings to meet their fate. 'The smuggling is a trifle,' exclaimed the sick man; 'our family never was law-abiding, and used to be large cattle-lifters; even the slaying of a man, in hot combat, is no more than I myself have done, and never felt the worse for it. But to run away, and leave men to be hanged, after bringing them into the scrape himself, is not the right sort of dishonour for a Yordas. If the boy surrenders, I shall be proud to own him. But until he does that, I agree with you, Mordacks, that he does not deserve to know who he is.'

This view of the case was harsh perhaps, and showed some ignorance of free-trade questions, and of English justice. If Robin Lyth had been driven, by the heroic view of circumstances, to rush into embrace constabular, would that have restored the other six men to family sinuosities? Not a chance of it. Rather would it treble the pangs of jail—where they enjoyed themselves—to feel that anxiety about their pledges to fortune, from which the free Robin relieved them. Money was lodged, and paid, as punctual as the Bank, for the benefit of all their belongings. There were times when the sailors grumbled a little, because they had no ropes to climb; but of any unfriendly rope impending they were too wise to have much fear. They knew that they had not done the deed; and they felt assured that twelve good men would never turn round in their box to believe it.

Their captain took the same view of the case. He had very little doubt of their acquittal, if they were defended properly; and of that, a far wealthier man than himself, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of free-trade, Master Rideout, of Malton, would take good care, if the money left with Dr. Uproud failed. The surrender of

Robin would simply hurt them, unless they were convicted; and in that case he would yield himself. Sir Duncan did not understand these points; and condemned his son unjustly. And Mordacks was no longer there to explain such questions, in his sharp clear way.

Being in this sadly disappointed state, and not thoroughly delivered from that renal chill (which the north-east wind, coming over the leather of his valise, had inflicted) this gentleman, like a long-pendulous grape, with the ventilators open, was exposed to the delicate insidious billing of little birds, that love something good. It might be wrong, indeed it must be wrong, and a foul slur upon fair sweet love, to insinuate that Indian gold, or rank, or renown, or vague romance, contributed towards what came to pass. Miss Janetta Upround, up to this time of her life, had laughed at all the wanton tricks of Cupid; and whenever the married women told her that her time would be safe to come, and then she might understand their behaviour,—they had always been ordered to go home, and do their washing. And this made it harder for her to be mangled by the very tribulation she had laughed at.

Short little sighs were her first symptom, and a quiet way of going up the stairs—which used to be a noisy process with her—and then a desire to know something of history, and a sudden turn of mind towards soup. Sir Duncan had a basin every day, at twelve o'clock; and Janetta had orders to see him do it, by strict institution of Stirbacks. Those orders she carried out with such zeal, that she even went so far as to blow upon the spoon; and she did look nice, while doing it. In a word—as there is no time for many—being stricken, she did her best to strike; as the manner of sweet women is.

Sir Duncan Yordas received it well. Being far on towards her futurity in years, and beyond her whole existence, in experience and size, he smiled at her ardour, and short vehemence to please him, and liked to see her go about; because she turned so lightly. Then the pleasant agility of thought began to make him turn to answer it; and whenever she had the best of him in words, her bright eyes fell, as if she had the worst. 'She doesn't even know that she is clever!' said the patient to himself, 'and she is the first person I have met with yet, who knows which side of the line Calcutta is!'

The manner of those benighted times was to keep from young ladies important secrets, which seemed to be no concern of theirs. Miss Upround had never been told what brought this visitor to Flamborough, and although she had plenty of proper curiosity, she never got any reward for it. Only four Flamburians knew that Sir Duncan was Robin Lyth's papa—or, as they would put it (having faster hold of the end of the stick next to them) that Robin Lyth was the son of Sir Duncan. And those four were, by force of circumstance, Robin Cockscroft, and Joan his wife, the rector, and the rectoress. Even Dr. Stirbacks (organically inquisitive as he was, and ill-content to sniff at any bottle with the cork tied down), by mastery of Mordacks,

and calm dignity of rector, was able to suspect a lot of things, but to be sure of none of them; and suspicion, according to its usual manner, never came near the truth at all. Miss Upround therefore had no idea, that if she became Lady Yordas, which she very sincerely longed to be, she would, by that event, be made the stepmother of a widely celebrated smuggler. While her Indian hero, having no idea of her flattering regard as yet, was not bound to enlighten her upon that point.

At Anerley Farm the like ignorance prevailed; except that Mistress Anerley, having a quick turn for romance, and liking to get her predictions confirmed, recalled to her mind (and recited to her husband, in far stronger language) what she had said, in the clover-blossom time, to the bravest man that ever lived, the lamented Captain Carroway. Captain Carroway's dauntless end, so thoroughly befitting his extraordinary exploits, for which she even had his own authority, made it the clearest thing in all the world, that every word she said to him must turn out Bible-true. And she had begged him—and one might be certain that he had told it, as a good man must, to his poor dear widow—not to shoot at Robin Lyth; because he would get a thousand pounds, instead of a hundred for doing it. She never could have dreamed to find her words come true so suddenly; but here was an Indian Prince come home, who employed the most pleasant-spoken gentleman; and he might know who it was he had to thank, that even in the cave, the Captain did not like to shoot that long-lost heir; and from this time out, there was no excuse for Stephen, if he ever laughed at anything that his wife said. Only on no account must Mary ever hear of it; for a bird in the hand was worth fifty in the bush; and the other gone abroad, and under accusation, and very likely born of a Red Indian mother. Whereas Harry Tanfield's father, George, had been as fair as a foal, poor fellow; and perhaps if the Church-books had been as he desired, he might have kept out of the churchyard, to this day.

'And me in it!' the farmer answered with a laugh—'dead for love of my wife, Sophy; as wouldn't a' been my wife, nor drawn nigh upon fi' pound this very week for feathers, fur, and ribbon-stuff! Well, well! George would a' come again, to think of it. How many times have I seen him go with a sixpence in the palm of 's hand, and think better of the King upon it, and worser of the poor chap, as were worn out, like the tail of it! Then back go the sixpence into George's breeches; and out comes my shilling, to the starving chap, on the sly, and never mentioned. But for all that, I think, like enow, old George mought a' managed to get up to heaven.'

'Stephen, I wish to hear nothing of that. The question concerns his family, not ours; as Providence has seen fit to arrange. Now what is your desire to have done with Mary? William has made his great discovery at last; and if we should get the 10,000*l*., nobody need look down on us.'

'I should like to see anyone look down on me,' Master Anerley

said, with his back set straight; 'a' mought do so once, but a' would be sorry afterwards. Not that I would hinder him of 's own way; only that he better keep out of mine. Sometimes, when you go thinking of your own ideas, you never seem to bear in mind, what my considerations be.'

'Because you cannot follow out the quickness of the way I think. You always acknowledge that, my dear.'

'Well, well. Quick churn spoileth butter. Like Willie with his perpetual motion. What good to come of it, if he hath found out? And a' might, if ever a body did, from the way he goeth jumping about for ever, and never hold fast to anything. A nice thing 'twould be for the fools to say, perpetual motion come from Anerley Farm.'

'You never will think any good of him, Stephen, because his mind comes from my side. But wait till you see the 10,000*l.*'

'That I will; and thank the Lord to live so long. But, to come to common sense,—how was Mary, and Harry, a carrying on this afternoon?'

'Not so very bad, father; and nothing good to speak of. He kept on very well from the corners of his eyes; but she never corresponded, so to speak—same as—you know.'

'The same as you used to do, when you was young. Well, manners may be higher stylish now. Did he ask her about the hayrick?'

'That he did. Three or four times over; exactly as you said it to him. He knew that was how you got the upper hand of me, according to your memory, but not mine; and he tried to do it, the very same way; but the Lord makes a lot of change, in thirty years of time. Mary quite turned her nose up at any such riddle, and he pulled his spotted handkerchief out of that new hat of his; and the faggot never saw fit to heed even the colour of his poor red cheeks. Stephen, you would have marched off, for a week, if I had behaved to you so.'

'And the right way too; I shall put him up to that. Long sighs only leads to turn-up noses. He plays too knuckle-down at it. You should go on with your sweetheart, very mild at first; just a feeling for her finger-tips; and emboldening of her to believe that you are frightened, and bringing her to peep at you, as if you was a blackbird, ready to pop out of sight. That makes 'em wonderful curious and eager, and sticks you into 'em, like prickly spinach. But you mustn't stop too long, like that. You must come out large, as a bull runs up to gate; and let them see that you could smash it, if you liked, but feel a goodness in your heart, that keeps you out of mischief. And then they comes up, and they says, "poor fellow!"'

'Stephen, I do not approve of such expressions, or any such low opinions. You may know how you went on. Such things may have answered once; because of your being—yourself, you know. But Mary, although she may not have my sense, must have her own opinions. And the more you talk of what we used to do—though I

never remember your trotting up, like a great bull roaring, to any kind of gate—the less I feel inclined to force her. And who is Harry Tanfield, after all?'

'We know all about him,' the farmer answered; 'and that is something, to begin with. His land is worth fifteen shillings an acre less than ours, and full of kid-bine. But for all that, he can keep a family, and is a good home-dweller. However, like the rest of us, in the way of women, he must bide his bolt, and bode it.'

'Father,' the mistress of the house replied, 'I shall never go one step out of my way to encourage a young man who makes you speak so lightly of those you owe so much to. Harry Tanfield may take his chance for me.'

'So a' may for me, mother; so a' may for me. If a' was to have our Mary, his father George would be coming up between us, out of his peace in churchyard, more than he doth a'ready; and a' comes too much a'ready. Why, poppet, we were talking of you—fie, fie, listening!'

'No, now, father,' Mary Anerley answered, with a smile at such a low idea; 'you never had that to find fault with me, I think. And if you are plotting against me, for my good—as mother loves to put it—it would be the best way to shut me out, before you begin to do it.'

'Why, bless my heart and soul,' exclaimed the farmer, with a most crafty laugh, for he meant to kill two birds with one stone—'if the lass hathn't got her own dear mother's tongue, and the very same way of turning things! There never hath been such a time as this here. The childer tell us what to do; and their mothers tell us what not to do. Better take the business off my hands, and sell all they turnips as is rotting. Women is cheats, and would warrant 'em sound, with the best to the top of the bury. But mind you one thing—if I retires from business, like brother Popplewell, I shall expect to be supported; cheap, but very substantial.'

'Mary, you are wicked to say such things,' Mistress Anerley began, as he went out; 'when you know that your dear father is such a substantial silent man!'

(*To be continued.*)

The Migration of Popular Stories.

THE preference for an explanation of facts which calls for little effort of thought to another which makes large demands on it is natural and intelligible. If we find the same custom in many different countries, we infer more readily that it was carried from one of these countries into the rest, than that it has come down from the common ancestors of the inhabitants of these lands in some remote age. When we find popular stories, of a very complicated and remarkable character, in Scotland and Germany, in Scandinavia, Persia and India, we are at once disposed to adopt the conclusion, that their presence in the West is the result of direct communication with the East in historical and, perhaps, during comparatively modern times. This attitude of mind is to a certain extent justifiable. Much wit and ingenuity may be wasted in attempting to prove the lateral transmission of two or more given stories from times preceding the migration of divided tribes from their common home, when conclusive evidence may be forthcoming to show that we are dealing with instances of direct borrowing. The ground over which such discussions lead us needs wary walking; but it may be well to have our eyes open to the danger of committing ourselves with undue haste to either conclusion. If we say of some Norse or Teutonic tale, that it found its way into Europe through some of those vast Oriental collections which are known to have been brought together in times later by many centuries than the Christian era, our mistake is not a trifling or a harmless one, if it can be shown that European Aryans were well acquainted with it at a time anterior to the date of the mythical founding of Rome, or the era of Nabonassar—in other words, at a time preceding the compilation of the Hitopadesa, and possibly even of the Panchatantra, by fourteen or fifteen hundred years. Our mistake would in this case be mischievous, not merely as committing us to a conclusion not borne out by evidence, but as putting out of sight one of the most astonishing facts in the history of the human race. If stories gathered, by Grimm or others, from the lips of peasants and their wives, almost in our own day, were told by Greek nurses or mothers to their children two or three thousand years ago, it is absolutely certain that their introduction into Europe is not owing to the activity of mediæval Christendom and the contact with the East brought about by the Crusades or any other events of more modern history.

Our first duty, therefore, with regard to any story is to ascertain, so far as it may be possible to do so, the earliest time at which it is found in the written literature of the country to which it is traced, and then to determine, so far as the evidence may warrant our deter-

mining, how long it may have been known in that country before it was committed to writing. Of the many misconceptions which have hindered the settlement of such questions or diverted them to a false issue, not a few could never have sprung up if the ancient literature of the Hellenic tribes had been examined without prejudice or partiality. The truth is that Englishmen are still, or have been almost to the present time, brought up under the impression that the epic, lyric, and tragic poems which delighted Athenian hearers or readers had nothing in common with the poems and stories which have come to us in a distinctively Teutonic or English dress; and no attempt has been made to ascertain whether and how far the prose writings of Greek historians and mythographers bring before us stories which form part of the native popular tradition or folk-lore of northern Europe. On the contrary, if the subject was ever touched upon at all, boys were led to read the Iliad and Odyssey, and to work their way through the dramas of the Greek tragic poets under the firm belief that they contain nothing with which children in our nurseries are familiar in other shapes. Under the influence of this belief, which they never thought of calling in question, some have gone on to suppose that the stories told to English or German children were never told to children in Athens or Rome before the dawn of Christianity; and a few perhaps have tried to find reasons for the marvellous fact, that the Iliad and the Odyssey, the odes of Pindar, and the plays of Æschylus and Sophokles should be made up of materials wholly different from those which have furnished our nursery tales, or even the Saga literature of the Teutonic nations. That these poems and dramas, the works of the highest human genius, should contain any matter such as that which has been moulded into the stories of Cinderella or Blue Beard, or Boots, or Beauty and the Beast, was a thought not to be entertained for a moment. The dignity of the Greek epic or tragic poets would not have stooped to the use of such materials, even if they had known them: but the common impression still is, that they did not know them. In so thinking and speaking we are no wiser than the learned men who set to work to explain why a jar of water weighed no heavier with a fish in it than it weighed without the fish. The danger of neglecting or passing over the evidence which would correct these mistaken impressions, may best be shown by citing one or two examples as to which it may be safely said that no room is left for reasonable doubt.

Of the popular tales of northern Europe, one of the most familiar is that of the Master Thief. The question is whether this story was known in Germany or Scandinavia, or in any other part of Europe, before the middle ages of our era, or whether it was not. In Professor Max Müller's belief it was first brought from Asia by means of the Arabic translation of the Hitopadesa, known as the Kalila and Dimna. This conclusion, he admits, could not be maintained if the tale were found in Herodotus, in whose time the translations of the Hitopadesa had, of course, not yet reached Europe, and the compi-

lation of the Panchatantra, which furnished the materials of the Hitopadesa, was still a thing of the distant future. If it were so found, we should, he allows, be obliged to include the Master Thief within the most primitive stock of Aryan lore. But speaking of the story of the Brahman and the Goat, told in the Hitopadesa, he adds:—

> There is nothing in the story of the two sons of the architect who robbed the treasury of Rhampsinitos, which turns on the trick of the Master Thief. There were thieves more or less clever in Egypt as well as in India, and some of their stratagems were possibly the same at all times. But there is a keen and well-defined humour in the story of the Brahman and his deference to public opinion. Of this there is no trace in the anecdote told by Herodotus. That anecdote deals with mere matter of fact, whether imaginary or historical. The story of Rhampsinitos did enter into the popular literature of Europe, but through a different channel. We find it in the Gesta Romanorum, where Octavianus has taken the place of Rhampsinitos, and we can hardly doubt that it came originally from Herodotus.

So far as this tale is concerned, the question must be set at rest if it can be shown that not merely the adventures, but the title of the Master Thief, were well known in Europe for ages before the Gesta Romanorum came into existence. If this can be shown, there will be no need, and no temptation, to trace the Norse, Teutonic, and Irish versions of the legend to the Gesta. To do so would be only to multiply difficulties unnecessarily. Of the Hitopadesa story, then, we may note, first, that it says nothing of a regular fraternity of thieves, nothing of a rivalry among them, nothing of the pre-eminence of one who was never known to fail, and therefore, of course, that it does not mention his distinctive title. Of the several versions of the Master Thief, on the other hand, we must remember that not one ascribes the losses of his victims to any deference to public opinion: and thus, without going further, we may be justified in doubting whether the story of the Brahman and the Goat has more than a very distant connection with one or two of the incidents embodied in the story of the Master Thief, while it certainly has nothing to do with its leading idea. The Hitopadesa tale is, indeed, very simple, if not very meagre. It merely tells us of a Brahman who, on being assured by three thieves in succession that the goat which he carried on his back was a dog, cast off the animal, and so left it as a prize for the knaves, who had adopted this mode of cheating him. But it does not say that these three rogues were striving for the mastery among themselves; and if they had been so striving they could not thus have worked in concert.

The gist of this story, Professor Max Müller remarks, is 'that a man will believe almost anything, if he is told the same by three different people.' But in truth it is not easy to discern any real affinity between the Hitopadesa tale and the European traditions of the Master Thief; and the moral of the latter, if they have any

moral at all, seems to be very different. Instead of showing that the seemingly independent testimony of two or three witnesses will pass at once for truth with the credulous, they seem rather to point out that there are some who cannot be taught by experience. The tales themselves give their keynote with singular plainness. When, in the German story, he returns to his father's hovel with all the pomp of wealth, the youth replies to the question how his riches have been gained by saying, 'I have been a thief; but do not be frightened, I am a Master Thief. Neither locks nor bolts avail against me; whatever I wish for is mine.' He is one in whom the power of thieving is inborn. He needs no teaching, and his first exploits are as mighty and as successful as his last. The increasing difficulty of the tasks imposed upon him excites not the least feeling of fear or hesitation; and in the craft which invariably employs the means best fitted to obtain the desired ends there is no malignity and no spite, but always a genial humour, which delights in the absurdity of the positions in which his victims place themselves. These characteristics mark the three versions of the story, which may be found in Grimm's 'Household Tales,' in Dasent's 'Tales from the Norse,' and in Campbell's 'Popular Tales of the West Highlands.' The question is, when did the myth of which we have these three closely allied forms find its way into Europe?

In the pages of Herodotus we have a singular story, which he ascribes to the reign and the capital of the Egyptian king Rhampsinitos. In this legend the wealth of the king is filched from his treasury by the sons of the architect, who on his death-bed reveals to them the method by which he had retained the power of entering it without the owner's knowledge. Finding his stores dwindling away, the king places a trap within the house. Being caught in this trap, the younger brother prevails on the elder to cut off his head; and Rhampsinitos on entering the chamber is not only astounded at finding a headless body, but terrified by the knowledge that at least one of his spoilers was still at large. It is at this point of the story that a series of incidents begins, which show the unfailing wit and success of the thief who had no peer. Inviolable custom demanded that the bodies of the dead should be duly mourned; and the king fully counts on speedy discovery, when he orders his guards to impale the body on a wall, and bring before him anyone whom they might find mourning for him. Resolved that the body should have the due rites of burial, the mother tells her surviving son that unless he forthwith brings it to her she will reveal everything; and the thief, loading some asses with wine-skins, drives them under the wall where the guards are keeping watch, and then loosening the strings of two or three of them, allows the liquor to escape. Roused by his frantic cries of distress and calls for help, the soldiers hasten to the rescue; but they are more intent upon catching the wine in their cups and drinking it, than on fastening the skins. At length their entreaties overcome the reluctance of the thief, and receiving more and more

wine they drink themselves into insensibility. The thief, of course, takes away the body; and its disappearance more than ever perplexes the king, who now makes use of his daughter to discover the criminal. The effort is vain. The thief places in her hand the hand of a dead man, and so escapes from her grasp. The king feels that no other course is now before him than to win his friendship by offering him his daughter, and on the celebration of the marriage he is told by Rhampsinitos that the Egyptians are cleverer than all other men, but that he in his thievery is cleverer than all the Egyptians.

Unless the Egyptian people of the days of Herodotus are to be regarded as a portion of the Aryan race, the presence of this legend in the Nile Valley is a perplexing fact, which can be explained seemingly only on the hypothesis of not infrequent intercourse between Egypt and India. The flattering unction to Egyptian vanity with which the story is wound up, might easily be brought in by men who were well aware that the myth was not one of Egyptian growth. But it is not less clear that if it be not Egyptian, it must be borrowed. There is no doubt a class of myths which are common to all mythical systems alike, whether Aryan or non-Aryan; but these myths all belong to the primary or organic stage of development, and their general characteristics may be easily discovered. The phenomena of day and night or of the seasons must to a certain extent impress all mankind in the same way. There is, therefore, nothing which is of necessity distinctively Aryan in phrases which speak of the sun as the child of the darkness or of the dawn; of the night as the daughter of the sun or the twilight; of the sun itself as compelled to move in a fixed track, hence as under the doom of ceaseless toil, a bondman or a slave. From all these phrases a large crop of stories might spring up everywhere; but the character and sequence of their incidents would differ completely, except among tribes who had carried away at least the framework of the tales from the common home of their forefathers. The legend of the treasure-house of Rhampsinitos is not one of this class. The leading ideas or the framework of the tale being once given, we can imagine that the ingenuity of later generations might refine on the subtleties of the Master Thief; but we cannot suppose that a series of ideas so singular could suggest themselves to many minds, or even to two minds independently. If it be supposed, as some have been inclined to think, that the old inhabitants of the Nile Valley belonged to the Aryan stock, the difficulty is at once removed; but the substantial identity of the tale with stories found in India, Germany, Norway, and Scotland is beyond doubt. The Indian story, however, is not that of the Brahman and the Goat in the Hitopadesa, but the tale of Karpara and Gata related by Somadeva Bhatta of Cashmir in his Katha-sarit-sagara, or Ocean of the Stream of Narrative, a collection made early in the twelfth century, and itself professedly an abridgment of the older collection, known as the Vrihat-Kathâ. Here, as in the Egyptian tale, we have a king, a king's daughter, and a room in which he

places his child as well as his treasures; but the thieves are more clumsy. The elder brother enters, not by pushing aside a movable stone, but merely by making a hole through the wall. Staying too long, he is caught in the morning and hanged, having time only to warn his brother to carry away the princess. From this point the legend follows much the same course with that of Rhampsinitos. The body of Karpara is exposed, and the necessary amount of mourning must be gone through for it. This the surviving brother, Gata, accomplishes by dashing on the ground a karpara, or pot of rice, and exclaiming, 'Alas for my precious karpara!'—words which the guards regard as uttered for the loss of the broken pipkin. The trick of the wine follows, and the body is stolen away; but when the king puts forth a proclamation promising his daughter in marriage to a thief of such consummate skill, the princess bids Gata beware, and they make their escape together from the country. The substantial identity of this tale with the Egyptian tradition cannot be questioned; but the latter assuredly could not be derived from the Vrihat-Kathâ, which was probably not in existence for perhaps a thousand years after the time of Herodotus, and perhaps no one will maintain that the Egyptian version is the original of the myth as given by Somadeva Bhatta.

The idea that the story in Herodotus furnished the materials for the Teutonic, Norse, and Celtic versions of the Master Thief would be scarcely less absurd. In these versions the narrative exhibits great changes in detail; but the framework remains the same, and the general spirit of the myth is in no way altered. It is very necessary to note that the thief is described as a singularly slim and slender youth, whose modest and unpretending demeanour would never lead strangers to suspect his astonishing adroitness and power. In each of these versions the place of the king is taken by a wealthy nobleman, whose daughter in the Norse and Scottish stories becomes the wife of the thief. The German tale alone makes no mention of any daughter, and is, indeed, the most meagre of the three. In it we are told that the thief resolves to face the count in his castle, and is told that he can escape death only if he succeeds in stealing the count's favourite horse from his stable, then in taking away the counterpane from his bed, while he and his wife are asleep, and lastly in stealing the parson and clerk out of the church. The first of these tasks is performed by precisely the same means which the thief employs in the Hindu and Egyptian stories. The guards are stupified with drugged wine, and the thief rides up to the castle on the stolen horse. The second he accomplishes by means of a corpse which he pushes up to the window of the room in which the count slept. The latter, hearing the noise, points a pistol at the figure and fires; and the thief immediately lets the body fall to the ground. When the count comes down to bury the dead man, the thief hastens to the chamber and obtains the bed-covering from the countess on the plea of needing a shroud, and the ring on the plea that it was only fair to bury with him that for which he had

perilled his life. Although this incident is not found in the Herodotean story, it may be well to compare the use here made of the corpse with the way in which the dead man's hand is used in the Egyptian tale. The accomplishment of the third task is, like the other incidents of the legend, related with greater humour and vigour in the Norse version, in which the thief, climbing into a tree, tells the priest that he is an angel sent to announce to him that he should be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake, that at a given time he would come for him with a sack, and that all his worldly goods must be left in a heap in his dining-room. Completely taken in, the priest, who had laughed at the nobleman for allowing himself to be duped, preaches a farewell sermon, telling his parishioners of his approaching ascension. The result is that his goods are stolen, and he himself left bruised and battered in the sack.

Of this incident we have no trace in the Herodotean tale, nor does it appear in that of Karpara and Gata; but we find it in a totally different connection in the very remarkable story of Champa Ranee, related by Miss Frere in her volume entitled 'Old Deccan Days.' This story will call for some further notice. For the present, we have to mark that in Scotland the legend of the Shifty Lad presents a much closer likeness to the Egyptian myth than either the Norse or the German versions. We cannot, of course, fail to notice the still closer resemblance to the Herodotean tale exhibited in the tradition which Pausanias relates of the treasury of Hyrieus, built by Trophonios and Agamedes, who so leave one of the stones that it can be moved from the outside. Here, again, a snare is set; and Hyrieus is astounded to find the body of Agamedes, whose head had been carried away by Trophonios. In this instance it may, of course, be said that the localising of this tale in Hellas was the result of direct borrowing from the Herodotean narrative; but this explanation can scarcely be received without much misgiving. The details of the Celtic legend are certainly more noteworthy. The Shifty Lad here goes through his time of pupilage under the Black Rogue, whom he tricks to his death. He next engages himself to a carpenter, with whom he agrees to plunder the king's treasure-chamber. The snare set in this case is a hogshead of soft pitch, into which the wright sinks up to his neck. The youth stepping in on his shoulders, takes as much gold as he can carry, and then sweeping off the carpenter's head leaves his body in the cask. The king now consults a Seanagal, who advises that they should 'set the trunk aloft on the points of the spears of the soldiers, to be carried from town to town, to see if they could find anyone at all to take sorrow for it.' As they pass the carpenter's house, his wife cries out in her distress; but the thief cuts himself with an adze, and makes the captain believe that the cry was caused by sorrow at his hurt. This is followed by the hanging of the body on a tree, the soldiers receiving strict orders to seize anyone who should attempt to take it down; but they are, of course, tempted to drink themselves to sleep, and the thief carries off the corpse. The

sequel is perhaps, in still closer accordance with the Herodotean version; and Mr. Campbell, who gives us the Celtic tale, duly notices the theory that these incidents 'have been spread amongst the people by those members of their families who study the classics of the Scotch Universities.' This theory, he adds, involves the further supposition that 'these books have been read at some time so widely in Scotland, as to have become known to the labouring population who speak Gaelic, and so long ago as to have been forgotten by the instructed who speak English and study foreign languages.'

That the five stories thus far noticed are simply variations of one myth, we may now very safely maintain; and it is also proved that the legend in Herodotus could not possibly be derived from either the Katha-sarit-sagara or Panchatantra. But inasmuch as the Egyptian tradition is in substance the same as those of northern Europe, Professor Max Müller's conclusion that the story of the Master Thief could not be known to Herodotus, because the translations from the Hitopadesa had not yet found their way westwards, and indeed were not yet in existence, falls to the ground. There remains one more fact connected with these legends, which is more astonishing than any which we have yet marked. The so-called Homeric Hymn to Hermes is undoubtedly older than the history of Herodotus —how much older it might be rash to affirm. But for Thucydides these hymns were certainly the work of Homer, and he speaks of them as having been composed in times which even in his day were ancient. The one addressed to Hermes dwells on the exploits of a child so slender and weak that none who see him in this form can credit him with the possession of gigantic power and superhuman subtlety. He is, in short, the slim and lithe youth whom the count or the squire of northern stories cannot bring themselves to regard with any fear. Yet there are no secret places into which he cannot penetrate; there are no treasures which he cannot filch away; and when his thievish work is done, he reassumes his old appearance of innocence and weakness. The hymn speaks of him as born in the early morning, when he sings sweetly to himself in his cradle, playing gently with the cradle-clothes. But in an hour or two he rises up and fashions for himself a lyre with the shell of a tortoise which he finds in front of the cradle, and after bringing forth from it for a little while some beautiful stirring melodies, he hurries with gigantic paces over hill and valley to the mountains where the cattle of Phœbus are feeding. These he drives away by tortuous paths which make the task of tracking him hopeless; and when Apollo at last finds him, he has passed through the bolt-hole of the cave, and is again whispering to himself in his cradle. What can a child a few hours old know of cattle or of thieving? Still there is roguery in his eye, and when he has made his defence, he utters a soft whistling sound, to show, perhaps, how entirely it should be believed. In spite of his anger a smile is forced to the face of Phœbus; and in the suppressed amusement which the whole adventure gives him we have the counterpart

of a very striking feature in the Norse version of the story. The squire may be vexed at finding himself in every case outwitted; but he cannot help laughing at his own discomfiture, and still more at the troubles of the parson. In this version one of the trials which he imposes on the thief is that of stealing from him his own horse while he is riding it; and an incident closely in accordance with this, but not mentioned in the Hymn to Hermes, is given in the well-known stanza of Horace—

> Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses
> Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
> Voce dum terret viduus pharetra
> Risit Apollo.

In all the forms of the myth, except in the Teutonic version in Grimm's collection, the thief marries the daughter of the king, nobleman, or squire, whose treasures and property he has stolen. In other words, the old wrong is atoned, and a league of amity set up between them. This is the special point of the tale related in the Homeric hymn, in which Phœbus Apollo is the king, count, or squire. It is impossible to resist the plunderer; it is, therefore, better to make him the guardian of the cattle, which otherwise he will steal without leave or licence, and the proffer is accompanied by the solemn promise that the child or youth shall be honoured for ever by the title of the Master Thief.

> *τοῦτο γὰρ οὖν καὶ ἔπειτα μετ' ἀθανάτοις γέρας ἔξεις,*
> ΑΡΧΟΣ ΦΙΛΗΤΕΩΝ *κεκλήσεαι ἤματα πάντα.*

Here, then, we have demonstrative evidence, not merely that the story of the Arch Thief or Master Thief was known in Europe, for many centuries probably, before the time of Herodotus, but that the Greeks were perfectly familiar with the title, and that this title, in fact, lay at the very root of the myth. On the Rhampsinitos story we need lay no stress. It is valuable chiefly as proving that the legend was not first brought into the West by translations from the Hitopadesa; but although Herodotus speaks of it as an Egyptian tradition, it by no means follows that he was rightly informed. Egyptians might easily localise a tale which they had received originally from Greeks or any others; and the story of Hyrieus, Trophonios, and Agamedes is conclusive evidence that the myth existed in Hellas in a distinctively Greek form. We can scarcely suppose that the tale related by Pausanias is of post-Herodotean growth; and the fact that Herodotus does not notice it goes for nothing. Few Greeks, probably, were familiar with the whole mass of Hellenic mythology, and it is only on the hypothesis of this partial knowledge that we can account for the silence of many writers on myths closely resembling those of which they were themselves speaking. The value of the Homeric hymn is immeasurably greater. It places beyond doubt the fact that the myth formed part of the folk-lore of Hellenic tribes

for many centuries before the compilation of the Vrihat-Kathâ and the Panchatantra, and it also discloses its origin. The cows of Phœbus are the cattle of Indra, and these are unmistakeably the rain-giving clouds, which are driven along by the wind. But the wind can blow either softly or strongly, and therefore the wind is not only a thief, but a singer or harper. The powers of music and of theft are inherently his own; and though he may root up forests in his fury, in his gentler moods he can call forth sounds that fill all hearts with gladness. The covenant represented by the marriage of the thief with the daughter of the king, count, or squire, in the northern versions is here represented by the compact which, in return for the rod of wealth, secures to Phœbus from Hermes the divine power of song. The real nature of the material from which the story has grown up is laid bare in every line of the hymn. The wind can penetrate into tangled thickets and mysterious caves; the wind-god, therefore, thinks that he may fairly ask for the wisdom of the sun-god, who sees and knows all things. In thorough accordance with the facts of the outward world, he is told that this request cannot be granted, but he may obtain a wisdom far surpassing that of man by holding converse with the hoary sisters who dwell in the clifts of Parnassus. To crown the proof, we have in hymns of the Rig Veda precisely the same conceptions of the wind which have shaped the western myth. In those hymns Rudra is the father of the Maruts, the wind whose 'shout makes all men reel forward over the whole space of the earth.' Like Hermes, Rudra is 'the bountiful,' 'the gracious,' and has his fertilising power; but like him and the Shifty Lad, he is also 'the lord of thieves, the robber, the cheater, the deceiver, the lord of pilferers and robbers.'

This evidence can lead us to but one conclusion. The story of the Master-Thief was not brought into Greece or into northern Europe by any communication of Greeks or Teutons with Aryan tribes after they had planted themselves in the Indian peninsula. It is useless to refer it to the intercourse between the East and West caused by the conquests of Alexander, or even by the wars with Darius and Xerxes, because the Hymn to Hermes is older, probably by many centuries, than the earliest of these events. It must belong therefore to that class of myths which the ancestors of Hindus, Greeks, Celts, Teutons, and Scandinavians carried away with them, in forms more or less developed, from their common primeval home.

The temptation to connect the story of Panch Phul Ranee in Miss Frere's 'Deccan Tales' with that of the Snake Leaves in Grimm's collection, as an instance of direct borrowing, might be felt perhaps even more strongly. Neither of these two tales has found its way into written literature until quite lately; but in the former we read of a young prince killed in jumping the seventh hedge of spears, within which the Dawn-maiden was imprisoned. The rajah is tired of seeing so many men die in order to win her, and he orders that his daughter shall be taken away with the dead body and abandoned

in a jungle. There she hears two jackals talking, and learns that he might be brought to life again, if some of the leaves of a certain tree were crushed 'and a little of the juice put into the rajah's two ears and upon his upper lip, and some upon the spear-wounds in his side.' The German story is that of the husband of a princess, who makes a vow that she will marry no one who would not promise that, if she should die first, he would let himself be buried alive with her. Shut up with his wife's body he sees a snake creeping out of a corner of the vault and, thinking it was coming to feed on the corpse, he cut it into three pieces with his sword. Another snake, which now crawled out, retreated on seeing its companion dead, and returned with three green leaves in its mouth. Joining the three pieces of the dead snake together, it put a leaf on each wound, and the serpent thus restored to life crawled away with the other. The husband now places the leaf on the mouth and eyes of his wife's body, and her life also is restored. It is of course possible that the story may have been carried from Germany to India or from India to Germany within the last two or three centuries, although from the scant communication between the two countries, as well as from the wide differences in the setting and details of the legends, this is in a very high degree unlikely. But the speculation is superfluous. The tale was known in Europe at least two and twenty centuries ago, and it is recorded in the pages of Apollodorus, who tells us how Polyidos found the dead body of Glaukos, the son of Minos, and was by the King's order shut up with it until he should bring it to life. 'Being sorely perplexed,' says the mythographer, 'Polyidos saw a dragon approach the corpse. This he killed with a stone, and another dragon came, and, seeing the first one dead, went away and brought some grass which it placed on the body of the other, which immediately rose up. Polyidos, having beheld this with astonishment, put the same grass on the body of Glaukos, and restored him to life.' Here, then, we have another set of tales, for which any other supposition than that of lateral transmission becomes inadmissible. The Greek, the Hindu, and the German story form part of the folk-lore carried away from the common ancient home of the Aryan tribes.

A strong presumption, to say the least, is thus raised against the hypothesis of conscious borrowing in the case of stories which, down almost to our own times, have belonged strictly to the unwritten folk-lore of Europe or Asia. It will be found probably that the influence of the great Hindu, Persian, and Arabian compilations which have been made known in Europe by means of translations, has lain chiefly amongst the educated and literary classes; and that they have not furnished materials for the genuine folk-lore stories which the country people tell to one another, or to their children. If, then, we find a story of a very complicated kind in Grimm's collection, which in all its essential features reappears in a Hindu tale picked up only the other day from one who had received it by oral tradition, we are scarcely justified in thinking that the one was borrowed from the

other, even if a story more or less resembling it had already been given to the world in printed books. When no such tale has been printed or written down, the likelihood of the borrowing becomes indefinitely fainter. This substantial identity between the story of the Dog and the Sparrow, in Grimm, and that of Champa Ranee in the Hindu legend of Vikram Maharajah, is very striking. Certainly we cannot trace these tales back to the age in which the Hymn to Hermes was composed; and probably the literary world never heard of either before the present century. In both a bird vows to ruin a human being for injuring a helpless and unoffending creature; and in both the offender is made to bring about the catastrophe by his own voluntary acts. In the German story the wrong is done by a carter to a dog, which he deliberately crushes beneath the wheels of his waggon. The dog's friend, a sparrow, warns him that his deed should cost him his horses and his cart. The bird contrives to force out the cork from the bunghole of one of the casks in the waggon, and the wine is wasted. She then perches on the head of one of the horses and picks out his eye. The carter, hurling his hatchet at the bird, slays the horse. The other casks and the remaining horses are disposed of in the same way. Hastening home the carter bewails his disasters to his wife, who tells him that a wicked bird had brought a vast army of birds which were eating every ear of corn in their wheat-fields. But when the carter mourns over the poverty which had come upon him, the bird says that he is not poor enough yet. His deed shall cost him his life. After desperate efforts he catches the sparrow, and when his wife asks if she shall kill it, he replies that that would be too merciful. He therefore swallows her alive; but the bird flutters about in his stomach, and coming into his throat, cries out again that she will have his life. In despair the carter bids his wife bring an axe and smite the bird in his mouth. Missing her aim, she kills her husband, and the predictions of the sparrow are fulfilled. In Miss Frere's Deccan tale the place of the sparrow is taken by a parrot, and that of the carter by a dancing-girl, while a wood-cutter, whom the girl tries to cheat, represents the dog of the German story. The case is brought before the rajah, who determines to abide by the sentence of a wise parrot belonging to a merchant in the city. The bird is enabled to prove the fabrications of the nautch girl, who declares that she will get the parrot into her power and bite off its head. The vow of the parrot is now made once for all, and the story runs to its issue with a cleverness and simplicity for which we look in vain in the German tale. Summoned to the merchant's house, the maiden dances so well that she is bidden to name her own reward. She asks only for the parrot, which she gives to her servant to be cooked, ordering that its head may be grilled and brought to her that she may eat it before tasting anything else. The parrot is plucked, having escaped the wringing of its neck by pretending to be dead, and during a momentary absence of the servant wriggles itself into the hole which carries off

the kitchen sewage. A chicken's head is placed before Champa Ranee, who exults over the success of her scheme of vengeance. But the nautch woman is one who fears death exceedingly, and her constant prayer to the god whose image stood in a neighbouring temple was that she might be translated to heaven without the process of dying. The parrot, placing itself behind this image, tells the girl when next she comes, that her prayer has been heard, and that, if she wishes to attain her desire, she must sell her goods and give them to the poor, and, having levelled her house to the ground, must return to the temple, whence she should be bodily taken up into heaven. Champa Ranee does as she is bidden; but when she hastens to the shrine with the friends whom she has brought to witness her glorification, the parrot flies up from behind the image and bids her farewell. 'You ate a chicken's head,' said the bird. 'Where is your house now? Where are your servants and all your possessions? Have my words come true, think you, or yours?' Cursing her folly, the nautch girl dashes herself down on the floor of the temple, and is killed.

This incident of the promised ascent into heaven, and of the disappointment which follows it, is found, as we have seen, in the Norse and Teutonic versions of the story of the Master Thief. The correspondence extends even to minute touches; but the setting in the two cases is entirely unlike, and the fact would seem to prove that of the innumerable mythical incidents handed down by the forefathers of the Aryan nations some might be applied to different purposes, the change of collocation establishing their great age still more conclusively. But, apart from this, what opportunity have German peasants had of borrowing from the peasants of India, or the latter from the former, since the days when Hermann crushed the legions of Varus, or for centuries before his time? Clearly none: and it would probably be true to say that no borrowed story ever differed so widely from its original as that of Champa Ranee differs from the German tale of the Dog and the Sparrow. If there is absolutely no evidence of borrowing, the notion must be given up, and it should be given up with good-will. Professor Max Müller has rightly set aside, as sneaking, the argument which ascribes to conscious borrowing even those fables which are common to all the branches of the Aryan family. It seems to afford an explanation, when it is really a mere surmise which furnishes none. But it is not the less impossible that the Hindu and the German should each for himself have hit on the idea which makes a bird the avenger of wanton wrong, and brings about the ruin of the wrongdoer through his own acts, while in each case the criminal swallows, or thinks that he has swallowed, his persecutor. Whatever, then, be the origin of the story (and with this it is unnecessary for the present to concern ourselves), its framework belongs, we must conclude, to that distant time when the forefathers of the Hindu, the German, and the Englishman had still a common home in Central Asia.

There are, of course, a vast number of tales, of which it would be very rash to speak positively, but which raise nevertheless some curious and interesting questions. The readers of 'Fraser' will remember Mrs. Oliphant's singularly beautiful story of 'Earthbound,' which appeared in the number for January last. This tale tells us of a girl who had died in early youth, and whose short life was marked by the clinging tenderness which, after death, would not suffer her to leave the scenes which she had loved. More than others about her she had delighted in her home; and when her happy springtime was cut short, her spirit could not tear itself away from her old haunts. She lingers especially round one spot as the slow years roll away; and at length a young man, with a deeper insight than his companions, is enabled to see her and confess his love. She answers him gratefully and tenderly, but without any trace of earthly passion. After his departure 'no one else, so far as we have heard, has been again accosted by the gentle little lady who was earthbound. Perhaps her time of willing punishment is over, and she is earthbound no more.'

This, it may be said, is a very simple framework for a story; but it is as striking as it is simple, and it awakens a keen curiosity to learn how the idea originated. Arguing for another purpose, Mr. Gladstone had said long ago in his 'Homeric Studies' that 'invention cannot absolutely create; it can only work on what it finds already provided to hand;' and the Eastern and Western versions of myths already noticed have shown convincingly how extremely simple may be the framework of very complicated stories, which in spite of all differences in local features and colouring come undoubtedly from the same source. Now in Washington Irving's delightful 'Tales of the Alhambra'[1] we have in the 'Legend of the Three Beautiful Princesses' a character which is precisely that of the gentle lady in 'Earthbound.' Zorayhayda, like her, is bound to her home, even to those objects in it which we might fancy would not be likely to call forth any warm affection. But to every object in it she clings; and when, like her sisters, she wins the love of a Spanish captive, she cannot make up her mind to follow their example, and elope with her lover. She remained in her home and she died young, and the

[1] Due allowance must be made, in examining these tales, for the degree in which the imagination of the narrator may have modified or embellished them. But it must be remembered that Irving disclaims complete originality for any of them, while he declares that he has given some as nearly as he can recollect in the words of his informant. To the latter belongs the noteworthy story entitled the 'Adventure of the Mason,' one of the many tales of plundered treasure-houses which have already come before us in the stories of Rhampsinitos, of Karpara and Gata, of Hyrieus, and of the Master Thief. It is probably not too much to say that those who have given any attention to the subject of comparative mythology will have no difficulty in distinguishing those portions of Irving's Alhambra stories which belong to the local tradition from his additions or embellishments. There can be no question of the substantial genuineness of the story of 'Prince Ahmed-al-Kamel, or the Pilgrim of Love;' and with scarcely less confidence we may speak of the passage relating to Zorayhayda in the legend of the Rose of the Alhambra as obtained by Irving from the story-tellers of the place.

story ran that every night, clad in her Moorish garb, she appeared by the side of the fountain in the patio (the square of grass with its vase-surmounted pedestal in 'Earthbound'), in the hope of being seen by some Christian, at whose hands she might receive baptism and thus be enabled to rest in peace. Generations roll away; and at length a maiden, who despairs of the faithfulness of her lover, sits down one midsummer night disconsolate by the fountain side. 'The poor little damsel's heart was overladen with sad and tender recollections, her tears began to flow, and slowly fell drop by drop into the fountain. By degrees the crystal water became agitated, until a female figure, richly clad in Moorish robes, slowly rose to view.' Like Edmund Coventry, the Rose of the Alhambra the next morning relates her experience to her aunt, and like him is told that she must have been dreaming. Like him also, she resolves on seeing the gentle lady again, if it be possible. 'That what I have seen is no phantasy of the brain,' said she to herself, 'I am confident. If indeed it be the spirit of the gentle Zorayhayda, which I have heard lingers about this tower, of what should I be afraid?' Her hope is realised. The vision excites in her mind a strange tumult of feelings, but she is 'reassured by the soft and plaintive voice of the apparition, and the sweet expression of her pale, melancholy countenance.' The Moorish lady asks if the Maiden will undertake the task of breaking the spell by pouring over her the waters of baptism and uttering the holy words?

'I will,' replied the damsel, trembling. 'Come hither, then, and fear not. Dip thy hand in the fountain, sprinkle the water over me, and baptize me after the manner of thy faith: so shall the enchantment be dispelled, and my troubled spirit have repose.' The damsel advanced with faltering steps, dipped her hand in the fountain, collected water in the palm, and sprinkled it over the pale face of the phantom. The latter smiled with ineffable benignity. She dropped her silver lute at the feet of Jacinta, crossed her white arms upon her bosom, and melted from sight, so that it seemed merely as if a shower of dewdrops had fallen into the fountain.

In this legend we have the essential features and some even of the minuter details in the story of 'Earthbound.' It would be a matter therefore of no little interest to learn whether Mrs. Oliphant has found this tale localised in any English spot; in what shape it first came to her knowledge; and whether there is any clue towards tracing its history. Because it resembles in greater or less degree the Alhambra story, it by no means follows that it is a direct importation from Spain; but, on the other hand, no peculiarities of local colouring will suffice, of themselves, to prove that it is of strictly English origin. The features of 'The Ghost of Lew Trenchard' seem to be absolutely distinctive; and Mr. Baring Gould relates with reference to it a circumstantial tale which might deceive any but the most wary. A young man who had landed from America soon after the death of Madame Gould was riding home to Tavistock.

It was a clear moonlight night, and as he passed through the Lew valley,

with the white rime lying thick on the grass, he noticed a newly ploughed field, in which the plough had been left. On this was seated a lady in white satin, with long brown hair floating down her shoulders. Her face was uplifted and her eyes were directed towards the moon, so that Mr. Symonds had a full view of it. He recognised her at once, and taking off his hat, he called out, 'I wish you a very good-night, Madame.' She bowed in return and waved her hand, the man noticing the sparkle of her diamond rings as she did so. On reaching home, after the first greetings and congratulations, he said to his aged parents, 'What do you think now? I have seen that strange Madame Gould sitting on a plough this time o'night, and with frost on the ground, looking at the moon.' All who heard him started, and a blank expression passed over their countenances. The young man, seeing that he had surprised them more than he had anticipated, asked what was the matter. The reply was, 'Madame was buried three days ago in Lew Church.'

In this story Mr. Baring Gould sees a legend which in its essential features is of great antiquity, and he asserts in plain words that Madame Gould, a lady who died towards the close of the eighteenth century, is 'unquestionably an ancient Saxon goddess (the German Frau Holle) who has fallen from her pedestal and undergone anthropomorphism and localisation.' Such instances, he adds, although rare in England, are common enough in Norway. It would be interesting to learn whether the framework of 'Earthbound' has been provided by any like process; nor must it be forgotten that it is strictly the framework only which is a matter of scientific interest. The details may vary indefinitely; but the myths already examined must surely suffice to show that the divergences of stories manifestly cognate may be profoundly astonishing.

GEORGE W. COX.

Hospital Nursing.

A FEW weeks ago the writer of this paper was conversing with Mr. Bonham Carter, the Secretary to the Nightingale Fund. The writer observed that he had always had a preference for the Nightingale, as opposed to all other so-called 'systems of nursing,' because long experience proved it to be founded upon business principles. Mr. Carter's reply to this remark explains the controversies at present vexing the hospital world with epigrammatic truth: 'Don't call it the Nightingale system! Miss Nightingale repudiates any patent rights in any particular system, as her sole object is to promote everywhere the progress of good nursing. In short, the so-called Nightingale system is really nursing on common-sense principles.' Every hospital committee can easily secure good nursing at their institution, and they will no more need the promptings of any particular system than a doctor needs patent medicines.

Yes! that is exactly what the public ought to be made acquainted with at the present time. Hospital nursing can be efficiently carried out in every institution, if the managers only display a fair amount of common sense. This is proved by many experiences, but perhaps the most convincing is that of Miss Nightingale herself. On her return from the Crimea, she was very anxious to improve the nursing arrangements of British hospitals. With this object she personally visited and investigated the systems in force at all the larger hospitals. As the result of her inquiries and observation, she came to the conclusion that Mrs. Wardroper had brought the nursing at St. Thomas's Hospital to a higher pitch of perfection than any other matron or superintendent, not excepting the lady superiors of the nursing sisterhoods who had charge of King's and University College Hospitals at that time. Realising this, she conferred with the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, and, with the cordial support of the treasurer, Miss Nightingale was allowed to establish there a school for training nurses, and to place it under the direction of the matron, Mrs. Wardroper. In doing this Miss Nightingale had no idea of upsetting the arrangements which had been adopted by Mrs. Wardroper, although she felt that improvements were in several respects possible. On the contrary, she cordially fell in with existing arrangements, and with their aid, and by degrees, Miss Nightingale founded what is now recognised all the world over as the greatest school of English Nursing. Miss Nightingale did not care for the triumph of her own particular crotchets, views, systems, what you will. She simply desired to make English nursing better and better, until it gradually became worthy of the reputation of a great people. Others have started special systems—sisterhoods,

metropolitan and national associations, training schools, and other high-sounding organisations for the promotion of high-class nursing —and have, as a rule, signally failed to meet the wants of these busy times in which we live. Why? Because they have fought for the triumph of personal influence, and not solely for the steadily developed progress of right principles of nursing. Hence it is not surprising that whereas a simple matron of the Nightingale class was enabled to gradually make the nursing of a workhouse hospital like the Highgate Infirmary as efficient as any in the kingdom, without any conflict whatever, the ladies superior and superintendents-general have all more or less failed to accomplish even moderate reforms without many bitter conflicts, often ending in numerous resignations, bringing serious monetary losses to the institutions concerned.

All that is really required for nursing reform anywhere is money, a little patience, and the services of a gentlewoman possessed of some experience and much common-sense. Such a woman, with tact, discreet action, and a regard for the rights and feelings of others, will effect the needful changes in two years' time to the satisfaction of everyone, and to the great advantage and comfort of the hospital patients, who, after all, are, or ought to be, the chief consideration. This much Miss Nightingale has proved to demonstration by training a numerous body of ladies who have introduced good nursing into English hospitals in all parts of the country, without bitterness and without strife. Yet it is unfortunately too common an experience nowadays that a lady who is deputed to introduce some particular and doubly warranted system of nursing into an English hospital where there is cause for complaint, signals her advent by some radical and specially aggressive changes which she is pleased to say it is necessary to carry through at once in order to assert her lawful authority, and to take up a just position in the institution. It will be noticed in all such cases that the objectionable step has always been taken to assert the authority and to assure the right position of the individual. It is not to introduce good or even better nursing, it is not to enable the patients to be better taken care of, but it is invariably to assert a principle of personal government. The writer's experience leads him to believe that hospital committees or treasurers will do well to regard the manifestation of this symptom at the outset as deserving of grave suspicion, as indeed is every system which does not sink the personal identity of the individual in the good of the cause it nominally professes to advance.

It is now twenty years since attention was first attracted to the reform of Hospital Nursing. At that time people were beginning to feel that the days of 'Sairey Gamp' ought to be numbered. The writer well remembers how frequently the doctor on entering the ward failed to observe a nurse in readiness to receive and attend him. Whilst hesitating as to his course, a figure would rise from the floor at the end of the ward, would drop a scrubbing-brush into the bucket beside her, and would unroll her apron. Then, coming

forth from her corner, she would address the physician, whilst still smoothing down her apron, with the words, 'Yes, doctor!' The scrubber and the nurse were in those days one and the same person in the majority of English hospitals. Of course there were exceptions, but as a rule the two offices were combined. Of the night nurses it may be said that they were for the most part non-resident, that they came on duty at 8 P.M., and that they left at 9 in the morning. Having been engaged for the greater part of the day in domestic duties at home, and being allowed no food by the hospital authorities, it is not surprising that this class of nurse was paid half-a-guinea a week for consenting to sleep in the hospital ward instead of in her own bed at home. The writer has known instances where it has been seriously argued that it was not necessary to have a smart nurse for night duty, because, forsooth, there was so little nursing to do at night. And yet it is when darkness approaches that patients become, as a rule, worse, and in bad cases life itself may be sacrificed because the skilful hand is not ready to apply the needful relief. Nevertheless, the above sentiment as to night nurses was a popular axiom twenty years ago, and hence the non-resident night nurse was the rule in our hospitals and not the exception.

In Scotland the nursing has always until quite recent years been worse than in England. Ten years ago the nursing at the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, for example, was in all respects unsatisfactory. But an excellent system is now in force there, as we shall see later on.

In Ireland even now hospital nursing needs great improvement. Four years ago the writer paid his first visit to Ireland. Accustomed to the filth of many of the lower quarters of English cities, he was yet quite unprepared for the horrible uncleanness of Dublin. The hospitals, with the exception of the Mater, were abominably dirty; the floors, the bedding, everything disgusted and pained him greatly. Had some of them been situated in Russia or Siberia, the condition of affairs could scarcely have been worse. Since then, however, thanks to Dr. Grimshaw and the Dublin Hospital Sunday Committee, hospital management has greatly improved, and, judging by the experience of a second inspection last winter, the writer believes that ultimately the filthy will be made clean even in that dear but dirty city. In Dublin at the present time better nursing and better nurses are everywhere being sought for and secured. Briefly, then, nursing reform has actively progressed in England since 1860, in Scotland since 1870, and in Ireland during the past four or five years. Everywhere there are encouraging signs of a needful awakening, and the best results may, therefore, be speedily anticipated.

What, then, are the merits claimed for the modern system of nursing, and in what does it consist? Briefly, that every woman, before she assumes any position of responsibility in the nursing department of a hospital, shall be properly trained for the work. No matter how high or how humble the duties connected with her

ffice, there is a right and a wrong way to discharge those duties, nd she must first be trained in the right. Training necessitates ntelligence in the trained, and hence the raw material has been ecessarily improved, and younger women are selected than of yore.

The new system may be considered from three aspects: the superntendents, the nurses, and the circumstances under which both are mployed. Let us examine the last first. It cannot be too widely nown that there are hospitals and hospitals. That is to say, there re hospitals having medical schools, and others where no medical nstruction is given. At the former there will be a large body of nedical students, who will require the utmost facilities for using the aw material, which the wards can alone supply. Here, then, the nties and responsibilities of the nurses will be much lessened. No ressing or other minor surgical or medical work will be required om the sisters and nurses. All such privileges for practice belong xclusively to the dressers and students who have to gain all their ractical knowledge of a surgeon's work in the hospital wards. It an easily be understood, therefore, that much work of an interesting ind is necessarily taken from the nurses at those hospitals, called linical, where there are medical schools.

At the county and other hospitals, where there are no students, all his is changed. There a nurse is of little use unless she can undertake much of the dressing, the taking of temperatures, the testing f various matters, and much of the minor medical work which elsehere devolves upon the student. The nurse under these altered ircumstances has much more to do, and her work is, on the whole, of more responsible and interesting character. It happens, therefore, that a nurse trained wholly at a clinical hospital, where she has ew opportunities of learning dressing, &c., is of little use in an nstitution where there are no students and few skilled assistants. n the other hand, a nurse who has been trained at a county hospital, here she has, to use a popular phrase, 'done everything,' is likely become discontented and disheartened should she find herself suddenly placed in the large ward of a clinical hospital. The results of uch a transition may be witnessed at Guy's Hospital at the present me. At Guy's a lady was brought from the Leicester Infirmary, large county hospital having no medical school, to take charge of ie nursing. She brought with her a staff of nurses, trained on the on-medical school model. She heard and she believed that the hole system of nursing at Guy's Hospital must be sent to the rightouts bag and baggage. Imbued with these opinions, her first npressions were confirmed by the reports she received from day to ay from her staff of nurses, who, finding the most interesting ortion of their work taken from them, were firmly impressed with ie belief that the old system of nursing at Guy's Hospital was tten to the core. It is needless to dwell upon the result. The conct which is raging at Guy's Hospital is only the effect of a want experience of nursing in all its branches. Had the treasurer had

the wit to realise the position of affairs at the outset, all the lamentable uproar which has since arisen would have been avoided. Had the medical staff been called in consultation on, or better still *before*, Miss Burt's arrival, no disturbance would have occurred. As it was, the position of affairs was not realised by the one-sided or only half-experienced nurses of the county hospital, who agitated for their rights, as they considered them; while they failed to see that if they got their way, it would be impossible to have a medical school at all. In a word, at a clinical hospital the nurse must be content to perform the ordinary duties appertaining to her position, and to leave to the student the dressing, the testing, and the temperatures which, in other institutions, it may have been her privilege to undertake. Nursing is a many-sided profession, and no one should attempt to introduce a new system into a large hospital unless they are fully familiar with all sides. Had Miss Burt and her nurses realised this, had they been more patient, conciliatory, and discreet, they might have done much good at Guy's Hospital. As it is, they have not only brought discord into that establishment, but they have discredited good nursing to a degree which can scarcely be realised at present. No one has a greater respect for Miss Burt, or a firmer belief in her ability, than the writer of this paper; but the conduct of the controversy at Guy's points to an absence of capacity all round to realise the exact position of affairs which is almost inexplicable.

English people are growing less and less in love with despotism, and recent experience shows that hospital government by treasurers is at best a doubtful experiment. For years the system may answer well; but, sooner or later, when so much power is left in the hands of one individual, a serious blunder will be made, which will probably be followed by others, as the blunderer tries in vain to make good a false position which he ought never to have assumed. Hence all who have watched the controversy at Guy's Hospital are convinced, that although at the present time much evil has resulted, still in the end it will prove a fatal blow to the most prominent evils in a system of government which is rapidly falling into discredit. No great public institution ought in fact to be left to the control of one individual, and the sooner such an anachronism is modernised the better for the welfare of the charity. No more striking proof of its failure exists than that afforded by the knowledge that inmates of the institution have been permitted to remain on duty within its walls after they have wantonly endeavoured to injure its fair fame by unworthy and false statements out of doors. A house divided against itself is sure to fall. A system which allows any part of its organisation to prey upon the remainder deserves to, and will most assuredly, fall to pieces. Of the many sad instances of weakness which the Guy's Hospital controversy has brought to light, that which permitted Miss Lonsdale to remain a member of the staff after the publication of the article in the 'Nineteenth Century,' is

surely the worst. In no other institution in the country would a member of the staff be allowed, without remonstrance, to publicly challenge the conduct of all concerned in its management, from the president to the humblest official. That there should be an exception to this rule shows that the undue heat which a prolonged controversy has aroused has blinded the judgment of the head of its administration to the importance of remembering that, after all, self-preservation is the first law of nature.

And yet the article on 'The Nursing Crisis at Guy's,' if severe in its strictures on the staff, was certainly far more condemnatory of the feeble and incompetent supervision of the treasurer and governors. The writer cannot help feeling that, uncontradicted, the article was one of the severest censures ever passed upon the treasurer and governors of a charitable institution. Yet no steps were, or have been, spontaneously taken by these gentlemen to protect their own or the institution's honour. The knowledge of this fact is a startling proof of the personal character of the controversy which is still raging at Guy's Hospital.

In passing on to the consideration of the first aspect under which it is proposed to examine the new system of nursing, it becomes necessary to say at the outset that the following remarks are based upon considerable personal experience, and that the facts can be verified if necessary. In considering a large question like hospital nursing, the truth ought fearlessly to be stated, or the evils of the new system will never be remedied. What, then, is the first aspect we have to consider?—the superintendent or head of the nursing department. How is this official trained for her work? She is, first of all, admitted as a lady, or as an ordinary probationer, and she receives at least twelve months' training in nursing. This course of preliminary instruction is both desirable and necessary. It is desirable, because to control others in any station of life, we should have an accurate knowledge of the details of the work entrusted to each person under our charge. It is necessary, because unless a matron or lady superintendent has an accurate knowledge of nursing in all its branches, she will never make a competent chief of department. It is found, however, in practice that although the remuneration offered by hospital committees grows increasingly liberal, there is often a dearth of good and competent candidates for these appointments. Probably this statement will cause surprise, because it is known that of late years an increasing number of ladies have offered themselves as lady probationers. This is doubtless true, but it must be remembered that a multitude of weakness does not make strength. That a larger number of ladies come forward to offer themselves for training every year cannot be denied, but the writer's experience leads him to believe that if the candidates have increased in number, the proportion of those who ultimately grow into competent nurses is less than formerly. Indeed, it may be well to state that the applicants

who enter as lady probationers may be roughly grouped in two divisions:—

1. Those ladies who take up nursing from religious motives.

2. From preference for the work, and with the view of earning livelihood.

There are those who undertake nursing for a time from more or less personal motives, but we need not concern ourselves with them here.

The two classes we have mentioned are practically united in aim, and are the backbone upon which hospital committees have mainly to rely for the superintendents of nursing. It often happens however, that a severe conscientiousness prevents members of the first class from ever doing the full amount of efficient work for which they are specially fitted. To give one example out of many known to the writer. A lady by birth and education, who had to earn her own living, chose nursing by preference, and on religious grounds as the means to that end. She was thoroughly trained, and became one of the most competent nurses in the country. Capable as an administrator, conciliatory in manner, tender as a nurse, and possessing the power of winning the affections of her patients and of the nurses under her, she never became the head of a large institution. Why? Because she was so punctiliously conscientious, that is to say, she stood always in her own light. She was ever troubled about trifles. Thus, when she was selected as one of two for a post of responsibility, she invariably appeared in garments resembling those of a religious order, although she held herself aloof from all such organisations. When remonstrated with by her friends, she would claim the right of independent judgment, and declare that as long as she was a nurse, she would wear a distinctive uniform. If asked by one of the electing body if she was a member of a sisterhood, she would resent such inquiries, and would by her manner excite a prejudice against her. If a cause was unpopular, and should any of her friends be associated with it, she would often join them, especially if there had been any little disagreement between them recently. Her reason for this course was that it humbled her, and if she brought discredit upon herself thereby, she held that she deserved to suffer for her former fault. Actuated by the highest principles she lacked common sense, and when eventually appointed lady superintendent of nursing to a large hospital, her conscientious discharge of duty rendered her administration a failure, because her zeal was not tempered by discretion. There are many such characters in the nursing world. It is to be regretted that so much that is admirable should be rendered absolutely useless because religious enthusiasm seems in such cases to remove all adequate appreciation of the necessarily practical character of our dealings with others.

The second class stands out by itself. It includes the majority of lady probationers, and it is being rapidly recruited as to numbers

each year. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that as one swallow does not make a summer, so a year, two, nay, five years' training in nursing will not necessarily produce a competent matron or lady superintendent. To the qualities of a skilled nurse several other most important qualifications must be added. To wit, a knowledge of the world and of character, the power to organise without friction but with efficiency, firmness, tact, discretion, and unselfish adherence to duty. All these and many more qualities will be necessary before a lady can hope to be a success in such an office. It is not surprising that it is found more difficult in practice in the present day to secure the services of a really competent woman for the head of the nursing department than to introduce a new and efficient system of nursing. It follows likewise that where efficient nursing has found a home, it has often only remained efficient so long as a competent lady has been in charge of the department. Change your superintendent, and no matter how efficient the system, it will become a dead letter in twelve months unless the new comer is up to her work. The field is a large one, the remuneration is fairly liberal, but the labourers are at present few. Some four hundred posts, varying in value from 35*l.* to 150*l.* per annum, exclusive of board, residence, &c., are now open in the United Kingdom in connection with the medical charities alone. Yet so few, comparatively speaking, are the candidates available, that there is little, if any, choice. Everyone regrets the fact, and no one who has a knowledge of such matters fails to recognise that the absence of competent gentlewomen for such posts is much to be regretted. Knowing this, all who are actively engaged in the practical details of hospital administration have read Miss Lonsdale's article with pain, because she has (unwittingly no doubt, but none the less certainly) lessened the chances of a sufficient supply of competent ladies for these posts in the future. The chief of the nursing department of a hospital has great responsibility, her duties are onerous, and her competency is a necessity if the new system is to be successful anywhere. For these reasons, her position, prospects, and training form probably the most important factor in successful hospital nursing in the present day.

Lastly, what position do the nurses occupy in the new system? Necessarily an important one. Without their aid, and unless they are efficient, good hospital nursing must be conspicuous by its absence. At the outset, the writer's preference for a common-sense system of nursing, in preference to a sisterhood or other outside organisation, was declared. His experience convinces him that any institution can, to say the least, secure as good a system of nursing within its walls, by placing the department under the direction of a competent lady selected by the committee, as it can by calling in the aid of an outside authority, which, like all outsiders, will not only cost a great deal of money, but will also demand large privileges. A nursing sisterhood or training school is too apt to use the hospital wards as a means to the particular end of such bodies—private nursing. The

writer recognises and is fully conscious of the great good which the sisterhood of St. John's House, for example, has effected. To it we owe much improvement in the comfort, the circumstances, and the position of matrons and nurses alike. By its wise selection of competent ladies many hospital committees have been placed under great obligations. But when all has been fully allowed that can be allowed in favour of sisterhoods of this character, it cannot be doubted that the result attained is scarcely adequate when the cost is considered. An *imperium in imperio* is never a system to commend itself to the judgment of a wise administrator, and the unhappy conflicts which have been waged in the past justify the most prudent of hospital managers in their preference for other methods of attaining the desired result. Thus the Nightingale or common-sense system has great advantages. Given a competent matron, who understands her work, it places such a woman under proper control, and leaves her within reasonable limits and after consultation with the medical staff to effect the needful changes in the nursing department. This plan is sure to work well. To quote an instance. At the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, under the able guidance of the General-Superintendent, Mr. F. C. Fasson, such a system has revolutionised the whole nursing department, to the great credit of everyone concerned, without any disturbance or conflict of authority. Years ago Miss Jones, of Liverpool, built up a model school of English nursing on this system with success. At Winchester, at York, at Norwich, at the Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, and at many other places, the common-sense system has done wonders in a short time, and without causing bickerings or discomfort. The method adopted is almost everywhere the same. It is assumed at the outset that a nurse will attach herself to the school at which she is trained. Like a student at college, there is none in her estimation to equal, much less to rival, that at which she was trained. The system, the training, the arrangements, leave little, in her opinion, to be desired. Hence a constant supply of competent nurses is always available at the institutions where the common-sense system is at work. It is known to the more experienced hospital managers that a nurse who is really good all round will not be allowed to leave the hospital where she was trained for the sake of a few pounds a year in wages. Hence it usually happens that, when a trained nurse is advertised for, the applicants for such a post if really 'trained' in the right sense of the word, have been allowed to leave their *alma mater* because they possess some special vice. It may be temper, untruthfulness, flightiness, disobedience to orders, want of application, insobriety, or some other failing which has proved too much for the patience of the authorities at her first school. Whether it be one or several of these traits of character, experience proves that they are sure to be present. Hence, to advertise for a trained nurse is almost to tempt providence, as it often leads to the introduction of an element into the hospital world which had better have been left outside. Unless a hospital

trains its own staff of nurses, this part of its administrative work must always be in an unsatisfactory state. Those who question this assertion can have had little practical experience in hospital management.

The following history of one year's work at an institution having an average of between 150 and 200 occupied beds will prove instructive and interesting. During twelve months ending April 30, 1880, 121 respectable young women—farmers' and tradesmen's daughters, milliners, upper servants, and others—applied to be taken on as probationer nurses. These young women came from all parts of the country, from the counties of Cornwall, York, Lancaster, Warwick, Norfolk, Sussex, Northumberland, Hampshire, and Kent, and many other places. It may therefore be concluded that they fairly represent the average type of the classes to which they belong. The results are not encouraging, but they will show the public that, although very many young women think themselves capable of becoming good nurses, very few can stand the preliminary test of one year's probation. Of the whole 121, 50 applicants were not written to, as they appeared on the surface to be unsuitable for the work. Of 71 to whom forms were sent, 58 did not continue their application, as they found the work too hard or to offer insufficient attractions to induce them to undertake it. Two others were rejected by the authorities as too young, and one proved unsuitable before entering on her duties. Of the whole number but ten remain to be accounted for. Of these but four have turned out really competent nurses. Of the remaining six, two broke down in health after a few months' trial, two left to be married, one had no capacity for the work, and the last, a young farmer's daughter, aged twenty-four, was found to be a confirmed drunkard. It will be seen from the above figures, that out of the whole number of applicants less than 3 per cent. proved efficient, and of those who were retained for twelve months only 40 per cent. stood the test.

The authorities of the Nightingale Fund find that about 60 per cent. of their probationers ultimately continue as trained nurses. The reason is not far to seek. Nursing is an arduous, a responsible, and a trying occupation. The confinement, the anxiety, and the disagreeables prove too much for the feelings, the health, and the patience of a great number of young women. Although a good income, a reasonable amount of independence, the prospect of a pension after long service, and fair chances of promotion are offered as inducements to remain, unless a woman really takes kindly to nursing all these will prove insufficient to retain her services. Anyone who considers the question fairly will at once perceive that hospital managers have great difficulties to overcome. For this reason, when once they have successfully trained a good nurse, as we have before said, they will take great pains to keep her in their service. Hence the 'trained nurses' who offer themselves for engagement are not usually in all respects desirable, and so some of the

nurses from the so-called Nurses' Homes, which are sent into private families, prove anything but satisfactory.

Of course, a hospital committee can avoid all the trouble incidental to training a number of nurses for their work by contracting with an association or a sisterhood to supply what they require. This method, however, costs at least a third more, and it necessitates—if King's College Hospital may be taken as a fair sample of the system—that the medical staff, and for that matter the managers generally, shall allow the nursing to be put first in everything. Briefly, it means first the nursing, and then what you please, but nothing must interfere with the nurses or their superiors. Few hospitals will submit to such a system. Under it, the students and the resident medical officers suffer many injustices. The failings of previous holders of the resident appointments form a sort of accumulated list of vagaries, which the lady superior considers it her duty to guard against. In the case of a new comer he is warned that he must not commit any one of these offences; and as each little failing is carefully noted, the list soon assumes alarming proportions. On the other hand, the sisterhoods really nurse their patients most efficiently. The number of nurses, the system of training, and the class of women engaged all commend the system to imitation and approval. Its great fault is that it arrogates to itself an authority which it is not entitled to possess, and which it is desirable the nursing department should never assume in English hospitals. It further necessitates frequent changes in the *personnel* of the staff of each ward, a method of nursing which is fatal to the comfort of the patients and the medical staff. It, however, enables the lady superior to show her authority and to exercise it at pleasure, and so this last regulation forms a prominent feature in the nursing system of all sisterhoods. If any hospital managers desire to appreciate fully the evils of nursing sisterhoods, and the dangers of allowing them to take too prominent a place in the English system of hospital administration, let them visit the French hospitals, and make inquiries there. Anything more unsatisfactory can scarcely be conceived, and the cost is too great to render a general extension of the system probable or desirable.

In saying this much the writer wishes to declare his conviction that all systems should find a home on English soil. He rejoices that St. John's House, for instance, is prosperous and in vigorous health. It has done much for English nursing, and the opportunities it possesses, of showing what a sisterhood can do, are most desirable and satisfactory. It is efficient and expensive as a system of nursing, and its drawbacks have already been referred to. These drawbacks render a universal adoption of this system impossible; and the writer, whilst recognising fully its many merits, rejoices in the knowledge that this is necessarily the case.

On the other hand, the common-sense system, which Miss *Nightingale* recommended and instituted, is the one best adapted to

English ideas. Ladies trained at St. John's House have found no difficulty in carrying such a system into practice. The reason is obvious. Given a gentlewoman possessed of common sense, some administrative ability, and a good knowledge of nursing, and any hospital committee can easily and at small cost make its nursing arrangements as efficient as any in the country,—at small cost because the gradual training of nurses for the work enables a greater number to be engaged in the hospital wards without much increased expenditure. Such a system will commend itself to the approval of all connected with a medical charity, because the sole reason for its existence is not that it may train private nurses, but that the hospital patients may be efficiently nursed. For this reason everything is sacrificed to the good of the patients and to the interests of the hospital. All engaged in the work are animated by a feeling of pride in the prosperity of the institution with which they are connected. It is to them the one object to which their whole energies are devoted, and so nothing but good results from such a system. No divided allegiance is theirs. No sisterhood claims their first and best attention. On the contrary, from the highest to the lowest, one sentiment animates the whole staff—a desire to see their hospital take the first place for efficiency in all its departments. This is the grand end to be everywhere attained. Such being the case, knowing it can only be secured by the system here advocated, we commend it with confidence to the adoption of hospital authorities throughout the country.

The following brief details, as to the system of nursing actually pursued at Guy's Hospital and the London Hospital previous to November 1879, may interest many readers who have had their attention directed to the subject by the course of recent controversy, in which we have not felt it necessary to engage. We have preferred to give our own views and a statement of facts bearing on the wider question, the result of much experience:—

Guy's Hospital.—For the past ten years each ward of twenty-four beds has been nursed by a sister, a day nurse, a night nurse, and an assistant nurse, commonly called a probationer. To these must be added a ward-maid to scrub the floors, and to do what is known as the menial work of the ward. All nurses, whether they have served in a similar capacity or not in other hospitals, must, before appointment as a trained nurse, have remained a given time on probation at reduced pay. The period of probation varied with the attainments of the probationer, but it was never less than six months. In the selection of probationers, preference was given to a good class of domestic servants, varying in age from twenty-two to forty, married women, where possible, being allotted to male wards. In training a probationer, great attention was always given to the necessity of securing as varied an experience as possible, and she was moved about from one part of the hospital to another to accustom her to medical and surgical work. In addition to the regular staff, twelve special nurses were retained for extra duty, half of which number were

trained nurses, the others being placed under the sisters in different wards. The sisters have always been selected from ladies in the middle class of life, who have had previous opportunities of practical housekeeping, and who were required to serve for a time, six months or a year,—under the regular sister before they were finally appointed. They were not engaged before the age of thirty, or after forty years of age. The duties were of a multifarious character, as the sister was the medium of communication between the medical officer and the patient, and she was constantly in communication with the executive of the hospital. Several widows and daughters of medical men and clergymen have held and still hold this office, and all have received an excellent education, and are respectably connected.

The London Hospital.—There is a regular training home and school for nurses in connection with this hospital, which is in charge of the matron. Each sister has charge of a ward under the direction of the matron. The nursing staff consists of day, night, and probation nurses, and no probationer is appointed a nurse until she has undergone a thorough training in all the duties of the office. Nearly all the present staff have been trained at the hospital. The majority were formerly domestic servants of the most respectable class. At the end of twelve months' training, if competent, the probationers were engaged as nurses, but their training was not considered complete until the expiration of three years' service, when they received a certificate of competency. No one was engaged as a night nurse unless she had been first trained as a probationer, and the night nurses received higher wages than the day nurses. There are, and have been for many years, two night sisters or superintendents, who inspect and visit the wards during the night, so that it is impossible that the night nurses should neglect their duties, or that the day sisters should be disturbed. The sisters are nearly all ladies, who have been thoroughly trained in nursing, and who are competent in all respects to discharge the duties devolving upon them. Five ladies were always in training for the office of sister, and by this means a good reserve in case of a vacancy was always available.

The foregoing brief statements of the actual condition of the nursing at the two great metropolitan hospitals attacked by Miss Lonsdale are taken from the 'Medical Times,' and have been verified by personal investigation. They sufficiently dispose of an article which has attracted far too much attention, and we purposely refrain from comment. A reference to the April number of the 'Nineteenth Century,' and a comparison between facts and fiction, will best dispose of the points at issue. Dr. Steele, the Superintendent of Guy's Hospital, so long ago as the year 1869, in an excellent and valuable paper on 'Hospital Nursing,' showed how groundless even at that period were many of the serious charges made by Miss Lonsdale. The nursing of twenty years ago has been made to do duty for the more modern system of to-day, and necessarily a very pretty quarrel

has resulted. It is not our intention to take a hand in the rubber. More than enough has been said and apologised for already, and we shall therefore spare our readers from any such nursing 'polemics.' On a future occasion it is our hope and intention to give a more detailed description of some of the many so-called systems of nursing. For the present we are content to leave the question here. It is hoped, however, that no hospital managers will henceforth hesitate boldly to take the bull by the horns when they desire to rearrange their system of nursing. With a fair amount of common sense, the right kind of matron, and some patience, they are sure to succeed in their venture, and the sooner they try the experiment under such circumstances the better for all concerned.

HENRY C. BURDETT.

POSTSCRIPT.

An army in rebellion against its general in the face of the enemy is happily a rare, an almost impossible, contingency. A Ministry refusing to resign or to give up the reins of government in spite of a hostile majority in both Houses of Parliament has to be born. Yet the state of affairs at Guy's Hospital, as we write, embraces both positions, and threatens to ruin a great institution. Since last November events have been growing worse and worse. Sisters and nurses have been constantly leaving, the medical staff has been completely upset, the resident officers have for the most part taken sides one against the other, and now the students in a body, countenanced by the resident medical officers, have hissed the Treasurer when in the discharge of his duties within the hospital itself. The question may well be asked, Where are the patients, and how are they faring? Surely the time has come when an end should be put to this most regrettable controversy. We have refrained as far as possible from any allusion to these events in the foregoing paper, but the crisis of to-day is too serious for silence. The facts which are patent to outsiders are that, from whatever cause, the present administrative chief of Guy's Hospital is unable to carry on the efficient working of the institution, or to maintain the necessary discipline. If this state of things continues, one of our greatest medical charities will be permanently discredited. The governors ought promptly to interfere, or neither patients nor first-year students, for that matter, are likely to seek admission to the walls of Guy's Hospital.

H. C. B.

June 18, 1880.

The Book of Job.

A Literary and Biographical Study.

It has been remarked by a Jewish writer[1] that Semitic modes of thought and expression still remain much more remote from Western comprehension than those of Aryan races. The reason which he gives for this is one not altogether creditable to students of the Bible. No doubt, the study of classical antiquity accounts partly for our sympathy with the Aryan type of culture; but considering the large space still occupied by the Bible in our thoughts and in our system of education, it seems not unreasonable to demand that almost equal sympathy should be accorded to the Semitic. It is not so, however; and we are only awaking to the truth that the Old Testament at least is worth studying as a literature, and that the Christian interpretation of it is only admissible as a superstructure reared upon (though by no means a mere derivative of) the literary and philological. Hence in order to bring the Book of Job nearer to the modern Western mind, it is necessary to compare it, on the literary side, with the loftiest modern Western poems of a moral and religious import; only then shall we discover the points in which it is distinctively ancient, Oriental, and Semitic. Our great Puritan poet, himself attracted at one time chiefly to Classical and Renaissance art and literature, seems to have had a special fondness among the Biblical writings for the Book of Job, which he calls 'a brief model' of 'that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse (model),' and in the judgment of S. T. Coleridge, the poetic dialogue of Job was Milton's pattern for the general scheme of his 'Paradise Regained.' 'Paradise Lost,' however, has in virtue of its subject a greater affinity to the Book of Job than 'Paradise Regained.' Like 'Job,' it is a theodicy, though of a more complex character, and aims

> . . . . . (to) assert eternal Providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man.

And the author of 'Paradise Lost,' though not to be equalled with the founders of Biblical religion, is still distinguished from all modern poets (except Dante and Bunyan) by his singularly intense faith in the operations of the Divine Spirit. That prayer of his, beginning 'And chiefly Thou, O Spirit,' and a well-known parallel passage in his 'Reason of Church Government,' prove conclusively that he held no contracted views as to the limits of Inspiration. This, in addition to his natural gifts, explains the overpowering

[1] Dr. Goldziher, in his *Ancient Hebrew Mythology*.

impression of reality produced by the visions of Milton, and in a still greater degree by those of our Puritan prose-poet, John Bunyan. A similar faith in the divine Spirit, but more original and less affected by logical theories, was one great characteristic of the author of 'Job.' He felt, like all the religious 'wise men' (of whom more presently), that true wisdom was beyond mortal ken, and could only be obtained by an influence from above. In the strength of this confidence he ventured, like Milton, on untrodden paths, and presumed to chronicle, in symbolic form, transactions of the spiritual world. Have we not—that is, religious people in general—reason to humble ourselves for our low thoughts of the mighty gift of the Spirit, when we see what a 'tried money-changer' this ancient Israelite was with the comparatively small talent committed to him? Without going so far as the author of 'Ecce Christianus,' who asserts that 'the Church of Christ for the last eighteen centuries has held a false notion as to the power and range of faith in Christ' (p. 86), we may and ought to admit that the bracing intellectual effects of the Indwelling of the Holy Spirit are not generally felt as they ought to be, simply because they are not looked for. 'According unto your faith, be it unto you':—this law of the spiritual world is enforced alike by the prophets and poets of the Old Testament, by the Apostles of the New, and by the two Puritan poets of our own land.

'Faust' has in some respects a better right to be compared with 'Job' than 'Paradise Lost.' Not so much, however, in the Prologue, where the superficial resemblance is the strongest; for Mephistopheles, the personification of critical ironry, has none of the characteristic features of his professed ancestor. But in the body of the poem there is this marked similarity to the Book of Job—that the problem treated of is a purely moral and spiritual one; the hero first loses and then recovers his peace of mind; it is the counterpart in pantheistic humanism of what St. Paul terms 'working out one's own salvation.' But there are great and most instructive divergences between the two writers. Observe, first, the complete want of sympathy with positive religion—with the religion from which Faust wanders—on the part of the modern poet. Next, a striking difference in the characteristics of Job and Faust respectively. Faust succumbs to his boundless love of knowledge, alternating with an unbridled sensual lust; Job is on the verge of spiritual ruin through his demand for such an absolute correspondence of circumstances to character as can only be realised in another world. The greatness of Faust lies in his intellect; that of Job (who in chap. xxviii. directly discourages speculation) in his virtue. Hence, finally, Faust requires (even from a pantheistic point of view) to be pardoned, while Job stands so high in the divine favour that others are pardoned on his account.

A third great poem which deserves to be compared with 'Job' is the *Divina Commedia*. Dante has the same purpose of edification as the author of 'Job' and even of 'Faust,' though he has not been

able to fuse the didactic and narrative elements with such complete success as Goethe. Nor is he so intensely autobiographical as either Goethe or the author of 'Job;' his own story is almost inextricably interlaced with the fictions which he frames as the representative of the human race. He allows us to see that he has had doubts (*Parad.* iv. 129), and that they have yielded to the convincing power of Christianity (*Purgat.* iii. 34–39), but it was not a part of his plan to disclose, like the author of 'Job,' the vicissitudes of his mental history. In two points, however—the width of his religious sympathies and the morning freshness of his descriptions of nature—he comes nearer to the author of 'Job' than Goethe or even Milton, while in the absoluteness and fervour of his faith his only modern rival is Milton.

So much for the general literary affinities of the Book of Job. It is analogous to the three great moral and religious efforts of the Western imagination, from which it differs mainly in the greater simplicity of the moral problem discussed, in the greater originality of the poet, and above all in his fuller consciousness of inspiration. For the literary form of 'Job' it is more difficult to find a Western parallel. Bishop Lowth, and after him Delitzsch, maintain that it is a drama, not indeed in the European style (for the Israelites had no theatre), but in its vivid presentation of several distinct characters in a tragic situation. The view that it is an epic has been rarely held, but found favour, as we have seen, with one no less than John Milton. Something is to be said for this opinion, if Milton's two great works are specimens of epic poetry. But considering the preponderance of dialogue over narrative in the former we shall do best to consider it a germinal dramatic poem, a stage or two behind the passion-plays of Persia, Tyrol, and Spain; though indeed a closer parallel will be found in the singular *Makâmas* or 'Sessions' of Hariri, translated by Mr. Chenery, late Lord Almoner's Professor at Oxford.

The next important point to be determined is the circle from which the Book of Job proceeded. The author evidently belonged to the so-called 'wise men,' or moral teachers, to whom so important a part was allotted by Providence in the religious education of their people, and who were as distinctively Jewish as the philosophers were characteristically Greek. It was the custom of the 'wise men' to sit in the gate or 'broad place,' and there to give advice to the men and women who consulted them on points of moral practice—to individuals, be it observed, and not, like the prophets, to a whole assembly. There appears to have been two classes of 'wise men,' just as there were two classes of prophets; and as Jeremiah calls his opponents (and could not but call them, if his own spiritual experiences were well-founded) 'prophets that prophesy lies' (Jer. xxiii. 26), so there was a class of 'wise men' who received the opprobrious title of the 'mockers,' which not improbably includes the notion of

free-thinking.[2] It is easy to understand how this came to pass. One characteristic of Hebrew 'wisdom' is its tendency to attach but little weight to religious forms in comparison with moral practice. To a really religious man this tendency might be harmless, and even positively beneficial; we see how even the prophets were compelled to accuse their countrymen of empty formalism. But to a worldly-minded man it might be extremely dangerous; who has not seen how the omission of special forms of worship speedily revenges itself on the average moral character? Even now we are told that an Arab who pretends to philosophy (or what the Hebrews would call 'wisdom') is generally three parts a free-thinker. Islam is of as little importance to him as Mosaism was to these 'mockers' in the age of the Book of Proverbs. Both classes of Israelitish 'wise men' agreed, however, in this, that they planted their moral teaching on the firm basis of experience; but, whereas the 'scoffers' either ignored or denied the Jehovah of the true prophets, the true 'wise men' (if the phrase may be used) were always respectful, and sometimes warm and hearty adherents of true religion. A great part of the Book of Proverbs may with justice be described as simply respectful to religion, but that glorious little treatise (Prov. i.–ix.), which now introduces the work, is coloured by a religious emotion, which the great prophets would not have disowned. The author of Prov. i.–ix. adopts a more free and flowing style than was customary among the 'wise men,' who indeed were not, generally speaking, literati. He addresses by preference the wealthier class, to which he seems himself to have belonged; and his favourite images are drawn from the life of the merchant.[3] Evidently he lived in a prosperous age, when it was not difficult to receive the doctrine that outward prosperity attends the righteous. The exhortations to follow after Wisdom are entirely based upon the assumption that the wise (and pious) man must also be prosperous.[4] And yet there is evidence even in Prov. i.–ix. of the ingress of scepticism, caused probably by some recent events in Israelitish history. In words which remind us of Psalms xxxvii. and lxxiii. the writer exclaims—

> Envy thou not the man of violence,
> And have thou pleasure in none of his ways . . .
> The curse of Jehovah is in the house of the ungodly,
> But the habitation of the righteous He blesseth (iii. 31–33);

and looking back from his haven of rest on the storms which had shaken the Jewish state—

> Truly, whom Jehovah loveth, He correcteth,
> And as a father the son in whom He delighteth (iii. 12).

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[2] See Prov. xiv. 6, xix. 25, 27, xxi. 11.
[3] See Prov. ii. 4, iii. 13–15, iv. 7, vii. 19, 20 (especially), viii. 10, 18–21.
[4] See Prov. i. 32, ii. 21, 22, iii. 1–10, ix. 11, 12, 18.

There are such manifest resemblances of thought, of general style, and of phraseology,[5] between the 'Book of Job' and the Introduction to Proverbs, that we can hardly be wrong in supposing that they proceeded from the same circle. A comparison of the two works seems to me to warrant the conjecture that the latter is the older. The writer of 'Job' has read and admired the Introduction to Proverbs, and this noble work is the channel through which the inspiring impulse reached his own mind. He heartily accepts the proverb-writer's doctrine of the divine origin of true wisdom (see chap. xxviii.); but God has revealed to him a deeper view of the problem of evil. The earlier writer had said that trouble is to be accepted thankfully as a paternal discipline. Sad experience, under a higher guidance, has taught the author of 'Job' that this is not to be taken as unconditionally correct—that it is, in fact, but a fragment of the truth; and hence he puts the statement of Prov. iii. 11, 12 into the mouth of one of Job's friends (Eliphaz), who, though pious and intense, was certainly narrow-minded in a degree, perhaps, proportionate to his admirable intensity. A doctrine which at one time had done good service as an expression of religious moral philosophy, had now become an obstacle to faith, and needed widening. This widening was committed, in God's educative providence, to the author of 'Job.' His talent was not that of a prophet, but partly that of a moralist or 'wise man,' and partly that of a poet. Hence he makes the problem of the unmerited suffering of the righteous the subject of a reflective poem, with a slight dramatic tinge. He exchanges the vague treatment of the consulting moral physician for an imaginative reproduction of concrete facts. There seems to have been an ancient tradition alluded to by Ezekiel (xiv. 14, 20) of a righteous and much-tried man, whose name, like that of Priam among the Greeks, had become the symbol of immeasurable woe. This our poet adopted as the framework of a comprehensive discussion of his problem, at the same time imbuing it with a new and higher significance. And be it remarked in passing, that the treatment of this ancient tradition by the author of 'Job' is a sufficient warrant for the illustrative use which Christian preachers make of the Old Testament narratives, infusing into them an even higher meaning than was possible to the author of 'Job.' The question which arose before the mind of the latter was this: How could it be that an innocent man like Job was overtaken by such an awful calamity; and more than this, how can there be so large a class of innocent unfortunate ones consistently with the Divine righteousness? For Job, like Dante in his pilgrimage, and like Goethe's Faust, has a

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[5] The most palpable of these resemblances are the following:—

Prov. iii. 11, comp. Job v. 17.

Prov. iii. 14, 15 } cf. Job xxviii. 15-19.
Prov. viii. 10, 11 }

Prov. iii. 19, 20, cf. Job xxviii. 26, 27.

Prov. viii. 22, 25, comp. Job xv. 7, 8.

twofold character, individual and typical. As an individual, he is one of the most striking figures of the Old Testament. He is not merely a patriarch in the already remote youth of the world, but the idealized portrait of the author himself. In the rhythmic swell of Job's passionate complaints, there is an echo of the heart-beats of a great poet and a great sufferer. The cry, 'Perish the day in which I was born' (iii. 3), is a true expression of the first effects of some unrecorded sorrow. In the life-like description beginning 'Oh that I were as in months of old' (xxix. 2), the writer is thinking probably of his own happier days, before misfortune overtook him. Like Job (xxix. 7, 21-25) he had sat in the 'broad place' by the gate, and solved the doubts of perplexed clients. Like Job, he had maintained his position triumphantly against other wise men. He had a fellow-feeling with Job in the distressful passage through doubt to faith. Like Job (xxi. 16), he had resisted the suggestion of practical atheism, and with the confession of his error (xlii. 2-6) had recovered spiritual peace. But there is yet another aspect to the personality of the author of 'Job'—his open eye and ear for the sights and lessons of external nature. He might have said with a better right than Goethe, 'What I have not gained by learning, I have by travel.'[6] He is such a one as Sirach describes (Ecclus. xxxix. 4), 'He will travel through strange countries, for he hath tried the good and the evil among men? From a wide observation of nature he derived the magnificent scenery—scenery, however, which is much more than scenery, for it furnishes important elements of his sacred philosophy. Not that the imagination is allowed to be inactive; indeed, one may ask, Where in the Bible is the imagination allowed to be dormant, and would the Bible have conquered its place in the world's respect had it been otherwise? No; our poet devoted his imagination, as his next precious offering, in the service of religion. For the full and free consideration of his subject, he felt that he required an absolutely clear medium, disengaged from the associations even of the true, the revealed religion. And is he not in this point also a warrant for the 'apologetic' treatment to which we, like the author of 'Job,' though in other forms, are obliged to subject our religion? With a poet's tact, and with a true sympathy for doubters, he created an ideal medium, in which hardly anything Israelitish is visible. The elements which he fused together came from the three countries with which he seems to have been best acquainted—Arabia, Judah, Egypt. From Arabia he takes the position which he assigns to Job, of a great agriculturist-chieftain. The stars of the Arabian sky must have deepened his unmistakable interest in astronomy (ix. 9, xxxviii. 31-33). Personal knowledge of caravan-life seems to have suggested that most touching figure, which our own Cowper has so finely, though so inaccurately paraphrased (vi. 15-20). And the same

[6] 'Was ich nicht erlernt habe, das hab' ich erwandert.'

desert regions doubtless inspired those splendid descriptions of the wild goat, the wild ass, and the horse (chap. xxxix.), which extorted a tribute of admiration from the traveller Humboldt. But neither agricultural life alone, nor the phenomena of the desert, have furnished him with sufficient poetical material. He who would rise 'to the height of this great argument' must have gained his experience of life on a more extensive and changeful theatre. From Judah, then, the poet borrows his picture of city-life, which presupposes a complex social organism, with kings, priests, judges, physicians, authors, and wise men. This description of the sessions of Job in the gate (chap. xxix.) is distinctly Judæan in character. It was the Nile-valley, however, which supplied the most vivid colours to his palette. He is acquainted with the Nile and its papyrus-boats (ix. 26), with the plants which grow on its banks (viii. 11, xl. 21), and with the habits of the two wonderful animals ('Behemoth,' or the hippopotamus, and 'the Leviathan,' or the crocodile[7]), which frequent its banks (xl. 15—xli. 34). He is no less familiar with mining operations (xxviii. 1-11), such as were practised since the earliest times by the Egyptians. But the author of 'Job' is no mere observer of details. Phenomena are in his eyes but manifestations of the perfect and all-ruling, but incomprehensible wisdom of God (chaps. xxviii., xxxviii.—xli.). 'From us,' a great preacher has said, 'the wonder of these things [in too many of our moods] is gone. . . . We have "entered the way where light dwelleth," and can name the incandescent chemicals from which it comes. The "wild ass," and the "unicorn"—are they not stuffed in our museums? and in the nearest Zoological Gardens may you not see Behemoth in his reeds, "moving his tail like a cedar"? But the author of "Job" looked at the unicorn with an eye quickened by the thought of God. "Orion and the Pleiades above, the forests and the torrents below . . . . the neck of the war-horse, the scales of Leviathan, are marvels in his eyes—the speaking fragments of an almighty life behind. From us, the wonder of these things is gone.'[8] But the more we live ourselves into the Bible, and not least into the inspired and inspiring poem of 'Job,' the more the wonder comes back to us. 'My Father made them all.' It is still the calming thought of a higher than human strength and wisdom—especially wisdom—in which the racked brains of both the ancient and the modern thinker can alone find repose. Certainly an intellectual solution of the problem of Providence was withheld as much from the Hebrew poet as from any of his successors.

But the author of 'Job' tends constantly to rise above the sphere

[7] Such at least is the prevalent view of these animals. To M. Chabas, the Egyptologist, however, the descriptions seem to have a fabulous tinge, which contrasts with the accurate pictures of the desert animals. He also remarks that the Egyptians often represented animals which can never have existed out of wonderland (*Études sur l'antiquité historique*, prem. éd., pp. 391-3).

[8] James Martineau, *Hours of Thought*, first series, pp. 315, 316.

of individual life. He has an eye for political changes, which occur in the East with such startling rapidity.

> He leadeth counsellors away stripped,
> And maketh judges foolish;
> He looseth the belt of kings,
> And bindeth a cord upon their loins;
> He leadeth priests away stripped,
> And bringeth the firmly rooted to a fall (xii. 17–19).

A still deeper impression has been made upon him by the hard lot of the poor, and the prosperity of the wicked rich—

> A land is given into the hand of a wicked man;
> The face of its judges he covereth;
> If not (He), who then is it? (ix. 24.)

And again he passionately asks—

> Why do the wicked live on,
> Become old, yea mighty in power? (xxi. 7.)

It must be clear to all that in such passages the hero has become a type of the righteous man suffering undeservedly. And this is confirmed by the numerous passages which are quite unsuitable for an individual, even when a sufferer like Job. His complaints are often really hyperbolical, and lower one's estimate both of himself and of his poet, unless we recognize the fact that he is a type of a class (hence those strange lapses, by which Job is made to use expressions suggestive of a plurality of persons, xvii. 1, xviii. 2, 3, xix. 11, xxvii. 11, 12), and—inasmuch as every righteous sufferer is a type of the Ideal Sufferer, and Job is a 'representative man'—a foreshadowing of the life and sufferings of the world's Saviour. Who can fail to have been struck by the repeated resemblances between the complaints of Job and those put into the mouth of pious sufferers by the Psalmist's? I have sought to show elsewhere that even a literary exegesis is not satisfied by the theory that these vehement complaints in the Psalms are the issue of personal troubles; and I may now state my conviction that the only way to rescue the credit of Job (his only *Ehrenrettung*, as our German friends would say) is to regard him as an unconscious prophet of Christ.

The truth is that the author was moved by a twofold impulse—a didactic one as well as a poetic. It may please him to assume the personality of Job, but he is supremely disregardful of what Western critics call the unities of time and place. It is no mere Arabian emir who addresses us, nor are we expected to throw ourselves back in imagination into an age of intellectual simplicity. Relatively to us, indeed, the problem of 'Job' may be a simple one; but relatively to the patriarchal age, it is highly subtle and complicated. From a purely literary point of view, the author of this wonderful work stands foremost among 'psychological poets.' He has drawn an un-

rivalled picture of a great character tested and refined by a vast calamity. He has also not indeed solved, nor even tried theoretically to solve, the problem of human suffering; but at least concentrated into a focus the data for its discussion, so far as they could be derived from the experience of his day. And since he has done this for the first time, and has thrown his thoughts into a peculiar and striking artistic form, his work is not only material for the literary historian, but a classic for all times.

T. K. Cheyne.

The Ministry and its Work.

THE new Parliament, as it appears to many observers, was not born under a lucky star. Already in their eyes there are indications that its existence may be less prolonged than those who accepted its birth with gladness fondly anticipated. The sections into which the House of Commons is divided appear to be consolidating, and none of them are quite pleased with the actions either of the other sections, or with those of the Government. The Conservatives proper are drifting about without guidance, and united in little except hostility to the Prime Minister. The moderate Liberals oppose whatever satisfies the extremer sections: the latter view with suspicion whatever may be pleasing to the Moderates: and the Irish engage in a free fight with the Government, the Opposition, the Moderates, the Radicals, the tamer section of their own people, and every now and then with each other. There is but one matter which combines some portion of all the sections, and a very perplexing matter it is, viz. the persecution of Mr. Bradlaugh, and until that is settled one way or another, there will not be much peace in Parliament. The real motive power, however, on the Liberal side of the House is in the Radical section. It is devoured by an extreme impatience to hurry on the huge and complex machine which regulates the march of political events in this country beyond its natural and healthy pace. The Radicals will have everything their own way. And when they are asked to listen to the voice of reason—when they are reminded that there are other sections in the community, and that these sections like to have their opinions represented, and to some modest extent considered, the phials of vituperation are unsealed, and quiet-going men who do not wish to condemn the Government before it has had a trial are overwhelmed with invective, and classed among those who were dismissed with ignominy from office at the late election. The attacks from below the gangway which were made upon the Government in the Bartle Frere incident, and the language which was directed against Lord Hartington in the debate on the Opium question on the 4th of last month by men of his own party, showed an amount of virulent intolerance that was unworthy of any section of English politicians, even when exulting in the exuberance of their strength. Mr. Gladstone was more than justified in the meek rebuke he uttered when he said that 'this was not the first time even during the present session that members had been led by feeling . . . to overlook considerations of reason and of judgment which ought to restrain them.' If honourable members of any section of the Liberal party continue 'to overlook considerations of reason and judgment which

ought to restrain them' whenever they do not get exactly what they want, it does not require a gift of prophecy to foretell that the life of a Parliament which contains such members in any number cannot be a protracted one. And this is more particularly the case in such a Parliament as the present. This Parliament is pledged to a considerable measure of electoral reform. The knowledge that this weapon is in the armoury of the Administration ought to have a sobering effect on even the wilder spirits who are congregated in this Parliament. The Prime Minister has merely to announce that he proposes early next session to introduce a measure assimilating the borough and county franchise, and after carrying it—which he can readily accomplish—to dissolve Parliament, in order to bring his political young bloods to reason. No one wishes to go before his constituents in the year 1881. But unless some moderation is permitted it may become matter for consideration whether such a threat may not be necessary. Because a threat of this kind does not affect this or that section of the House in particular. It touches the moderate Liberal as closely as the most advanced Radical, and the most troublesome member of the extreme Irish party as seriously as the soberest among the Tories. The terrors of a Reform Bill, especially if it contains a wholesome and widespread redistribution of seats, are not without avail in any Parliament. And these terrors are of especial value in such a Parliament as the present.

But it is not only the new Parliament which appears to some to have been born under an unlucky star. The horoscope of the Ministry, they tell us, does not seem to be entirely propitious. Their misfortunes commenced in the broad fact that there were too many capable men who each and all considered himself and themselves entitled to office. To put it in a homely phrase, 'there were more pigs than teats.' The heartburnings and disappointments are toning down now, and probably before the commencement of another session there will be not much more heard about them. But the disappointment of a life is a sad damper to enthusiasm, and a strong encouragement to criticism, and there are not a few who sit on back benches or below the Ministerial gangway who look on at the troubles of the Administration with less sorrow than might have been expected when taken in connection with their devotion to the front Opposition bench during the latter days of the late Parliament. And it must be admitted that in the selection of office-bearers luck has not been altogether on the side of the Prime Minister. That his Home Secretary and his Scotch law-officer lost their seats when they went for re-election was unfortunate. It was inevitable that some loss of prestige should attend a misfortune of this kind. Petitions have indeed been presented against the return of the two members who displaced these high officials, and apparently with good prospects of success. The discomfiture, therefore, of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. McLaren in their respective constituencies may be, and probably

will be, traced to causes which cannot be explained by any very definite symptoms of dissatisfaction with their appointments to office under the Crown. A certain aroma of defeat, however, clings to a candidate who has lost his seat even by corrupt practices. And though the Home Secretary has been restored to the House of Commons by an unusual instance in political life of disinterested self-effacement on the part of an honourable member, the Scotch Lord Advocate is still without a seat and apparently without the prospect of one. In like manner the Surveyor-General of Ordnance is still unprovided with a seat, and until these two members of the Government have joined their brethren on the Treasury bench the Administration cannot be said to be complete. The negotiations which ended in the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain to the Cabinet, and of Sir Charles Dilke to the office of Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, cannot be considered as altogether a happy augury. Though the exact character of the negotiations has not transpired, it is acknowledged that the Prime Minister met with a check and the party of neo-Radicalism scored a victory when the two most active leaders of that party were placed in such important posts as the Presidency of the Board of Trade with a seat in the Cabinet and the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs.

Encouragement, moreover, has been given to the class of politicians who secure their ends by an attitude of critical hostility to the official leaders of their party by these appointments. Grumblers complain that men who are loyal and faithful—perhaps over-loyal and over-faithful—to their leaders are disregarded, whereas those who have been loyal to nothing but their own opinions are rewarded. As soon as you cut off the heads of the highest poppies by putting them into the Administration, a fresh crop of poppies spring up and fresh heads become prominent in the field. In the particular instance the victory of the neo-Radical section in the House has undoubtedly been deserved. It is admitted that the choice of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke has been amply justified by the manner in which so far they have discharged their duties. But, nevertheless, the fact remains that the framer of the Cabinet met with a reverse at the very commencement. Popular prejudice has combined with natural difficulties to embarrass his task. The appointment of two Roman Catholics—one being a recent proselyte—to exalted posts in the Administration, though unassailable by those who take a judicial view of questions of religious toleration, has not found favour in the eyes of the constituencies. And the unreasonable thing about it is that the outcry against the appointments comes mainly from those who make the loudest uproar in favour of religious liberty. But be this as it may, the fact remains that any Liberal who ventured to defend these appointments at the present moment would have some difficulty in securing a seat either in Wales or in Scotland. The voices in those countries which clamoured for the return of Mr. Glad-

stone to office, and are still clamouring for religious equality in all Protestant denominations, are hushed, and in some cases turned to railing, now that by these appointments he has proclaimed in a practical form that the Government which those countries have done so much to place in power regards these matters from a somewhat wider point of view, and that from henceforth religious disabilities, so far as Government appointments go, have ceased to exist in this country. The choice, again, of a private secretary by Lord Ripon, which was accepted as some compensation by many of the religious bodies which deprecated his own appointment, has come to nought, and the departure of Colonel Gordon to more congenial work than that which he would have had to perform in India, must be added to the list of misadventures which the Government have had to encounter on the commencement of their career. All these points have been emphasised to the disadvantage of the Ministry. The Conservatives have been jubilant over any mistakes which have been made, and not a few Liberals have indulged in the usual criticism of square men having been put into round holes both within the Cabinet and outside in one or two of the minor offices. It is unnecessary to say that we only partially share in these misgivings. There always will be grumblers when a new Ministry is created, and those who are left out in the cold will, either by themselves or through their friends, predict all kinds of evil until time has proved the inaccuracy of their misgivings. It is impossible to please everyone. If we had had the shuffling of the cards we should have been glad to have seen them come out somewhat differently, and we should have liked to feel a little more distinctly than we do that luck was with us. But take the Administration as it is, though it might have been made better, it might equally have been made very much worse. Both the great sections of the Liberal Party are fairly represented, and the members of the Government seem, each and all in his or their departments respectively, to be applying themselves with vigour and determination to the work. The criticisms which we would pass upon this work so far as it can be judged by its results up to the present time is, that there is more danger of too much zeal than of too little, and that the minds of the Government are more occupied on the circumstances of the immediate present than on the outlook for the future.

The practical work of the session commenced on the 20th of May. There were thus but ten weeks of regular business before the usual time of prorogation. The heads of the different departments had been installed but a few days before that date, and could not have mastered the details of the current transactions. Yet no sooner had the House of Commons met for work than five large questions were tabled and Bills introduced concerning all of them. The matter of the relation of Church and State was introduced by the presentation of the Burials Bill. The question of landlord and tenant was tabled

through the instrumentality of the Hares and Rabbits Bill. The discussion of the relation of employers and employed was invited by the Employers' Liability Bill. The whole category of Irish grievances was brought to the front by the Irish Relief Bill and the Bill dealing with the borough franchise. And the Supplementary Budget, with its wide-reaching provisions, stirred up a swarm of financial hornets, and aroused the animosity or suspicion of one at least of the most powerful interests in the community. In addition to this work, which—with the exception of the Irish Relief Bill—may almost be considered gratuitous, there are such matters as the Census Bill and the Ballot Act which demanded attention, and which, with the usual crop of undertakings instituted by private members at periodical intervals, were sufficient to occupy the short session. It may be good policy to 'catch the golden hours' at the commencement of a new Parliament; but it cannot be of advantage either to the community or to the Government of the day, to throw a whole bundle of crude and half-digested measures on the table of the House before it has settled down to its work. The Government has, in our opinion, attempted too much. If it had confined its appetite for work to what was imperative upon it to accomplish during this short session, and next session been prepared with schemes carefully thought out during the recess, dealing with the more pressing questions, less anxiety—we may almost say less suspicion—would have been engendered, and less opposition to the schemes aroused. This is especially the case in regard to the Hares and Rabbits Bill of the Home Secretary and the measure threatened by the Irish Secretary dealing with the matter of evictions. These two measures have sent a shock of misgiving through the minds of a multitude of moderate men, not so much, perhaps, from the policy which they foreshadow, as from the crudeness which they indicate, and the proof which they afford that the Ministry are inclined, so to speak, to rush at their fences without much consideration as to what there may be on the other side. Neither of these two measures has been thought out. The relation of landlord and tenant is at the present moment in a state of transition. The old feudal restrictions, by which this relation has been regulated, are dying out—dying hard, if you like, but in the fair way to disappear. Commercial principles are fast becoming the guiding star which will before long lead to a better state of things with regard to matters agricultural. The simpler these principles are, the firmer hold will they ultimately have on the community. Agriculture in this country is pursued at the present time under regulations which are artificial and non-natural. The object of legislation, therefore, ought to be to abolish, as far as possible, all that is artificial, and to reduce the relations between landlord and tenant to simplicity in order to give full scope to the natural play of the agencies of supply and demand. But the Bill of the Government does not move in the direction of simplicity.

Instead of diminishing, it adds to the artificial restrictions which have been created by legislation, and custom and tradition. The position of the farmers, it is to be feared, will not be really strengthened or bettered by Parliament taking them under its special wing, and regulating their contracts for them. As a Devonshire farmer said in reference to the financial projects of the late Administration, this looks like 'taking the bull not by the horns but by the tail.' Legislation of this kind moreover labours under the imputation of being undertaken not merely for the purpose of dealing with an alleged public grievance, but of being done to please a section of the community which had shown an inclination to wheel into Liberal line in the late elections. There is much that is radically wrong in the relation between landlord and tenant. Such artificial restrictions as the law of distress; such legal presumptions as those which unduly bolster up the position of the landlord to the disadvantage of the tenant and the detriment of the land, might very well have been dealt with; and if the Home Secretary had brought in a Bill dealing thoroughly and effectually with such matters, he would have had the sympathies of all true Liberals. But he has been in such a hurry to do the obvious right thing from the electioneering point of view, that instead of conciliating he has alienated the minds of those of his party who think there are principles in political action which override even the exigencies demanded by the agricultural vote at the elections. If this matter had been left over till next session, and a large measure introduced dealing with agricultural tenancies, and moving in the direction indicated by Mr. Gladstone in his speech to the representatives of the Farmers' Alliance on the 17th of June, less hostility would have been aroused, and there would have been more probability of a settlement of the vexed questions between landlord and tenant on a broad and permanent basis.

With regard to Mr. Forster's unfortunate proposal to embody a considerable measure of confiscation in an amendment to a clause in the Relief Bill, the less said by friendly critics the better. The proposal bears on its face a similar interpretation to that which we have assigned to the crude proposals in the Hares and Rabbits Bill. It was made without adequate consideration, and with the obvious intention of conciliating a section of the community. The section of Irish members who sit in opposition seem to regard politics as instrumental mainly for getting as much pecuniary assistance for Ireland as a House of Commons exhausted by their pertinacity will grant. To this section of the community the agricultural depression said to be existing in Ireland is an unexpected auxiliary. It requires a strong man and a firm majority to withstand the combination of menace and solicitation by which an Irish Secretary is persecuted both in the House of Commons and out of it. Mr. Forster, by yielding to this section to the extent of offering such a proposal as that embodied in the clause which he has been compelled to withdraw, has given an

opening to the more pertinacious among the Irish members of which they will not be slow to take advantage. He has shown himself squeezable, and a squeezable Irish Secretary will have a hard time of it at present. The problems opened up by Irish politics just now are no doubt most intricate and difficult. But they ought not to be insoluble by a man of Mr. Forster's capacity, backed by a strong Government. They cannot, however, be solved by any hasty or precipitate action dealing only with the difficulty of the moment. They require investigation and calm consideration. The immediate pressure of the moment (which, if we may judge by the fact that the returns from the Post Office Saving Banks in Ireland have been showing a steady increase since the distress became a matter of political notoriety, is greatly exaggerated) might surely be met by some temporary expedient short of confiscation, and the general treatment of the question postponed to a future Session.

Our complaint, then, with regard to the action of the Government is that they are in too great a hurry to do big things; that their determination to please exacting interests prevents them from looking all round the various questions with which they are attempting to deal; and that, by striking at what appears upon the surface, they are not going deep enough into the subjects they will be called upon to handle. The great work of this Parliament must be its Reform Bill. Whether that measure is to be introduced next session or in some future session, it is full time that preparations should be made with a view to securing the best and most trustworthy information on the subject. Have any steps been taken to procure the information, or to set machinery in motion by which information may be secured and the various theories of redistribution elaborated into practical and working schemes? Before the introduction of the Reform Bill of 1868 this matter had been carefully considered by experts in the confidence of Mr. Disraeli's Government; and there is good reason to believe that it had not been lost sight of by the late Government. Schemes of rearrangement of seats, including new borough-groups and county re-divisions, prepared in the interest of the party which has just gone out of office, are said to be extant. We doubt if anything has been done in this direction by the present Government, and the danger is that when they come to handle a new Reform Bill they will approach the question with insufficient information, and deal with it crudely and imperfectly. What steps should be taken in the matter it may be difficult to suggest; but if the question were relegated to a small committee of the Cabinet, or to two or three experts outside the Cabinet, or even outside Parliament, the necessary steps, whatever they may be, could very easily be discovered, and the knowledge that the matter had been taken in hand would be satisfactory to those who look with serious misgivings on any future 'leap in the dark' in the matter of the representation of the people.

In the foregoing remarks we have not hesitated to criticise freely the action of the Government with regard to its domestic policy. We fully admit that they have had difficulties to contend with. They have a strong body of followers kept together in loose order, and bent more upon carrying out their own individual inclinations than upon giving a steady unwavering support to their leaders. They have opposed to them a party without any guiding mind to direct their action. Sir Stafford Northcote kept his followers together through a loyalty to the Government of which he was the leading representative, and not through any personal loyalty towards himself. He walked on the lines of policy laid down for him by the stronger minds in the Cabinet, and his supporters followed him like sheep. In Opposition he can no longer calculate upon these results. He has to work out for himself the lines of policy which from day to day he wishes to follow, and he finds his supporters will not go with him. He has never had the authority of a great intellect and force of character, such as Mr. Gladstone possesses, wherewith to coerce the recalcitrant members of his party, and he has no longer the authority of office. Consequently the Tory party have already come to disregard him. They have put themselves under the guidance of two or three irresponsible and self-appointed chiefs of an inferior order of statesmanship, such as Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Gorst, and Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and seem to follow them with the instinctive and unreasoning fidelity which the same party formerly awarded to Mr. Disraeli. The political ideas of this school range over a limited field of speculation, and their political action is bounded by a ring-fence of party partisanship. They regard an organised and successful attempt to irritate the Prime Minister as the highest effort of statecraft, and a night expended in embarrassing the Government with the aid of the malcontent Irish party as a genuine success in Parliamentary tactics. Against an Opposition so constituted and guided, the Government have to rely upon a large body of supporters who cannot and will not be disciplined into obedience, and who consist of several sections moved by conflicting interests. The difficulties, therefore, of their position are considerable. But though the machine has not been working so smoothly as many who are friendly to the Government would desire, and though, as we have not hesitated to state, the Ministry have done, or have shown an inclination to do, things that cannot be commended, it has done nothing to shake in any essential particular the confidence of those who returned it.

The interest of the country is concentrated on home rather than on foreign affairs, and it is to ourselves rather than to other nations that the Ministry is giving its attention. But the inheritance of intermeddling which it has had to take up cannot be exhausted in a couple of months. The opponents of the Government, both in Parliament and in the Press, have never ceased taunting them with the accusation that they have recanted much that they and their

supporters urged against the foreign action of the late Government during the elections, and that, in fact, they have adopted the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. No accusation could be more unjust. In 1874, when Mr. Disraeli succeeded Mr. Gladstone, precisely the same charges were brought against him, and for nearly two years the lines of divergence between the Liberal and the Tory foreign policies were almost imperceptible. But they were separating and moving apart from the day that Mr. Disraeli took office, and were gaining momentum every week. So it is at present. Many accomplished facts have to be accepted and incorporated into the Imperial policy. The Bartle Frere incident is one of these. The Ministerial action has been gravely criticised and condemned by a considerable section of their followers. And though at first it is not easy to dismiss from our minds a suspicion of inconsistency in regard to it, the more it is considered the faster the suspicion vanishes. Sir Bartle Frere was tried by the late Parliament and censured by the late Administration. A new Parliament and a new Ministry have come into being. Is it just or is it expedient that he should undergo a new trial and be condemned in a new punishment? There is a principle of Scottish jurisprudence that a man cannot 'thole his assize twice,' and that principle ought to be extended to cases of this kind. If colonial governors are liable to be tried and punished now by this majority in the British Parliament and again by that, it is obvious that it would soon become a settled habit of those exalted functionaries to adapt their policy to suit the conflicting parties at home rather than the interests of the people over whom they may have been temporarily placed. In this particular case there are other and more cogent reasons to induce the Government to act as they did. And though the rhetorical arguments which may be urged against their apparent inconsistency appear strong, they are hardly of a calibre to cause a reasonable man who takes the logic of facts into consideration to withhold his confidence from the Government in the matter. But, putting this aside as being debateable, there is no lack of evidence to show that we are off the old rails —that the 'forward policy' and the 'policy of isolation' are shunted—and that we are on the fair way to return to within our old frontier in India, and towards the concerted action of the European Powers in the East of Europe and in Asia Minor. That we must be watchful in India, is now an established fact, and it is no less certain that we must have a definite policy with regard to the affairs of Central Asia. What that definite policy should be, it is for our Indian administrators in this country and in India to determine. But so far this is clear, that we are not, in the immediate future, to strike at a weak Power in order to coerce a strong one. 'Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos' was the proud motto of the proudest nation of ancient times. So it should be now with the proudest nation of modern times. If Russia were distinctly informed

that any clear proof of intrigue on her part in Afghanistan would be regarded as a *casus belli* in this country—a *casus belli* directed, not against a wretched congeries of tribes such as that with which we have been warring for the last two years, but against Russia herself—and if Russia were satisfied that we were in earnest in this determination, there would be an end of Russian intrigue, if any such exists, in Central Asia: there would be an end also of the discreditable panics, produced by rumours of such intrigue, in British India and at home.

June 23

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of Verses can be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 1880.

THEEDA: AN ALLEGORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOOK AND THE VASE.

OSCAR lived beside the sea, and had no companions except the waves, the seagulls, the sunsets and sunrises, the moonlight, and the shore. He was happy, and yet there was something that he wanted. He could not tell what that something was, but he did not the less feel the need of it on that account.

He knew that he had a father, but he had never seen him. He knew that his father cared for him, and gave him what he needed to eat and drink and wear. His mother had told him that his father was wise and powerful and good; and that once, before Oscar was old enough to remember anything, he had lived with her in the cottage beside the sea. But soon after Oscar was born, his father had left them and gone across the sea to another country. When a few more years had passed, he had sent for Oscar's mother to follow him, and she had gone. Oscar could just remember the ship which had taken her away. He had sat in the cottage doorway, and watched the ship grow smaller and smaller as it receded over the waves. At first its sails had looked dark, because they were against the light; but a moment before it touched the horizon, where earth and heaven meet, the great white light from beyond had touched the sails, and made them gleam like angels' wings. Then ship and sails had settled into a lustrous invisibility; a long wave had broken with a hollow sound upon the shore, and a feeling of tender sadness had come into the little boy's heart.

Although he was alone, however, he was not lonely; there was a great deal to amuse him. The cottage, which was made out of the hull of an old fishing boat, was as pleasant a place to live in as a boy could wish. It was divided into two rooms, in one of which Oscar slept, and in the other he ate his dinner. The furniture was very simple—a bed, a chair or two, a table, and a bookshelf; but these were all that Oscar required; and besides, he spent most of

his time outdoors. There were two other things in the dining-room, however, for which he cared very much. One was a large book, which lay on the bookshelf. It was a gift which his father had left for him when he went away. It was a large heavy book, with a dark binding and a golden clasp. This clasp could be opened only by pronouncing over it certain words which Oscar's father had taught the boy's mother teach him when he should be old enough. These words were a secret, and if the secret were betrayed, certain penalties would follow. It was Oscar's habit, on getting up every morning, to take the book from the bookshelf, and having spoken the magic words, to open it and read. Now, the pages of the book appeared like ordinary printed pages, and if anyone besides Oscar had looked into them, they would have read only a number of stories which were not very interesting, and which did not seem to be of any especial importance to anybody. But with Oscar it was very different; for as the morning sunshine fell upon the page, he saw, not the printed words, but wonderful pictures, which lived and moved, and had many strange and beautiful meanings. The pictures were something like the world in which the boy lived, but much brighter and more glorious, and the people who moved in them were far nobler and handsomer than any that Oscar could have imagined; and chief among them was a grand figure which the boy recognised as his father. While going over the pages of this mysterious book, therefore, Oscar, in his lonely cottage, was able to see with his own eyes all the mighty deeds that his father had done, and even many of those that he was at that moment doing; for the book was a living book, and though it told of marvels in comparison with which all other fairy stories would seem dull and commonplace, yet these marvels were all true. By studying that book a man could become wiser than the wisest of philosophers, and see more than the greatest of travellers, and yet remain as simple as a little child. It would take a long time to tell you even a few of the wonders which this book held between its dark covers. One of them was, that if Oscar was in any trouble, he had but to open his book, and the pictures would show him how the trouble was to be overcome. Every pain that he could suffer, and every difficulty that he could meet, had been met and suffered by his father long before; so that by seeing what his father had done, he learned what was the best thing to do himself. For Oscar was like his father, though he was but a little boy.

The other thing that the dining-room contained was a large crystal vase, which stood in the window. It had seven sides, and was so large round that Oscar could not make his arms meet about it. It was filled with the purest water, and at the bottom were sand and pebbles, and delicate seaweeds, red and green, and pieces of rock covered with curious mosses and tinted lichens. It was like a little sea, only that there were no living animals in it. But under the shadow of one of the rocks lay a large pearl shell, which Oscar fancied must hold some living thing, although, often as he had watched

it, it had never yet moved or opened. But the boy had faith and patience, and every new day he went to the vase, in the hope that now at last something might have come from the pearl shell. It lay quiet, however, and kept its secret to itself. It must certainly be a pleasant secret, Oscar thought, for the shell was exquisitely curved, and its pearly sides shone with a delicate lustre. And the more he pondered over the matter, the surer he became that the vase must have been given for the sake of the shell, and that by-and-by the shell would show why it was there. Sometimes he felt tempted to take it out of the water, and try whether he could see inside of it. But he could never quite bring himself to do this, because, though the vase and the shell were his own, he felt that they had been given to him to look at, and not to meddle with. In his book, too, he saw that the night always comes before the morning, and the winter before the spring; and though he did not understand why that should be so—why the morning should not begin just after the sun had set, and the spring buds and flowers come out as soon as the red and yellow leaves of autumn had fallen—yet he saw that one wave followed another to break against the shore, and that every flower was a bud before it was a blossom, and that no happiness was so happy as that which had been waited for; so he believed that the secret of the shell would disclose itself when the right time should come, and that to try to find it out beforehand would perhaps be to lose it altogether. Moreover, was not the shell beautiful enough as it was?

Chapter II.

OSCAR INSIDE OUT.

When these early morning hours were over, Oscar used to go out of the cottage and wander about beside the sea. The waves murmured to him, and the sun was warm; the seagulls wheeled above his head and screamed with their wild voices; great white clouds built themselves into cities and palaces before his eyes; lights and shadows wavered everywhere, and made the grey rocks and the distant mountains seem alive; winds whispered in the long grass, and sang crooning melodies in the branches of the trees; little insects and animals ran hither and thither, and seemed busy even when they were doing nothing. Sometimes the rain fell, making a secret sound in the leaves, and causing the surface of the clear pools to leap aloft in tiny pyramids: then the green plants stood up and stretched out their stems, taking their wetting gladly, and growing taller after it, though it had made them bob their heads. With the evening, splendid colours came along the sky, though the hand that painted them was not seen: they, too, spoke a kind of language; the glories of the day that was past, and the thoughts and hopes that Oscar had had, seemed to glow in the heavens as they glowed in the boy's memory.

They faded at last, and night darkened the world, so that Osc might not forget the moon and stars. These never slept, and ther fore Oscar knew that he might sleep. The rays that came fro them found their way silently into his heart, and filled it with t fresh and quiet fancies that afterwards grew into dreams. For h dreams did not come from the world he lived in, but from son other.

But what was this that the waves and the birds, and the light an shadow, and the trees and the rain, and all the rest of it, were tryin to say to him? Was it really anything? and if it were, why coul he not understand it? Sometimes he thought he almost under stood it. If the things would speak a very little plainer, or i he could see and hear the least bit more clearly, there would b no more mystery. He thought they would say, 'Oscar, we are lik you. We are here because you are here. If you were not Oscar, w should not be what we are. And if we were not here you could no speak, nor think, nor be glad or sorry.' But they never did quit say this. Therefore Oscar was not quite content, and he felt that h needed something, he knew not what, more than the earth and th sea and the sky had given him. They were so friendly to him tha they made him long for a nearer friendship still. He could not come closer to them; and if they could not come closer to him, must no something be wrong? He found them always fresh, and full of new things that never came to an end; they were alive, but the life the had was not quite the same as his own life. The world was so bi that he could not put his arms round it and hug it; it was calm an orderly, and although he could never get to the end of the new thing that were in it, yet he knew that every year it was the same world that it had been before. It was not so with him; for, in spite of hi being always Oscar, he knew every day that he never had been an never would be exactly the same Oscar that he was at that moment So the world was not only too big for him, but, in another way, i was too small for him also. The world could live only a year, after all, since one of its years was the same as another; but Oscar fe that he could live innumerable years, because no one of his years wa the same as any other. Oh, if he could only find something to lov that would grow in the same way that he grew, and answer him whe he spoke, and be in all ways both as large and as small as he! Up and down the shore Oscar wandered, and through the green shade o the rustling forest, and with his eyes he sought amidst the cloud and the stars, but the thing that he wanted he did not find.

When the rain came down too hard, Oscar would stay within the cottage, and study his book, or watch his pearl-shell, or sometimes g into the bedroom and look at the things his mother had left behin her. They were very ordinary things, and there were very few o them; but they were dearer to Oscar than anything else. Here wa the jacket his mother used to wear, and against which Oscar's fac had often rested, while she nursed him in her arms, or lulled him t

sleep. It was full of wrinkles and stains, and was torn in one or two places; but it was his own mother's own jacket, and made him think so vividly of her kind face and loving eyes and warm soft arms, that he would heave a deep sigh, and sit still with his eyes very wide open. Then there was the comb that his mother used to wear in her hair. It was made of white ivory prettily carved. Oscar remembered how his mother used sometimes to take out this comb while he was sitting on her lap, and let her hair tumble down about her shoulders; and she used to let him feel its smoothness with his small hands, and taught him how to braid it by weaving three strands of it in and out.

The feelings that Oscar had while sitting in the bedroom with these and other things that had belonged to his mother were very different from any that came to him while he was outdoors. They were less cheerful than his outdoor feelings, but he liked them better. For in thinking of his mother he forgot himself; he had been able to put his arms round his mother's neck and to kiss her cheek. She had loved him and called him by his name; he had known that no other boy could be to her what he was; she had comforted him when he was hurt or grieved; she had been made to be his mother, as he had been made to be her son. It was not so with the world outdoors—with the earth and the sea and the sky. These had been made for Oscar perhaps; but if Oscar had been some other boy they would still have remained. They belonged to him only because he was a boy, and not because he was the boy Oscar. Therefore he could not forget himself in loving and giving himself to them, as he had done in loving and giving himself to his mother. All this brought him to think that unless, out of the earth and sea and sky, something could come to him that should both bring them nearer and yet be different from them, the promise which they seemed to hold out to him would not be fulfilled. It was not a bigger or a more beautiful world that he wanted, but a world within the world, which should contain all that made the outer world beautiful and lovable, and something more besides. Such a world within the world his mother had been to him; but it was not his mother that the boy looked for, because he knew that she was gone never to return. What was it then? Oscar did not yet know; but now something began to stir within him that seemed to mean that the answer would not be long delayed.

Chapter III.

THE PEARL-SHELL'S GIFT.

One morning, as he was sitting with his book open upon his knees, the page at which he looked seemed suddenly to be overspread with a grey cloud. At first he could not see through the cloud, but after a while lights and shadows began to stir duskily within it, and presently he saw, as through a mist, some one walking along a lonely

pathway in a forest. The mist gradually cleared away, but the face of the person was turned from him, so that it could not be known who he was. The person came to an opening amidst the trees, overspread with soft green grass and flowers of many hues. In the centre of this grass-plot was a fountain, bubbling up like living crystal from a basin of sparkling sand. Around the margin were the golden smile of buttercups and the blue glance of forget-me-nots. The wanderer drew near and bent over the fountain. Then, out of the pure water, an arm was stretched upwards, holding in its hand a radiant pearl. The wanderer took the pearl, and then the mysterious hand and arm were drawn under the water again and disappeared. The wanderer looked at the pearl and seemed to rejoice in it, as well he might; for it was the most precious of all pearls. But while he was rejoicing, a man came up to him, who, though he had eyes and a tongue, was both dumb and blind; but he talked very rapidly with his fingers, as most dumb persons can do; and he used his nose instead of eyes, for he judged whether or not a thing were beautiful or valuable by smelling of it. The wanderer spoke to this odd person, and bade him look at the pearl and rejoice with him. But the other shook his head contemptuously, and said with his fingers that his eyes were not made to see, and that seeing was all folly and deception; and that a good nose was worth all the eyesight in the world. So, instead of looking at the pearl he smelt of it, and after doing so again shook his head contemptuously, and pulled out of his pocket a raw onion. 'Smell of that,' he said with his fingers; 'that is worth all the pearls in the world!' and then he began to try to persuade the owner of the pearl by many clever and cunning arguments, to throw the pearl away, and take an onion in its stead. Oscar bent forward in great eagerness to see whether the owner of the pearl could possibly be so foolish as to let himself believe that the most precious pearl in the world could be exchanged for an onion; but just then the mist arose once more, and rapidly deepened to an impenetrable cloud, and the figures of both the man with the pearl and of the man with the onion were blotted out. Oscar closed the book. All the rest of the day he could think of nothing but this strange picture; and he wondered deeply whether the blind man with the onion had succeeded in making the other man as blind as himself. If only the cloud had held back a few minutes longer! Before Oscar went to bed he looked into the crystal vase, to see whether there were any change in the shell. For the first time it seemed to him that it had really moved a little. But the light was so dim that he could not be sure. Out of the window the sea had a marvellous twinkle of moonlight over it, and the night air was cool and sweet. Suddenly, a hideous bat, with broad noiseless wings of filmy black, hovered into the room, poised itself for a moment over the crystal vase, and then flitted away again.

The next day was one which Oscar, so long as he lived, never forgot.

He had had a strange dream during the night, and this had taken

from his memory the change which he had fancied he noticed in the shell before going to bed. But now, when he went as usual to look at it, he saw that a change had taken place indeed.

The shell was rolled over on its back; the lid, which heretofore had closed its mouth, was open; and the shell was empty. Oscar could see far down into the very depths of the curving interior; it was as smooth as satin, and looked fit to house the queen of the fairies. But there was nothing in it. When, however, Oscar raised his eyes, he beheld a sight which made him draw in his breath with a long sigh of amazement and tremulous delight. The two largest pieces of rock in the vase leaned together in such a way as to make an arch, upon the sides of which delicate leaves of pink and green seaweed grew, and other broader leaves clustered together in a sort of grove further back. Within this grove Oscar now perceived a movement, as if something were advancing through them. In a moment they parted, and a fairy-like little figure floated between, touching the sand with the tips only of her tiny feet. Forward she came, until she stood just beneath the highest part of the arch. She was scarcely six inches tall, but she was perfectly formed in every part; and her face, though it was less than an inch long, was completely and exquisitely beautiful; and, moreover, it looked even more good than lovely. Her hair, which was finer than the finest cobweb, floated around her like a sort of brown mist; it was very thick and immensely long—nearly five inches! Her skin was more pure and delicate than the inside of a white geranium bud; but the palms of her little hands had a faint rose tint, and so had the tips of her infinitesimal fingers and toes. Her eyes were like fairy forget-me-nots; and, ah! who can describe that tiniest marvel of all perfection, her mouth, with its tender curved lips, and teeth no bigger than grains of white sand. This little lady carried in one hand a broad frond of green weed, which arched over her head and protected her from the rays of the sun that fell through the crystal sides of the vase. Round her neck was hung a necklace of seed pearls that might have come out of a mussel as large as a millet seed. From the waist depended a curiously woven girdle made of thread-like sea-grasses of various colours. There she stood, gazing straight at Oscar with her wondering blue eyes, and her lips half parted. And Oscar gazed at her, almost afraid to breathe, lest she should vanish out of his sight. For he could not yet believe that she was real. He had never even dreamed of anything like her before. But he was awake, and she still stood beneath the archway of rock, and he saw many sweet expressions pass over her face. Yes, she was a real, living little maiden, and she had come into the world to make Oscar happy; to supply the want he had felt; to be something that he could love and live for.

Oscar felt so tenderly towards her, and so fearful lest he should do something to alarm or shock her, that at first he did not venture to do anything at all. He was so terribly big, he thought, that she must find him frightful. He longed to show her in some way that there

was nothing in his heart but love and reverence for her. In the midst of his perplexity, however, the little maiden smiled a smile that was all the more delightful because the eyes and mouth she smiled with were so small; and with a light movement she half walked, half floated towards him, until she stood close to the crystal side of the vase. The tips of her fingers rested against it, and she looked up at Oscar with a glance so winning and so confiding that he no longer felt any doubt about her or about himself. He stooped down and put his lips to his side of the crystal vase, and they kissed each other through it.

In this way the pledge of friendship between them was given. As soon as it had been done, the little maiden made a leap as of joy, and then began to dance about inside the vase, sometimes touching the sandy bottom, but most of the time gliding to and fro in midwater, turning herself this way and that in graceful caprioles, diving through the archway and coming up out of the grove of seaweeds on the other side; waving her arms about her head with dreamy motions; sometimes resting quietly upon nothing, as if she were asleep; then swimming like a fish with her arms folded and her feet crossed one over the other; and now playing at peep-bo with Oscar behind the rocks. Oscar had never been so delighted; his eyes sparkled and his cheeks were red. At last his little playmate dived into the pearl-shell and disappeared, and the boy began to fear that he should see her no more. But in a very short time she came out again, holding something in her hand. She smiled and nodded to him, and rose up through the water until she nearly reached the surface. Oscar thought she must be coming out, and his heart beat with expectation. But she was not coming out. Instead of that, she stretched up her tiny hand above the surface, and Oscar now saw that it held a pearl. He cautiously put out his own hand, and took the pearl from her fingers. Then she nodded again, and descended.

'Is this for me?' asked Oscar, very softly.

Hereupon she made him the most charming little bow imaginable, at the same time bringing both her hands to her lips, and blowing him a kiss.

'Thank you, you lovely little creature!' said Oscar. 'But can you understand all I say to you?'

Again the little maiden smiled, and nodded her head up and down.

'And can you speak also?' the boy demanded.

She put up one hand, and waved it slowly backwards and forwards before her face.

'Ah, she cannot speak!' thought Oscar; and he felt a momentary touch of sadness.

But at that an expression came into her face that seemed to say, as plainly as could be, 'If I cannot talk as you do, still I can talk.' And not only did her face seem to say this, but she said it, as it were, with all there was of her; and although in one sense there was very

little of her, yet in another sense there was so very much, that not the largest giant ever heard of could have said so much without speaking as she could. Oscar could not account for it. Talking without speaking was something new to him. 'But, after all,' he thought, 'nobody could talk under water; and no doubt thinking under water is the same as talking out of it.' Besides, though this wonderful little water-maiden was but six inches tall, her thoughts were evidently quite as big as those of an ordinary grown-up person, so that they must be so much the more easily visible. And, finally, why should Oscar trouble himself about how anything happened, as long as it did happen, and was agreeable? Probably it was because he already loved this exquisite fairy so much, that he was able to understand what was passing in her mind.

He named her Theeda—he did not know why, except that that sounded as if it must be her name, and she seemed to be perfectly satisfied with it. And so these two fell in love with each other at first sight, though she lived in water and he in air, and there could therefore be no meeting between them, except the meeting of their hearts and eyes. They must even kiss each other through the crystal. Nevertheless they were as happy as the day was long, and indeed much happier, for time is a thing with which happiness has very little to do. Oscar's only regret was that Theeda could not be with him when he took his walks upon the shore. He enjoyed his walks, however, more than he had ever before done, because now the earth and the sea and the sky not only said to him, 'We are like you, Oscar,' but also, 'Theeda loves you!'

Chapter IV.

THE CRAB.

Oscar could never see enough of his little water-maiden; and he talked to her perhaps all the more because she answered him only by sympathetic thoughts. He told her all that he knew of his life before she came to him—about his dreams by night and his reveries by day; about all the beauties of the world that she could not see from the crystal imprisonment of her vase; about his mother, too, and how the sails of the ship in which she went away had been lit up by the light beyond just before reaching the horizon verge. He spoke likewise of his father, how good and great he was, and how, although he lived and ruled in a distant country, he never forgot to send his little son all things that were necessary for his comfort and happiness.

'And I believe, Theeda,' added Oscar, 'that he put you in the pearl-shell for me. Perhaps you have seen him?'

Theeda threw back her floating mist of hair, and smiled.

'Ah, of course, everybody who is good and lovely must have come from him,' Oscar murmured, as if answering something she had said. And then he went on to talk about the book, and of the strange picture he had seen in it, the day before she appeared.

'I think, now,' he said, 'that the wanderer in the forest must have been myself; and the precious pearl that was given to him out of the fountain was you. But who was the blind and dumb man with the onion?'

At that Theeda's head drooped, and she sank slowly down on the sand, and she hid her face in her hands.

'What is the matter, Theeda?' cried Oscar; 'dearest Theeda, what has happened?'

She partly lifted herself up, though still crouching in the sand, and held out her arms towards Oscar as if entreating him to do something. And now, for the first time, he could not read her thought. She seemed to beseech him; but he, who would have given her everything, knew not for what she besought him. At last she trailed herself to the side of the vase and put up her lips to be kissed.

'I love you, Theeda!' said he. 'See! with my whole heart!'

But all that day Theeda's sadness did not wholly pass away; and each morning afterwards, when Oscar first came into the room, she would meet him with a kind of timorousness, and would not be happy until he had kissed her through the crystal, and had told her again that he loved her.

She was by no means an idle little maiden, however. The vase was her home and her garden, and she was busy many hours a day in keeping it in order and making it more and more beautiful. It was wonderful how much she found to do. In some places, where the red and green weeds grew too thick, she pruned them with a little knife that Oscar had given her, made out of a piece of a mussel shell, and cut away the pieces that were decayed. She sifted the brown sand between her fingers, and cleansed it from all impurities; and she brought the prettiest of the pebbles and laid them in tasteful patterns. She plaited a kind of hammock out of the sea grass, and hung it at the entrance of the archway; and in the afternoons, when the sun was hot, she lay in it and took her siesta. And now Oscar, from time to time, put in little sea-animals to keep her company and amuse her: he found many such in the rock pools along the shore. There were prawns, almost transparent, striped like zebras with fine pink stripes, and having long feelers like hairs, which they waved about, and, as it were, asked delicate questions with them of everything that came near. They moved as lightly as thistledown and as swiftly as sunshine. Then there were fishes, slender little things an inch or two long, with round astonished eyes, and open mouths that looked as if they were saying, 'Hoo! hoo!' They were of all colours, and some of them had fierce-looking spines on their backs, which they could move backwards and forwards very much as a horse moves its ears. These fish were at first very timid, and kept under the shadow of the rocks, or lurked amidst the seaweed. But Theeda soon made friends with them, so that they regularly came to her to be fed, and sometimes she used to play at tag with them, darting round and round inside the vase, and in and out amongst the rocks, while the

weeds waved to and fro like banners in a gale of wind. Oscar also brought sea-snails, with brightly tinted shells, which crawled slowly about, measuring their way with their one soft foot, and stretching out little transparent horns in front, like children feeling their way in the dark. Besides these there was a hermit crab, which lived in a pearl shell very much like Theeda's, but only about a sixth part as big. This crab was the only ill-natured creature in the vase. He sat sullenly in the door of his house, in a little hollow under a large stone; his little dull eyes stuck far out of his head, and his ugly claws hung down in front like a pair of red fists. He never had a pleasant word for anybody; but, if any came near him, he either pettishly hitched himself back into his shell, or else made a vicious snap at the visitor with his claws. He even snapped at Theeda two or three times, and then Oscar wanted to take him out and throw him back into the sea. But Theeda was very forgiving, and would not let this cross little crab be punished. She always treated him kindly, brought his dinner to him every day, and did all she could to make him good-natured and comfortable. But nothing seemed to make him any better; and one day, when Theeda had made him let go of a prawn which he had caught by the tail with one of his claws, he flew into such a terrible passion that Oscar felt very glad, for the sake of the other creatures in the vase, that he was no bigger. He made up his mind to have him out before long.

Except for the crab, the vase was the most charming place to live in that could be imagined, and Oscar often wished that he were able to breathe under water as easily as Theeda did, and that he were as small as she was. Theeda, no doubt, wished so too; but it was not to be. Then Oscar used to hope that, some day, Theeda would grow up to be as tall, or nearly as tall, as himself, and then come out of the water and live with him in the cottage. But that did not seem very likely to happen either. And perhaps, after all, they were as near together as many people who live in the same house, and are separated by neither water nor crystal. Only, when Theeda brought out her oyster-shell dinner-table, and set it under the bower of green ulva leaves, and placed upon it her little cockle-shell dishes of fresh sea vegetables (which was all she ate), Oscar's very heart ached to be sitting at the opposite side of the table and dining with her. Water then seemed to him a much more agreeable element to pass one's time in than air. But, although wishing can do a great deal, it could not quite make a merman of Oscar. Theeda ate her dinners by herself, except for the tit-bits that she gave to the prawns and snails, and the scraps that the fishes stole when they thought she was not looking.

'Some day, Theeda, perhaps . . . !' Oscar used to say, without ever finishing the sentence.

Theeda understood very well what he meant, and used to look as if she meant it also. And Oscar's father, who was as powerful as he was kind, would no doubt be able to make them happy in the way

they wanted, if he saw that it was best for them. But the hermit crab had a very ugly and malicious look, as if he had a mind to prevent anybody from being happy if he could.

Chapter V.

A Stranger.

One morning, while Oscar was looking into the vase, and admiring the bright silver beads that were forming all over the leaves of seaweed, and on the lichen-covered surface of the rocks; and while Theeda was busy feeding the fishes, who seemed to get hungrier the more they ate: and just when Oscar was about to remark that the hermit-crab was not in his usual hole, nor anywhere else that he could see,—at that moment a dark shadow suddenly fell across the vase, shutting it off from the sunlight, scaring away the fishes, and making Theeda look up with a start, and then quickly take refuge in her shell, as from something she feared.

Oscar also looked up, and saw somebody standing before the window.

It was a boy; but a very odd boy, Oscar thought. He was not any bigger than Oscar, but he seemed to be a good deal older. He had a broad flat face, with a sharp little nose in the middle of it, a wide thin mouth, and pale eyes which stuck out very far, and over which he wore spectacles. He had pale reddish hair growing upright on his head. His legs were so thin that it seemed a wonder he could stand with them, and indeed they were bowed out sideways, as if the boy's weight were too much for them. His arms also were thin, but his hands were immensely large and red, with stiff thick fingers, and huge thumbs. He was not quite facing the window, but stood sideways towards it, and looked at Oscar askance. The skin of this boy's face was coarse and rough, and seemed as thick as orange-peel.

'What is your name?' asked the strange boy, after a while.

Oscar told him what it was.

'What an absurdly old-fashioned name!' said the boy, contemptuously. 'I have a better name than that—my name is Kanker!'

'Do you want anything?' said Oscar.

'Yes,' said Kanker. 'I want to ask questions. I am in search of truth. I never believe lies; so you needn't tell me any.'

'I never tell lies,' said Oscar, gravely.

'That is a lie to begin with. Everybody tells lies—except me! Everything lies the things that can't talk, as well as the things that can. The world is a lie.'

'The world is not a lie,' said Oscar, indignantly. 'And if you think it is, why do you search for truth?'

'I have at all events found the only truth there is to be found—and that is, that everything is a lie,' replied Kanker. 'I have proved

it a thousand times already, and every new question I ask proves it again.'

'What makes your hands so big?' Oscar could not help asking.

'They are no bigger than they ought to be,' Kanker answered, holding them up and looking at them admiringly. 'I use them to touch things with. I never believe in anything that I haven't touched. Nothing exists unless I can touch it. Come out of that room, so that I may touch you, and see whether you exist.'

'I will come out,' said Oscar; for he thought it would be better to go to Kanker than to have Kanker come in to him. 'But you need not touch me; I can touch myself if I want to.'

Nevertheless, no sooner had he come out, than Kanker took hold of him by the arm, and gripped it so hard with his big red hand that Oscar said, 'Let go, you hurt me!'

'Your touching yourself would prove nothing to me, you know,' said Kanker. 'Well, you seem to exist. Where are your father and mother?'

'They are not here,' answered Oscar. 'They are gone—long ago.'

'I don't believe it. Where did they go to?'

'Over there,' said Oscar, pointing across the sea.

'Nonsense! Do you mean they are drowned?'

'No. They are gone to a country over there.'

'How do you know there is a country over there? Did you ever touch it?'

Oscar shook his head.

'I thought so! Then there is no such place. Therefore your father and mother have gone nowhere. Therefore they do not exist. And what business have you to exist if you never had a father and mother?'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Oscar, 'and I don't care whether I exist or not, so long as I do what is right, and am happy.'

At this Kanker laughed, a spluttering laugh, as if he had his mouth full of water. 'Sit down here beside me,' he said, 'I want to ask you some more questions.'

Oscar sat down beside him. He did not at all like Kanker, whose voice was as harsh as his manners were impolite. And he was certainly ugly. When Oscar did not look full at him, he had something the appearance of a gigantic crab, which was increased by his sidelong shuffle in walking, and by the two great red hands that he carried hanging before him, very much as a crab carries his claws. He held a sun-umbrella over his head, a small book in one pocket, and a roll of measuring tape in the other. Nevertheless, Kanker seemed to know so much, and to be so positive about what he knew, that Oscar could not help thinking he must be an important person; not the sort of person to be contradicted, especially by a person who knew so little as Oscar did. 'For after all,' Oscar thought, 'a great deal of what I supposed I knew has only been told me. I do not know it as he knows things—by touching them. It may be, as he says, that some

things that seem to be true, are not true. I wonder whether he believes in the sun and the stars? He can hardly have touched them! And I wonder why he wears spectacles?'

'Why do I wear spectacles?' repeated Kanker; for Oscar had spoken the last sentence aloud. 'To see with, of course! Nobody can see without spectacles; and not only that, but nobody can see with any other spectacles than these I have on.'

'Oh, you are mistaken there!' exclaimed Oscar; 'for I have never worn spectacles, and I have always been able to see.'

'You never saw anything in your life,' replied Kanker, very confidently. 'You only think you see. That is your hallucination. An hallucination is when you think a thing is so, and it isn't. You are blind, and probably deaf and dumb as well. What books do you read?'

'I have only one book,' said Oscar: and then he told what a wonderful book it was; how it could only be opened by repeating certain mystic words, and how its pages were full of living pictures representing things which had been done in the world, and which were being done now. Kanker burst out laughing.

'I don't believe it!' he said. 'It's an hallucination. There is no such book, in the first place, and if there were, it couldn't be what you say it is.'

This made Oscar angry. 'There is such a book,' said he, 'and if you don't believe it, I can show it to you.'

Kanker went on laughing, and wagging his great hands up and down. 'Oh! show it to me—show it to me!' he spluttered. 'Let me touch it with my fingers, and then perhaps I'll believe.'

'Come into the house, then, and you shall touch it!' exclaimed Oscar. He sprang up, and went into the house, and Kanker followed him readily enough. 'Let me put my fingers on it—that's all I ask,' he kept repeating. 'Let me touch it!'

'There!' said Oscar, 'there it is on that shelf. Do you believe now?'

Kanker took the book down from the shelf, and felt it all over. 'I believe that this is something that feels like a book,' he said at last. 'But I don't believe it is a book, until I see it opened; and then I sha'n't believe it has the pictures you talk about, unless I see them, and can put my finger on them; and I don't believe you can open it.'

'I can open it!' cried Oscar.

'If you can do it, then why don't you?' Kanker replied.

Now Oscar knew that the mystic words which undid the clasp were a secret which he had no right to disclose. But he wanted so much to show Kanker the inside of the book, and make him acknowledge that he was wrong, that everything else seemed of little account in comparison. He took the book from Kanker's hands. As he did so, a strange feeling came over him. A voice, that seemed to speak not to his ears, but within him, bid him pause. Did he care so much

for this Kanker, with his flat face and his great red hands, as to betray the secret which his mother had confided to him? Oscar hesitated.

'Ha! I knew you were lying!' said Kanker, with his disagreeable laugh.

'You shall see that I am not!' retorted Oscar, becoming angrier than ever. Then he began to repeat the mystic words. But he found it hard to pronounce them, and some of them he could scarcely remember. His teeth chattered as he went on, and his heart beat painfully. But Kanker was watching him askance with his pale spectacled eyes, and Oscar would not stop. At last he had spoken all the words; the clasp flew back; the book opened!

'There!' said Oscar, thrusting it into Kanker's hands. 'It is open: now look for yourself!' Then he turned away, and hid his face in his hands.

All of a sudden he heard again Kanker's hateful spluttering laugh. He looked up in astonishment. Kanker was pointing contemptuously to the page.

'No pictures here!' he was saying. 'Show me your pictures! Here's nothing but printing here, and very stupid commonplace printing too!'

Oscar fixed his eyes upon the book; but they were darkened, and at first he could see nothing. At length his sight cleared; but, alas! it was as Kanker had said: there were no pictures in the book, no beauty, no life, and no mystery. It was just like any other book—ordinary pages printed with ordinary print. There had been some terrible loss, but whether the loss were in Oscar or in the book, Oscar could not tell. He stood there unable to speak, and almost to think.

'It is just as I knew it was,' said Kanker, throwing down the book. 'Another of your absurd hallucinations. You dream about things until you think they are real. You had much better do as I do—wear spectacles, make up your mind that everything is a lie, and trust to your fingers. By doing that you might, in the course of time, come to know something. Look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make an exchange with you. It isn't a fair exchange, for what I give you is worth a great deal, and what you give me is worth nothing. You give me your book, and I'll give you mine.'

'What is your book?' Oscar asked.

'An arithmetic, to be sure!' replied Kanker, pulling it out of his pocket. 'See, here is the multiplication table. And here are addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. And here are vulgar fractions. And here are examples. And here is the Rule of Three. That's what I call a book worth having.'

'But if you think my book is not worth having, why do you want it?'

'To make a fire to warm myself with,' Kanker replied.

'If you are cold, will not the sun warm you?' asked Oscar.

'No one has been able to prove that there is any warmth in the

sun,' said Kanker. 'It only seems to be warm. But I know that a fire is warm, because I can burn my fingers in it.'

'But if the sun feels warm, is not that as good as if it were really warm?'

'For you it may be,' answered Kanker, 'but not for me. I care only for truth, and I don't choose to be warmed by anything I don't believe in. That is the reason I carry a sun-umbrella. Well, will you let me have your book?'

'It is no more use to me,' said Oscar, gloomily. 'I do not care whether you take it or not, or what becomes of it.'

'You will find my arithmetic much more useful,' returned Kanker. 'Come outside and see me make my fire.'

But Oscar turned sullenly away.

Kanker went outside the cottage, with the book in his arms. After a moment, Oscar could not help going to the window to see what was being done.

Kanker had laid the book across two stones, and had gathered some bits of driftwood from the shore for kindlings to put underneath. Now he struck a match, and held it to the kindlings. But at that there was a sudden and mighty sound, like thunder, and also like a great voice speaking some solemn and awful word. And the book seemed to dissolve, and in its place arose a tall pillar of light, more dazzling than the lightning, which hung for a moment near the earth, and, to Oscar's amazed eyes, took on the likeness of a glorious and majestic figure, which bent upon him a look that made his heart tremble. Then the figure moved away through the air seaward, casting a radiance across the waters, and making the sun look red and dim. It drifted slowly away over the sea, and at last became as a bright star, further and further off, until it vanished in the depths of the sky. Then a great coldness fell upon Oscar, and the daylight became dusky to him, as if it were already evening; and he knew that the dazzling face which he had seen was the face of his father. Now he understood what the book had been; but it was too late.

Chapter VI.

THE SECRET OF THE WAVES.

It seemed to Oscar that many hours passed away while he remained crouched down on his knees in a dark corner, shivering and miserable. At last he looked up. It was evening, and a bitter wind was blowing outside; heavy clouds were driving across the sky, and rain was beating on the roof. Kanker was sitting in the middle of the room, with his chin upon his hands, staring at him.

'You had better go,' Oscar said. 'What other harm do you want to do me?'

'It is you who have done harm to me,' replied Kanker, 'by giving

me a box of gunpowder to make a fire with. The explosion has cracked my spectacles. However, I bear no malice. What do you keep that jar of sea-water for?'

'Ah! that is where Theeda lives,' exclaimed Oscar, rising, with some cheerfulness in his face. 'I had forgotten her.'

'Theeda? what is Theeda?' demanded Kanker.

'She is my playmate and companion,' Oscar said. 'She is dearer to me than anything else in the world, and nothing in the world is so lovely as she.'

'And do you mean to say she lives in the water? Pray, how big is she?'

'She is not so tall as your hand is long.'

'No such creature ever existed,' said Kanker, positively. 'In the first place, no one ever was made of that size, and in the second place, it is impossible for anyone to live under water. It is another of your hallucinations. There is no use in your denying it. I shall believe in her when I see her, and not before.'

'I will not let you see her,' replied Oscar.

'Just what I expected! When did you see her last yourself?'

'Just before your shadow fell across the vase.'

'What language does she talk?'

'She does not talk at all, but I know all she thinks.'

'This is really too absurd! Have you ever touched her?'

'No. It is enough for me to look at her.'

'I'll tell you what it is,' said Kanker, lifting up one of his ugly fingers and holding it at the side of his little sharp nose. 'You are crazy—quite crazy! You have lived here by yourself until you don't know what is real from what isn't. Now, I will make this bargain with you. If you will let me put my finger on this Theeda of yours, and I thereby prove to my own satisfaction that she exists, I will let you use me for your servant the rest of my life. Do you agree?'

Oscar waited a little while before answering. He hated Kanker, and he thought that if Kanker became his servant, he should be able to make him as miserable as Kanker had made him. He did not stop to think whether Theeda would like to be touched or not: it seemed to him an easy way of being revenged on his enemy, and that was all. 'Yes, I agree!' he said.

'Very well!' returned Kanker. 'And of course, if I prove that Theeda does not exist, you are to become my servant for the rest of your life?'

'There is no danger in my promising that,' said Oscar. 'Let it be so if you wish.'

'Very well!' said Kanker again; and then they both went to the vase.

'Where is she?' asked Kanker. 'I don't see her.'

'Oh, she has gone into her shell; it is late—she must be asleep by this time,' answered Oscar. 'You must wait until to-morrow.'

'That won't do!' said Kanker. 'The agreement was for this evening. If you back out, you become my servant.'

'It shall be this evening, then,' replied Oscar; 'but you will regret it more than I!' And stooping over the vase, he called, 'Theeda! Theeda! wake up! come out!'

They waited a moment. There was no movement in the great pearl shell, and Theeda did not appear.

'Come! there's enough of this nonsense!' Kanker exclaimed. 'You may as well make up your mind at once to being my servant.'

'Not yet!' said Oscar, scornfully, and he called in a louder voice, 'Come out, Theeda! Come out—I want you!'

The shell stirred slightly, but still Theeda did not appear. Kanker laughed.

Then Oscar grew angry, and in a harsh tone he cried, 'Theeda, come out! or I shall not love you or believe in you any more!'

The sun had set long ago, and the room was almost dark; but now, through a break in the clouds, the moon shone down, white and clear, into the crystal vase. It gleamed upon the pearly shell; and in its cold lustre Oscar saw the tiny water-maiden, whom he had loved better than anything else in the world, and who was the most precious thing that the world contained, come slowly out of her shell, and stand downcast and drooping before him. Then he felt that, in his anger, and in his desire to be revenged on his enemy, he had done a wicked thing, which could not be forgiven. He had shown what was most sacred and dear to his own soul, to one who could neither believe in her nor reverence her. His heart was filled with bitter sorrow and repentance; but again it was too late.

For, as Theeda stood there in the moonlight, drooping amidst her shadowy mist of hair, Kanker put out his hideous red hand, that was less like a hand than like a crab's claw, and plunging it into the water, he tried to grasp Theeda round the waist. But his fingers met together, and behold! no Theeda was there. She had faded into nothingness where she stood; or else the shadow of a cloud which at that moment passed across the moon, and made the vase and the room dark again, had caused her to become invisible. Before she disappeared, however, she bent one sad reproachful look upon Oscar, and he knew that he had seen his mother's spirit in her eyes. He understood all then; but it was too late indeed!

'I told you how it would be!' said the harsh voice of Kanker, with his spluttering laugh, 'and now you are my servant!'

'Yes, for I have lost my Theeda!' answered Oscar, with a heavy sigh.

But even as he spoke, he chanced to turn his eyes towards the sea. Beyond the moon he saw a pure white cloud drifting down the sky. To Oscar's fancy it took on the likeness of a female form—the form of someone whom he knew and loved. She seemed to beckon him to follow her to a far-off country, whither Kanker could not come, and where he would be free.

'Yes, I will follow her!' Oscar thought; and, in some way, he slipped from where he was, and left the cottage and Kanker behind him, and went down towards the ocean.

Kanker did not at first know that Oscar had escaped, for he had left something behind which resembled him, but was not really he. The next morning, when the sun peeped as usual into the crystal vase, neither Oscar nor Kanker were to be seen. But, in the great pearl shell, where formerly Theeda had lived, sat a great ugly crab, twiddling its huge red claws, and peering this way and that with its malicious little eyes, which stuck far out of its head. Oscar was not in the cottage, nor on the shore, nor has he, from that day to this, ever reappeared there. But, if you should ever happen to visit the place, you will hear the waves murmur mysteriously to one another, as they gambol along the beach; and since they come from that far-off line where the world meets the sky, they may possibly know more about Oscar and Theeda than people like Kanker would be apt to believe.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SONNET.

I stumbled blindly on a dark hill-side,
And paused—above me rose a pleading bleat,
Sent through the gloom some far-off thing to greet,
And from afar a piteous bleat replied—
A mother and her lamb dissevered wide—
Bleat answering eager bleat, hurrying to meet,
They met in tender transports at my feet,
And something in my soul woke up and cried—
Thrice happy Lamb! but, ah! what griefs were thine,
So strayed by evil hap, or evil choice!
If lonely, helpless, wild with unknown fears,
Lonely and lost—none heeding thy vain tears—
Lost in the night, left in dark pain to pine,
Thou couldst not hear thy Mother's pleading voice.

P. P. A.

Russia and China.

THE crisis which has been reached in the relations between these two great Empires calls for general attention. The spectacle of a war between two neighbouring Powers at a point removed three thousand miles from the capital of either would of itself be sufficient to create an interest in the dispute on the Kuldja frontier, where the Celestial and the Muscovite must sooner or later meet in conflict. The questions involved are of scarcely less importance to England than to the two countries at issue, and their solution must in many ways affect our views not only on the Central Asian question generally, but also on the equally important one of the Chinese trade. It will, therefore, not be without present interest if, in describing the position of affairs, we glance farther back over the three centuries that have elapsed since Russia and China first began in modern times their intercourse with each other. By so doing it will be made plain that the Russo-Chinese difficulty is a larger one than any dispute over the territory of Kuldja alone would be; and that a complete and satisfactory settlement cannot be brought about if the question is approached on purely local grounds.

The Chinese Government came to the decision six years ago to reconquer the Central Asian possessions which, during the great Mahometan upheaval of fifteen years before, had cast off its authority. Between Kansuh, the extreme North-Western province of China, and these districts lies the great desert of Gobi, or Shamo, which by reason of its vast expanse would seem at first sight to be the bulwark for an empire which a great people would most desire. The facts of history have shown such a belief in this case to be untenable, for from the earliest times the borders of Kansuh have been the scene of a fierce and never-ceasing struggle between the unsettled tribes of Central Asia and the civilised inhabitants of the Chinese provinces; so much indeed was this the case, and so troublesome, if not dangerous, had their periodical inroads become, that about the middle of the last century the great Emperor Keen Lung resolved to deal trenchantly with the difficulty by sending armies across the desert charged with the task of subduing these turbulent tribes to his rule. After several campaigns his wish was effected, and from 1760 until 1863 the Chinese Empire extended across Asia to the Pamir. On the west it was bounded by the Khanates, and on the north by Russian Siberia; but in the latter year, when Russia's successes were only on the eve of commencing in Turkestan, the Mahometans in Kuldja and Kashgaria, imitating the example set them by the Tungani in the countries between them and China Proper, rose up and massacred all the Chinese on whom they could lay their

hands. Several years were occupied in the task of exterminating the Celestials, varied by the luxury of party strife; but eventually the whole of the former Chinese possessions as divided into three parts—one of which was the state of Kashgaria, ruled by the late Yakoob Beg; another, the confederation of the cities held by the Tungani; and the third, the province of Kuldja, under the sway of a despot named Abul Oghlan.

This condition of things remained undisturbed until the year 1871, when the Russians entered and occupied Kuldja 'for the purpose of restoring order.' From that year onwards to the advent of the Chinese, the Tungan confederation was gradually becoming merged in Yakoob Beg's growing kingdom; so that in 1875 matters in this quarter of Asia seemed to have reached a permanent settlement, on the footing that the Russians were to be supreme north of the Tian Shan, and that Yakoob Beg was to have it his own way south of that range. Of the Chinese neither deemed it necessary to take any reckoning. In 1876 the sudden appearance of the Chinese army, under the command of Tso Tsung Tang, the Viceroy of Kansuh, disturbed the harmony of this arrangement; and the speedy overthrow of the Tungani and of Yakoob Beg showed that the assent of the Chinese was essential to any permanent settlement of this region. Before the end of January 1878, Tso Tsung Tang was able to notify to the Emperor the complete reconquest of all the Central Asian provinces, with the exception of Kuldja, 'held in trust for China by the Russian Government.' From that date until the other day no further advance had been made by the Chinese. They occupied the same positions, and the lapse of time has served only to show that their success was durable and not fleeting.

But while no military event of greater importance than the suppression of a few insignificant revolts has marked the annals of the last two years and a half, the great diplomatic question of how Russia was to be persuaded to restore Kuldja has been discussed in all its bearings, and the conviction has at last come home to all concerned, that diplomacy afforded no means of solving pretensions so conflicting, and reconciling interests so incompatible with each other, as those brought forward or represented by the Russians and the Chinese in this matter. In 1871, when the occupation of Kuldja was sanctioned and carried out, the Russian Foreign Office assured the Pekin authorities that, whenever they should send an army into Central Asia strong enough to maintain order, Kuldja would be evacuated by the Russian garrison. In 1878 the necessary condition had been fulfilled by the Chinese; but the Russian garrison did not stir. Time works many changes, and in this short interval Kuldja had become one of the most prosperous of Russian provinces. It was felt to be too hard to have to surrender a valuable possession, because in a generous mood a rash promise had been made some years before. When Tso Tsung Tang preferred a formal request for the cession of the province, the matter was sent on to Tashkent, and thence to St. Peters-

burg. The subject was one that called for discussion; and so towards the close of the year, a special embassy under the charge of Chung How, a high official, was sent to St. Petersburg for the purpose of settling the Kuldja difficulty in an amicable manner by negotiating a treaty. Six months' negotiation—wearisome from unnecessary delay—ensued; and a treaty was at last concluded at Livadia, in the autumn of 1879, by the terms of which Russia was to hand over to the Chinese a portion of the province on the payment of a large sum of money by way of compensation, and on the Pekin Government acknowledging her claim in perpetuity to the remainder, and on its granting fresh facilities for trade. Chung How, either cajoled into believing that he had obtained a full satisfaction of his country's claims, or more probably being imperfectly acquainted with the rights of the question, had the weakness to sign this treaty; and many supposed that the Kuldja difficulty was finally settled when the Chinese Ambassador, having signed away his country's claims, took his congé of the Czar at Livadia. But the Chinese were not to be so easily deceived as their representative had been. The Pekin Government at once refused to ratify this unsatisfactory arrangement: Chung How was disgraced and arrested on his arrival; and the Imperial Council was divided into two parties—the one recommending the despatch of a fresh envoy to Russia, the other, that Tso Tsung Tang should be instructed to commence active operations against the Russians. The latter represented the dominant element among the councillors; and Tso Tsung Tang will certainly act upon his instructions if he has not already carried them out. In face of the collision now inevitable between these two vast and ancient empires, it becomes necessary to consider their relations in the past, and to touch upon those other points to which passing allusion has been made, and which, not less than the Kuldja question, await a permanent settlement in favour of the one Power or the other.

It is impossible to include in our retrospect the conquests of the Mongols; and though they certainly brought the Government of China into the closest contact with the princes of Russia, it may be doubted whether the remembrance of the prowess of the Mongol leaders has exercised any influence on the subsequent policy of China. The conquest of Western Siberia by the Cossack Irmak in the sixteenth century, and the completion of his task fifty years later by the subjection of the Eastern districts of that vast territory, which practically includes the whole of Northern Asia, brought Russia fairly into contact with China at the same time that it made her a great Asiatic Power. This event took place at a crisis in Chinese history. The native dynasty of the Mings had, after half a century of warfare, at last succumbed to the Tartar Manchus; and they for their part were, during many years after they had achieved their first success, engaged in consolidating the great triumph which they had won. The task of subduing the millions of China left the Manchu Tartars little time to devote close attention to the progress of events in the wilds

and solitudes beyond their own northern frontier. The Russians had only to vanquish the Tungusian tribes, and to overthrow a few barbarian dynasties, to find themselves supreme on the Amour and the Irtish, and established at the very door of the greatest of Asian empires. Almost at the same moment that Chuntche, the first Emperor of the Manchu dynasty, ascended the throne at Pekin, the Russians had established themselves on the shores of Baikal, and their line of forts, or block-houses, served to protect their new possessions from any sudden attempt at recovery on the part of the few Tartar troops kept in this region. In the year 1650 Russia's conquest of Northern Asia was completed. Such as her dominions were then they are still, with the sole addition of maritime Manchuria.

The Chinese were considerably alarmed at the construction of this line of forts on a portion of their frontier which was practically undefended; and when the first Russian embassy visited Pekin in 1656, it met with a cold reception. Soon afterwards the attention of both countries was more particularly directed to this region by the successes of Galdan, a Central Asian prince, who was gradually bringing under his influence all the nationalities between the Pamir and the Great Wall. To the Chinese the extension of his sway represented a grave peril, and the Russians were sufficiently aggressive in those days to hope that his ambition might prove a valuable auxiliary in the task of bringing their trade and political influence to bear more favourably on the Chinese. So about the time that the Emperor Kanghi resolved to advance into the desert for the purpose of coming to conclusions with Galdan, the Russian authorities in Eastern Siberia, believing that this contest would prove a protracted one, seized the opportunity to perfect their defences, by constructing two larger and stronger forts at Albazin and Astrog. These were built in the debatable country round the affluents of the Amour in its upper waters, and, as it happened, almost on the same site which Kanghi himself had selected for Chinese forts. Fresh cause was, therefore, furnished for dispute at the very moment that the armed forces of the two empires first came into proximity with each other. It was not to be expected that under these circumstances a collision could be avoided.

At first the campaigns with Galdan were marked by doubtful fortune; but when Kanghi's general Feyanku turned the scale of war against the Central Asian prince, a large Chinese army was left available for active operations in the Amour region. The victories won on the banks of the Kerulon in the Khalkha country were the greatest possible incentive to the Celestials to try conclusions with the small irregular and scattered Muscovite force in their neighbourhood. The Russian forts commanded the whole border, and were an insult to the Imperial authority; and the instant Galdan sued for peace, the Chinese troops were directed against the Russian possessions. A small detachment ventured to attack Fort Astrog, but was repulsed with loss. The Chinese, in nowise daunted, returned in greater strength and laid siege to Albazin, which, after little more than a show

of resistance, surrendered. The Russian garrison became prisoners of war, and were sent to Pekin, where they formed the nucleus of a Russian colony that still exists. Encouraged by their success against Albazin, the Chinese proceeded to demolish the other forts in the neighbourhood, thus, to all seeming, breaking up the hold which the Muscovites had acquired over this region.

The Chinese interest in these districts having always been of the slightest, their troops were withdrawn shortly after these events; but the Russian adventurers—for as yet the Government had little or nothing to do with affairs at this extremity of the empire—soon returned, and reconstructed the forts which Kanghi's generals had razed to the ground. Fort Albazin, in particular, rose from its ruins stronger and better prepared to resist a siege than before. In the meanwhile a second war had commenced with the troublesome Galdan, who aspired to little short of the empire of China itself; and the Russians were left undisturbed in their efforts to retrieve their shattered fortunes in Eastern Siberia. The local Chinese garrisons, however, collected an army of 7,000 men and several *tyfus* (pieces of leather artillery), with which they attacked the Russians at Albazin. After laying siege to the place for a fortnight, they were obliged to abandon the attempt. Recourse was then had to negotiation; and while Kanghi sent numerous reinforcements to this part of the frontier, he also despatched two French missionaries, Fathers Gerbillon and Parennin, to negotiate a treaty of peace. We are told that the Chinese concentrated an army at Nipchu on the Amour amounting to not fewer than 25,000 men, of whom 10,000 were foot and the remainder horse. Three thousand camels were also attached to the commissariat. When, therefore, the negotiations began the Chinese were in far greater force than the Russians, and felt that they were virtually masters of the situation. The Russians protested against this display of superior force, but their protests had no effect. After some delay a treaty was drawn up and signed between the plenipotentiaries, and one of its clauses stipulated that it 'shall be engraven in the Tartar, Chinese, Russian, and Latin languages upon a stone, which shall be placed at the bounds settled between the two empires, there to remain as a perpetual monument of the good understanding that ought to subsist between them.' More definite, and consequently more important, agreements were expressed in the other clauses, marking out the frontier line, and stipulating for the destruction of several Russian forts; and throughout it is plain that the consciousness of superior strength gave the Chinese the best of the bargain. But the most important portion of the frontier—that district lying between the Khingan mountains and the river Udi—was to remain undecided until fuller information had been received. It is only necessary to say that this question is still an open one theoretically, although the Russians have done their best to give it a practical solution by encroaching down to the most *southern* limit, thus acquiring possession of the whole of Lake Baikal, and of the rich mineral districts of

Nerchinsk. It remains to be seen whether the Pekin Government has finally acquiesced in the loss of districts which were declared to be its possession by this treaty, drawn up on September 7, 1689, at the fort of Nipchu.

On both sides of the frontier the borderers strove to turn this new arrangement to their own advantage; and although the population was too sparse to allow of either desperate or protracted warfare, the state of affairs must be pronounced to have been one of continual disturbance. In 1692 Peter the Great, who was the first Russian sovereign to devote his serious attention to the Chinese question, sent an envoy to Pekin; but, although received in audience by Kanghi, nothing of importance accrued from this mission. The ostensible friendship between the courts exercised but little influence on those who were near the places of contact; and the Mongol tribes, assisted by a small body of regular troops, attacked and destroyed Albazin for a second time before the close of the seventeenth century. The garrison was sent to Pekin, to swell the numbers of the Russian colony; while Peter, loth to lose all the advantages he had pictured to himself from trade with China, resolved upon despatching a fresh embassy. He selected as his ambassador M. Ismaloff, who was accompanied on his adventurous journey by M. de Lange, his secretary, and Mr. Bell, an English gentleman attached to the court of the Czar. This was the most successful and the best received of all Russian embassies to China, and although little of permanent benefit ensued from it, it must be held to have played a very considerable part in the development of the relations between the two countries. Ismaloff appears to have been the model of what a successful ambassador to an Asiatic court should be; and the impression he made on Kanghi was so favourable, that when he left on his return to Europe, his secretary was permitted to remain behind as the Russian representative. But the court officials did not share these feelings of goodwill; to them foreign intercourse and the presence of a Russian envoy were as distasteful as ever; and when the whim of the Emperor had been gratified, they did everything in their power to make things uncomfortable for M. de Lange, and to obtain his dismissal.

The great object before the Russians being the extension of their trade, his chief efforts were devoted to the task of obtaining concessions for the caravan from Siberia; and, as soon as he began to ask for practical favours, he found how unreal were the friendly speeches of the Emperor. All his arguments and appeals met with the uniform reply that 'trade was a matter of little consequence, and regarded by them with contempt.' After seventeen months passed in a state of honourable confinement, De Lange left Pekin with the unfortunate first and only Russian caravan, bearing with him the final expression of the opinion of the Pekin Government on the subject of foreign trade—which was 'that for the future no transactions should be carried on between the two nations, except upon the frontiers.' Kanghi died soon after his departure, and before the period of state mourning had

expired Peter the Great also was no more. The subject had to be approached by their successors under changed conditions and somewhat altered circumstances. The Chinese had, however, gained one and a principal point. They had finally refused to entertain the Russian proposals for trade with Pekin itself. Whatever commercial intercourse might ensue was to be restricted to the frontiers.

In June 1728 Count Vladislavitch negotiated the Treaty of Kiachta, which was intended to give fresh force to the expressions of friendship in the Treaty of Nipchu; and perhaps the most important concession contained in it was that relating to the establishment of a Russian mission at Pekin. Permission was granted to the Russians to build a church, to follow the worship of their religion undisturbed, and to maintain a mission of ten persons—six being students of the Chinese language—at Pekin; and the Chinese Government undertook to defray the greater portion of the expenses of maintaining it. The only precaution taken by the Chinese was to stipulate for the members of this mission being changed every ten years; but practically this regulation has been always more or less of a dead letter. The Emperor Yung Ching, while less able as a ruler than either his predecessor or successor, appears to have been free from prejudice, and from the characteristic hatred of the Manchus to everything foreign. Five years after the signature of this treaty, in the year 1733, the first Chinese embassy that ever left Pekin set out for Russia; and this affords the most conclusive proof that the Chinese were anxious to obtain trustworthy and definite information of a country and a people with whom they were likely to be brought into close contact. The embassy reached St. Petersburg, where it met with an honourable reception, and doubtless brought back to China many strange stories of a country ruled by women, and where the brawls in the palace would remind the Chinese literati of the dark periods in their own history. In the year 1733–34 the state of society at St. Petersburg did not argue any great solidity for the young empire, which in little more than a century had flung its arms across the vast region from Poland to the Pacific; and it does not appear that the Chinese were much impressed by what they saw during their residence in Russia.

So long as Yung Ching lived the relations of the two countries remained fairly satisfactory; but on his death, in 1736, and the accession of his son, the great Keen Lung, the policy of the Pekin Government reverted to the lines upon which it had been based under the Emperor Kanghi. The caravan trade, which it had been one of the chief efforts of the Treaty of Kiachta to promote, languished until at last, in 1762, the Empress Catherine thought fit to abolish it altogether, and to decree that henceforth trade with China was free to all her subjects. A few years before this Keen Lung's armies had invaded and conquered Eastern Turkestan, when the Russians gave shelter to an Eleuth prince, Amursana, who had rebelled against the Emperor's authority. This had led to a discussion, which assumed a recriminatory tone, and the Chinese themselves put it that they

adopted towards Russia 'the tone of an elder brother.' The local Russian authorities succeeded in satisfying the Chinese commanders with regard to Amursana, who died of disease shortly after his flight from Kuldja, and this difficulty was amicably settled. Matters generally reached such a pass about this time, when the Chinese were carrying everything before them in Central Asia, up to the walls of Tashkent and the gates of Samarcand, that the Empress Catherine suggested that a Chinese representative should take up his residence permanently at her court. This proposition was treated with silent contempt, and when that haughty princess sent an envoy to Pekin he was summarily dismissed! The effect of this indifference was enhanced by the migration of the Tourgut tribe from the banks of the Volga to those of the Soungari, a voluntary return to an allegiance that had lost all its significance unexampled in history.

During the long reign of the Emperor Keen Lung the attitude of the Chinese towards Russia continued to be one of defiance and proclaimed dislike. The trade proceeded on the frontiers; but the Russian traders, although coming as suppliants, reaped little benefit from the traffic. If there is matter for marvel, it is that they persisted in coming at all. In 1805 the Russians hoped to derive some advantage from the change in rulers that had taken place; and a magnificent embassy, under Count Goloiken, was sent to China. It had, however, to reduce its numbers before being permitted to cross the frontier, and was detained at the Great Wall under various pretexts. On Count Goloiken refusing to perform the 'prostration ceremony' he was abruptly informed that he had better return, 'as his journey had already been too long.' With this event the long period of China's unqualified hostility towards Russia may be said to have reached a termination. The decay in the power and vigour of the state, which steadily declined after the death of Keen Lung, rendered the Government less able to resist the pressure brought to bear upon them by foreign Powers, among whom Russia had little difficulty in securing her share of the privileges that were obtainable.

In 1820 another Russian embassy, under M. Timkowski, arrived in Pekin, but this is chiefly remarkable because it afforded that gentleman the opportunity of writing a very interesting book on China. The commercial relations of the two countries were steadily developing, not only by the great trade avenue through Kiachta, but also at other points along the frontier, notably at the towns of Chuguchak and Ili, in Jungaria. Thirty years after the return of M. Timkowski the Kiachta caravan trade had attained such proportions that there was little risk of either stagnation or retrogression, and so the main object with the St. Petersburg Government became the development of commerce with the Western possessions of China. A treaty was concluded with this object at Ili in 1851, and special concessions were made by the Chinese to the Russian merchants of Vernoe and Semipalatinsk. There is no question that the Mahometan insurrections in 1862–63 were a great blow to the commerce of the

Russians, for a really steady and prospero[illegible]s springing up between Russian territory and the citi[illegible]s, Chuguchak, Hamil, Barkul, and Urumtsi. The rising of the Dungani put a stop to all communication between Russian territory and this region for many years; and it was only during the later years of Yakoob Beg's rule that the trade showed any signs of reviving.

In 1860 a most important event occurred in the relations of the two countries by the Russian occupation of the large province bordering the sea, and lying east of Manchuria—maritime Manchuria, in short, for want of a better name. At the time of the Crimean War it will be remembered that the English fleet carried on desultory operations against the Russians on the Amour; and the Russian naval authorities, encouraged by what they regarded as their favourable result, and for other reasons, recommended, and ultimately carried out, the incorporation with the empire of the country between the Soungatche river and the sea. By this step the chief Pacific harbour was moved south from Nicolaievsk to Vladivostock. Availing themselves of the successes of the Anglo-French army, the Russians timed their movements so that the Pekin Government was powerless to prevent the annexation of this province, protected on the land side by extensive marshes and dense forests, and at the mercy of the Power commanding the sea. General Ignatieff, at that time Russian Minister at Pekin, succeeded in mollifying the indignation of the Chinese, who were then much too anxiously occupied with affairs in their very midst to raise serious objections to the transfer of districts which had been in the undisturbed possession of a few robber clans. This wound has since rankled, and the growing size and strength of Vladivostock, as well as the activity of the Pacific squadron, have served to further inflame it. Here also a trade sprang up, and many Chinese came to settle at Vladivostock. The old grievance does not slumber, and the greater importance, in the settlement of questions in this quarter, of Corea—only divided from Russia by the small river Tumen—lends increased weight to it in the eyes of Chinese statesmen.

We have now glanced at all the points where the Russians and the Chinese come into contact; and from Kuldja to Vladivostock it is clear that there is more than one principle at stake, and more than one conflict imminent under present circumstances. In spite of the opposition of the Chinese Government and the indifference of the people on the one side, and the immense distance and other natural difficulties interfering with and retarding the progress of the Russians on the other, a very considerable amount of trade is carried on along the frontiers. It is not placing the value of the merchandise exported from China on the land side at too high a figure to say that it probably amounts to five millions sterling per annum; and whenever Russia has improved the means of transit within her frontier, either by the construction of railways or by connecting the Siberian lakes and rivers by canals, an enormous impulse must be given to commerce in these regions. It is, therefore, evident that neither Peter the Great

ıor the long line of Russian rulers and statesmen of ability since ıis time, toiled in vain so far as trade with China is concerned. Chat trade, on the condition of peace being preserved, admitted of ;onsiderable expansion; but even a great war will probably fail either ıo destroy the results attained during the last two centuries, or to dissi- ɔate the interests slowly created during that long period.

The political questions are much more difficult to deal with, and he more carefully they are considered the more hopeless does a lurable settlement, to the satisfaction of both empires, appear. For here can be no doubt that China's suspicions of the integrity of Russia's policy are very keen, and now not easily to be allayed. Her tatesmen see danger to the empire at every point where the nations ;ome into contact from Vladivostock to Kuldja, and they utterly dis- rust—probably with good reason—Russia's intentions with regard to Corea, Japan, and Ourga. They scent danger in the air on all sides, ınd, rightly or wrongly, believe that to avert that peril their action nust be prompt. To a people who, like the Chinese, judge the ɔresent almost exclusively by reference to the past, there is something ntolerable in its oppressiveness in the existence of a great military Power along the whole of their northern frontier, and occupying the ame relative position to them that the most famous conquerors of China—the Mongols and Manchus themselves—did at former epochs. There has also been added the sense of injury for the forcible occupa- ıion of maritime Manchuria. To all these grievances and wrongs he refusal to restore the province of Kuldja has given fresh substance ınd increased importance. The attempt to deprive the partial sur- ender of this province of any value, by securing more valuable equivalents—under the Treaty of Livadia—has further opened the yes of the Chinese and brought matters to a head. When the Chinese Government angrily refused to ratify that treaty, and dis- graced its negotiator Chung How, a rupture, sooner or later, between Russia and China became inevitable.

It is probable that, before the close of last year, the dominant ɔarty at Pekin, under the Imperial princes Chun and Li, had resolved ıpon war with Russia. The opinion appears to be prevalent among he official classes that Russia's strength has deteriorated on account ıf the war with Turkey and of popular discontent; but if these anciful views are current among the provincial officials, it is not to ɔe supposed that the responsible ministers are so easily deluded by hem. The authorities are, on the contrary, showing remarkable nergy and good sense. They have made large purchases of munitions ıf war in Germany and the States, at the same time that their own ıative arsenal at Kiang Nan has been constructing weapons more apidly than ever before. The forts on the Peiho bristle with Krupp's nost formidable artillery, and a fleet of gunboats carrying 25- on guns, has been collected to defend the passage of the river. An ırmy of at least 100,000 well-armed and drilled men is at hand to guard the approaches to the capital; and, lastly, Colonel Gordon has

reached the scene of his former exploits. In Central Asia and on the Amour not less energy and foresight have been shown. Tso Tsung Tang has been largely reinforced in artillery and cavalry; and his army now probably numbers 100,000 combatants. In Manchuria, at Haylar in particular, active military preparations have been in progress for many months: and, should the Russians abandon the design with which they are credited of making their chief attack from the coast, it is probable that Colonel Gordon's services will be utilised in this direction. All these circumstances show that the Chinese Government is fully alive to the importance of the crisis, and that it is working out a methodical and determined policy.

The future must depend so largely on the fortune of war, that it would be weakness to speculate on what it may prove to be until better informed as to the exact course of recent events in Central Asia. But at the least it must prove fruitful in change. It may greatly alter our views of the military strength of Russia in Central Asia, and of the warlike characteristics of the Chinese. To whichever side the balance of success may go, there will needs be a modification in the relations both of England and of India to the victor and the vanquished. For the present it is enough to recognise plain facts. China has shown that rather than forego the least of her rights she is willing to appeal to the sword, and Russia is busy with preparations for an immediate commencement of hostilities. The harbours of the Baltic are being denuded of ironclads in order to reinforce the fleet in the Pacific, and troops are being assembled for frontier defence as rapidly as the vast distances admit of. In face of these patent facts it is hardly possible to hope that war can be averted. The suggestion of some of the journals of St. Petersburg to waive the Treaty of Livadia, and restore the whole of the province of Kuldja to China for a fair pecuniary compensation, involves a concession which the Russian Government is by no means likely to adopt. It would increase the arrogance of the Chinese, at the same time that it would be sure to create fresh dangers throughout Turkestan. When the war comes—and I am fully convinced that it cannot be much longer put off—Russia will be compelled to fight in defence, not merely of Kuldja, but of her very position in Asia. Although to Englishmen, remembering our easy march to Pekin, the contest may appear unequal, there are reasons, such as I have stated, for believing that the combatants are fairly matched. At all events the Chinese—who are nothing if not human beings with a large development of practical common sense—are confident of the result, and they too have not forgotten the unpleasant experience of twenty years ago. They have faith in the justice of their cause, in their numbers, and in their greater wealth; and there are those among them who declare that a successful war with Russia is the only way to place their empire on a firm foundation, and enable it to withstand the corrosive influence of daily contact with the 'Barbarians of the West.'

DEMETRIUS CHARLES BOULGER.

Béranger: his Songs and Politics.

'I CARE NOT who makes the laws of a nation so long as I make its songs,' was the dictum of a wise man, who recognised the vast influence that popular refrains and ballads have in swaying the mind, heart and temper of a people either for good or evil. There is a kind of inspiration in national popular songs; they not only implant and foster an idea, but give the irresistible *élan* which enables it to be carried out; they exalt a cause into a religion, and nerve its votaries for martyrdom or triumph. A great poet may be known and read of all men without having the power to wake any such chords in the souls of his fellows, while he whose touch is like magic on their hearts, at whose call they arise and follow whithersoever he leads, may be anything but a great poet, though he must have some spark of genius, and consciously or unconsciously strike the key-note of the age in which he lives and writes.

It is very difficult to be just to such a one—to give him his meed of praise and no more, to decide how much he owes to merit and how much to circumstances, and to define the exact point to which the muse guides him, ere fortune takes him by the hand and leads him up to fame. We do not, as a rule, love strict justice any more than we practise it; we are ready enough with pity, anger, enthusiasm, or even worship; but cool, impartial equity is a thing apart, and seems nearly unattainable. After the lapse of years, however, we ought to be able to weigh an author's value and productions without bias or prejudice; to consider him in the light of posterity, and see what harvests his words have brought forth, whether tares and dragon's teeth, or goodly corn and fruit.

The present is a specially fitting occasion to review the character and lyrical influence of the popular poet of France—his fellow countrymen are this month to celebrate his centenary.[1] Béranger was a many-sided figure—poet, politician, man of the world, and hero-worshipper. The good-humoured, old-fashioned-looking figure which was to be seen at street corners and on the Boulevards continually some five and twenty or thirty years ago was that of a man of mark more powerful than many who looked more imposing. But the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the cherub of song takes up its abode where it will, and is often worse lodged than in the mortal coil of Béranger. The spirit which from time to time leads mankind forth conquering and to conquer frequently goes to work in an unprecedented fashion, and accomplishes its mission in its own way. It seldom proceeds from the rich, the powerful, or the renowned, but,

[1] Béranger was born August 19, 1780.

on the contrary, makes choice of a visionary monk, an enterprising libertine, or an eccentric misanthrope. This time it spoke by the mouth of a singer, who proved faithful to the light that was in him, and carried out implicitly the *rôle* with which he was entrusted. He, more than any other man, effaced from the mind of France the memory of her kings, and chased from the national soil the last representatives of monarchy. He tore all the velvet off the old throne, and made masks of it for the amusement of the populace; and after his activity in destroying the ancient royalty, busied himself with the erection of a new one. Nor was this the end of his task, for throughout his whole career he nourished in his countrymen the military sentiment, and the worship of glory as none other has ever done or will do.

In his songs he embalmed the memory of the wonderful genius who made France so great, and left her so exhausted. He was the creator of the Napoleonic legend, and made the grandeur of the Republic a living spectacle to a generation which had not known it. Consequently the name of Béranger is attached to the mightiest fact of contemporary history, and his poems have surrounded it with a halo of glory. He formed, so to speak, an integral element of the popularity of the first Napoleon; he was the most implacable foe of the Bourbon monarchy, and as though these were not titles enough to celebrity, the Republican party claimed him as their patriarch and pope.

Important as was the place occupied by Béranger in general and political society, his intellectual and literary position was, if possible, more remarkable still. English people can neither understand nor appreciate the estimation in which the author of 'Frétillon' and 'Lisette' was held, and it is certain that in our language both these little poems would have fallen flat, or been at once banished to the shades to which sentiments unfit for ears polite are usually consigned, and no one who values the sanctity of home, and the purity which ought to attach to the names of wife and mother, would wish it to be otherwise. But in the circles among which he moved his commonest words were quoted as oracles of good sense, and his opinions, though they were too often of the earth earthy, were accepted as the expression of wisdom which had profited by experience. He had neither critics nor flatterers, but only admirers, and he was perhaps the only man of his age whose renown was neither envied nor begrudged.

In general society Béranger was merely the most popular man in France, but in his retreat he became a species of saint, and was enthroned as an idol on the summit of contemporary literature. It would have been the sheerest folly imaginable for anyone to have attacked him, for all the faults with which he could possibly have been reproached were transformed by his adorers into gifts and virtues. If an objection were ever raised to the manner in which he overstepped the bounds of conventional decency, it was met by an

asseveration that he only used the language of practical common sense; and if a complaint was occasionally whispered against his irreverence, it was smothered by a declaration that its true designation was Socratic irony, or mere Gallic gaiety, and that the detractor had better hold his tongue. Being thus defended by a vigilant guard and invincible arguments, his glory was impregnable, and he enjoyed it to the full in security and peace. Nor was this all, for the other stars of the age did homage to him, and Chateaubriand, Lamennais, and Lamartine performed humble pilgrimages to his retreat, that they might ask pardon for their orthodoxy, expiate their sins as royalists, and receive at his venerable hands the absolution of democracy. At length he died full of years and honour; the *Moniteur* announced to France the death of the national poet, the State undertook his obsequies, he was borne to his long home between two files of soldiers, and as soon as his corpse had received the last rites of the Church, the organ pealed forth the air of his 'Souvenirs du Peuple.'

It has been said by one of the most eloquent writers of the present day that nations are wont to wreathe the tombstone when they have not crowned the brow; but Béranger was one of the few who received both of these tributes from a grateful country, and left behind him openly recognised as well as indelible 'footprints on the sands of time.' He has never yet been judged simply as a poet, because we cannot dissociate him from the events in which he took part; the poet and the personage were a single being, but the one was the creation of the other. When the bow is drawn, we follow the arrow in its flight, and watch to see if it strike the mark, but no one inquires what wood it is made of. The gun is fired, and an assailant falls shot through the heart, and it does not occur to any of us to ask if the powder were of the best quality. The importance of the times, the excitement of the contest, and the intoxication of triumph came to the aid of Béranger's muse, and attached a date to each of his songs, so that it is impossible to separate the words from the acts that called them forth, and consequently the poet and the personage are so closely blended in him that they can hardly be contemplated apart. Popular logic, especially in France, can always find a well-sounding explanation, whether there be any sense in it or no, and would fain have us believe that there is an exact proportion between the talents and the achievements of a man. Béranger accomplished great things by means of his *chansons*; ergo, he must have received the gift of song to an unprecedented extent. Not so, says the impartial observer at this distance of time; the gift of poetry was his no doubt, but he was not so supremely dowered with genius as some of his *confrères*. The airy grace and flowery sentiments which animate many of his verses can bear no comparison with the exquisite tenderness, the nervous sensibility, and melancholy eloquence of Alfred de Musset, who was consecrated by the Muse to her service with an ardent and impassioned kiss, very different from the light impress

she left in passing on the brow of the popular poet; yet only thirty people followed him to his grave, while two months afterwards no fewer than 100,000 watched the *cortège* which accompanied the latter to the tomb.

Béranger does not captivate us by his imagination, though he is industriously inventive, and like a busy bee gathers honey from all blossoms, and he does not soar with the flight and wing which make us feel that the idea of wings is inseparable from our conception of the true poet; he hovers and flutters over the fields of fancy, but never for an instant loses sight of the earth.

No one, however, knew his own failings better than Béranger himself; he was too clear-sighted not to be aware of his shortcomings and constituted himself his own critic. He was truly modest, and the clouds of pride were unable to obscure his mental vision to such a degree as to make him fancy that his genius was equal to his fame. In the lively prefaces to his poems, and in the fragments of conversation which have been collected by M. Lapointe, he expresses the fear that his reputation is on the decline, and attributes to circumstances a great part of his success. This consciousness doubtless regulated his whole life from the moment when he became illustrious and caused him to adopt the line of conduct which he followed to his dying day. His voluntary retirement, his modest life, his obstinate refusal of the recompense due to his talents, and the tactics which made the *ego* as humble and insignificant as possible, all bear witness to it. Circumstances cleverly manipulated had given him his popularity, and other circumstances might take it away, if he happened to cross them. So he prudently drove a nail into Dame Fortune's wheel, and forbade it to turn any longer for him.

He was wise in his generation, for at the moment when his star reached its zenith, a new school of poetry arose whose success was independent of the outer world. The romantic movement, so malicious and irreverent towards the classics and literary celebrities of the preceding generation, seems to have alarmed Béranger, so after a little parley he bade the new comers welcome and departed with good grace. The renown which the Restoration had given him might otherwise have vanished, and it would have been a singular spectacle if Béranger's poetry had gone into exile with King Charles X. It was running too great a risk to occupy the public any longer with his name, so he yielded to the very natural and legitimate fear lest he should survive himself. He wished to die, and thanks to his *clairvoyance* he did die, with unfaded glory. Perhaps it was to this feeling that he owed his latest and best success: he was, as we have said, really modest; he did not indulge in that disdain and Byronic arrogance towards the public which was displayed by so many men of his time. He drew his renown from the people, [illegible] was grateful for it, and even felt that he owed some duty to [illegible] stream. [illegible] each step in his career he made new efforts, [illegible] attempts. He had been congratulated on his perpetual good [illegible] and he made

voured thereupon to soften the notes of his lyre. He was called the French Horace, and he took the compliment seriously, and sought to deserve it by writing verses in which he expressed indulgent philosophy and optimism. He was told that his poems were perfect odes, so he made an effort to climb the heights of heroic sentiment, and met on his way the zephyr which inspired the 'Souvenirs du Peuple,' and 'Chant du Cosaque.' Even when crowned with glory, he did not stop short as most men would have done; he thought he could not be sufficiently worthy of it. He still aimed higher and higher, watched the progress of public opinion and the advance of new ideas, and this time he produced some of the best songs in the French language—'Jeanne la Rousse,' 'Les Bohémiens,' and 'Le Juif errant.' Starting from the simple Parisian ditty, he advanced to the ode, and at the end of his poetic journey attained to the dignity of the ballad. He began with the artificial poetry of a false and corrupt civilisation, and at length found the poetry of nature. This great achievement he certainly owed to his recognition of the public, and to his conviction that he ought to merit his renown. Such a feeling atones for many sins against both taste and morality, and suffices in itself to justify the personal respect with which he was surrounded.

The poetic gifts exhibited in Béranger's works are very various and conflicting; they have no *suite*, they do not sustain or correspond with each other; in point of fact, many of them are not natural to him, they are acquired by dint of perseverance, care, art, and a strong will. What gifts then had he received from Nature? and of what kind could they have been before they were enriched by study and work? Let us try to imagine them, and as Béranger loved allegories we will follow his example. He frequently said that, after his birth in his grandfather's house, a fairy was seen beside his cradle. Was she really there? Yes, but she was not the dazzling fairy who inspired the dreams of Oberon; she was rather one of the mischievous band who accompanied Puck in his expeditions, and helped him to turn the butter sour in the churns, to steal the cakes, and drink the wine. Moreover she was a city elf, and taught the boy the tricks with which she was herself familiar, such as how to splash an emblazoned carriage, how to bewilder sacristans by ringing their bells at unseasonable hours, and how to irritate kings by throwing pebbles at their palace windows. At his baptism this erratic godmother gave him a piercing little ivory whistle, a tiny trumpet, and a drum; instead of a shepherd's flute, Apollo's lyre, or a troubadour's guitar. Béranger's muse was no bird with splendid plumage and resounding voice; but at the outset, a poor little Parisian sparrow, familiar, saucy, gay, acquainted with no nature save that of suburban gardens, making love on the house-tops, and twittering all the while with cheery, chirping voice, of sunshine, spring, and liberty.

It is not enough to say of a French poet or writer that he is by birth a Frenchman; if we would understand his being in all its bear-

ings, it is necessary to inquire whether he hail from the Romance provinces of the sunny South, from the grey ascetic North, or from the debateable lands that border on the Rhine.

Béranger was none of these; he was a Parisian *pur sang*, with all the attributes and failings of his class, the gayest and least poetic that exists. The criticising, carping spirit of the population found in him a faithful interpreter, for all his life he was to be found in the ranks of opposition. The only landscapes with which he was familiar were those of the Champs Élysées, the Tuileries, and the Bois de Boulogne, and he reproduced an exact photograph of that artificial nature, as pompous as it was hollow. As to the inhabitants, he only knew them as they were in the faubourgs, in the *estaminets*, and gardens of the banlieue, and on the pavement in front of the Invalides; the habits and manners of the rural population were almost unknown to him, for he had never seen the lower orders, except as dressed in uniform or blouse—the world of artisans and soldiers. It is true that he owed one of his greatest successes to his picture of the sufferings of the rustic poor, and expression of their feelings and ideas, but it was not until a later period that he thus included the whole nation in his songs. The exclusively Parisian spirit is best seen in the first volume he published, before he became a public character, before the dawn of circumstances which compelled him to enlarge his scope, and previously to the duties imposed upon him by success. It was perfectly natural, born and bred with him, and accompanied him faithfully to the very end, often as he digressed and dallied with other enchantresses. There were days when his [illegible] strains were varied by a gentle melancholy, in which tears shone in his eyes as he looked back after his vanishing youth, or gazed at the careless crowds who thronged the streets. I recall through the mists of memory his old and cherished haunts. Even he consoled himself by singing like a linnet to the God's compassionate ear, to whom all frailtyside had given him the gift of song. I recall a moment—

[illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] inspiration. For his time [illegible] before he had [illegible] and reflected all its [illegible]

Béranger was [illegible] because [illegible] well as the [illegible] were [illegible] but [illegible] are con- [illegible] the different [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] manifestation,

but the pleasures he extolled were such as could not be tasted without the leisure to enjoy life, and the means of making it comfortable, such as elegant villas, shady groves, Falernian wine, and, in fact, everything which constitutes ease and luxury. Béranger, on the contrary, was the exponent of the *jeunesse non dorée*, the poet of the poor and thrifty, with all their simple hopes and fears. 'Ma Vocation,' 'Mon vieil Habit,' 'Le Grenier,' and 'Maudit Printemps' express all the meagre poesy there is in the lives of the workman, the poor student, and the youth without resources. All they have felt and seen is there—the attic where they once dwelt content, the well-brushed and weather-beaten coat, the passing pleasure caught and made much of, and the view of an opposite window veiled by the green leaves of spring. In them there are no sensual allusions—no envy, no cowardice, and no reflections on the rich and fortunate. How many hearts have they not rejoiced, and how many solitary hearths have they not enlivened! We cannot be surprised at Béranger's immense popularity, when we reflect on the vast sections of humanity to whom his songs appealed. The political ones were echoed by all France, the military strophes rung through the workshops and studios, and for many a long year all the young inhabitants of the garrets have welcomed with him the return of winter in spite of its cold:—

C'est l'hiver que mon cœur implore
Ah! je voudrais qu'on entendit
Tinter sur la vitre sonore
Le grésil léger qui bondit.
Que me fait tant ton vieil empire,
Tes pleurs, tes zéphyrs, tes longs jours?
Je ne la verrai plus sourire.
Maudit printemps, reviendras-tu toujours?

But the great blank and void in Béranger's poetry is the absence of passion; his nature was never shaken to its depths; the baptism of fire passed not over his spirit, and his inmost soul was neither hallowed nor awakened. There is no crying of heart to heart, nor any indication of that state of being where true love is lord of all. His harp of life remained untouched by the great master, the chord of self was unshattered, and he knew not what it was to lose himself in another either for weal or woe. Lisette and her compeers amused him; he played with them occasionally, but the merriment was heartless; they were were neither necessary nor beloved. He never experienced the strength of family ties, and the tenderest friendship of which he has left us any record breathes from 'La Bonne Vieille,' which expresses a sentiment of gratitude and a hope that the affection capable of lasting throughout life may be rewarded by immortality. It is an accent, a perfume, a *souvenir*, an adieu—the whisper of a departed spirit to a friend who remains below, praying her to keep his memory green, to cherish thoughts of him as he was at his best,

and, as she sits in her peaceful chimney corner, to remember and repeat his songs.

He never rose above his auditors; his sentiments were those of the masses, and this it was which made him the national poet. At the moment when France, exhausted with struggles, and miserable by means of too much glory, shudderingly anticipated a second invasion, the sound of a pipe was heard, shrill, piercing, and penetrating, more terrible to the proud and victorious, and more dangerous to the enemy than the most fiery eloquence, or the excesses of the most violent wrath. This little popular whistle was the signal of that truceless and merciless war which swept away the twice-restored monarchy. 'L'Opinion de ces Demoiselles,' in which Béranger coarsely identifies the ideas of the Legitimist party with the covetousness of the lowest stratum of social vermin, embodies all his opposition under the Restoration, and regarded in the light of the present day appears harsh and brutal. Its persistently cruel aspect never changed nor flinched for fifteen years, from the Hundred Days in 1815 until the Revolution of July. This opposition was his strength, and he clung to it as men do to the weapons with which they have conquered in the fight; he loved it as a savage loves his bow, or as Achilles loved his lance and shield. He would probably have indulged in it to a certain extent under any *régime*, though less bitterly; but his horror of the Restoration was savage, untameable hatred, under the influence of which, like the lion of Scripture, he went to and fro seeking whom he might devour.

It appears above all in his satires; their gaiety is sinister, their infatuation terrible, and their choruses like musket shots. Not only persons and abuses are attacked, but entire classes, and the whole social hierarchy. The refrains have a vitality of their own, a power of spontaneous combustion, and many of them are directed against the various religious orders, especially the Jesuits. Nations as well as individuals come to epochs of existence in which they kick over the traces, and shake off the yoke of their spiritual pastors and masters, and when once kindled, this current of feeling spreads like an epidemic, doing incalculable mischief to puny souls, and saddening the greater ones whose philosophy resolves itself into the indomitable resolution to 'suffer and be strong.' The language of the Church is flung back into her very teeth in 'Les Chantres de Paroisse,' and that of the noblesse in 'Le Marquis de Carabas.' It was far less the literary value than the *mot populi* that the men of his own day recognised in Béranger; they were familiar with his style, and sympathised heartily with his emphasis, and there came an hour when he gave a voice to public sorrow and dismay. Elastic as are the spirits of our French friends, they are subject to the most terrible fits of depression, and after the double invasion there came a moment of despair. The nation bowed her head, and believed that her part was played out, and that she had no longer any place in the world. In spite of the blessings of peace, in spite of the civil and religious

liberty held out to her, she felt herself vanquished, and the Restoration was not slow in letting her find that instinct had not deceived her; for it omitted nothing that could prove to her mind the fact that she consisted of the conquerors and the conquered. The victors were very numerous, and thought they constituted the whole of France; the vanquished were merely the classes emancipated by the Revolution, and the *débris* of the armies who had followed her fortunes for twenty years in every clime. This moment of discouragement was marked by Béranger, in the midst of a profound silence broken only by the groans of the victims and threats of their conquerors; his voice arose, and the land stood still to listen. It has been said that he consoled her for the invasion, and the expression is not too strong, for he breathed both consolation and hope, appeased grief and regret, and rekindled the dying embers of courage. Such songs, whatever be their literary merit, deserve the appellation of being patriotic, and they remain attached to the remembrance of the invasion like a poetic commentary on the emotions that then filled and overflowed the heart of France.

Whatever his warmest champions may say of Béranger, they never attempt to deny that, though he fought the Bourbons, it was more in the name of national honour than in that of liberty, and more in memory of the Emperor than of the Republic. Yet he was hardly a thoroughgoing Bonapartist; for he declared over and over again that in Napoleon he exalted the man rather than the sovereign, and reproached his country under the Empire with having mistaken the altar of Victory for the altar of Liberty. What he disliked was neither the man nor the system, but the Imperial title; yet he accepted the hero as the representative of democracy, and his system of organisation as the one best suited to a society new born from the throes of revolution. He made no puppet of the 'great captain,' the warrior or demigod never figured in his lays, but the personification of the armed and powerful masses. The statue descends from its pedestal, and instead of a rival to Cæsar and Alexander we see a popular leader, not robed in purple nor crowned as king, but wearing the familiar uniform and well-known hat—no deity, but just one of the people. Around this central figure are grouped the humblest members of the army and empire: no marshals or allies, but the poor peasant who received him in his hut on the eve of the catastrophe, and heard him draw that long deep sigh, the man who crawled from his hiding place to kiss the prohibited standard, and the prisoner of war who saluted the rock-bound shore of St. Helena on the day when the caged lion was set free for ever. Other poets have celebrated Napoleon in loftier and more pompous strains; but none are so naïve, so simple, or so profoundly human, and though they may not depict exactly the Napoleon of history, they set forth the popular idol.

The poems of Béranger's old age show him no longer as laughing, dancing, or ridiculing, but with a perpetual smile on his face; they

are all lilies and roses, violets and butterflies, springtime and sunshine. He girds his robes about him, and prepares for the last journey by offering such incense as he has at the footstool of the 'Dieu des Bonnes Gens,' for his philosophy has taken a quasi-religious hue with the advance of years; faith in God and in the immortality of the soul have been revealed to him; and his later words are irradiated, though but faintly, with a sunset gleam from the western portals. Very frequently and perhaps too often our eyes see only what they wish to see, and we summon from the recesses of our own imagination fantastic shapes of heroes which are as different from the actual men who lived and breathed and walked the earth as the Angel Gabriel from Mephistopheles, or Tennyson's Lady Godiva from Mrs. Grundy. The Catholic party has thus created for itself one image of Béranger, and the Republicans another, neither of them being very faithful copies of the original, for the simple reason that he was not so single or clearly defined a character as they supposed.

Politically, he was tinged with a *nuance* of scepticism, and a deeply rooted love of equality was his ruling passion from the beginning to the end of his course. This was the conviction of his heart; liberalism and republicanism were the opinions of his mind which floated lightly hither and thither according to the whims of his capricious mistress—the public. There have been rhymesters who declared that nature was formed for the express purpose of figuring in sonnets, and Béranger in his misanthropic moods has candidly confessed that 'after all politics are only fit to make songs of!' True liberalism is not a mere opinion, but the mould in which the soul is shaped; it is born with us as much as any other hereditary tendency of mind or body; and this singular being had not an atom of it about him, unless it was when he happened to wear a cockade; he just submitted himself without asking to the leading of the multitude, and never attempted to act against it either in the way of enlightenment or remonstrance. When he felt that he was expected to speak, he railed or lilted as the spirit moved him, and perhaps in the course of his life did so occasionally when conscience bade him hold his peace. In a word, he had neither sufficient elevation of soul nor strength to resist the current of popular opinion, and having no initiative policy of his own, he always followed the multitude, never *preceded* it, except on one memorable day, and then he took the tide at its flood, and it sufficed to bring him to the greatest popularity attained by any man of his time.

Whatever were his strong or weak points, he was frequently a poet, and invariably a citizen; and though his name may lose its literary importance (as it has already done to a certain extent), it will remain always attached to the history of the nineteenth century, whose annals would have told another story, had it not been for this facile interpreter of French national feeling.

ELIZA CLARKE.

The Water Supply of London.

At a time when an inquiry, of which it is difficult to forecast either the duration or the outcome, is being made into the question of the London Water Supply, it may be of use to indicate those physical and economical limits which control the case. And it is the more desirable that this should be done, from the fact that the method of investigation now adopted, though one which is a favourite in practice, is subject to serious disadvantages. The conduct of an inquiry before a Committee depends partly on the energy of character and habitual views of the more influential members of the Committee; partly on the selection of witnesses, partly on the skill and tact of the contending counsel. Truth, no doubt, may be threshed out by conflict of opinion, but there is no certitude that the whole truth will so come out. As a rule, only those statements will be cleared up which it is the interest or object of some one litigant to state or to oppose. Points of controlling interest may thus be overlooked, and so much attention concentrated on certain details, as to leave little or no time for the elucidation of others of equal or even greater importance. In the absence of a clear, full, professional report, laying down the lines on which the Committee should proceed to work, exhaustive regularity can hardly be anticipated.

Nor has any writer or speaker, in or out of Parliament, so far as we are aware, yet called attention to the fact that there *is* a limit to the sources of our water supply which it is not impossible to reach. That those sources are ample, everyone takes for granted. But there has been no inquiry as to how ample they are, and how far they will suffice for our descendants, without definite forethought being directed to the prevention of waste.

The magnitude of the question of the Water Supply of the Metropolis has perhaps not hitherto been adequately realised. It may be doubted whether it has been so realised by men of science. It is plain that it has not been so realised by the public. The problem is one which—not in its kind, indeed, but in its degree—is without example. Not only have we the question before us of the provision of the largest capital of Europe with a primary necessary of life, but we have the further complications of limit of supply, and of a future unlimited increase of demand. This year we speak of the needs, in round numbers, of four millions of souls. But the population doubles in about forty years; so that by 1920 or 1930 A.D. we may have to provide for the needs of eight millions of souls. And what is imperative, is that no step now taken for the advantage of the smaller number, and for the supplying the needs of the day, shall prejudice the future of London.

As to the sources of supply, indeed, they seem at first sight to

be ample, if not practically unlimited. There is the River Thames, with its affluents. There are springs in the chalk, in the gravels, perhaps in other formations. All these sources may seem to amount to an enormous total. There is, however, a ready method of arriving at the maximum aggregate of the water available to London from its natural sources of supply. The outside maximum is the quantity of rain that falls within the watershed of the Thames basin. And this quantity must be taken—not for a wet, or even for an average year—but for a dry year. As to this we have something approaching definite information.

The area drained by the Thames is estimated by the engineers of the Ordnance Survey of England at 5,163 superficial miles. If we add the catchment area of the Medway, which is an affluent of the Thames (although it enters the river near its mouth), the total area is 6,160 square miles. Over this surface, according to the best observations yet made, those of Mr. G. J. Symons and his active and unpaid coadjutors, the rainfall varies from 32 inches per annum on the hills, to 24 inches in the lower parts of the valley, in an average year. The general average has been calculated at from 25½ to 26 inches, which is a little over the mean rainfall at Greenwich. But, as before observed, we are not safe in dealing with averages in a matter of this importance. The rainfall of 1872 was 35 per cent. above the average in Middlesex, and 16 per cent. above the average over the whole of the British islands. We should not be justified in making a smaller allowance below the average for a year of drought. This will reduce the minimum rainfall to an average of 16½ inches in a dry year over the Thames watershed.

This [illegible] yields, it is true, an immense quantity of water. If we speak of millions, or thousands of millions of metric tons, the figures become so large as almost to cease to affect the imagination. In one of the driest years yet on record since the measurements of the rainfall were commenced, the volume of water shed on the valley of the Thames exceeded 7½ millards of metric tons. For such a supply as we have suggested as possible, we should still have [illegible] millards of metric tons, from which to supply the consumption. If we allow 50 tons in the year to each person, which is equal to rather more than 30 gallons per head per day, we require 250 millions of metric tons per annum, and double that volume for the year. The proportion borne to the rainfall is [illegible] that it is not surprising that little heed is given to the fear of a stint in the supply. The [illegible] one-fourth, at present, to one-twelfth.

[illegible] logical step of endeavouring to trace the course of the water, as it rushes from the hills of Gloucestershire, Berkshire, and Wiltshire to the sea, [illegible] some awkward facts. Of the total rainfall

of a country by far the greater portion never makes its way into the rivers at all. It is removed from the surface of the ground by evaporation. How large the proportion is, is not accurately known. It must be remembered, however, that the greater the drought and the hotter the year, the more active is the process of evaporation. In a communication made to the Institute of Civil Engineers by Mr. C. Greaves in 1876, certain measurements of rainfall, percolation, and evaporation, taken in the valley of the Lea, are recorded. In these the rainfall was 25·8 inches, and the evaporation 18·9; leaving only 6·9 inches of water to percolate into the soil. In another case brought forward at the same time, while the rainfall over a water surface was 25·7 inches, the evaporation from the same surface was 20·6 inches. The conclusion arrived at by Mr. Greaves is that the range of evaporation is from 12 to 25 inches per annum; and that 75 per cent. of the total rainfall is removed from the surface of the earth by this silent but unresting agency.

It is obvious that the ample margin between the supply of water and the quantity required for human consumption in this densely peopled district at once disappears when we come to reckon with this great agency of evaporation. Out of the minimum six milliards of tons of a year of drought it is possible that four and a half milliards of tons may be evaporated. Mr. Greaves is not alone in his estimate of the activity of this phenomenon. Mr. Ansted, in his book on 'Water and Water Supply' (page 94), estimates the evaporation range in England to be between ten and eighteen inches, 'and even more.' He also tells us that in 1864 the rainfall at Greenwich was only 16·8 inches, which is very close on that previously indicated as a not impossible minimum. Then we have to remember that there are other sources of loss besides evaporation. The rainfall is not evenly spread over the year. In storms much of the excessive fall runs off in floods and freshets. Then organic nature, animal and vegetable, claims its share. In order, therefore, to form any reliable estimates of the quantity of water which may, under unfavourable circumstances, be safely counted upon for the needs of the metropolitan population, we must endeavour to ascertain how much actually escapes to the sea by the channel of the Thames.

As to this, it is better again to refer to the pages of Mr. Ansted than to perplex the reader with details. Evaporation, in the valley of the Thames, as usually estimated, is, he tells us, equal to about eighteen inches of rainfall; in dry seasons going up to twenty, while in wet and cloudy seasons, when there is little wind, it may not amount to twelve inches. It is probable that not more than three and three-quarter inches of rainfall on an average are conveyed by the river to the sea. If we take this rainfall over 6,000 superficial miles, we have an outflow of 1,440,000,000 tons, or close upon our former estimate of one and a half milliards of metric tons of water.

The summer flow of all rivers, however, is something very dif-

ferent from the average flow all the year round. In certain cases, indeed, as in that of the Nile, the floods occur in summer. So it is with rivers which, like the Po, are fed by the melting of mountain snows. In the Nile floods nearly thirty-two times the quantity of water comes down per second, as compared with the flow during the lowest state of the river. In the floods of the Po thirty-five times the least flow of the river takes place. In the Brenta the difference is seventyfold. In the Thames the ordinary maximum flow is ten times the minimum, and in an extraordinary flood fourteen times. Mr. Ansted's figures will not allow a daily summer flow of more than 515,000,000 gallons for the united waters of the Thames and Medway, of which 440,000,000 is the volume of the Thames alone at the confluence.

This measurement of the total summer daily outflow of the Thames below London is not for a year of drought, but for an average year. It is therefore liable to a possible diminution of 36 per cent., which would bring it down to 282,000,000 gallons. This figure, considering the daily consumption of London is already upwards of 120,000,000 gallons, is perilously close on the requirements of consumption.

Let it be observed that the above are not sensation figures. They are not estimates which have been prepared with a set purpose. They are the outcome of the best attention that has been given to the hydrography of the valley of the Thames from the time of Telford to the present day. Therefore, without insisting on the absolute accuracy of the figures, it may be confidently stated that they are the most accurate that exist. And there is this further proof of their accuracy that, by different methods, they lead to much the same result. The rainfall is very fairly shown. The two less known items of evaporation and river outfall so nearly balance one another that it is difficult to see where room is left for any very serious correction.

But what does this imply? It should be remembered that, with the exception of any possible subterranean outflow and escape into the sea below high-water mark, the mean outfall represents all that portion of the rainfall on which we can draw for the supply of human need, and of any other artificial applications of water. Out of the 25 per cent. of rainfall that is not evaporated has to be taken all that is fixed by vegetation or by annual growth, as well as all that is required for the consumption of man and beast. The outflow comprises all that volume of water which has passed through the animal system, and made its way into drains and sewers, as well as the much larger volume required for the mechanical purification of such conduits. The trout streams of Bucks, the chalk springs of Kent, the wells of Herts, the reservoirs of Middlesex, all contribute to this outflow. The aggregate contributions which may be obtained from these or other sources for the water supply of the Thames valley are all comprised in the quantity we have given. They are

all included in the average daily flow, which may run as low as 284,000,000 gallons, measured at the mouth of the Medway on a hot day in a dry year. The only sources to be looked to in augmentation of the supply are two, namely, discovery of subterranean flow, which is highly problematical, and such modes of storing the rain water as shall check evaporation from that which may be collected for human use.

It is probable that this view of the case will be taken as affording a basis for some of those gigantic projects for bringing the head waters of the Severn, the Wye, the Dove, or the Eden to the valley of the Thames which have already found advocates. We do not regard the facts in that light. It is true that the density of the population of the Thames valley is raised to an unusual figure by the position of the metropolis. We have, in round numbers, a population of five millions on an area of 6,000 square miles. But in the basin of the Dee and the Mersey, which is one of those from which it has been proposed to abstract the head waters, there is a population of three millions, over an area of 3,000 square miles. Nowhere so dense as in the metropolis for an equal area, the density of the population over the whole watershed is thus even greater. Even the district of the Ribble, the Lune, and the Eden, which is another that it has been proposed to tap, contains a million and a half of souls on an area of 2,500 square miles. It is thus evident that in any proposal to rob Peter to pay Paul, in the matter of water supply, the wants of Peter, actual and prospective, must be duly taken into account.

There are very strong objections to any plan for bringing the bulk of the water supply of London from a very distant source. We have indicated one—the local interests affected. Second, may be ranked the cost. Mr. Hassard's estimate for a supply to be drawn from the gathering grounds of the Welsh districts amounted to 20,500,000*l.*, or to an annual expenditure, in interest alone, of 52,500*l.* for every million gallons of daily supply. In 1878 the total revenue of the water companies, which covered not only interest but working costs, was under 100,000*l.* for every million gallons of daily supply. More than half of this sum represents actual annual expenditure. Thus the first result, even supposing a rough estimate to be borne out in practice, which would be an unusual bit of good fortune, would be to double the capital cost of the entire water supply of London, and to raise the price of water to the consumer by at least 50 per cent.

Even this objection, however, is less serious than is that which arises from an economic point of view, in the broad sense of public economy. For the supply of the whole, or of any large part, of an enormous and densely peopled district to be made dependent on the maintenance of an aqueduct of 270 miles long, would be to incur the most serious risk. In any case of war or commotion, the application of a few pounds of dynamite at any convenient spot over this great length of line, would possibly produce a water famine in London. It may be added, that the loss by evaporation in summer

over this long conduit must make an appreciable addition to the cost of water. Nothing, it may be safely contended, but dire necessity would lead any legislature to sanction so costly and so perilous a scheme.

Without, therefore, at this stage of the inquiry, proposing at all to enter into detail, we hope that we have shown reason for the view that the physical limits put by Nature herself on the water supply of the Thames valley are such as to indicate that in a century hence we shall only be able to prevent want by preventing waste. 'On the 122 miles area of London, after deducting more than one-fifth of the surface for roads, streets, and squares, 150,000,000 of metric tons of rain fall within the year.' This large quantity is now absolutely wasted; and at times is allowed to do incalculable damage. It adds to the cost of the main drainage, both by the increased size which it has rendered necessary in the sewers, and by the greatly increased pumping at the outfalls. It would supply, if economised, the needs of 3,000,000 souls. This regards the metropolitan area alone. We have seen to what the water supply from rain over the whole Thames district amounts. Is it too much to ask of the chemists and the engineers of the day to arrest, before it flies off through the air, as much of the 4½ milliards of tons of evaporated water, of which we have spoken, as may be needed for human wants?

The question of store for so large a quantity of water is, however, one of extraordinary gravity. To hold a day's supply for London would require a reservoir 1,000 feet square and 24 feet deep. All the reservoirs and all the filtering-beds of all the companies united would only cover rather more than four times the space—their aggregate being about 548 acres. These reservoirs and filter-beds, however, are recipients of a daily supply from pumping. In the case of depending on the rainfall, it would not be safe to provide for less than three or four months' consumption. The smaller period would require 18 square miles of reservoir, of the depth of 24 feet; or 9 miles of double that depth. The imagination flies at once to the lakes. But Windermere is only ten miles long, and about half a mile broad. Ullswater, with nine miles of length, and three-quarters of a mile of width, has a depth of 210 feet. But its feeders are not very important, and its height of 477 feet above Trinity high-water mark is such as to prevent it from receiving a very ample supply of water. If Ullswater were of the great depth of 210 feet over its entire area, its contents (independent of rainfall during the time) would be exhausted in supplying London for 200 days, and the problem of its capacity would be thus reduced to that of the area and rainfall of its watershed. The depth of Windermere is not known, or at least is not stated by Mr. Ansted; nor does it appear that the little river Eamont, which conveys the outflow of Ullswater into the Eden, has been gauged. These facts are cited, not with a view of entering into the question of the capabilities of the lake system of the North of England, but as bearing on the subject of

water storing. If the largest English lake, regarded as a reservoir, would be inadequate for the source of an inexhaustible water supply for the metropolis, no one familiar with the levels of the Thames watershed basin will conclude that it is practicable to construct within its area reservoirs that should be adequate to contain a three months' provision of storm water. The great depth of Ullswater would not be attainable by artificial means. The level of any reservoirs constructed to receive the flood overflow of the affluents of the Thames must be such as to render any great depth in them impossible. The area at present occupied by the reservoirs and filter-beds of the water companies of London is, as just remarked, 548 acres, as nearly as the published returns allow of an estimate being formed. The total contents of the whole of these basins is equal to about ten days supply of water to the entire metropolis. To provide for four months storage would thus require about twelve times that area, or more than ten square miles area of reservoirs. At 250*l.* per acre the cost of land for this purpose would amount to 16,000,000*l.*, independent of excavation, embankment, masonry, and works of all kinds. It is evident that the construction of store reservoirs, to preserve the floods of the Thames Valley for the consumption of the metropolis, would be a work of impracticable magnitude.

This appreciation, however, is but one of a numerous class of considerations which point to the fact, that when density of population has reached a certain limit, its requirements cannot be adequately met by the method of concentration. On the contrary, it is only by division and distribution that problems of this magnitude can be solved. We find writers and speakers objecting to one source of water supply, proposing another, or even imagining a third. Meantime we are practically drawing upon them all; and we must look forward, if we do not shut our eyes to the future, to a time when we may so far exhaust all, that we shall be no longer able to rely on the wells, springs, brooks, and rivers of the district to quench the thirst of its inhabitants and to supply their domestic needs.

We shall then have no resource but to economise some of that water that is now wasted. As to that portion of it which is wasted in floods, which we may roughly take at some 12½ per cent. of the rainfall, the means of saving it are, as we have just seen, so costly and so cumbrous, that nothing but necessity could drive us to make use of them. In France, where the character of the country in many parts is such as to allow of the construction of reservoirs in the mountain valleys, at moderate cost, and of considerable capacity, the plan has been tried, and has been abandoned. In India, no doubt, it has been long since introduced in some places with great advantage; but that has been under conditions wholly different from those which prevail in the United Kingdom.

It remains, then, that we turn our attention to that vast supply of rainfall which is now dissipated by evaporation. It may be mentioned that the evaporation from the surface of water is greater than

that from the surface of land. On the other hand, the proportion of land to water surface is such as to effect an immense economy in the evaporation of water collected in pools or streams. In France, where statistics are frequently more accessible than is the case in the United Kingdom, the water surface within the shore line of the country is rather less that 1½ per cent. of the whole area. Thus a square foot of lake or river represents the drainage of sixty-six square feet of land, so that even if twice the amount of evaporation went on from the water surface, as compared with that from an equal surface of the land, there would be an economy of 300 per cent. effected by the collection of the water into pools.

If, instead of open and exposed pools, the water is collected into closed reservoirs, the evaporation may be still further brought under control. But this points towards the reconsideration of that very convenient source of domestic supply of water which half a century ago was almost universally employed in England, as three thousand years ago and more it was employed in many parts of the East. The water-butt has been so poisoned by the pollution of the rainfall that washes the atmosphere of our great cities, that it has been generally abandoned. But everything concurs to show that it is rather to the construction of numerous reservoirs of small size, and to the purification of the rainfall, whether in them or as it enters them, than to any other source, that we shall hereafter have to look for the security of our domestic water supply.

The water sources of the valley of the Thames are now drawn upon by the water companies to the extent of upwards of 120 millions of gallons per diem. The original sources, the wells and springs over the city area, and the brooks and burns that fed the Thames within the precincts of the suburbs, have been for the most part abandoned, the water being poisoned by the percolation of sewage. The chalk hills of Kent yield 7½ million gallons of water daily. The wells and springs that feed the New River are drawn upon to the extent of above 26 millions of gallons daily. The River Lea yields about an equal volume. The remaining 60 millions of gallons are pumped, by five companies, from the Thames.

Each of these sources of supply is capable of further development. In addition, the chalk springs of the north of London, and the pervious beds of the valleys of the Wey and of the Mole, are to a certain extent available. The five Thames companies have power to take nearly double their present rate of supply from the river. But the general total derivable from all these sources combined has above been indicated.

These, then, are the physical limits of the water supply of London. Within forty, or, at the utmost, fifty years, if matters go on at their present rate, the population of the Valley of the Thames will demand a daily supply of 240,000,000 gallons of water throughout the year. That means 300,000,000 gallons daily in July or in August. But in a year as dry as was the year 1864 it is stated that this is a larger

volume than the whole of that which would daily run down the channel of the river, including the contributions of all its affluents, whether turned through the London sewers or not, as far east as the mouth of the Medway! It will therefore be necessary, by that time, either to seek a further supply, at great cost, risk, and peril, from some other watershed, or to economise directly an adequate quantity of that large proportion of the precious fluid which we now allow to run to waste in storm floods, or to elude our grasp by evaporation.

The problem of the water supply of London has an economical as well as an hydraulic aspect. It has to be regarded as it affects the ratepayer, no less than as it affects the consumer. Equality of charge, permanence of the principle of rating, payment in proportion to consumption—all these are important details of the economical question. But before attempting to solve any of these details, it is desirable to inquire what is the present cost of London water.

As to this, there is a considerable difference in different parts of London. First, however, it is well to take the question in block. Taking the whole revenue of the eight water companies, and comparing it with the population that they supply, it results that the average annual cost of water is 6*s*. 6*d*. per unit of the population. Of this 6*s*. 6*d*., 4*s*. goes to pay interest and dividends on capital, 10*d*. is the cost of pumping and filtering, and 1*s*. 8*d*. covers all other expenses.

The quantity supplied at that cost is rather more than 32 gallons per head, for every unit of the population, for every day in the year. If we take the round number of 30 gallons per head, which is nearly equivalent to fifty metric tons of water per head per annum, the cost might be reduced to something like 6*s*. per head of the population.

This price, however, is susceptible of reduction. If, instead of bearing a rate of dividend which rises in some cases to 10 per cent., only 5 per cent. were charged on the capital laid out, the charge for interest, which we have taken at 4*s*. per head, might be kept down to 3*s*. per head. If the economy of all the water companies were as great as that now attained by the cheapest of them, the half-crown for working expenses might be reduced to 2*s*. And if, these economies being effected, the consumption of water was paid for by measure, and the consumer allowed to regulate the quantity that he consumed, the 30 or 32 gallons of the present daily supply would in many cases be reduced by one half, and an annual charge of 2*s*. 6*d*. per head of population might then pay for the water supply of London.

It might be practicable, under certain arrangements, to devote a surplus income from the water rates to the extinction of the capital stock. In that case, in a quarter or a third of a century hence, it is conceivable that the water rate might be reduced to the charge of one shilling per head of population per annum, which we must regard as the last result of the most cheerful optimism to anticipate. Such a result, however, could only be expected to follow a thorough, competent, and exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject,

hydraulic, sanitary, and financial, of a character of which we have no example in our annals to the present day.

The entire question of the amount which it might be fair and equitable to ask us to pay for the property of the London water companies depends on a perfectly simple principle, with which men of business are familiar. It is that the value of a business depends on the net profit which it earns, compared with the capital invested in the business. If a known profit—be it seven per cent., or any other proportion—is secured out of the sum annually turned over, with the increase of that annual business the annual net profit will increase. But to arrive at a true valuation, we must either deduct the ordinary interest received on money from the estimated profit, in both cases, before making the comparison; or we must deduct from the increased profit the interest due to the increase of capital.

In the whole argument for the purchase contemplated by the Bill of Sir Richard Cross, the first of these considerations received due attention, but not a word was said as to the second. To that omission was due the magnitude of the sum which it was proposed to pay to the companies, for a simple transfer of ownership, without any provision for the increased wants of the metropolis being included in the measure.

If we examine the annual reports of the Metropolitan water companies from the year 1873-4 to the year 1878-9, we shall find what has been the annual increment in capital, in revenue, and in working expenditure during that period. The annual increase of capital during the five years has been 12·6 per cent., or close upon the average rate of the increase in the population of London, that is to say, 2½ per cent. per annum.

The income has increased during the same period at the rate of 21·1 per cent., or by 4¼ per cent. per annum. The expenditure has increased by 17·8 per cent., or by a little over 3½ per cent. per annum. Thus the profit has increased by ¾ of 1 per cent. per annum, but this has been distributed over a capital increased as above stated.

Thus the growth of the property has been two-fold. It has increased in magnitude, that is to say, in capital invested, or in the number of partners in the concern. And it has also increased in net profit, and that at a more rapid rate than the increase of capital. Thus, not only have there been so many shares added to the concern, but the value of each share, averaging old shares and new together, has been raised. Or, in round numbers, instead of ten and three quarter millions of capital, earning 6¾ per cent. per annum, the property was represented at the end of last year by twelve millions of capital, earning 7¼ per cent. per annum.

Such being, on the published data, the outcome of the history of the companies for the last five years, it requires no very great stretch of the imagination to allow for a corresponding growth of the undertakings in the future. As to this, indeed, the companies urge that

the increase of profit will be more than the retrospect shows to be likely. Some of the companies have made large outlays within the last five years, for the introduction of constant supply and for other improvements, and the effect of these improvements on revenue is as yet, they urge, by no means fully shown.

On the other hand it may be urged that an actual movement extending over five consecutive years is a surer basis for calculation than an estimate showing a more rapid movement. Further, it appeared from the evidence before the Select Committee, on the first day of their sitting, that no professional report on the condition of the works and property of the various undertakings had been asked for by the negotiator for the purchase, so that there was no assured proof that the expenditure for maintenance and repair might not be found to advance more rapidly in the future than it has done in the past. Such, indeed, is the experience of our railways, and public works in general. As far, then, as a judicial opinion can be at present formed, it would be to the effect that no increase on the rate of improvement which has obtained from 1874 is confidently to be expected up to 1892.

Referring to the Bill itself for the details of the figures, the gross sum which, after making a rebate of 1,600,000*l.* for certain deferred payments, was to be paid by the Metropolis for the acquisition of the properties of the water companies, was 34,160,000*l.* But this was to be paid in 3½ per cent. stock, at par—and that at a time when the price of a 3 per cent. stock was above 96. As both the magnitude of the stock, and the perfect security of its title, would have been such as to command the best terms in the market, this mode of payment virtually made a present to the seller of over four millions sterling, and raised the incidence of the debt which would weigh on London twelve years hence to above thirty-eight millions of money. This large figure, allowing for the conversion of all the loan and debenture stocks of the companies on terms advantageous to the holder, would have resulted in the payment of about 365*l.* for every 100*l.* of the original stock of the companies. On March 4, 1880, the stock of the Kent Company was quoted at from 325 to 345; and the average price of the stocks of the seven companies (exclusive of the New River Company, which is not divided into 100*l.* shares) was 246*l.* Thus speculation had not risen to the level of the terms provided by the Bill.

By the end of the twelve years which were to elapse before the last of the deferred payments specified by the Bill were to be made to the water companies, the steady growth of London will probably demand the expenditure of from 3,000,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.* on the extension of the works of the companies. This expenditure is an essential condition of that growth in their income of which we have spoken, and on the anticipation of which all the deferred payments were to be made. But this necessity has been absolutely overlooked by the Bill. The companies were therefore credited with

a prospective annual increase of revenue, without being at the same time debited with the outlay which they would have to make to receive it. The miscalculation was much the same as if, on looking back from 1879 to 1875, the net income of the latter year had been divided over the capital of the former year. The result of such an oversight would be to raise the apparent net earning of 100*l.* of stock from 7¼ to 8 per cent. As mere matter of finance, to say nothing of any other questions, this great blunder is embodied in the agreements sanctioned by the Bill. Independently of any other consideration, this error alone made a sum that would otherwise have reached 34,500,000*l.* virtually exceed 38,000,000*l.*

The detection and rectification of this prodigious oversight must naturally have ensued from any judicious investigation of the agreements which were proposed, and on which the Bill of Sir Richard Cross was founded. It might have been assumed, on the precedent of the Birmingham and the Stockton and Middlesborough cases, that thirty-three years' purchase of the annual net income of the Companies would be the starting point of any valuation, taking that number of years as the theoretic equivalent of a guarantee in perpetuity. This would come, in round numbers, to about 27,500,000*l.* If the companies were allowed to continue their present rate of growth, and if no opposition were made to their applications to Parliament from time to time to authorise them so to do, the corresponding value of the property, in 1892, would be about 36,400,000*l.* But out of that sum the proprietors would, in the interval, have raised and provided 3,500,000*l.* for the extension of their works. The sum of 32,900,000*l.* would therefore be the figures as to which a fair discussion might arise with regard to any conditions which might increase it or diminish it. And this approximate valuation would have been less, by more than 5,000,000*l.*, than that sanctioned by the Bill.

On this view of the case, the cost to the metropolis of the works for providing the water supply would amount, in the year 1892, to 36,400,000*l.*, in a perpetual 3 per cent. stock, or to an annual payment of interest to the amount of 1,092,000*l.* If the rates in force at the time of the commencement of the discussion were maintained, but not increased (further than by the increase in the number of ratepayers naturally accruing from the growth of the metropolis), the gross income from water rates in 1892 would be above 2,103,000*l.* The expenses, if no great economy had been introduced, would then be about 734,000*l.* per annum. By this transaction, therefore, a margin of 277,000*l.* per annum would be attained by the year 1892, which might be devoted either to the reduction of the rates, or to the extinction of the capital debt.

It is impossible to form any just opinion as to the merits of a scheme for facilitating or improving the water supply of London, without referring to the very important question of constant service. On all hands the desirableness of this system is admitted. For

prevention of fire it is evidently of the first importance. As matter of economy the same may be said. Experience leads to the expectation that a material diminution in the quantity of water consumed per individual supplied will be effected by constant supply. Nor is the sanitary value of a constant service less than either its economic or its fire-preventing value. This point was fully established in the course of a discussion on the filtration of water, at the Institute of Civil Engineers, on November 12, 1867, in which Dr. Letheby, Dr. Frankland, Professor Wanklyn, and other chemists, as well as the engineers most familiar with the subject of water supply, took part. 'At the present time,' said one of the speakers, 'the water was filtered at great expense to the water companies, then brought through miles of mains, and delivered into the cisterns, which were often placed where it was impossible to clean them, or, if this were practicable, the servants generally neglected them, and they got into a dirty condition, and that water, which had cost thousands of pounds to filter, by the time it was drunk was in a foul and filthy state, not fit for a human being.'

The difficulties which oppose the universal adoption of a constant service do not emanate from the water companies. The advisers of these bodies are aware of the economy in use of water attendant on constant supply; and in all cases, excepting that of supply of water by measure, this economy would be a gain to the companies. Out of the 563,000 houses in the companies' districts, there were, in August 1879, 128,704 to which the constant supply is laid on, being nearly one-fourth of the whole; and of these, 76,853 have been so laid on or transferred since October, 1873.

The real obstacle to the introduction of this important improvement is the cost of the change of fittings. This cost falls on the owner or occupier, and no machinery exists for compelling him to make the outlay. The expenditure involved, according to the evidence of the experienced engineer of the New River Company, is 8*l.* per house. Nearly 3,500,000*l.* will, on this estimate, have to be expended. If a measure were introduced which would give the companies, or the new water controlling body, power to make the change at their own cost, charging an additional twelve or fifteen shillings per house for a limited term of years, it might be practicable to conciliate all interests, and to introduce this important amendment at once. The excess of the charge over eight shillings per house (or 5 per cent. on the actual outlay) would extinguish the debt for the new fixtures in a number of years determined by the charge. A rate of 15*s.* per house for the new fittings would pay for them by the end of fourteen years, and the economy of water effected would have to be set against the payment.

The economy in working charges which it is possible to effect by the unification of control has been greatly exaggerated. At the close of the last session of Parliament an honourable member stated in the House of Commons that 100,000*l.* per annum might be saved

in the cost of management by such consolidation. Mr. E. J. Smith, on June 22, told the Committee,—'I have no doubt the sum I have put down—172,354*l.* anually—would be thought by many engineers to be too small. It is conceived that if the eight companies were consolidated, the present pumping power would suffice for 50 per cent. more than the present supply of water of 154,000,000 gallons per day.' The cost of pumping is the cost of work done, and no consolidation can reduce that. The total annual cost of management in the year 1874, including 14,834*l.* paid as fees to directors, was 91,443*l.* By 1878 it had mounted to 111,603*l.* This included even the percentage paid for collecting the rates. The working charges of the different companies vary from 41 pence to 80 pence per 100 metric tons of water. But there are mechanical reasons for a part of this difference, and probably good reasons for some other part. We have before referred to the subject of the cheapest rate of working charges to which experience points. But considerable economy of outlay may hereafter be rendered feasible by a better districting of London. It is to this, rather than to imaginary savings, that the attention of the water engineers can be most profitably turned.

Day after day the examination of the gentleman to whom it appears that the country has been chiefly indebted for the proposal to buy up the property of the London water companies at a purely fancy price, has tended to illustrate the views expressed in the foregoing pages. How long an investigation, which, being carried on for two days in the week, has only dealt with a single witness in the first seven sittings, may be protracted, it is of course idle to attempt to predict. But it is clear that the more thoroughly the proposed agreements are investigated, the greater appears to be the danger that would have resulted from hasty legislation. The financial aspect of the question, large as it is, is even of less moment than the sanitary aspect; and this can only be fully considered, as we have shown, by enlarging the field of inquiry. It is impossible to decide as to the future sources of the water supply of London—as far at least as any attempt to seek them beyond the limit of the watershed of the valley of the Thames is concerned—without giving heed to the broader question of the water supply of the entire population, rural as well as urban, of the country. Nor will it be possible to arrive at any satisfactory decision on this point, until measurements of the outflow of our rivers—such as those which have been taken by the French and Italian engineers of the rivers of their respective countries—have been added to the information collected by the office of the Ordnance Survey. A hydrographic survey of England, as has long since been urged in the columns of 'Fraser's Magazine,' is the necessary prelude to a sage and adequate resolution of the great problem of the water supply of the population.

F. R. Conder.

An Artist on Art.[1]

THE present is an age of transition and uncertainty in many directions, but in none more than in that of Art. During the last fifteen years, a literature of art has sprung up, which, it is no exaggeration to say, has hardly a parallel in the world's history. Not even the windy subtleties of the schoolmen, the interminable discussions as to species and genera, or the real existence of 'kinds,' can be said to be as foolish and useless as the writings of the modern school of æstheticians; and this simply for the reason that there is not behind the phraseology employed any substratum of assured meaning. Each writer of this school (we abstain, for obvious reasons, from mentioning names) evolves his notions on art strictly from his inner consciousness, and even glories in being able to cast aside every restraining influence of experience or previously acquired knowledge. Poems, statues, pictures, musical pieces of all kinds, are praised not for any intrinsic beauty, but for a correspondence which the critic finds in them to some idea of his own. Correspondence with nature is, we are told, unnecessary; correspondence with truths of life and emotion is trivial. What is required according to one of the most unmeaning of the school is 'solid, sensuous character.' In so many words it is gravely maintained that the mission of art is purely a sensuous one, and the poet Shelley is by the same writer quietly degraded below the level of Keats because he introduces intellectual and spiritual ideas into his poetry. The truth is that this branch of human interest has fallen into the hands of cliques, who either degrade its meaning, or are at the best ignorant of its principles, and we should gladly listen therefore to anyone who, having real and practical knowledge of art, shall endeavour to give us real teaching on the subject. The majority of artists stand quietly aloof, content rather to do than to talk, and unmindful alike of the censure and the blame of those 'ordinary newspaper ignoramuses' who pass judgment on their works. But every now and then it happens that an artist, bolder, more thoughtful, or more antagonistic than his companions, lays aside the brush for the pen, and lately we have had two notable instances of artists who have formulated their principles of art with considerable emphasis and distinctness. These are Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., the first of whom has given us a wondrous encomium on the power of the

[1] *Ten Lectures on Art*, by E. J. Poynter, R.A. (Chapman & Hall). Whenever throughout this article reference is made to pictures, the work or works in question have been carefully studied in the original.

etching needle as a medium of expression; and the second published in a collected form the various addresses and lectures on Art that he has delivered during the course of the last ten years.

Mr. Poynter was, we believe, the first Slade Professor at University College, London, and since then has become director of the Art Department at South Kensington. In both these positions he has had exceptional opportunities for studying the question of art training, and, owing to the influence he has exercised and does exercise over a large number of those who will be our future artists, his words are, as he himself says in the preface to his work, 'in some sense of importance for right and wrong.' But it is not only from such causes that our author is entitled to consideration; he is well known amongst those who are at all acquainted with art as a studious and laborious painter, as a draughtsman of exceptional earnestness and considerable skill, and as an artist who has always kept himself proudly aloof from all the popular tricks by which public applause is won, and relied for the appreciation of his art upon the sincerity of its purpose. From such a man, then, in such a position, words of counsel and warning have great power, and young artists can scarcely help following the advice of one who is not only the director of their practice, but their equal in enthusiasm, and their superior in skill. In much that Mr. Poynter says we heartily coincide—in his estimate, for instance, of the dignity of his profession, and the way in which such dignity is imperilled by production for the picture dealer; in the necessity for an artist of keeping a high ideal always before him, and being above the level of popular opinion and fashion. There is nothing new in all this, but it well bears repetition, especially at the present time, and Mr. Poynter's brief, incisive words of scorn and derision may well influence those over whom the gentler pleading of Ruskin has passed unheeded.

But, unfortunately, our author by no means confines his speech to such matters, but goes out of his way to attack, or rather to depreciate, all those artists and schools whose practice differs from his own. It is not sufficient for him to dilate upon the beauty of Michelangelo, without claiming for him a superiority above all artists, past, present, and to come. He cannot talk about figure painting without falling into disparagement, equally unjust and irrelevant, of landscape. He will not even allow that the two arts stand upon the same level. And, what we must consider to be the greatest mistake of all in a work like the present, is that in one long lecture he holds up to the contempt of his pupils the greatest art writer of the world, speaking of him in language which is almost ludicrous in its exaggeration of abuse. To say of Mr. Ruskin that he 'seems to have no perception whatever of beauty of form,' that he has never 'taken into consideration the great artistic qualities of design and harmony,' that even in his first splendid volume he is 'apparently blind to those higher beauties in nature which go to the making of good landscape art,' that he is 'ignorant of the practical side of art;'

and to apply to him such phrases as 'rancorous criticism,' 'depth of ignorance,' 'glaring perversions,' 'puerile distinctions,' and 'priestly intolerance'—all this can only recoil on the writer, and the more certainly so as the whole lecture appears to have been instigated by a very harmless criticism of Mr. Ruskin's upon a semi-decorative work of Mr. Poynter's.

But instead of dwelling on this unhappy outbreak of Mr. Poynter's, we prefer to examine the main doctrines that our author lays down for the guidance of the young artists of England. Two chief theories run throughout his book, and are reiterated again and again in one shape or another. Of these the first is the superiority of the study of Michelangelo to that of any other artist; the assertion that he is the greatest artist of the greatest school, and that all our endeavours must be made on the same method as his. The second is almost a corollary from the first—namely, the doctrine that landscape painting is a secondary art.

From both these theories we venture to dissent: we think them not only wrong, but distinctly mischievous in their tendency; and though we can hardly hope to counteract the effect that must be produced upon Mr. Poynter's students by the emphatic words of their master, we hope that if there be here and there one who has followed his theories with but a doubtful assent, who has felt angry with himself because he preferred Titian or Tintoretto to the great Florentine, whose spirit has sunk as he heard landscape painting wholly degraded from all high offices, and stigmatised as only a recording and not a creative art—if, we say, there be any such who chance to read these pages, we trust that it may be possible to show them a few reasons why they should still cling to their ancient preferences and burn their incense upon its accustomed altar. We shall try and find some ground for thinking that this fair world-beauty has a connection with our own lives, as true, though perhaps not as evident, as the sufferings of martyrs and the triumphs of archangels, and that the creative power of man's art may have as full and as fitting exercise in seeking to trace and emphasise the connection between man and the world he lives in, as in determining the more apparent, though not more sublime, truths of imaginative passion.

There can be no more painfully absurd result of art teaching than that we should have a generation of artists growing up around us, half Italians of the sixteenth, half Englishmen of the nineteenth century, striving to graft the beliefs of the present day on the theories and practices of the Renaissance. Because an artistic nation, in a certain phase of their national life, surrounded by peculiar influences, produced a peculiar and singularly refined art, are we bound therefore to conclude that another nation, with a life wholly different, and creeds wholly changed, must form their art upon the same lines to attain a corresponding perfection? Yet this assumption is one which Mr. Poynter considers to be so certain, that he enunciates it as beyond dispute.

But let us look at his arguments. If there be one thing more than another that is necessary for a young student to be warned against, it is exaggeration, which is chiefly caused by losing sight of relative proportion. Yet if there be one master in the world who is more likely to lead a student into an exaggerated and one-sided view of art than another, it is the great Florentine of whom we are speaking. As might be expected, Mr. Poynter anticipates this objection, calls it a common misconception (that Michelangelo's works are exaggerated), and accounts for it by asserting that it is due to two causes. The first is that the 'Last Judgment,' which is 'the best and most universally known' of his works, is somewhat exaggerated, as it was done when he was sixty years old, 'by which time his magnificent manner had possibly developed into something of a mannerism;' the second cause is that every engraver has consistently exaggerated his drawing of limbs and muscles 'in a way which they would never dream of using with another man's work; in fact, they think it necessary to import into their work every exaggerated defect which they find in the works of his imitators, or rather the defects of exaggeration to be found in schools formed on Raphael after his death. Raphael himself is not exempt from having made exaggerated imitations of the great master.'

Now, it will, we think, be as evident to our readers as it is to us that of these two statements the first is a partial admission of the truth of the charge, and the second is a gratuitous assumption which is exceptionally difficult of belief; for it is always difficult to believe that a class of independent men should uniformly agree in acting in a way contrary to their usual practice. But, even supposing this assertion and the following one, which accuses Raphael of the same error, to be correct, does it not prove our case almost as well as if incorrect? For if the works of any master are of such a kind that the whole body of engravers, and with them one of the greatest artists of the world, cannot copy those works without exaggeration, can we hope that students of our own day, far removed from the spirit of the master's work, and confessedly inexperienced, can hope to succeed where Raphael failed? Must there not be something exaggerated in that painting which necessitates exaggeration in all those who have tried to copy it? And is it not more likely to be the case, that the gigantic genius of the original painter is sufficient to obscure the exaggeration of his method, than that this should be due to wilful misrepresentation by all subsequent imitators? The genius being absent, the method reveals its inherent defects, and the popular misconception is no misconception at all, but only the statement of a partial truth. Nor is this the only technical drawback to Michelangelo's example being a good one for our students to follow; another is to be found in the comparative absence of pure colouring. Between Giotto on the one hand and Michelangelo on the other—that is, between a great artist whose work was entirely *in pure* colour and one whose work was almost wholly in secondary

tints—Titian preserves the exact mean. He is as pure though not as light a colourist as Giotto himself, and he has all the beauty of *tone* that forms so great an element in Michelangelo's pictures. Now, at the present day, the love of pure colour has almost disappeared from the world—at all events from that part of the world that is represented by schools of art. After spending many days of careful examination, at the late Universal Exhibition at Paris, in last year's Salon and Academy, and later still at the International Art Exhibition at Munich, we have been struck by no single fact so much as the deliberate refusal of the great schools of art to attempt to deal with the intricacies of pure colouring. The French, the Belgian, the Düsseldorf, the Berlin, the Russian, the Swedish, and Norwegian have, roughly speaking, ceased to attempt it; the Italian and Spanish attempt only to reproduce the glittering effect of colour without study of its gradations; and there is but a very small section of the English school that make colour their primary object.

If there is one thing more than another that needs impressing upon students and the art world generally, it is the supreme beauty of the great Italian masters of colour, above all of Titian, Giorgione, and Bellini, and therefore we hold it to be a most serious and culpable error of Mr. Poynter to claim such entire pre-eminence for Michelangelo's work, and thereby leaving his pupils to imagine that it excels in subtlety and gorgeousness of colour, as well as in masterly delineation of form. It does not do so when compared with the oil paintings of the other Italian masters; nay, the very conditions of fresco are fatal to the finer qualities of great colouring, and it is wholly by fresco that Michelangelo must be judged. Oil painting he professedly despised, and despised for the very reason that it admitted of this elaboration of detail and subtlety of colour.

But our present business is not with the comparative merits of fresco and oil painting. We are only concerned to show that it was not to be expected that all the greater qualities of colouring could be found in a master who chose by preference the medium in which they were least expressible; and it is to be noticed that those qualities of sober richness, and broad masses of light and shade, of which fresco is especially capable, have an especial worth of their own quite outside and different to that of the great Venetian colourists, and are as powerful and suitable for works on a grand scale, and of great subjects, as is the more delicate beauty of any finer variety of painting for works on a smaller scale and simpler or more ordinary subjects. It must be remembered that those to whom Mr. Poynter mainly addresses his words, are students of oil painting, not of fresco, and that, therefore, to claim their chief admiration and closest study for a master who chose fresco under conditions of art quite different from the present, is as appropriate as if a gol ıith should send his apprentices to study the manufacture of horse

Lastly, and chief of all the drawbacks to Michelang ɜ

being the safest guide for the pupil, we have this certain fact, that his is the most personal of methods. His compositions impress us more as works of one special man than as records of a special subject. Instead of losing sight of the man in the work, we rather reverse the process, and in our wondering admiration at the giant imagination and the daring strength of his genius, we forget his work in contemplating himself. He is at once the most striking and the least enthralling of painters. He is above the ranks of men on the mountain height, as Mr. Poynter says, but he forgets that there is a humanity beneath his feet; he reigns apart, grand but solitary. We can fancy that Raphael's women were clasped in tender arms, and his children nursed on soft maternal breasts; we can follow and sympathise with Titian's deification of love and beauty, penetrated as it is with a but too evident human feeling; we can rejoice in the pride of life with Veronese and Rubens, and feel quiet kinship with the dreaming eyes that gaze at us out of Giorgione's pictures; for in all these there is the touch of human fellowship, and even of human weakness. But it is not so with Michelangelo's works. In those vast designs, grand as is the imaginative conception, there is scarcely a trace of the humanity of which we speak, nor have the figures, as a rule, any personality, other than that bestowed upon them by the artist himself, the reflection of his overpowering genius. The spectators move, as it were, in a world of shadows, in which, as in the fabled under-world, all expectancy, passion, and feeling have faded away beneath the cold hands of Proserpina—

> Here where the world is quiet,
> Here where all trouble seems
> Dead winds, and spent waves riot,
> In endless dream of dreams.

It is this intense self-concentration, this absence from his pictures of all trace of social feeling and interdependence, that renders Michelangelo so perilous an example for students of painting, and especially for those of the present day; for the great fault of modern art is its lifelessness, its want of vital feeling, its perilous approach to manufacture. One side of this practice may be seen in those works of mere costume and historical detail that Mr. Poynter scorns so heartily; but another, and possibly a more perilous one (more perilous because it seduces a better body of artists), is to be found in the theory which inculcates the reproduction of ancient styles of art, and imagines that by the imitation of the ancient form, there can be gained the inspiration of the ancient spirit.

Before quoting Mr. Poynter's words as to the inferiority of landscape, let us first notice the error into which he and others of the same school constantly fall, in putting figure and landscape painting in opposition to one another, and assigning to either a distinct and separate pre-eminence. It is easy to understand the origin of such an error, and it is obvious that the field of art is so wide as to render it almost

hopeless for an artist to excel in both branches; he is therefore obliged to devote himself exclusively to the one or the other; and his nature becoming 'subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand,' he soon ceases to be capable of adequately recognising, much less valuing, the equal worth of the branch that he has voluntarily laid aside. But this makes it all the more necessary and important for the critic to keep before his readers or his pupils the necessary interdependence of the various sides of art; to show them not in their opposition but in their connection, not as rivals but as brothers; and to maintain and make manifest the truth, that the greatest art is neither that of figure nor that of landscape, but that which gives the fullest expression to the various sides of man's nature, which helps on the world most by showing that not only are lofty thoughts, vivid conceptions, and high imaginations suitable to the domain of art, but that there is inextricably entwined with things which we are apt to consider commonplace, painful, or trivial, threads of beauty, nobility, and meaning that we might otherwise pass unheeded.

The following are some of Mr. Poynter's deliverances on the subject:—

It is not to be supposed that the Florentine and Venetian painters, who painted the landscape of their backgrounds with such exquisite perception of the very essence of its beauty, never painted landscape pure and simple for lack of appreciation; it was because they felt it to be an imperfect form of art, which should rely simply on its power of recalling impressions. Titian has left us pictures of almost pure landscape, but they are rather in the nature of a diversion from his other and more serious work, being painted but occasionally out of the fulness of his delight in the beauty of his native mountain scenery.

. . . . Modern art, on the other hand—I mean that part of it which is modern in spirit—aims at nothing more than recalling the impressions which all of us who have a few shreds of poetic sensibility receive from the more obvious beauties of nature, and in this way makes an appeal to a wide circle of sympathies, though, as I have already noticed, those sympathies may be of the shallowest kind. In rendering what is purely beautiful it finds its expression in that school of landscape painting which has reached its highest point in some of Turner's best works, its lowest in the mass of still-life, flower, and fruit painting of which I supposed (*sic*) William Hunt is the most refined and skilful exponent.

It is not difficult, then, to see the reason why landscape painting is necessarily put in the second rank of art; for even if the impressions recorded be of the highest beauty, still it is but a record and an imitation, though still an imitation which may come under the head of Fuseli's second definition as being 'directed by judgment and taste;' and it is one most difficult of accomplishment, requiring artistic skill of the highest order, on account of the subtle and fleeting effects which it is the delight and glory of the landscape painter to recall. And of the same nature as this highest form of landscape is the more elevated kind of portrait painting, which aims at recording not only the features and costume, but all the nobler characteristics of the subject, taking, however, a second place, as being a recording and not a creative art. Lower than this must be placed what is called still-life painting and that kind of landscape which is of the matter of fact portrait kind.

Many other quotations might be given of a similar kind, but these are sufficient to show that Mr. Poynter holds the view of landscape painting that we have attributed to him. Let us now endeavour to see how far this view is just.

Stripped of its rhetorical ornaments and the irrelevant portions of the argument, our first quotation means simply this: the Florentine and Venetian painters felt pure landscape to be an inferior kind of art, and the implied inference is, that it therefore was so. Now, it must be noticed that this is a pure assumption on the part of our author, and one moreover which will not bear examination. All true painting is but a reflection, more or less perfect, of the sources of emotion and feeling prevalent at the time. That pure landscape did not in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries receive the attention it does in the nineteenth, shows no more than that the general feeling of appreciation of natural beauty in those days was comparatively feeble, and the appreciation of human beauty especially strong; and that this is the case is a well-known fact, ascertainable from the records of the time. So far is it from being the case that the artists of that time must have had due appreciation of landscape beauty and deliberately rejected it, that we can affirm boldly that such appreciation was in their time an absolute impossibility, and the only marvellous thing about the matter is that there is shown, even at that period, a far stronger bias towards landscape than had ever been previously known, and that this bias is most marked in the best men. When we think of what painting was from 1300 A.D. to 1500, we find that almost its chief characteristic was the endeavour to get more and more nature into its pictures, till in the work of Titian and Giorgione it can hardly be said that either figure or landscape entirely predominates.

But even had the Florentines and Venetians despised landscape, would it therefore by any means follow that they were right in doing so, and still less we should be right in following their example? Surely this by no means follows. Unless the race progresses according to some theory of *in*volution rather than *e*volution, we should vainly endeavour to return to the theories of art held by the old Italians. If, after three hundred years of added civilisation, we have to refuse added light, because the painters of old did not possess it, we had better, as far as art is concerned, have had no civilisation at all. If art is anything, its theories must accord with our fullest knowledge and most vital feelings, and if this admiration of landscape be one of them, it is of infinitely little consequence what was thought on the matter by the dweller on the marshes of the Adriatic, or under the shadow of Giotto's tower.

But there is another misleading statement to be noted in these paragraphs from Mr. Poynter—namely, the assertion that landscape painting is necessarily put in the second rank of art, because it is but a record and an imitation. From this we will leave out the word 'record,' as it applies equally to both figure and

landscape. We might say of any picture in the world that it was 'merely a record,' the question being of what the record is made. Think, then, of the assertion that landscape painting is merely an imitation. In what is it an imitation more than figure painting? Not in its subject matter, for in the last, as in the first, there are forms which have to be delineated, the only difference being that in landscape the forms are infinite, whereas in figure they are determinate. But perhaps Mr. Poynter would answer us that it is in the power of the figure painter to create, by arrangement of his models, something which as yet has had no existence. But is not that possible in landscape also? We will not refer to the landscape compositions of Claude (which, by the way, Mr. Poynter praises greatly), though they certainly form good examples of a species of landscape art which is by no means an imitation of nature, but take the most typical of modern landscape painters, Joseph Mallord William Turner; and it seems superfluous to ask whether his pictures are merely an imitation. In what sense of the word is the 'Old Téméraire' an imitation, or 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' or the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus'? Listen to Mr. Thackeray's description of the first-named of these works:—

I must request you to turn your attention to as noble a river piece, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—the 'Fighting Téméraire'—as ever figured on the walls of any academy or came from the easel of any painter. The old 'Téméraire' is dragged to her last home by a little skilful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun amidst a host of flaring clouds sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (why do I say a volume? not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke, paddling furiously and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold, grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death as it were written on her. . . . It is absurd, you will say (and with a good deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or intoxicate, to fire or depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's 'Battle of Vittoria,' in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of 'God save the King' was introduced. The very instant it began every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his 'Fighting Téméraire,' which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into poetry or music shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

No one will suspect Mr. Thackeray of any tendency to enthusiasm or undue susceptibility; and it must be remembered that when

he wrote the above, this picture was only one of the year's productions exhibited at the Royal Academy. The bold verdict he pronounced has since been endorsed by the almost unanimous opinion of all Englishmen. No one has hitherto been bold enough to say in so many words that this picture is a mere work of imitation. Probably Mr. Poynter himself would deny that he considered it to be so; yet, if his theory of the rank and scope of landscape be correct, the conclusion is one from which he cannot escape.

Still more erroneous is his statement that portrait painting even of the more elevated kind is merely a recording and not a creative art. Creation in art does not imply that its subject must be entirely new, or that it must represent something which no man has ever seen. In Mr. Thackeray's description of the 'Téméraire,' the elements of that great picture are perfectly simple and commonplace—a river, a steamer, a ship, and a sunset. The penetrative insight into the combined pathos, interest, and beauty of the scene, and the great power of genius which has swept into one splendid whole each scattered element and combined them into a perfect poem—in fact, the *creative power of the picture* is one which may find full scope for its exercise in portrait painting, and, as a matter of fact, has found it in all portraits by great masters. Not to mention great artists of bygone times and other countries, a sufficient example of this may be found in the portraits by Mr. Watts, R.A., which are yearly exhibited on the walls of our Academy. Often as this artist fails in reaching his ideal, there is, nevertheless, the stamp of creative genius impressed upon his work, as surely as it can be found in those of the great Italian artists. No one, we should think, who had the slightest claim to be considered a judge of art could look at, for instance, the portrait of Herr Joachim and call it merely a work of imitative art. 'Recording' it may be—in the sense that all great pictures are records of how genius can transfuse natural fact—but 'recording' in the sense of imitation (which is clearly the only sense in which Mr. Poynter's words can be understood) it is not, nor are any worthy portraits.

Take a drop of water and, by help of the combined lantern and oxyhydrogen microscope, cast its image upon a whitened screen. You see, instead of a globule of transparent brightness, myriads of organisms moving about restlessly. If they were not there, no amount of magnifying power would have made the difference; nevertheless a moment before, whilst your unaided eyes explored the water, they were not there—for you. The microscope has created them in one sense of the word. The genius of a portrait painter is to his sitter's character, as written upon his features, as is the microscope to the water. It shows life of a kind that we never suspected, depth of feeling and emotion that we could not perceive; and at its very highest it shows us THE MAN, not as under one trivial phase of emotion or another, but his whole personality, his capacities for good and evil, with (as Charles Kingsley says, with pardonable exaggeration)

traces of every passion and emotion that has passed over him throughout his life.

The reason for Mr. Poynter's low opinion of the merits both of landscape and portraiture is a double one. In the first place he wishes to prove the intrinsic superiority of the Italian school, which, as we have said above, was mainly a school of figure painting; and in the second place he has a dislike almost amounting to a mania for what is commonly called 'realist landscape,' which is, in untechnical phraseology, landscape in which each detail has been painted to the utmost of the artist's power. This anti-pre-Raphaelite bias is as strong within him as is his excessive estimate of Michelangelo, and goes far to vitiate the value of his teaching. Throughout these lectures we are continually meeting with disparaging reference to these poor substitutes for photography, in the shape of elaborate studies from nature, which some of our artists give us under the name of realism; or, again, to the 'Modern Spirit' which finds expression in admiration of the more obvious beauties of nature, or in an appeal to wide-spread and shallow sympathies. But we may surely ask in the face of such statements why it is we want any art at all? According to Mr. Poynter, for one person who can appreciate the beautiful proportions of Michelangelo's 'Slave' 'there are a hundred who can feel the glory of a sunset or the exquisite tints of an anemone.' Well, leaving for a moment out of consideration the truth of this assertion, would it not be best for us to please the hundred and neglect the one, rather than the reverse? After all, art was made for man, not man for art; and why should we seek to train artists to an absolute perfection of accurate form if it be the case that such perfection can only be appreciated by one person out of every hundred? Here it is that this doctrine reveals its greatest fallacy—namely, that art is something apart from and above life, not the most vivid exponent of life in its every phase. This is the point where (though from another cause) we think Mr. Ruskin has for once failed to see the truth; and when he condemns so utterly Dutch art he appears to have forgotten its real motive power, one which George Eliot has described very beautifully in the following well-known passage, which, despite its length, we feel sure that our readers will pardon our quoting in its entirety:—

> It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence, which has been the lot of so many more among my fellow mortals than a life of pomp or of absolute indigence, of tragic suffering or of world-stirring actions. I turn without shrinking from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls, and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over a flower-pot or eating her solitary dinner, while the noonday light, just softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob cap, and just touches the rim of her spinning-wheel, and her stone jug, and all those cheap common things which are the precious accessories of life to her. Or I turn to that village wedding, kept between four brown walls, where an awkward bride-

groom opens the dance with a high-shouldered, broad-faced bride, while elderly and middle-aged friends look on with very irregular noses and lips, and probably with quart pots in their hands, but with an expression of unmistakable goodwill. 'Faugh!' says my idealistic friend, 'what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!'

But, bless us! things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope? I am not at all sure that the majority of the human race have not been ugly, and even among those 'lords of their kind' the British, squat figures, ill-shapen nostrils, and dingy complexions are not startling exceptions; yet there is a great deal of family love among us. I have a friend or two whose class of features is such that the Apollo curl on the summit of their brows would be decidedly trying; yet to my certain knowledge tender hearts have beaten for them, and their miniatures—flattering, but still not lovely—are kissed in secret by motherly lips. I have seen many an excellent matron who could never in her best days have been handsome, and yet she had a packet of yellow love-letters in a private drawer, and sweet children showered kisses on her sallow cheeks. And I believe there have been plenty of young heroes of middle station and feeble beards, who have felt quite sure that they would never love anything more insignificant than a Diana, and yet have found themselves in middle life happily settled with a wife who waddles. Yes, thank God, human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth: it does not wait for beauty; it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it.

All honour and reverence to the Divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children, in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to receive the Divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world, those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness. It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and our philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls upon them. There are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities. I want a great deal of those feelings for my everyday fellow men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way in kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazaroni or romantic criminals half as frequent as your common labourer, who gets his own bread and eats it, vulgarly but

creditably, with his own pocket-knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers; more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps too corpulent, and is in other respects not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay or at the sublimest abstract of all the clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

This quotation goes to the root of the whole matter, and though it may be that George Eliot over-estimates the truth of Dutch art, sees in it more pathos and meaning than can be fairly attributed to it, and does not consider sufficiently how much rejection of purer feeling is implied in the continual preference for such subjects as tavern-drinking bouts and kitchen interiors, yet the idea on which her criticism is based is essentially a true one.

The beauty of life is in no way to be restricted to subjects of rare and infrequent occurrence, but is to be sought and found equally wherever women are patient and men are strong, where hearts are gladdened by the bursting of spring-time buds in the early freshness of an April morning, or feel the gloom of a November's twilight, when faint lamps cast a dreary reflection along the muddy road, the leafless branches toss their tangled twigs against a lowering sky. Wherever true lives are led, whether in joy or sorrow, there is the need of and the capability for art; for art is, after all, but a gathering up of the threads of meaning that abide in commonplace as well as in heroic occurrences, and their expression in a visible form.

HARRY QUILTER.

The Up-bringing of Pauper Children in Scotland.

By the Secretary of the Poor Law Board.

THE system of 'boarding-out' the orphan or deserted children of the poor has now been in general operation throughout Scotland for upwards of thirty years. Its introduction may have been to some extent accidental; but the experience of thirty years has convinced most of us that the accident was a happy one, and that the system is admirably suited to accomplish the end in view. In Scotland undoubtedly it has been more or less a natural growth of the soil—a cheap, effective, and unpretending mode of dealing with a difficult and complicated problem suits the genius of a people who like to have things done well, and yet done at as moderate a cost as is consistent with capable workmanship. It would be foolish to assert that 'boarding-out' is the only mode by which the problem can be wisely solved; but there is hardly anyone who is acquainted with its practical working among the Scotch poor who will be inclined to deny that it has upon the whole been attended with eminent success.

The problem is this. Every year Poor Law Guardians and Poor Law Boards have a certain number of young children thrown upon their hands. These are the children of poor persons who have died destitute, children who have been deserted by their parents, children whose surviving relatives are worthless, abandoned, and unable to maintain them. What is to be done with these waifs and strays of our society? The law has mercifully declared that it is the duty of the public to rear and educate them, and a fund has been provided for the purpose of meeting this obligation. But then the question arises—How can this fund be most judiciously and most economically expended? Are the children to be retained in the workhouse and educated at the workhouse school? or are they to be removed from the workhouse school and sent to the district school? or are they to be taken away altogether from these unlovely congregations of pauperism, and permitted to begin life in a wholesome and natural manner?

One would fancy at first sight that there would be little difficulty in returning an answer to such questions. If it is possible to find homes for these poor little people in rural districts, where they will breathe the fresh air of the country, where they will learn how household duties are discharged, where they will receive their education at the village school in company with the village children, where 'the sense that handles daily life' will be duly exercised, and feelings of love and gratitude and reverence called into play—if it is possible

to find such homes for them at anything like reasonable cost, a not inconsiderable responsibility surely must attach to anyone who from ignorance or prejudice sets himself to defeat an arrangement which so manifestly accords with natural laws. The administrators of the Poor Law north of the Tweed have unanimously declined to accept this responsibility: and the boarding-out system is now everywhere in use throughout Scotland.

The Scotch system may be explained in a few words. When an orphan or deserted child becomes chargeable he is removed for a short time to the workhouse, so that before being permanently settled, the necessary inquiries may be concluded. Great care is taken as a rule in selecting a proper home. The class most in favour with the best inspectors is the class of 'cottars' and small farmers who are very numerous in the upland districts of Scotland. The men and women who form this class are an active, sober, thrifty, God-fearing people—people of uncommon intelligence and untiring industry (it is wonderful what crops of oats and potatoes they contrive to raise on their patches of moorland soil); and their cottages are somewhat better than those of the farm labourers round about them. The child soon becomes used to his new surroundings; the change of air and scene is all in his favour: a few months pass away, and it is difficult to identify the sturdy sunburnt little fellow at play among the stooks with the sickly, stunted, and ricketty invalid who had grown prematurely old among the slums of the city. The boy is sent daily to the parish school, where he associates with the other children on equal terms; as he grows bigger he is taught how to handle spade and harrow and plough (if a girl, she is initiated into the mysteries of housekeeping and domestic service); he comes to love the good people with whom he has lived as long as he can remember; and when he leaves them to learn a handicraft, or to try his fortune in the New World, he continues to look back upon the cheerful upland farmhouse as the real home of his childhood, and is always eager to renew his intercourse with its kindly inmates. Such a lad has had a fair start in the world; and it is his own fault, and not the fault of the system, if he fails to make his way among his fellows.

Mr. Campbell of Auchindarroch—one of the Superintendents of the Scotch Poor Law Board—has given us, in a report on the subject, a really touching picture of one of these 'cottage interiors,'—Craigie cottage, near Aberfoyle, occupied by Mrs. Glen, the widow of the poet whose pathetic lines, 'A wee bird cam' to oor ha' door,' are to be found in every collection of Scottish songs:—

About two miles up the road leading from the inn towards Loch Ard, and at the junction of the overflow of Loch Ard with the Forth, a footpath over undulating ground above the Forth leads, at about a mile distance, to Craigie Cottage, where Mrs. Glen lives. The situation is a very beautiful one, being on rising ground immediately above the Forth, the hills surrounding the little valley being well wooded, on the one side of the

river by planted timber, and on the other by natural copse. In front of the house a neatly-kept lawn and flower-garden occupies the ground between it and the river-bank, and the whole aspect of the place has the appearance of a neat middle-class villa. Mrs. Glen has a small croft, and keeps a couple of cows. She is now an old woman upwards of eighty, but her intellect is still clear and vigorous. Her daughter, Miss Glen, lives with her, and takes the active charge of the children. She is a woman of superior education, and teaches them. She and her mother seem thoroughly devoted to their occupation, which they have carried on for upwards of twenty years. Ten children are now boarded with them, five being boys, aged respectively from seven to ten, and five of them girls, four of these aged from nine to eleven, and the fifth a pretty child about three years old. I saw them all; they were clean in person, simply and sufficiently clothed, and looking healthy and happy. They occupy as sleeping-rooms three of the apartments of the cottage. In addition to the ordinary school teaching, the children have here the advantage of a good deal of industrial training, for which the ordinary business of the house, herding and attending the cows, working the croft and garden, and keeping the grounds in order, afford ample opportunity. Another girl was living in the house, also sent by the parish of Glasgow, but whose time for being paid for had just expired, she being now above age. She was kept on, however, by Mrs. Glen at her own expense, as has been her habit with her boarders, taking what assistance they can render in the establishment for their maintenance, until suitable situations are found for them. A maternal relationship is thus kept up between Mrs. Glen and her boarders, and they have been in the habit, after having gone into service, of bringing their wages to her, which she places into bank for them, and some of them have thus accumulated considerable savings. The house was in mourning at the time of my visit, on account of the death the previous evening, from consumption, of a little girl not a boarder, but a daughter of a former boarder. This young man had enlisted in the 42nd Highlanders, and served in the regiment for seven years. During his service he married a young Englishwoman of a better class, whose brothers purchased his discharge, and he left the regiment with a very high character. His wife soon after died of consumption, and being left thus a widower with a motherless girl, he seems to have felt that he could not consign her to better hands than that of Mrs. Glen. He accordingly did so, and took service in the neighbourhood in order to be near his child. The little girl, however, had just sunk from the disease of which her mother died.[1]

This is rather an exceptional case, the number of children boarded with any one guardian seldom exceeding three or four. But it sug-

[1] Other cases of a similar kind are mentioned by the Inspector of Edinburgh: 'In making inquiries about the children for the present Report, I learned that some of whom we had no account for years had been recently visiting the friends and scenes of their schooldays; and in cases where their old nurses were dead had been kindly welcomed and entertained by their old neighbours. Some of them were married and had their children with them. Others were still in service, and came long distances —some from England, and some from the north of Scotland. In answer to my inquiries about one of the girls, her old nurse stated that she had married, but died last February, leaving three children, and that her husband had called and begged her to undertake the up-bringing of his two youngest children for him at a proper charge—he being so well pleased with the manner in which she had brought up his *late wife.*' (*May 19, 1880.*)

gests the important inquiry whether in a country where the class of people with whom the children are mainly boarded in Scotland does not exist, it might not be possible to establish schools and homes under decent guardianship, in which orphan and deserted children could be reared and trained in moderate numbers and at a moderate cost? One of the objections which has been urged against the introduction of the system into England is, that there is no class in the English counties which corresponds as regards respectability and intelligence with the peasant farmers of the North. If this be a fact, then Dr. Mouat's suggestion that the great pauper schools should be 'broken up into smaller and more manageable bodies, and treated on the cottage-home or farm-school principle,' is one which deserves respectful consideration, as being a step at least in the right direction.[2] Dr. Mouat is nominally an opponent of the Scotch system; but he desires to 'give to poor children as near an approach to the blessings of a family life as is practicable in the sense of economy, morality, and mental and physical culture befitting their position in life;' and if he can attain this desirable object by means which do not offend against what he is pleased to call 'sound economical laws,' his success will be welcomed in no grudging spirit. But the difficulty is, how *without* the family, 'the family life' is to be manufactured. A family life made to order, in obedience to 'economical laws,' will be about as like the real thing as the family life of the chickens who are hatched by steam.

The number of children boarded with any one guardian does not as a rule exceed two or three. The Poor Law Boards who have given most attention to the subject are very careful to keep the number down. When the new inmates exceed three, it is felt that the ordinary routine of the household must be more or less interrupted, and that an artificial element is imported which is in some measure inconsistent with the natural conditions on which the system relies. The expense is extremely moderate. The annual payments for each child (including all extras) nowhere exceed 10*l.*; and in many places they do not come to more than 7*l.* or 8*l.* It was stated some years ago, if I recollect rightly, that the average cost of maintaining a child at an English district school amounted to not less than 16*l.* or 17*l.* There can be no doubt therefore that, however distasteful the Scotch system may be to 'sound economical laws,' it is at all events entirely consistent with 'economy.'

The statistics gathered from our Scotch experience were given to the public in a small volume which I published in 1876.[3] That volume also contained an analysis of the opinions expressed by the local inspectors throughout Scotland on the practical benefits of the system. There are 886 parishes in Scotland, and about as many

[2] 'The Education and Training of the Children of the Poor,' by F. J. Mouat, read at the Statistical Society, April 20, 1880.

[3] *Pauperism and the Boarding-out of Pauper Children in Scotland.* William Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

inspectors, and, with hardly an exception, the officials who had enjoyed the best opportunities of judging expressed themselves warmly in its favour. 'I am decidedly satisfied,' the inspector of Greenock remarked, in a letter which may be taken as a sample of the rest,

with the results obtained by the boarding-out system. In the first place, the physical development of the children is more effectually secured. As is well known, many of the children who fall on the board for support are of a delicate, diseased constitution; to these, removal to the country brings strength, health, and activity. In my experience of the administration of the poor-law for the last twenty-five years, I have found that boarding in the poorhouse or similar institutions has never produced these results. Another beneficial result to the children themselves is the improved moral training they receive when boarded out, as compared with their up-bringing in a poorhouse. The parochial authorities here select thoroughly respectable, good-living people as nurses. Children placed in close companionship with such guardians, daily witnessing their exemplary conduct and consistent lives, and trained to habits of industry, economy, and sobriety under their care, cannot fail to be influenced for good; and in after-life it is a very rare occurrence to hear of them again as paupers.

It was natural enough that poor-law reformers south of the Tweed should be anxious to secure a trial for a system which had worked so advantageously in the North. Mrs. Nassau Senior, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Miss Hill, and others, strenuously exerted themselves to induce the authorities to adopt it. A measure of success attended their efforts; and I was under the impression that it was slowly but surely making way among the English unions. But Sir Charles Trevelyan informs me that its general introduction is still bitterly resisted by the advocates of workhouse and district schools; and he has sent me a correspondence which has lately appeared in 'The Charity Organisation Reporter,' between Mr. Tufnell and his friends on the one hand, and the advocates of boarding-out on the other. 'There would be real public advantage,' Sir Charles is good enough to say—

in your closing the correspondence with a letter giving a short general view of the system and its results in Scotland; for all admit that it has been carried on there on a scale and for a length of time to make it a real example to England. . . . A large number of persons interested in such questions in England are watching this trial of strength with the avowed prominent antagonist of what is to us a new institution, and its fate in these southern parts will therefore in some considerable degree depend upon the result of the correspondence.

The subject, however, proved too large for a letter, and the present paper may possibly be accepted as my reply to the appeal.

The objections taken by Mr. Tufnell to the Scotch system were dealt with by me in the volume to which I have referred (pp. 58-66); and on looking at the correspondence in the 'Reporter,' I find that he has reproduced in a vague general way most of the charges which he formerly made, and which I fancied had been conclusively

disposed of. These, in so far as I am concerned, must be allowed to die a natural death,—if a writer on social economics will not look at the facts as they are presented in official documents, but only at the 'facts' as they are evolved out of his own consciousness, there is nothing more to be said. The main contention that boarding-out increases the number of pauper children, 'by inducing relatives to throw them upon the parish with the view of getting them back with a weekly stipend,' entirely broke down. It was proved that in general the children are not boarded with relatives; that when boarded with relatives strict inquiry is made, and the test applied, before any assistance is given; and that the number of orphan and deserted children in Scotland supported by the rates is, when compared with England, exceptionally small.[4] The more the figures are examined the more reckless and unwarranted, I venture to think, will such accusations appear; but the one considerable objection now mainly insisted on, viz.—the failure of the system when tested by *its results*—is one to which from the nature of the case it is hardly possible to offer any perfectly conclusive reply.[5]

Mr. Tufnell says:—

> The only outcome yet published of the boarding-out system comes from Scotland, where it has been long tried, and where it appears that of 900 boarded-out children 5 per cent. had failed. Now, this is a very large percentage—far larger than the outcome of the district, or even the *small* workhouse schools. These 900 children in Scotland *are all orphans*, and of that class never more than 1 per cent. fail from the English district schools. The whole number of failures in the district schools is 3 per cent., of which I have given numerous proofs in the paper I read before the Social Science Congress in 1878, which I see you quote. It is well known by all conversant with the education of pauper children that the orphans almost invariably turn out well; the real difficulty arises with those who have parents, and are constantly fluctuating, and of these, the only really difficult class to manage, the boarding-out system takes no notice.[6]

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[4] Mr. Tufnell contrasts the Scotch with the London pauperism; and, through the courtesy of the Local Government Board, I am able to give the latest figures. The estimated population of London is about equal to that of Scotland, and the number of orphan or other children relieved without their parents in the Metropolis was—

On July 1, 1878— 9,849 (of whom 9,265 were in the workhouse)
On July 1, 1879—10,179 (of whom 9,629 were in the workhouse)

The number of orphan and deserted children chargeable in Scotland was—

On May 14, 1878—5,985; and
On May 14, 1879—6,239.

So that the number of orphan and deserted children relieved in Scotland is really not much more than one-half of the number relieved in London.

[5] It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to point out once more that 'close habitual and vigilant supervision is the key-note of the system;' and yet this is a matter that cannot be too frequently insisted on. That the system of boarding-out, unless stringent and vigilant precautions are taken, may become a system of 'baby-farming,' is not to be denied. Mr. Tufnell asserts that such cases are 'numerous.' I can only say that during the twelve years I have been Secretary to the Board not one case of the kind, to the best of my recollection, has been brought before us.

[6] *C. O. Reporter*, Jan. 22, 1880.

It appears from a subsequent letter (February 26, 1880), that the 900 children here referred to are those described in a 'Report on the Orphan and *Deserted* Children boarded-out by the City Parish of Glasgow,' which was published in 1872. Mr. Tufnell might surely have gathered from the title of the Report that it included the deserted as well as the orphan children (yet he says: 'these 900 are all orphans!'); and he would have found on referring to the body of the Report that he had considerably overrated the proportion of failures, which was as nearly as possible at the rate of *four* per cent.

It may be well to point out that, in such a controversy, any available statistics of 'results' must necessarily fail to do complete or even approximate justice to the system which we support. What we contend for is, that a finer and manlier type of character—a character not only more wholesome in itself, but better adapted to take its share in the actual work of the world—will be produced by a system which enables the child from its earliest years to lead a healthy and natural life. The children who, looking back on their childhood, can say, as in the old Scotch ballad,

> We twa hae paidlt in the burn,
> And pu'ed the gowans fine,

will, we fancy, make better citizens and happier men than the children who have been secluded from infancy in vast institutions, where a monotonous discipline is enforced, where the domestic affections have no outlet, where the natural gaiety of infancy is discouraged, where the sense that handles daily life and keeps us all in order more or less is never called into exercise. But the science of statistics takes no note of such nice distinctions: until a man relapses into pauperism or becomes actively criminal, he must be tabulated as a 'success.' So that the answers which the statistician furnishes cannot have any close relevancy to such an inquiry; it is an inquiry in the conduct of which common sense and common experience are the best guides.

At the same time, with this qualification, it may be admitted that we are naturally enough anxious to ascertain what in point of fact has become of the children who during the last quarter of a century have been brought up by the Scotch Poor Law Boards. Through the courtesy of the inspectors of the more populous parishes, I have lately obtained a good deal of information on this point, sufficiently specific for every practical purpose, and undoubtedly interesting and instructive. The facts have been mainly gathered from the parochial records; but in some cases where the children (or, to speak more accurately, the grown-up men and women who had been boarded-out in childhood) had not been lately heard of, fresh inquiry has been made for the purpose of bringing the information as far as possible up to date. The returns which I received embraced the following particulars:—1. The number of children who had been boarded-out during the last twenty years. 2. The number still on the roll whose educa-

tion is unfinished. 3. The number who died before relief was withdrawn. 4. Information as to the subsequent career of the children who had gone out into the world;—with reference to (*a*) the number of cases in which the results had been satisfactory; (*b*) the number of cases in which the results had been unsatisfactory; (*c*) the number in which there was no sufficient information. And 5. The trades and avocations in which the majority of the children were employed.

It must be remembered, in estimating the results, that the men and women who have been trained in this manner are rapidly absorbed into the general population, and so pass away from the inspector's eye and knowledge. Of the subsequent career of a considerable percentage no information, it appears, is obtainable from the parochial books; and an exhaustive inquiry would involve much fruitless labour and needless expense. We may conclude upon the whole, however, that in such cases 'no news is good news.' If they had gone to swell the ranks of the criminal class, or if they had relapsed into the pauperism from which they were rescued, the inspectors would almost certainly have heard of their misdoings; whereas, on the other hand, when all goes well with them they are not again likely to come into voluntary contact with the parochial authorities. This is the experience of the Edinburgh inspector, who recently caused a special inquiry to be made among those who had acted as guardians in past years, with reference to the after career of children who had been lost sight of by the Board. It was found in nearly every case that they were doing well—prosperous tradesmen and industrious artisans, who continued to maintain friendly relations with the old people in whose homes their early years had been spent.[7]

Then, as regards the number who are tabulated as 'unsatisfactory,' certain deductions and qualifications need to be made. It is not maintained by anyone that the system is universally applicable—there are unruly and turbulent spirits, for whom a far stricter discipline is necessary. The inspectors explain that under the head of 'unsatisfactory' they have included the cases where (the system, after a longer or shorter period of trial, having been found unsuitable) the children had been removed and placed in Industrial or Reformatory Schools. So that if the numbers under this head had been confined to the cases in which the failure occurred after the process of education was completed, the percentage of failure would have been considerably reduced.[8]

Yet, looked at in any light, I cannot help thinking that the return is eminently encouraging. It must now be admitted, I should

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[7] The special inquiry recently made by the Parochial Board of Edinburgh has been so thorough, that out of 1,026 children boarded-out there are only forty-nine about whose subsequent career no sufficient information has been obtained.

[8] I find, for instance, that of the twenty-four tabulated as 'unsatisfactory' by the Inspector of Old Machar no less than eight (one-third) had been removed from their guardians and sent to reformatory schools.

fancy, even by 'sound economists,' that in Scotland at least the system has worked well. The best education that can be given to our wealthiest and most favoured class is not, when tested by its results, a uniform success: what proportion of men who have been at Eton or Harrow, at Oxford or Cambridge, at Edinburgh or Glasgow, fail in after life, are unsuccessful in their professions, or indifferently honest in their business, we have no means of ascertaining; but the experience of each of us is that such cases are far from rare —are unfortunately too common to occasion any surprise.

The inspectors of about fifty of the parishes where the boarding-out system has been most largely introduced have favoured me with an answer to the inquiries addressed to them. During the past twenty years *fourteen thousand* children have been boarded-out by them. 771 died before relief was withdrawn, and the education of 2,880 is not yet completed. The percentage of deaths is considerable; but, seeing that many of the children are weak and sickly when taken in hand, easily accounted for.[9] The great parishes forming the City of Glasgow (with the exception of Govan) have been unable unfortunately to furnish me with specific details which admit of being tabulated as to the subsequent career of the children: the inspector of the City parish estimating the failures among the 2,202 children who have been boarded-out by him at about 4 per cent., and the inspector of Barony (from which 1,838 have been sent) explaining that 'though no reliable figures can be given, it is highly exceptional to find them relapsing into pauperism.' Excluding the Glasgow parishes and one or two others, from which the information is not yet in a form to be made available, there remain about 9,500 children to whom the figures in the table which I have prepared, and which is printed on the next page, apply. Of these, 532 died before relief was withdrawn, and 1,974 are still on the roll. Of the balance, it is within the knowledge of the inspectors that 5,260 have done well, and that 260 only have proved 'unsatisfactory' either during the period of education or in after life. There remain 1,460 with regard to whom no sufficiently reliable information has been procured. In other words, the proportion of failures to the total number boarded-out is at the rate of $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.[10]

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[9] In fact, no less than 281 of the deaths occurred among the children chargeable to the three Glasgow parishes.

[10] The education of pauper children (whether living in family with their parents or boarded out with strangers) has been always strictly attended to by the parochial boards. In many cases, indeed, the cost of 'schooling' is taken into account when fixing the amount of relief given to the parent; but when the fees for education are paid direct to the teacher by the inspector, there is greater security that the money is properly and legitimately expended. Last year the expenditure on education by parochial boards amounted to upwards of 20,000*l.*;—15,000*l.* being paid on behalf of pauper children, and 5,000*l.* on behalf of poor persons unable to pay for the schooling of their children in terms of section 69 of the Education Act.

TABLE

Showing the Results of the Boarding-out System in Forty-four Parishes in Scotland during the past Twenty Years.

	Number of Children Boarded-out	Number still on Roll	Number who Died during Chargeability	Subsequent Career of Children		
				Satisfactory	Unsatisfactory	No sufficient Information
Aberdeen	576	80	41	304	23	128
Old Deer	38	8	1	10	1	18
Old Machar	406	51	16	179	24	136
Ayr	111	17	3	70	4	17
Kilmarnock	295	45	11	131	8	100
Kilwinning	44	10	2	25	0	7
Maybole	115	16	5	76	4	14
St. Quivox	69	15	6	15	2	31
Rothesay	38	5	4	19	2	8
Latheron	54	10	2	28	3	11
Cardross	36	8	4	15	0	9
Dumbarton	63	10	10	25	3	15
Dumfries	128	46	8	50	4	20
Edinburgh	1,026	301	39	627	10	49
Inveresk	95	22	3	32	6	32
South Leith	186	26	6	134	11	9
St. Cuthberts	1,055	240	44	679	32	60
Elgin	83	15	2	35	3	28
Forres	44	14	2	18	4	6
Dunfermline	100	26	6	56	2	10
Arbroath	66	12	4	18	1	31
Brechin	23	2	0	16	1	4
Dundee Combination	742	138	57	515	12	20
Kirriemuir	41	4	3	23	0	11
Montrose	135	23	10	102	0	0
Inverness	111	25	2	13	2	69
Fetteresso	294	8	3	156	7	120
Bothwell	140	26	15	71	1	27
Carluke	54	11	3	28	1	11
Dalserf	47	18	5	17	2	5
Dalziel	34	12	2	18	0	2
Govan Combination	983	265	68	527	15	108
New Monkland	196	30	13	136	7	10
Old Monkland	250	52	27	124	10	37
Rutherglen	90	25	15	34	0	16
Linlithgow	7	3	0	4	0	0
Perth	93	27	11	34	5	16
Abbey	328	79	14	190	14	31
Greenock	396	56	13	310	7	10
Neilston	118	31	10	72	3	2
Paisley	491	106	18	201	10	156
Port Glasgow	152	24	12	45	13	58
St. Ninians	69	21	5	33	2	8
Stoneykirk	62	11	5	45	1	—
Total	9,484	1,974	530	5,260	260	1,460

I have said already, that the children on ceasing to be chargeable are very rapidly absorbed into the general population. The girls, when not adopted by their guardians, generally go to domestic service; but the boys are to be found in all manner of remunerative and ingenious handicrafts. I give in a foot-note a tabulated statement of the various trades in which the persons who had been boarded-out as children by the Parochial Board of Greenock are now employed:[11] and though it looks rather dull reading to an outsider, yet when I think of what those children might and probably would have become but for the courageous disregard of 'sound economical laws' by the parochial authorities, I read it, I confess, with an interest which the very best novel of the year ('Mary Anerley,' shall I say?) occasionally fails to excite.

I have only to add that according to the latest returns there were on May 14 of this year 5,053 children boarded-out in Scotland. The total number of orphan and deserted children chargeable to Parochial Boards was at the same date last year 6,249, of whom 4,116 were orphans and 2,133 deserted.

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[11]

Domestic service	112	Clerks	4	Opticians	2
Country service	53	Masons	5	Ploughmen	3
Adopted	8	Coopers	1	Weavers	6
Blacksmiths	6	Dressmakers	11	Knitters	1
Joiners	10	Shopkeepers	6	Coachmen	1
Carpenters	1	Grocers	4	Teachers	1
Painters	9	Labourers	5	Potters	1
Tailors	14	Carters	7	Moulders	4
Shoemakers	10	Fleshers	2	Bleachers	2
Seamen	12	Rivetters	3	Nailmakers	1
Millworkers	13	Basket-makers	4	Watchmakers	1
Slaters	3	Shepherds	1		

JOHN SKELTON.

A Forgotten Empire in Asia Minor.

IT was a warm sunny morning towards the end of September when I left the little town of Nimphi under the protection of an escort of soldiers. Nimphi lies about twenty miles inland from Smyrna, at the foot of a lofty crag, the sides of which are hollowed into tombs. We rode up the steep, narrow street of the little town, and, leaving behind us the stately shell of a ruined Roman palace, turned eastward towards the plain of the Hermus where the kingdom of Lydia once grew up and became great. On our left was the huge mass of Mount Sipylus, the rounded form of its eastern shoulder descending abruptly into the plain below, while on our right rose a rugged line of hills, the furthermost spur of Tmolus, broken into ravines and dark with forests. Our path led along their slope, past bushes each of which had to be examined in advance to make sure that no brigand was hidden behind it, until, after a ride of some two or three hours, we forded the Kara-su, or Black Water, clambered up the bank on the other side, and, forcing our way through a thick undergrowth of shrubs, found ourselves in the gorge of the Karabel, the object of the morning's ride. The gorge is a narrow one, opening out on the north opposite the eastern shoulder of Sipylus, and leading on the south, by a rude and little-frequented track, into the plain of the Kayster and the once fertile district of Ephesus. On either side rises an almost precipitous cliff, covered with trees and bushes, and tenanted only by brigands, while a similar cliff shuts in the pass in front, and gives good reason to the Turkish name of the place, the Kara-bel, or Black Forest.

But this Black Forest conceals some of the most curious and interesting monuments in the world, monuments that take us back to a long-forgotten day, when as yet the Greeks were destitute of culture and art, when Gyges had not founded his dynasty hard by at Sardes, or Krœsus ruled over the Lydian empire. They have risen up from the dead, as it were, during the last two years to tell us of a power which had its seat far away on the banks of the Euphrates, but which carried its armies to the very shores of the Ægean Sea and helped the Phœnicians in communicating to the nations of the West the civilisation of Assyria and Babylon.

In the year 1839 the Rev. J. C. Renouard discovered, high up above the path on the eastern side of the valley, a carving in the rock. The stone has been hollowed out into a niche, within which stands the figure of a man, six feet high, with the Phrygian cap on the head, boots with turned-up ends on the feet, a quiver slung at the back, and a spear in the left hand. The whole carving is of a very marked and peculiar character, and the art to which it testifies must have had a long and independent development.

But, as we now know, it does not stand alone. Step by step,

region by region, we can trace it along the two high roads that traversed Asia Minor and met in the Lydian capital, the one running from the Halys through Phrygia, the other passing the Cilician Gates and the rugged mountains of Lykaonia. At a place called Ghiaur-Kalessi, 'the fortress of the infidel,' near the villages of Hoïadja and Kara-omerlu, about nine hours to the south-west of Angora, the ancient Ancyra, and upon the old line of road which led from Armenia to Lydia, M. Perrot has discovered an ancient fortress, and beside it a rock carved into the likeness of two men, nine feet in height, who reproduce even to the smallest details the art and peculiarities of the sculpture of Karabel. Here, too, each figure carries his spear and quiver, wears the same short tunic and Phrygian cap, is shod with the same curious kind of 'tip-tilted' boot, and has the same thick limbs and stunted growth. The walls of the fortress also that stand hard by have a style of architecture quite their own. The stones of which they are composed are polygonal, but the lateral joints and external faces are dressed. The architecture, in fact, is that termed the third polygonal. The same style of building characterises the walls of another prehistoric fortress at Boghaz Keui, supposed to represent the ancient Pteria, about fifty miles to the east of the lower Halys. At Boghaz Keui, too, there are sculptures which the first glance will show us belong to the same peculiar style of art, and were perhaps the work of the same people, as the sculptures of Karabel and Ghiaur-Kalessi. But they are on a far larger scale, and are intended to represent divinities rather than men. The flat surface of an amphitheatre of rock has been covered with these remarkable figures. There they stand, figure after figure, as it were in a triumphal procession, the goddesses crowned with mural crowns, the feet of some among them resting on leopards and lions, like certain deities on the carved gems of ancient Babylonia, while the gods appear in lofty tiaras or Phrygian caps, and all bear in their hands the symbols of their attributes and divinity. In one spot we see the double-headed eagle which in later days was chosen by the Seljukian sultans as their crest, and has since been made familiar to ourselves by the two empires of Central Europe. In another place is the winged solar disk, imported originally from Assyria, but given a new and characteristic form of its own.

But the rocks of Boghaz Keui bear upon them something more precious than even these sculptured deities and their strange symbols. At one place an inscription of ten or eleven lines has been cut in relief upon the stone, while close to each divinity are other inscriptions cut in a similar way and containing the names of the gods to whom they are attached. The inscriptions are composed of a number of curious hieroglyphics, some resembling the hieroglyphics of Egypt, others altogether peculiar, such as tip-tilted shoes, tiaras, human heads, or the heads of animals in profile, while others again have lost all likeness to the objects of which they were originally the pictures.

These hieroglyphics, though still undeciphered, have already let us into the secrets of the sculptures they accompany. The figure at Karabel has exactly the same hieroglyphics, cut in relief, attached to it. Texier first detected them, but his drawing was incorrect, and the chief object of my visit to the spot last year was to obtain a facsimile. Now that the facsimile has been obtained, we have positive proof that the race which produced the sculptures of Karabel, of Ghiaur-Kalessi, and of Boghaz Keui, used everywhere the same system of writing.

We now know what this race was. It was the race called Hittites in the Old Testament, Kheta and Khatti on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria, whom Mr. Gladstone would identify with the Keteians of the Odyssey. Their wars with Egypt are pictured on the walls of the great temples of Thebes and Abu-Simbel, and we may read at Karnak the text of a treaty made by the Egyptian monarch Ramses II., the Sesostris of Herodotus, with the king of the Hittites, after long years of inglorious struggle. The Hittites entered into alliance with Egypt upon equal terms, and the two monarchs agreed not to punish the political offenders who may have fled from the one country to the other during the period of mutual conflict. The Hittite text of the treaty, we are told, was engraved upon a tablet of silver; and although this was done more than 3000 years ago, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the tablet may yet be found.

For the northern capital of the Hittite prince has been discovered, and is now being excavated at the expense of the British Museum. It was called by the Hittites Carchemish, the city which commanded the fords of the Euphrates, on the high road from Assyria to the west, and the spot were Pharaoh Necho was foiled by Nebuchadnezzar in his attempt to win for Egypt the sovereignty of Western Asia. Its ruins are now called Jerabîs or Jerablus, an Arabic perversion of the Greek Hierapolis, 'the sacred city' of the Asiatic goddess. Here, about sixteen miles to the south of the modern Birejik, was the chief seat of Hittite power and wealth, down to the time when its last king, Pisiris, was overcome by the armies of Sargon, and the Hittite capital became the seat of an Assyrian governor.

The first fruits of the excavations at Carchemish have reached this country in the shape of two fragments of stone, thickly covered with inscriptions in relief, and one of them still showing portions of the figure of a king. The dress of the figure, as well as the style of art to which it belongs, are identical with those of the figures of Karabel and Boghaz Keui, and, what is more, the hieroglyphics by which it is accompanied are identical with those I copied on the Lydian monument. The Hittite origin of the monuments of Asia Minor to which I have been drawing attention is thus put beyond question.

Mr. George Smith, to whom along with Mr. Skene is due the credit of identifying the site of Carchemish, found a broken statue

on the spot, with another inscription on the back in what we may now term Hittite characters. A leading peculiarity of these characters is that, wherever they have hitherto been met with, they are always in relief, never incised. This points to the fact that plates of metal must have been the first writing materials used by the Hittites, a fact which is further confirmed by other evidence.

The inscriptions disinterred at Carchemish are not the only ones that have come from the territory of the Hittites. Another exists at Aleppo, and five others in a hieratic form of the characters were noticed as long ago as 1812 by Burckhardt, built into the walls of houses at Hamath, where careful copies of them have since been made. Clay impressions of seals, too, were discovered by Sir A. H. Layard in the record-chamber of Sennacherib's palace, inscribed with strange characters, which long remained a mystery. But when attention was at length directed to the hieroglyphics of Hamath it turned out that the strange characters were Hittite hieroglyphics, and that the seals on which they were inscribed had probably been attached to treaties signed by Hittite kings.

In Lykaonia also, on the road traversed by Xenophon and the Ten Thousand, Hittite sculptures and hieroglyphics have been found carved on the rock. In the neighbourhood of the silver-mines of the Bulgar Dagh, Mr. Davis has come across them at Ibreez, or Ivris, a little to the south of Eregle, the ancient Kybistra, as well as at Bulgar Maden (near Chifteh Khan), while Mr. E. Calvert has told me of another in the same vicinity, where the characters are accompanied by the figure of a god clothed in the Hittite tiara, and the two smaller figures of his worshippers.

The Paschal Chronicle, too, has preserved a curious passage, quoted probably from a writer of Asia Minor, which states that a figure of Perseus,[1] carved in the rock, existed just outside the walls of Ikonium in Lykaonia, once called Amandra. It was in this same Ikonium that a legend was preserved of an ancient hero, Nannakos or Annakos, who, like the biblical Enoch, lived before the age of the Flood; and here, too, M. Texier saw the coloured image of a warrior, half Hittite, half Greek, in style, beneath which are the fragments of an inscription in Kypriote characters.

But perhaps the most remarkable of all these Hittite monuments are the sculptures at Eyuk, near Boghaz Keui, first discovered by Hamilton and since photographed by Perrot. Here on the slope of a low hill are the remains of a palace, built not of limestone, like the other monuments of Asia Minor, but of dark granite. Ruined as it is, sufficient is left to show that it was modelled on the plan of the palaces of Assyria. At its entrance are two huge monoliths, with the faces carved into the likeness of sphinxes. But the sphinxes

[1] *Paschal Chron.* ed. 1688, p. 39. It would seem from this that a figure similar to those at Karabel must have existed at Ikonium. There is another curious statement in the Chronicle, to the effect that the Dardani of the Troad were the descendants of the Hittites.

though inspired by the art of Egypt, are profoundly different from the sphinxes of the valley of the Nile, and only their feet and faces are hewn out of the stone. One of the monoliths further bears upon it the same double eagle that is portrayed on the rocks of Pteria; but this double eagle once supported the figure of a god. The monoliths were flanked by walls, one of which is still fairly preserved. Along it runs a line of sculptures which carry, each one of them, the impress of Hittite art. Here we may see the Hittite warrior in his peculiar dress, there the Hittite priest robed as he is at Boghaz Keui. Elsewhere the building of the palace itself is brought before our eyes, and the workmen are represented ascending a ladder, or otherwise assisting in the work. Elsewhere, again, it is a bull, mounted on a sort of pedestal, and drawn with the skill that characterises the delineation of the animal forms occurring among the Hittite characters; or again, it is a musician and a snake-charmer. Hard by is a man leading a monkey, a picture we might think somewhat out of place in so cold and northern a country. But, curiously enough, it is with monkeys that the Assyrian monuments associate the kinsmen of the Hittites who inhabited those very regions. On the walls of the palace of Assur-natsir-pal at Nimrud or Calah, an attendant in peaked boots is leading a monkey, just as he is at Eyuk, and following his lord, who wears the characteristic cap and shoes of the Hittite race. The black obelisk of Shalmaneser, the son of Assur-natsir-pal, tells us that he too received apes and monkeys from the people of Muzri, in Western Armenia, and among the tribute-bearers are some represented in the familiar Phrygian cap and tip-tilted shoes.

It is thus that we now know how, at an age of which history and tradition are alike silent, the influence and art and writing of the Hittites were making their way to the far West, carrying with them the elements of Eastern civilisation. The twofold road they travelled over became one at Sardes, which was thus predestined to be the future centre of power and civilising influence throughout the Western world. The interest that envelopes the rock-carving of Karabel is accordingly very great; the fact that the onward march of Hittite civilisation was stayed only by the waters of the Ægean, is there engraved, as it were, in stone. But this is not the only interest that attaches to the sculpture. Long before the days of Renouard or of Texier, the Ionic settlers in Lydia had gazed upon the sculpture and wondered whose it was. 'The father of history,' Herodotus himself, guessed, though vainly, at its origin. He tells us that 'in Ionia are two figures carved on the rocks, one by the the road that leads from the Ephesian territory to Phokæa, the other by that which leads from Sardes to Smyrna; in each case a man is sculptured, three feet in height, the right hand armed with a spear and the left with a bow, and the rest of his clothing to match, for it is Egyptian and Ethiopic; and the sacred characters of Egypt run carved across the breast from shoulder to shoulder, with this meaning: "I won this land with my shoulders!" But who he was or

whence he came,' Herodotus continues, 'is not known in Lydia, though it has become clear to me in Egypt,' where the Greek historian had been listening to the tales told of Sesostris or Ramses II., the great antagonist of the Hittite princes, and of the sculpture Sesostris had engraved on the rocks of the valley of the Lycus in Syria.

The accuracy of the description of the figure given by Herodotus has, however, been called in question. The figure of the pseudo-Sosostris discovered by Renouard holds the spear in the left hand, not in the right, and the inscription does not run across the breast, but is at the side above the left arm. Moreover, the second figure was long sought in vain; the paths that led from Ephesus to Phokæa were all examined, and the search proved a fruitless one.

But at last all difficulties have been cleared away. The second pseudo-Sesostris has been discovered, not indeed where it was sought, but in the pass of Karabel itself, not twenty yards to the north of the first and better-known figure. It is the old story over again: we never find what we seek where we expect it to be; discoveries always come upon us where we least looked for them.

The second figure is the double of the first. But instead of being carved high above the road, it is sculptured out of a huge monolith that stands on the edge of the old path, traces of which I was still able to follow for some distance. Here it has been exposed to mutilation of all kinds; the face and part of the body are quite gone, and it has been soiled by the smoke of a Yuruk's fire, whose tent was pitched under the shelter of the stone when it was seen by Mr. Spiegelthal, three or four years ago. It looks the reverse way to the other figure, the spear being held in the right hand and pointing towards the north. In fact there can be no doubt that this is the very figure described by Herodotus, whose chariot may have helped to wear away the ruts I detected in the old road at its side. In the days of the Greek traveller it was far more conspicuous than the other sculpture more than seventy feet above him. The inscription may well have been carved across the breast, since this part of the figure is now totally destroyed, and there are no characters anywhere else on the stone. The two figures must have served as sign-posts, standing as they did at the junction of the two main roads from east to west and south to north, and the direction in which they looked served to point the way.

But they were more than this. They were a visible sign of Hittite conquest and empire. The power which caused them to be sculptured held the pass that led to the great cities of the extreme west. Ephesus, Smyrna, and Sardes must all have been in Hittite hands. Here were the centres to which the art and civilisation of the Euphrates were brought, and from whence they could be spread over the islands of the Ægean and into the still barbarous Grecian world.

An echo of this Hittite dominion survives, I believe, in the legends of the Amazons. The Amazons are to be found wherever the *Hittites* have left memorials of their presence. The Thermodon,

where their kingdom was supposed to be, flowed in the near neighbourhood of the Hittite sculptures of Eyuk and Boghaz Keui. The foundation of Ephesus was ascribed to them; Smyrna and Myrine, varying forms of the same name, were given an Amazonian origin; and though no legend has survived which connects the Lydian capital with the name of the warrior-maidens, the Assyrian art and mythology, that flourished there, must have been brought by Hittites rather than by Phœnicians, while there is much to show that Omphalê, the bride of the Lydian Herakles, was but the Hittite name of the Asiatic goddess. This Asiatic goddess, indeed, though of Babylonian origin, had one of her chief seats at Carchemish, where she was worshipped in later days under the title of Atargatis or Derketo, and the Amazons of Greek story, the handmaids of the Ephesian Artemis, were her Hittite priestesses. The rocks of Boghaz Keui have already taught us that the mural crown of Artemis or Kybélé was of Hittite descent.

The faint echo of Greek tradition has been confirmed by the contemporaneous records of Egypt. From the sixteenth to the twelfth centuries B.C., as we learn from them, the Hittites were at the zenith of their strength and glory. They held the balance of power between Egypt and Assyria, and were long the most formidable foe the Egyptians had to confront in Asia. Time after time did the Egyptian armies besiege their southern capital of Kadesh on an island of the Orontes, from which they were subsequently driven by the encroachments of the Semitic tribes, and once, at least, their northern capital of Carchemish was seriously threatened. But whether it were Kadesh or Carchemish that was attacked, the allies of the Hittites thronged to their aid from the most distant regions of the empire at the first sound of alarm. Colchians from the far north, Mysians from the far west, alike sent their contingents. In the reign of Thothmes III. we find the Hittites summoning to their aid the Masu or Mysians and the Dardanians of the Troad with their towns of Ilion (Iluna) and Pedasus (Pidasa). Two centuries later the Tekkri or Teukrians come to their help against that very Sesostris whose monuments Herodotus believed he saw in the records of the empire of his foes. And Sesostris, after twenty weary years of fighting, had to confess that 'the mighty people' of the Hittites were of equal power with himself.

It is probably about this period that the figures of Karabel carved, and the Hittites began to aid the Phœnicians in carry torch of Eastern culture to the Greek world. Already in the teenth century B.C. the astrological reports, preserved in t of the Babylonian monarch Sargon I., speak of the H dangerous rivals in the West, and, if Mariette-Pasha is had led one at least of the dynasties of shepherd-kings w quered Egypt some centuries before. As we have se extended as far as the Hellespont in the age of Tho 1600–1560), and this influence was still strong About B.C. 1130 the Assyrian king Tiglath-Pil

were in possession of Syria, having subjected the Semitic Aramæans to their sway, and Pethor, the city of Balaam, at the junction of the Sajur and the Euphrates, continued to belong to them until its capture by the Assyrians several centuries afterwards. It is possible that their occupation of Lydia may explain the statement of Herodotus, which derives the dynasty of the Herakleidæ from Ninus, the son of Belus, whose date is placed by the Greek historian about B.C. 1200. We now have monumental evidence that the Assyrians never penetrated beyond the Halys, or even knew the name of Lydia itself, until Gog or Gyges sent an embassy and a present of two captive Kimmerian chiefs to Nineveh in the year 665 B.C. But just as the legend of Herakles was brought by Hittites to Lydia from Assyria and Babylonia, so, too, the names of Ninus, or Nineveh, and Bel-Merodach of Babylon may well have been distorted reminiscences of Hittite supremacy.

The objects and forms of early art are surer evidences than these doubtful names of the westward extension of Hittite power. The art of Assyria, which was itself derived from that of Babylonia, came to Greece along two different channels. One of these channels were the Phœnicians with their trading ships and colonies, the other the Hittites moving along the high-roads of Asia Minor. The influence exercised by the Phœnicians was essentially commercial; it was at first purely maritime, subsequently colonial. The influence of the Hittites, on the other hand, was that of a conquering race; consequently it chiefly affected the mainland of Asia Minor, and only indirectly the islands of the Ægean and the shores of Greece. Of this we have good proof in the fact that the first system of writing known in Greece was that introduced by the Phœnicians, whereas in Asia Minor and the adjacent islands the Phœnician alphabet had been preceded by another mode of writing, which I believe can be traced back to the hieroglyphics of Carchemish. But the very circumstance that the Hittites were a conquering race, not a body of merchants and sailors, caused the culture they brought with them to sink all the more deeply into the spirit of the nations of the West. Early Lydia became impressed by it in a way that early Greece never was impressed by the culture of Phœnicia. And the influence and impression were handed on to the feudal principalities of Achæan Greece. On the one hand the coasts of Asia Minor were occupied by Æolian and Ionic and Doric colonies; on the other hand the inhabitants of Asia Minor took possession of the islands and founded dynasties in the Peloponnese. The Karians, according to Thucydides, once dwelt in the Cyclades and buried their dead on the sacred isle of Delos, and tradition brought Pelops, the eponym of the Peloponnesus, with all his wealth and luxury, from the golden sands of the Paktôlos. Nay, Greek mythology itself was inextricably intertwined with that of Asia Minor. Omphalê and the Amazons, Midas and Gordius, Tantalus and the Khimæra, not to speak of the 'tale of Troy divine,' were all integral parts of old Greek story. Greek

mythology and Greek art were equally indebted to the Phœnicians of Canaan and the natives of Asia Minor.

The fact becomes self-evident if we turn to the treasures of ancient Hellenic life and art which have been recovered from Mykenæ. The lions that guard the gate of the Akropolis are the counterpart of those discovered by Perrot on a rock-tomb at Kumbet, in Phrygia. The tombstones disinterred by Dr. Schliemann are wholly Hittite in their style and conception. So, too, the lion and bull made of gold-leaf, and excavated from one of the tombs, remind us of the lion and bull sculptured at Eyuk. Among the patterns, again, met with at Mykenæ are several which go back to a Hittite original. Thus the palm-leaf is not only common on the terra-cotta dishes excavated by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, but is embroidered on the robe of the figure found at Carchemish, and may be seen in its earliest form engraved upon Babylonian cylinders. A certain class of early Greek vases, as is well known, present us with a type of drawing which cannot be referred to a Phœnician model, but which has much in it that suggests Hittite inspiration. The thick round limbs and tall helmets come from Asia Minor, not from Canaan, like the Hittite tiara on the ivory head discovered in the prehistoric tombs of Spata.

Art and myth, however, were not the only means whereby Hittite influence made itself felt in the distant West. Mr. Head has pointed out[2] that the Babylonian silver mina of 8,656 grains troy, which formed the standard for the money coined in Lydia and other parts of Asia Minor, as well as in Thrace, is identical with what the Assyrians called 'the mina of Carchemish.' It was received by the Hittites from Babylonia, and was carried by them to the nations of the distant West. Gyges and Krœsus struck electron and silver coins according to its standard, and in times long before them the Trojans of Hissarlik had used it for purposes of exchange. Six wedges of silver, about seven inches long by two broad, were discovered in what Dr. Schliemann has christened 'the Treasure of Priam,' and each of these wedges weighs about a third of the Babylonian maund. The hope of procuring silver seems to have been one of the main attractions of the Hittites to Asia Minor; at all events it is almost always in the neighbourhood of silver mines that their memorials are found.

But the chief debt owed by the Western world to the Hittites still remains unsaid. They were distinguished as a writing people; Kirjath-Sepher, or 'book-town,' was the primitive name of one of their cities in Palestine; Khilip-sar, 'the Prince of Aleppo,' is specially mentioned on the Egyptian monuments as 'the writer of books of the vile Kheta,' and the hieroglyphics they used show that they were what it has fallen to the lot of but a chosen few among mankind to be, the inventors of a system of writing. This system of writing they carried with them to Lydia, and it is, I believe, the source of that curious syllabary generally called Cypriote, from the number of

[2] *Academy* for November 22, 1879.

Cyprian inscriptions found written in it, but which was employed throughout Asia Minor before the introduction of the simpler Ionic alphabet. Conservative Cyprus alone retained this syllabary long after it had passed out of use elsewhere; though most of the alphabets of Asia Minor kept certain of its characters to express sounds not represented by the Greek letters, and a short inscription found by Hamilton at Eyuk, in the close vicinity of the memorials of the Hittites, almost entirely consists of letters that belong to it.

And now who were these Hittites who played so important a part in the history of Western Asia, and whose very name had been well nigh forgotten until but the other day? Unfortunately that is a question, the answer to which we can for the present only guess at. The inscriptions they have left behind them are still undeciphered, and more are needed before the key that will unlock them can be found. We must therefore be content with the evidence of the proper names that occur on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria. These point unmistakably to the fact that the language of the Hittites was neither Semitic nor Aryan, but belonged to a group of dialects spoken in early times by Cilicians, Comagenians, Moschians, proto-Armenians, and other neighbouring tribes, and of which Georgian is probably a living representative. It is among this group that we must include the language of the cuneiform inscriptions of Van, which are still but partially deciphered.

Whatever may have been their language, however, the Hittites had very marked physical characteristics, peculiar dress and arms, and a spirit and policy that clearly separated them from their neighbours. Their peaked shoes indicate that they originally came from a cold country such as the highlands of Armenia, and this indication is confirmed by our finding the inhabitants of this very country represented on the Assyrian monuments in the same costume as the Hittites. They must have established themselves on the Euphrates at an early date, and spread from thence southward and westward. Their westward extension brought them into contact with the Lydians and Greeks, their southward extension with the Egyptians and Hebrews. To this is due the prominent place they hold in the Old Testament, but for which the scholars of Europe would have been as ignorant even of their name as were the writers of Greece and Rome. Ezekiel declares that Jerusalem was born of an Amorite father and a Hittite mother, and Uriah the Hittite was one of the officers of David. It was for the kings of the Hittites that Solomon imported horses from Egypt, and from among their princesses he sought himself wives, like the Egyptian monarchs before him. Israel and Heth, indeed, long continued in alliance against the common Syrian enemy, and when Benhadad broke up the siege of Samaria it was because he thought that the King of Israel had hired against him 'the kings of the Hittites and the kings of the Egyptians.' Hamath, too, which at one time was included within the Hittite territory, was the ally of David, and at a later day, as we learn from the records of Assyria, of

the Jewish prince Uzziah also. Up to the last the existence of the Hittites depended on the success of their long struggle with their Semitic neighbours, whom they severed in two; and when their power and independence at last fell, it meant the final victory of the Semitic race.

Future exploration in Asia Minor, and above all the excavations that are being carried on at present on the site of Carchemish, have doubtless many more surprises for us. But no surprise can be greater than the resurrection of a forgotten people, who nevertheless played as important a part in the history of the world as Assyria or Egypt themselves. Brugsch-Bey has said, with justice, of 'this cultivated and powerful people,' that their 'rule in the highest antiquity was of an importance which we can now only guess at.' To us, perhaps, their chief importance lies in their influence upon the nascent civilisation of the Western world. The clue has at last been found to the old problem of the origin of art and culture in Asia Minor, and of that perplexing yet well-marked element in early Greek art, which was neither of home-growth nor of Phœnician importation. We may now trace this element back to its first home on the Euphrates, where Assyro-Babylonian art was profoundly modified and intermingled with the forms and conceptions of Egypt, and we may watch its progress northward and westward until it meets the art of Phœnicia, sprung from the same ancestry, though less deeply changed, on the shores of the Ægean Sea. What it was at home we may still study in the lineaments of a bas-relief, brought from the Turkish castle of Birejik to the British Museum, on which is portrayed a Hittite monarch, robed in the peculiar costume of his people and overshadowed by the winged solar disk.

A. H. Sayce.

Mary Anerley: a Yorkshire Tale.

Chapter XLIX.

A bold angler.

As if in vexation at being thwarted by one branch of the family, Cupid began to work harder at the other, among the moors and mountains. Not that either my lady Philippa, or gentle Mistress Carnaby, fell back into the snares of youth; but rather that youth, contemptuous of age, leaped up, and defied everybody but itself, and cried tush to its own welfare.

For as soon as the trance of snow was gone, and the world (emboldened to behold itself again) smiled up from genial places; and the timid step of peeping Spring awoke a sudden flutter in the breast of buds: and streams (having sent their broken anger to the sea) were pleased to be murmuring clearly again, and enjoyed their own flexibility: and even stern mountains and menacing crags allowed soft light to play with them—at such a time, prudence found very narrow house-room in the breast of young Lancelot, otherwise 'Pet.'

'If Prudence be present, no Divinity is absent,' according to high authority; but the author of the proverb must have first excluded Love from the list of divinities. Pet's breast, or at any rate his chest, had grown under the expansive enormity of love; his liver moreover (which, according to poets, both Latin and Greek, is the especial throne of love), had quickened its proceedings from the exercise he took: from the same cause, his calves increased so largely that even Jordas could not pull the agate buttons of his gaiters through their holes. In a word, he gained flesh, muscle, bone, and digestion, and other great bodily blessings, from the power believed by the poets to upset, and annihilate, every one of them. However, this proves nothing anti-poetical; for the essence of that youth was to contradict experience.

Jordas had never, in all his born days, not even in the thick of the snowdrift, found himself more in a puzzle, than now; and he could not even fly for advice, in this matter, to Lawyer Jellicorse. The first great gift of nature, expelled by education, is gratitude. A child is full of gratitude, or at least has got the room for it; but no full-grown mortal, after good education, has been known to keep the rudiments of thankfulness. But Jordas had a stock of it—as much as can remain to anyone superior to the making of a cross.

Now the difficulty of it was, that Jordas called to mind, every morning when he saw snow, and afterwards when he saw anything white, that he must have required a grave, and not got it (in time to

be any good to him) without the hard labour, strong endurance, and brotherly tendance of the people of the gill. Even the three grand fairy-gifts of Lawyer Jellicorse himself might scarcely have saved him; although they were no less than as follows, in virtue—the tip of a tongue that had never told a lie (because it belonged to a bullock slain young), a flask of old Scotch whisky, and a horn comfit-box of Irish snuff. All these three had stood him in good stead; especially the last, which kept him wide awake, and enabled him to sneeze a yellow hole in the drift, whenever it threatened to engulf his beard. Without those three, he could never have got on; but with all the three, he could never have got out, if Bat, and Maunder of the gill, had not come to his succour in the very nick of time. Not only did they work hard for hours, under the guidance of Saracen (who was ready to fly at them, if they left off), but when at length they came on Jordas, in his last exhaustion, with the good horse rubbing up his chin, to make him warmer, they did a sight of things, which the good Samaritan, having finer climate, was enabled to dispense with. And when they had set him on his legs again, finding that he could not use them yet, they hoisted him on the back of Maunder, who was strong; and the whole of that expedition ended at the little cottage in the gill. But the kindness of the inhabitants was only just beginning; for when Jordas came to himself, he found that his off-foot—as Marmaduke would have called it—the one which had ridden with a north-east aspect, was frozen as hard as a hammer, and as blue as a pistol-barrel. Mrs. Bart happened to have seen such cases in her native country; and by her skilful treatment and never-wearying care, the poor fellow's foot was saved and cured, though at one time he despaired of it. Marmaduke also was restored, and sent home to his stable, some days before his rider was in a condition to mount him.

In return for all these benefits, how could the dog-man, without being worse than a dog, go and say to his ladies that mischief was breeding between their heir, and a poor girl, who lived in a corner of their land? If he had been ungrateful, or in any way a sneak, he might have found no trouble in this thing; but being, as he was, an honest, noble-hearted fellow, he battled severely in his mind, to set up the standard of the proper side to take. For such matters Pet cared not one jot. Crafty as he was, he could never understand that Jordas and Welldrum were not the same man, one half working out of doors, and the other in. For him it was enough that Jordas would not tell, probably because he was afraid to do so; and Pet resolved to make him useful. For Lancelot Carnaby was very sharp indeed, in espying what suited his purpose. His set purpose was to marry Insie Bart, in whom he had sense enough to perceive his better, in every respect but money and birth; in which two he was before her, or at any rate supposed so. He was proud as need be of his station in life; but he reasoned—if the process of his mind was reason—that being so exalted he might please himself; that his wife would rise to his rank,

instead of lowering him; that her father was a man of education, and a gentleman, although he worked with his own hands; and that Insie was a lady, though she went to fill a pitcher.

For one happy fact, the youth deserved some credit; or rather perhaps his youth deserved it for him. He was madly in love with Insie, and his passion could not be of very high spiritual order; but the idea of obtaining her dishonourably never occurred to his mind for one moment. He knew her to be better, purer, and nobler than himself, in every way; and he felt, though he did not want to feel it, that her nature gave a lift to his. Insie, on the other hand, began to like him better, and to despise him less and less; his reckless devotion to her made its way; and in spite of all her common sense, his beauty and his lordly style had attractions for her young romance. And at last her heart began to bound, like his, when they were together. 'With all thy faults, I love thee still,' was the loose condition of her youthful mind.

Into every combination—however steep and deep be the gill of its quiet incubation—a number of people and of things peep in, and will enter (like the cuckoo) at the glimpse of a white feather; or even without it, unless beak and claw are shown. And now the intruder into Pet's love-nest had the right to look in, and to pull him out neck-and-crop, unless he sat there legally. Whether birds discharge fraternal duty is a question for 'Notes and Queries,' even in the present most positive age. Sophocles says that the clever birds feed their parents and their benefactors; and men ascribe piety to them in fables; as a needful ensample to one another.

Be that as it may, this Maunder Bart, when his rather slow attention was once aroused, kept a sharp watch upon his young landlord's works. It was lucky for Pet that he meant no harm, and that Maunder had contemptuous faith in him. Otherwise Insie's brother would have shortly taken him up, by his gaiters, and soundly beaten his head in against a rock. For Mr. Bart's son was of bitter, morose, and almost savage nature—silent, moody, and as resolute as death. He resented and darkly repined at the loss of position, and property, of which he had heard; and he scorned the fine sentiments which had led to nothing at all substantial. It was not in his power to despise his father, for his mind felt the presence of the larger one: but he did not love him, as a son should do; neither did he speak out his thoughts to anybody, beyond a few mutters to his mother. But he loved his gentle sister, and found in her a goodness which warmed him up to think about getting some upon his own account.

Such thoughts, however, were fugitive; and Maunder's main general subject of brooding was the wrong he had suffered, through his father. He was living and working like a peasant or a miner, instead of having horses, and dogs, and men, and the right to kick all inferior people—as that baby Lancelot Carnaby had—for no other reason, that he could find, than the magnitude of his father's mind. He had gone into the subject with his father, long ago—for Mr. Bart

felt a noble pride in his convictions; and the son lamented, with all his heart, the extent of his own father's mind. In his lonely walks, heavy hours, and hard work—which last he never grudged, for his strength required outlet—he pondered continually upon one thing; and now he seemed to see a chance of doing it. The first step in his upward course would be Insie's marriage with Lancelot.

Pet, who had no fear of anyone but Maunder, tried crafty little tricks to please him; but instead of earning many thanks, got none at all; which made him endeavour to improve himself. Mr. Bart's opinion of him now began to follow the course of John Smithies'; and Smithies looked at it in one light only (ever since Pet so assaulted him, and then trusted his good-will, across the dark moors) and that light was, that 'when you come to think of him, you mustn't be too hard upon him, after all.' And one great excellence of this youth was, that he cared not a doit for general opinion, so long as he got his own special desire.

His desire was, not to let a day go by without sight and touch of Insie. These were not to be had at a moment's notice, nor even by much care; and five times out of six he failed of so much as a glimpse or a word of her. For the weather, and the time of year, have much to say concerning the course of the very truest love; and worse than the weather itself, too often, is the cloudy caprice of maiden mind.

Insie's father must have known what attraction drew this youth to such a cold unfurnished spot; and if he had been like other men, he would either have nipped in the bud this passion, or for selfish reasons fostered it. But being of large theoretical mind, he found his due outlet in giving advice.

It is plain at a glance, that in such a case the mother is the proper one to give advice; and the father the one to act strenuously. But now Mrs. Bart, who was a very good lady, and had gone through a world of trouble, from the want of money—the which she had cast away, for sake of something better—came to the forefront of this pretty little business, as Insie's mother, vigorously.

'Christophare,' she said to her husband, 'not often do I speak, between us, of the affairs it is wise to let alone. But now, of our dear child Inesa, it is just that I should insist something. Mandaro, which you call English Maunder, already is destroyed for life, by the magnitude of your good mind. It is just that his sister should find the occasion of reversion to her proper grade of life. For you, Christophare, I have abandoned all; and have the good right to claim something from you. And the only thing that I demand is one—let Inesa return to the lady.'

'Well,' said Mr. Bart, who had that sense of humour, without which no man can give his property away; 'I hope that she never has departed from it. But, my dear, as you make such a point of it, I will promise not to interfere, unless there is any attempt to do wrong, and entrap a poor boy who does not know his own mind. Insie is his equal, by birth and education; and perhaps his superior

in that which comes foremost nowadays—the money. Dream not that he is a great catch, my dear; I know more of that matter than you do. It is possible that he may stand at the altar with little to settle upon his bride except his bright waistcoat and gaiters.'

'Tush, Christophare! You are, to my mind, always an enigma.'

'That is as it should be, and keeps me interesting still. But this is a mere boy-and-girl romance. If it meant anything, my only concern would be, to know whether the boy was good. If not, I should promptly kick him back to his own door.'

'From my observation, he is very good,—to attend to his rights, and make the utmost of them.'

Mr. Bart laughed; for he knew that a little hit at himself was intended; and very often now, as his joints began to stiffen, he wished that his youth had been wiser. He stuck to his theories still; but his practice would have been more of the practical kind, if it had come back to be done again. But his children, and his wife, had no claim to bring up anything; because everything was gone, before he undertook their business. However he obtained reproach—as always seems to happen—for those doings of his early days, which led to their existence. Still he liked to make the best of things; and laughed, instead of arguing.

For a short time, therefore, Lancelot Carnaby seemed to have his own way in this matter, as well as in so many others. As soon as spring weather unbound the streams, and enlarged both the spots, and the appetite of trout (which mainly thrive together), Pet became seized, by his own account, with insatiable love of angling. The beck of the gill, running into the Lune, was alive, in those unpoaching days, with sweet little trout, of a very high breed, playful, mischievous, and indulging (while they provoked) good hunger. These were trout who disdained to feed basely on the ground when they could feed upward, ennobling almost every gulp with a glimpse of the upper creation. Mrs. Carnaby loved these 'graceful creatures,' as she always called them, when fried well; and she thought it so good, and so clever, of her son, to tempt her poor appetite with them.

'Philippa, he knows—perhaps your mind is absent,' she said, as she put the fifth trout on her plate, at breakfast, one fine morning—'he feels that these little creatures do me good; and to me it becomes a sacred duty to endeavour to eat them.'

'You seem to succeed very well, Eliza.'

'Yes, dear, I manage to get on a little: from a sort of sporting feeling, that appeals to me. Before I begin to lift the skins of any of these little darlings, I can see my dear boy standing over the torrent, with his wonderful boldness, and bright eagle eyes——'

'To pull out a fish of an ounce and a half. Without any disrespect to Pet, whose fishing apparel has cost twenty pounds, I believe that Jordas catches every one of them.'

Sad to say, this was even so. Lancelot tried, once or twice, for *some five* minutes at a time, throwing the fly as he threw a skittle-ball;

but finding no fish at once respond to his precipitance, down he cast the rod, and left the rest of it to Jordas. But, inasmuch as he brought back fish, whenever he went out fishing, and looked as brilliant and picturesque as a salmon-fly in his new costume, his mother was delighted; and his aunt, being full of fresh troubles, paid small heed to him.

For, as soon as the roads became safe again, and an honest attorney could enter 'horse-hire' in his bill, without being too chivalrous, and the ink that had clotted in the good-will time began to form black blood again, Mr. Jellicorse himself resolved legitimately to set forth upon a legal enterprise. The winter had shaken him slightly—for even a solicitor's body is vulnerable; and well for the clerk of the weather it is that no action lies against him—and his good wife told him to be very careful, although he looked as young as ever. She had no great opinion of the people he was going to, and was sure that they would be too high and mighty, even to see that his bed was aired. For her part, she hoped that the reports were true, which were now getting into every honest person's mouth; and if he would listen to a woman's common sense, and at once go over to the other side—it would serve them quite right, and be the better for his family, and give a good lift to his profession. But his honesty was stout, and vanquished even his pride in his profession.

Chapter L.

PRINCELY TREATMENT.

'This then is what you have to say,' cried my Lady Philippa, in a tone of little gratitude, and perhaps not purely free from wrath; 'this is what has happened, while you did nothing?'

'Madam, I assure you,' Mr. Jellicorse replied, 'that no one point has been neglected. And truly I am bold enough—though you may not perceive it—to take a little credit to myself, for the skill and activity of my proceedings. I have a most conceited man against me; no member at all of our honoured profession; but rather inclined to make light of us. A gentleman—if one may so describe him—of the name of Mordacks, who lives in a den, below a bridge in York, and has very long harassed the law, by a sort of Cheap-jack, slap-dash, low-minded style of doing things. "Jobbing" I may call it—cheap and nasty jobbing—not at all the proper thing, from a correct point of view. "A catchpenny fellow," that's the proper name for him—I was trying to think of it, half the way from Middleton.'

'And now, in your eloquence, you have hit upon it. I can easily understand that such a style of business would not meet with your approbation. But, Mr. Jellicorse, he seems to me to have proved himself considerably more active, in his way—however objectionable that may be—than you, as our agent, have shown yourself.'

The cheerful, expressive, and innocent face of Mr. Jellicorse protested now. By nature he was almost as honest as Geoffrey Mordack himself could be; and in spite of a very long professional career, the original element was there, and must be charged for.

'I cannot recall to my memory,' he said, 'any instance of neglect on my part. But if that impression is upon your mind, it would be better for you to change your legal advisers at an early opportunity. Such has been the frequent practice, madam, of your family. And but for that, none of this trouble could exist. I must beg you, either to withdraw the charge of negligence, which I understand you to have brought; or else to appoint some gentleman of greater activity to conduct your business.'

With the haughtiness of her headstrong race, Miss Yordas had failed as yet to comprehend that a lawyer could be a gentleman. And even now, that idea scarcely broke upon her, until she looked hard at Mr. Jellicorse. But he, having cast aside all deference for the moment, met her stern gaze with such courteous indifference, and poise of self-composure, that she suddenly remembered that her grandfather had been the master of a pack of foxhounds.

'I have made no charge of negligence; you are hasty, and misunderstand me,' she answered, after waiting for him to begin again, as if he were a rash aggressor; 'it is possible that you desire to abandon our case, and conceive affront, where none is meant whatever.'

'God forbid!' Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed, with his legal state of mind returning. 'A finer case never came into any court of law. There is a coarse axiom, not without some truth, that possession is nine points of the law. We have possession. What is even more important, we have the hostile instrument in our possession.'

'You mean that unfortunate and unjust deed, of a bygone time, that was so wickedly concealed? Dishonest transaction, from first to last!'

'Madam, the law is not to blame for that; nor even the lawyers, but the clients, who kept changing them. But for that, your admirable father must have known that the will, he dictated to me, was waste paper. At least as regards the main part of the demesnes.'

'What monstrous injustice! A positive premium upon villainy and depravity. You regard things professionally, I suppose. But surely it must have struck you as a flagrant dishonesty, a base and wicked crime, that a document so vile should be allowed even to exist.'

Miss Yordas had spoken with unusual heat; and the lawyer looked at her with an air of mild inquiry. Was it possible that she suggested to him the destruction of the wicked instrument? Ladies had done queer things, within his knowledge—but this lady showed herself too cautious for that.

'I know what my father would have done in such a case,' she continued, with her tranquil smile recovered; 'he would have ridden

up to his solicitor's office, demanded the implement of robbery, brought it home, and set it upon the hall-fire, in the presence of the whole of his family and household. But now, we live in such a strictly lawful age, that no crime can be stopped, if only perpetrated legally. And you say that Mr. More—something, "Moresharp," I think it was, knows of that iniquitous production?'

'Madam, we cannot be certain; but I have reason to suspect that Mr. Mordacks has got wind of that unfortunate deed of appointment.'

'Supposing that he has, and that he means to use his knowledge, he cannot force the document from your possession, can he?'

'Not without an order. But by filing affidavit, after issue of writ in ejectment, they may compel us to produce, and allow attested copy to be taken.'

'Then the law is disgraceful, to the last degree; and it is useless to own anything. That deed is in your charge, as our attorney, I suppose, sir?'

'By no other right, madam; we have twelve chestfuls; any one, or all of which, I am bound to render up to your order.'

'Our confidence in you is unshaken. But without shaking it, we might order home any particular chest, for inspection?'

'Most certainly, madam, by giving us receipt for it. For antiquarian uses, and others, such a thing is by no means irregular. And the oldest of all the deeds are in that box—charters from the Crown, grants from Corporations, records of assay by arms—warrants that even I cannot decipher.'

'A very learned gentleman is likely soon to visit us. A man of modern family, who spends his whole time in seeking out the stories of the older ones. No family in Yorkshire is comparable to ours in the interest of its annals.'

'That is a truth beyond all denial, madam. The character of your ancient race has always been a marked one.'

'And always honourable, Mr. Jellicorse. Undeviating principle has distinguished all my ancestors. Nothing has ever been allowed to stand between them and their view of right.'

'You could not have put it more clearly, Mistress Yordas. Their own view of right has been their guiding star throughout. And they never have failed to act accordingly.'

'Alas! of how very few others can we say it! But being of a very good old family yourself, you are able to appreciate such conduct. You would like me perhaps to sign the order for that box of ancient—cartularies, is not that the proper word for them? And it might be as well to state why they happen to be wanted—for purposes of family history.'

'Madam, I will at once prepare a memorandum, for your signature and your sister's.'

The mind of Mr. Jellicorse was much relieved; although the relief was not untempered with misgivings. He sat down immediately

at an ancient writing-table, and prepared a short order for delivery, to their trusty servant Jordas, of a certain box, with the letter C upon it, and containing title-deeds of Scargate Hall estate.

'I think it might be simpler not to put it so precisely,' my Lady Philippa suggested; 'but merely to say a box containing the oldest of the title-deeds, as required for an impending antiquarian research.'

Mr. Jellicorse made the amendment; and then, with the prudence of long practice, added, 'the order should be in your handwriting, madam; will it give you too much trouble just to copy it?' 'How can it signify, if it bears our signatures?' his client asked, with a smile at such a trifle. However, she sat down, and copied it upon another sheet of paper. Then Mr. Jellicorse, beautifully bowing, drew near to take possession of his own handwriting; but the lady, with a bow of even greater elegance, lifted the cover of the standing desk, and therein placed both manuscripts; and the lawyer perceived that he could say nothing.

'How delightful it is to be quit of business!' The hostess now looked hospitable. 'We need not recur to this matter, I do hope. That paper, whatever it is, will be signed by both of us, and handed over to you, in your legal head-quarters, to-morrow. We must have the pleasure of sending you home in the morning, Mr. Jellicorse. We have bought a very wonderful vehicle, invented for such roads as ours, and to supersede the jumping car. It is warranted to traverse any place a horse can travel, with luxurious ease to the passengers, and safety of no common description. Jordas will drive you; your horse can trot behind; and you can send back by it whatever there may be.'

Mr. Jellicorse detested new inventions, and objected most strongly to any experiment made in his own body. However, he would rather die, than plead his time of life in bar; and his faith in the dog-man was unlimited. And now the gentle Mrs. Carnaby, who had gracefully taken flight from 'horrid business,' returned in an evening dress, and with a sweetly smiling countenance; and very nearly turned the Jellicorsian head, snowy as it was, with soft attentions and delicious deference.

'I was treated like a prince,' he said, next day, when delivered safe at home, and resting among his rather dingy household gods. 'There never could have been a more absurd idea, than that notion of yours about my being put into wet sheets, Diana. Why, I even had my nightcap warmed; and a young woman came, with a blush upon her face, and a question, whether I would be pleased to sleep in a gross of Naples stockings! Ah, to my mind, after all, it proves what I have always said—that there is nothing like old blood!'

'Nothing like old blood for being made a fool of,' his wife replied, with a coarseness which made him shiver, after Mrs. Carnaby; 'they know what they are about, I'll lay a penny. Some roguery, no doubt, that they seek to lead you into. That is what their nightcaps, and stockings, mean. How low it is, to make a foreground of them!'

'Hush, my dear! I cannot bear such want of charity. And what is even worse—you expose me to an action-at-law, with heavy damages.'

The lawyer had sundry little qualms of conscience, which were deepened by his wife's sagacious words; and suddenly it struck him that the new-fangled vehicle, which had brought him home so quietly from Scargate, had shown a strange inability to stand still, for more than two minutes, at his side-door. So much had he been hurried, by the apparent straits of his charioteer, that he ran out with box C, without ever stopping to make an inventory of its contents—as he intended to do—or even looking whether the all-important deed was there. In fact, he had scarcely time to seal up the key in a separate package, hand it to Jordas, and take the order (now become a receipt) from the horny fist of the dog-man, before Marmaduke, rendered more dashing by snow-drift, was away like a thunderbolt, if such a thing there be, and if it has four legs.

'How could I have helped doing as I have done?' he whispered to himself uncomfortably. 'Here are two ladies, of high position, and they send a joint order for their property. By-the-by, I will just have a look at that order, now that there is no horse to jump over me.' Upon going to the day-file, he found the order right, transcribed from his own amended copy, and bearing two signatures, as it should do. But it struck him that the words 'Eliza Carnaby' were written too boldly for that lady's hand; and the more he looked at them, the more he was convinced of it. That was no concern of his; for it was not his duty, under the circumstances of the case, to verify her signature. But this conviction drove him to an uncomfortable conclusion—'Miss Yordas intends to destroy that deed, without her sister's knowledge. She knows that her sister's nerve is weaker; and she does not like to involve her in the job. A very brave, sisterly feeling, no doubt; and much the wiser course, if she means to do it. It is a bold stroke, and well worthy of a Yordas. But I hope, with all my heart, that she never can have thought of it. And she kept that order in my handwriting, to make it look as if the suggestion came from me! And I am as innocent as any lamb is of the frauds that shall come to be written on his skin. The duty of attorney towards client prevents me from opening my lips upon the matter. But she is a deep woman, and a bold one too. May the Lord direct things aright! I shall retire, and let Robert have the practice, as soon as Brown's bankruptcy has worn out captious creditors. It is the Lord alone that doeth all things well.'

Mr. Jellicorse knew that he had done his best; and though doubtful of the turn which things had taken, with some exclusion of his agency, he felt (though his conscience told him not to feel it) that here was one true source of joy. That impudent, dashing, unprofessional man, who was always poking his vile, unarticled nose into legal business, that fellow of the name of Mordacks, now would have no *locus standi* left. At least a hundred and fifty firms, of good

standing in the county, detested that man; and even a Judge would import a *scintillula juris* into any measure which relieved the country of him. Meditating thus, he heard a knock.

Chapter LI.

STAND AND DELIVER.

The day was not far worn as yet; and May month having come at last, the day could stand a good deal of wear. With Jordas burning to exhibit the wonders of the new machine (which had been bought upon his advice), and with Marmaduke conscious of the new gloss on his coat, all previous times had been beaten—as the sporting writers put it—that is to say, all previous times of the journey from Scargate to Middleton, for any man who sat on wheels. A rider would take a shorter cut, and have many other advantages; but for a driver, the time had been the quickest upon record.

Mr. Jellicorse, exulting in his safety, had imprinted the chaste salute upon his good wife's cheek at ten minutes after one o'clock; when the clerks in the office with laudable promptitude (not expecting him as yet) had unanimously cast down pen, and betaken hand and foot towards knife and fork. Instead of blaming them, this good lawyer went upon that same road himself; with the great advantage, that the road to his dinner lay through his own kitchen. At dinner-time he had much to tell, and many large helps to receive, of interest and of admiration, especially from his pet child Emily (who forgot herself so largely as to lick her spoon while gazing), and after dinner he was not without reasons for letting perhaps a little of the time slip by. Therefore, by the time he had described all dangers, discharged his duty to all comforts, and held the little confidential talk with his wife, and himself, above recorded, the clock had made its way to half-past three.

Mrs. Jellicorse, and Emily, were gone forth to pay visits; the clerks, shut away in their own room, were busy, scratching up a lovely case for *nisi prius*; the cook had thrown the sifted cinders on the kitchen-fire, and was gone with the maids to exchange just a few constitutional words with the gardener; and the whole house was drowsy with that by-time, when light and shadow seem to mix together, and far-away sounds take a faint to-and-fro, as if they were the pendulum of silence.

'That is Emily's knock. Impatient child! Come back for her mother's gloves, or something. All the people are out; I must go and let her in.'

With these words, and a little placid frown—because a soft nap was impending on his eyelids, and yet they were always glad to open on his favourite—the worthy lawyer rose, and took a pinch of snuff, to rouse himself; but before he could get to the door, a louder and more impatient rap almost made him jump.

'What a hurry you are in, my dear! You really should try to learn some little patience.'

While he was speaking, he opened the door; and behold, there was no little girl, but a tall and stately gentleman, in horseman's dress, and of strong commanding aspect!

'What is your pleasure, sir?' the lawyer asked, while his heart began to flutter; for exactly such a visitor had caused him scare of his life, when stronger by a quarter of a century than now.

'My pleasure, or rather my business, is with Mr. Jellicorse, the lawyer.'

'Then, sir, you have come to the right man for it. My name is Jellicorse, and greatly at your service. Allow me the honour of inviting you within.'

'My name is Yordas, Sir Duncan Yordas,' said the stranger, when seated in the lawyer's private room. 'My father, Philip Yordas, was a client of yours, and of other legal gentlemen, before he came to you. Upon the day of his death, in the year 1777, you prepared his will; which you have since found to be of no effect, except as regards his personal estate, and about one-eighth part of the realty. Of the bulk of the land, including Scargate Hall, he could not dispose; for the simple reason that they had been strictly entailed by a deed, executed by my grandfather, and his wife, in 1751. Under that entail, I take in fee; for it could not have been barred without me, and I never concurred in any disentailing deed, and my father never knew that such was needful.'

'Excuse me, Sir Duncan, but you seem to be wonderfully apt with the terms of our profession.'

'I could scarcely be otherwise, after all that I have had to do with law, in India. Our first object is to apply our own laws, and our second to spread our religion. But no more of that—do you admit the truth of a matter, so stated that you cannot fail to grasp it?'

Sir Duncan Yordas, as he put this question, fixed large, unwavering, and piercing eyes (against which no spectacles were any shelter) upon the mild, amiable, and (generally speaking) very honest orbs of sight which had lighted the path of the elder gentleman to good repute and competence. But who may turn a lawyer's hand from the heaven-sped legal plough?

'Am I to understand, Sir Duncan Yordas, that your visit to me is of an amicable nature, and intended (without prejudice to other interests) to ascertain, so far as may be compatible with professional rules, how far my clients are acquainted with documents, alleged, or imagined, to be in existence; and how far their conduct might be guided by desire to afford every reasonable facility——'

'You are to understand simply this—that as the proper owner of Scargate Hall, and the main part of the estates held with it, I require you to sign a memorandum, that you hold all the title-deeds on my behalf; and to deliver at once to me that entailing instrument of 1751, under which I make my claim.'

'You speak, sir, as if you had already brought your action, and entered verdict. Legal process may be dispensed with in barbarous countries, but not here. The title-deeds, and other papers, of Scargate Hall were placed in my custody, neither by you, nor on your behalf, sir. I hold them on behalf of those at present in possession; and until I receive due instructions from them, or a final order from a court of law, I shall be guilty of a breach of trust if I part with a dog's ear of them.'

'You distinctly refuse my requirements; and defy me to enforce them.'

'Not so, Sir Duncan. I do nothing more than declare what my view of my duty is, and decline in any way to depart from it.'

'Upon that score I have nothing more to say. I did not expect you to give up the deeds, though in "barbarous countries," as you call them, we have peremptory ways. I will say more than that, Mr. Jellicorse; I will say that I respect you, for clinging to what you must know, better than any body else, to be the weaker side.'

The lawyer bowed his very best bow; but was bound to enter protest, against the calm assumption of the claimant.

'Let us leave that question,' Sir Duncan said; 'the time would fail us, to discuss that now. But one thing I surely may insist upon, as the proper heir of my grandfather. I may desire you to produce, for my inspection, that deed, in pursuance of his marriage-settlement, which has for so many years lain concealed.'

'With pleasure I will do so, Sir Duncan Yordas (presuming that any such deed exists), upon the production of an order from the Court, either of King's Bench or of Common Pleas.'

'In that case, you would be obliged to produce it, and would earn no thanks of mine. But I ask you to lay aside the legal aspect; for no action is pending, and perhaps never will be. I ask you, as a valued adviser of the family, and a trustworthy friend to its interests —as a gentleman, in fact, rather than a mere lawyer, to do a wise and amicable thing. You cannot in any way injure your case, if a law case is to come of it; because we know all about the deed already. We even have an abstract of it, as clear as you yourself could make; and we have discovered that one of the witnesses is still alive. I have come to you myself, in preference to employing a lawyer; because I hope, if you meet me frankly, to put things in train for a friendly and fair settlement. I am not a young man; I have been disappointed of anyone to succeed me, and I wish to settle my affairs in this country, and return to India; which suits me better, and where I am more useful. My sisters have not behaved kindly to me; but that I must try to forgive, and forget. I have thought matters over, and am quite prepared to offer very liberal terms—in short, to leave them in possession of Scargate; upon certain conditions, and in a certain manner.'

'Really, Sir Duncan,' Mr. Jellicorse exclaimed; 'allow me to offer

you a pinch of snuff. You are pleased with it? Yes, it is of quite superior quality. It saved the life of a most admirable fellow, a henchman of your family—in fact, poor Jordas. The power of this snuff alone supported him from freezing——'

'At another time I may be highly interested in that matter,' the visitor replied, without meaning to be rude, but knowing that the man of law was making passes to gain time; 'just at present, I must ask you to say yes, or no. If you wish me to set my offer plainly before you, and so relieve the property of the cost of a hopeless struggle—for I have taken the opinion of the first real-property Counsel of the age—you will, as a token of good faith, and of common sense, produce for my inspection that deed-poll, of November 15th, 1751.'

Poor Mr. Jellicorse was desperately driven. He looked round the room, to seek for any interruption. He went to the window, and pretended to see another visitor knocking at the door. But no help came; he must face it out himself; and Sir Duncan, with his quiet resolution, looked more stern than his violent father.

'I think that before we proceed any further,' said the lawyer, at last sitting down, and taking up a pen, and trying what the nib was like, 'we really should understand a little, where we are already. My own desire to avoid litigation is very strong; almost unprofessionally so; though the first thing consulted by all of us naturally is the pocket of our client——'

'Whether it will hold out, I suppose.' Sir Duncan Yordas departed from his dignity in saying this; and was sorry as soon as he had said it.

'That is the vulgar impression about us, which it is our duty to disdain. But without losing time upon that question, let me ask, what shall I put down as your proposition, sir?'

'There is nothing to put down. That is just the point. I do not come here with any formal proposition. If that had been my object, I would have brought a lawyer. What I say is, that I have the right to see that deed. It forms no part of my sisters' title-deeds, but even destroys their title. It belongs to me, it is my property; and only through fraud is it now in your hands. Of course we can easily wrest it from you, and must do so, if you defy me. It rests with you, to take that risk. But I prefer to cut things short. I pledge myself to two things—first, to leave the document in your possession; and next, to offer fair, and even handsome terms, when you have met me thus fairly. Why should you object? For we know all about it. Never mind how.'

Those last three words decided the issue. Even worse than the fear of breach of trust was the fear of treason in the office; and the lawyer's only chance of getting clue to that was to keep on terms with this Sir Duncan Yordas. There had been no treason whatever in the office; neither had anything come out through the proctorial firm in York, or Sir Walter Carnaby's solicitors; but a note among long-

headed Duncombe's papers had got into the hands of Mordacks. Of that, however, Mr. Jellicorse had no idea.

'Sir Duncan Yordas, I will meet you as you come,' he said, with his good fresh-coloured face as honest as the sun, when the clouds roll off. 'It is an unusual step on my part, and perhaps irregular. But rather than destroy the prospect of a friendly compromise, I will strain a point, and candidly admit that there is an instrument open to an interpretation, which might, or might not, be in your favour.'

'That I knew long ago, and more than that. My demand is—to see it, and to satisfy myself.'

'Under the circumstances, I am half inclined to think that I should be disposed to allow you that privilege, if the document were in my possession.'

'Now, Mr. Jellicorse,' Sir Duncan answered, showing his temper in his eyes alone; 'how much longer will you trifle with me? Where is that deed?'

Mr. Jellicorse drew forth his watch, took off his spectacles, and dusted them carefully with a soft yellow handkerchief; then restored them to their double sphere of usefulness, and perused, with some diligence, the time of day. By the law which compels a man to sneeze, when another man sets the example, Sir Duncan also drew forth his watch.

'I am trying to make my reply as accurate,' said the lawyer, beginning to enjoy the position as a man, though not quite as a lawyer, 'as accurate as your candour and confidence really deserve, Sir Duncan. The box, containing that document, to which you attach so much importance (whether duly, or otherwise, is not for me to say, until Counsel's opinion has been taken on our side), considering the powers of the horse, that box should be about Stormy Gap, by this time. A quarter to four by me. What does your watch say, sir?'

'The deed has been sent for, post-haste, has it? And you know for what purpose?'

'You must draw a distinction between the deed, and the box containing it, Sir Duncan. Or, to put it more accurately, betwixt that deed, and its casual accompaniments. It happens to be among very old charters, which happen to be wanted, for certain excellent antiquarian purposes. Such things are not in my line, I must confess, although so deeply interesting. But a very learned man seems to have expressed——'

'Rubbish! Excuse me; but you are most provoking. You know, as well as I do, that robbery is intended; and you allow yourself to be made a party to it.'

This was the simple truth; and the lawyer, being (by some strange inversion of professional excellence) honest at the bottom, was deeply pained at having such words used as, to, for, about, or, in anywise, concerning him.

'I think, Sir Duncan, that you will be sorry,' he answered with

much dignity, 'for employing such language, where it cannot be resented. Your father was a violent man; and we all expect violence of your family.'

'There is no time to go into that question now. If I have wronged you, I will beg your pardon. A very few hours will prove how that is. How, and by whom, have you sent the box?'

Mr. Jellicorse answered, rather stiffly, that his clients had sent a trusty servant, with a light vehicle, to fetch the box; and that now he must be half-way towards home.

'I shall overtake him,' said Sir Duncan, with a smile; 'I have a good horse, and I know the short cuts. Hoofs without wheels go a yard to a foot, upon such rocky collar-work.

Without another word except 'Good-bye,' Sir Duncan Yordas left the house, walked rapidly to the inn, and cut short the dinner his good horse was standing up to. In a very few minutes he was on Tees bridge, with his face towards the home of his ancestors.

It may be supposed that neither his thoughts, nor those of the lawyer, were very cheerful. Mr. Jellicorse was deeply anxious as to the conflict which might ensue, and as to the figure his fair fame might cut if this strange transaction should be exposed, and calumniated by evil tongues. In these elderly days, and with all experience, he had laid himself open—not legally perhaps, but morally—to the heavy charge of connivance at a felonious act, and even some contribution towards it. He told himself vainly that he could not help it; that the documents were in his charge, only until he was ordered to give them up; and that it was no concern of his, to anticipate what might become of them. His position had truly been difficult; but still, he might have escaped from it with clearer conscience. His duty was to cast away drawing-room manners, and warn Miss Yordas that the document she hated so was not her own to deal with, but belonged (in equity at least) to those who were entitled under it; and that to take advantage of her wrongful possession, and destroy the foe, was a crime; and, more than that, a shabby one. The former point might not have stopped her; but the latter would have done so, without fail; for her pride was equal to her daring. But poor Mr. Jellicorse had felt the power of a will more resolute than his own, and of grand surroundings, and exalted style; and his desire to please had confused, and thereby overcome, his perception of the right. But now these reflections were all too late; and the weary brain found comfort only in the shelter of its night-cap.

If a little slip had brought a very good man to unhappiness, how much harder was it for Sir Duncan Yordas, who had committed no offence at all! No Yordas had ever cared a tittle for tattle—to use their own expression—but deeper mischief than tattle must ensue, unless great luck prevented it. The brother knew well that his sister inherited much of the reckless self-will which had made the name almost a by-word; and which had been master of his own life, until

large experience of the world, and the sense of responsible power curbed it. He had little affection for that sister left—for she had used him cruelly, and even now was embittering the injury—but he still had some tender feeling for the other, who had always been his favourite. And though cut off, by his father's act, from due headship of the family, he was deeply grieved, in this more enlightened age, to expose their uncivilised turbulence.

Therefore, he spurred his willing horse against the hill, and up the many-winding ruggedness of road; hoping at every turn to descry in the distance the vehicle carrying that very plaguesome box. If his son had been there, he might have told him on the ridge of Stormy Gap (which commanded high and low, rough and smooth, dark and light, for miles ahead), that Jordas was taking the final turn, by the furthest gleam of the water-mist, whence the stone-road laboured up to Scargate. But Sir Duncan's eyes—though as keen as an eagle's while young—had now seen too much of the sun, to make out that grey atom, gliding in the sunset haze.

Upon the whole, it was a lucky thing that he could not overtake the car; for Jordas would never have yielded his trust, while any life was in him; and Sir Duncan having no knowledge of him, except as a boy of all work about the place, might have been tempted to use a sword, without which no horseman then rode there. Or failing that, a struggle between two equally resolute men must have followed, with none at hand to part them.

When the horseman came to the foot of the long steep pull, leading up to the stronghold of his race, he just caught a glimpse of the car turning in, at the entrance of the courtyard. 'They have half an hour's start of me,' he thought, as he drew up behind a rock, that the house might not descry him; 'if I ride up in full view, I hurry the mischief. Philippa will welcome me, with the embers of my title. She must not suspect that the matter is so urgent. Nobody shall know that I am coming. For many reasons, I had better try the private road below the Scarfe.'

Chapter LII.

THE SCARFE.

Jordas, without suspicion of pursuit, had allowed no grass to grow under the feet of Marmaduke, on the homeward way. His orders were, to use all speed; to do as he had done at the lawyer's private door; and then, without baiting his horse, to drive back, reserving the nose-bag for some very humpy halting-place. There is no such man, at the present time of day, to carry out strict orders, as the dog-man was; and the chance of there ever being such an one again diminishes by very rapid process. Marmaduke, as a horse, was of equal quality, reasoning not about his orders, but about the way to do them.

There was no special emergency now, so far as my lady Philippa knew; but the manner of her mind was, to leave no space between a resolution and its execution. This is the way to go up in the world, or else to go down abruptly; and to her the latter would have been far better, than to halt between two opinions. Her plan had been shaped and set last night; and, like all great ideas, was the simplest of the simple. And Jordas, who had inklings of his own, though never admitted to confidence, knew how to carry out the outer part.

'When the turbot comes,' she said to Welldrum, as soon as her long sight showed her the trusty Jordas beginning the home ascent, 'it is to be taken first out of the car, and to my sister's sitting-room; the other things Jordas will see to. I may be going for a little walk. But you will at once carry up the turbot; Mrs. Carnaby's appetite is delicate.'

The butler had his own opinion upon that interesting subject. But in her presence it must be his own. Any attempt at enlargement of her mind, by exchange of sentiment—such as Mrs. Carnaby permitted, and enjoyed—would have sent him flying down the hill, pursued by square-toed men prepared to add elasticity to velocity. Therefore, Welldrum made a leg in silence, and retreated; while his mistress prepared for her intended exploit. She had her beaver hat and mantle ready by the shrubbery door—as a little quiet postern of her own was called—and in the heavy standing-desk, or 'secretary,' of her private room she had stored a flat basket, or frail, of stout flags, with a heavy clock-weight inside it.

'Much better to drown the wretched thing, than burn it,' she had been saying to herself; 'especially at this time of year, when fires are weak, and tell-tale. And parchment makes such a nasty smell; Eliza might come in, and suspect it. But the Scarfe is a trusty confidant.'

Mistress Yordas, while sure that her sister (having even more than herself at stake) would approve, and even applaud, her scheme, was equally sure that it must be kept from her, both for its own sake, and for hers. And the sooner it was done, the less the chance of disturbing poor Eliza's mind.

The Scarfe is a deep pool, supposed to have no bottom (except perhaps in the very bowels of the earth), upon one of the wildest headwaters of the Tees. A strong mountain-torrent, from a desolate ravine, springs forth with great ferocity, and sooner than put up with any more stabs from the rugged earth, casts itself on air. For a hundred and twenty feet the water is bright, in the novelty and the power of itself, striking out freaks of eccentric flashes, and even little sun-bows in fine weather. But the triumph is brief; and a heavy retribution, created by its violence, awaits below. From the tossing turmoil of the fall, two white volumes roll away, with a clash of waves between them, and sweeping round the craggy basin meet (like a snowy wreath) below, and rush back, in coiling eddies flaked with foam. All the middle is dark deep water, looking on the watch for something to suck down.

What better duty, or more pious, could a hole like this perform, than that of swallowing up a lawyer; or, if no such morsel offered, then at least a lawyer's deeds? Many a sheep had been there engulfed, and never saluted by her lambs again; and although a lawyer by no means is a sheep (except in his clothing, and his eyes perhaps), yet his doings appear upon the skin thereof, and enhance its value more than drugs of Tyre. And it is to be feared that some fleeced clients will not feel the horror which they ought to feel at the mode pursued by Mistress Yordas in the delivery of her act and deed.

She came down the dell, from the private grounds of Scargate, with a resolute face and a step of strength. The clock-weight, that should know time no more, was well embosomed in the old deed-poll, and all stitched firmly in the tough brown frail, whose handles would help for a long strong cast. Towering crags, and a ridge of jagged scaurs, shut out the sunset; while a thicket of dwarf oak, and the never-absent bramble, aproned the yellow dugs of shale with brown. In the middle was the caldron of the torrent, called the 'Scarfe,' with the sheer trap-rock, which is green in the sunlight, like black night brooding over it; while a snowy wreath of mist (like foam exhaling) circled round the basined steep, or hovered above the chasm.

Miss Yordas had very staunch nerves; but still, for reasons of her own, she disliked this place, and never came near it for pleasure's sake; although in dry summers, when the springs were low, the fury of the scene passed into grandeur, and even beauty. But a Yordas (long ago gone to answer for it) had flung a man, who plagued him with the law, into this hole. And what was more disheartening, although of less importance, a favourite maid of this lady, upon the exile of her sweetheart, hearing that his feet were upside down to hers, and that this hole went right through the earth, had jumped into it, in a lonely moment, instead of taking lessons in geography. Philippa Yordas was as brave as need be; but now her heart began to creep, as coldly as the shadows crept.

For now she was out of sight of home, and out of hearing of any sound, except the roaring of the force. The Hall was half a mile away, behind a shoulder of thick-ribbed hill; and it took no sight of this torrent until it became a quiet river, by the downward road. 'I must be getting old,' Miss Yordas thought; 'or else this path is much rougher than it used to be. Why, it seems to be getting quite dangerous! It is too bad of Jordas, not to see to things better. My father used to ride this way sometimes. But how could a horse get along here now?'

There used to be a bridle-road from the grounds of Scargate to a ford below the force, and northward thence towards the Tees; or by keeping down stream, and then fording it again, a rider might hit upon the Middleton road, near the rock that warned the public of the bloodhounds. This bridle-road kept a safe distance from the cliffs overhanging the perilous Scarfe; and the only way down to a view of

the fall was a scrambling track over rocks and trunks unworthy to be called a footpath. The lady with the bag had no choice left but to follow this track, or else abandon her intention. For a moment she was sorry that she had not been satisfied with some less troublesome destruction of her foe, even at the risk of chance suspicions. But, having thus begun it, she would not turn back, and be angry with her idle fears, when she came to think of them.

With hereditary scorn of second thoughts, she cast away doubt, and went down the steep, and stood on the brow of sheer rock, to recover her breath and strength for a long, bold cast. The crag beneath her feet was trembling with the power of the flood below; and the white mist from the deep moved slowly, shrouding now, and now revealing, the black gulf and its slippery walls. For the last few months Miss Yordas had taken very little exercise, and seldom tasted the open air; therefore the tumult and terror of the place, in the fading of the sky, and darkening of the earth, got hold of her more than they should have done.

With the frail in her right hand, poised upon three fingers (for the fourth had been broken in her childhood), she planted the sole of her left foot on the brink, and swung herself for the needful cast.

A strong throw was needful, to reach the black water, that never gave up anything; if the bag were dropped in the foaming race, it might be carried back to the heel of the fall. She was proud of her bodily strength, which was almost equal to that of a muscular man; and her long arm swelled with the vigour of the throw. But just when the weight should have been delivered, and flown with a hiss into the bottomless abyss, a loose flag of the handle twisted on her broken finger. Instead of being freed, the bag fell back, struck her in the chest, and threw her back; for the clock-weight was a heavy one. Her balance was lost, her feet flew up, she fell upon her back, and the smooth beaver cloak began sliding upon the slippery rock. Horrible death was pulling at her; not a stick nor a stone was in reach of her hands, and the pitiless crags echoed one long shriek, above all the roar of the waterfall. She strove to turn over and grasp the ground, but only felt herself going faster. Her bright boots were flashing against the white mist—a picture in her mind for ever—her body was following, inch by inch. With elbow, and shoulder, and even hair-combs, she strove to prolong the descent into death; but the descent increased its speed, and the sky itself was sliding.

Just when the balance was inclining downwards, and the plunge hanging on a hair's breadth, powerful hands fell upon her shoulders; a grating of a drag against the grain was the last thing she was conscious of; and Sir Duncan Yordas, having made a strong pull, at the imminent risk of his life, threw back his weight on the heels of his boots, and they helped him. His long Indian spurs which had no rowel, held their hold like a falcon's hind talon; and he drew back the lady without knowing who she was, having leaped from his horse at her despairing scream. From his knowledge of the place, he

concluded that it was some person seeking suicide, but recoiling from the sight of death; and without another thought, he risked his life to save.

Breathless himself—for the transit of years, and of curry-powder, had not improved his lungs—he laboured at the helpless form, and laid it at last in a place of safety.

'What a weight the lady is!' was his first idea; 'it cannot be want of food that has driven her, nor of money either; her cloak would fetch a thousand rupees on the hills. And a bag full of something—precious also, to judge by the way she clings to it. Poor thing! Can I get any water for her? There used to be a spring here, where the woodcocks came. Is it safe to leave her? Certainly not, with her head like that; she might even have apoplexy. Allow me, madam. I will not steal it. It is only for a cushion.'

The lady, however, though still in a stupor, kept her fingers clenched upon the handle of the bag; and without using violence he could not move them. Then the stitching of the frail gave way; and Sir Duncan espied a roll of parchment. Suddenly, the lady opened large dark eyes, which wandered a little, and then (as he raised her head) met his, and turned away.

'Philippa!' he said, and she faintly answered 'Yes,' being humbled and shaken by her deadly terror, and scarcely sure of safety yet; for the roar and the chasm were in sight and hearing still.

'Philippa, are you better? Never mind what you are thinking of. All shall be right about that, Philippa. What is land in comparison with life? Look up at me. Don't be afraid to look. Surely you know your only brother! I am Duncan, who ran away, and has lived for years in India. I used to be very kind to you, when we were children; and why should I alter from it now? I remember when you tumbled in the path down there, and your knee was bleeding, and I tied it up, with a dock-leaf and my handkerchief. Can you remember? It was primrose-time.'

'To be sure I do,' she said, looking up with cheerfulness; 'and you carried me all the way home almost; and Eliza was dreadfully jealous.'

'That she always was; and you not much better. But now we are getting on in life, and we need not have much to do with one another. Still we need not try to kill one another, by trumpery squabbles about property. Stay where you are, for a moment, sister; and you shall see the end of that.'

Sir Duncan took the bag, with the deed inside it, returned in three steps to the perilous shelf, and with a strong hurl sent forth the load, which cleft the white mist, and sank for ever in the waves of the whirlpool.

'No one can prosecute me for that,' he said, returning with a smile, 'though Mordacks may be much aggrieved. Now, Philippa, although I cannot carry you well, from the additions time has made to you, I can help you home, my dear; and then on, upon my business.'

The pride and self-esteem of Miss Yordas had never been so crushed before. She put both hands upon her brother's shoulders, and burst into a flood of tears.

Chapter LIII.

BUTS REBUTTED.

Sir Duncan Yordas was a man of impulse; as almost every man must be, who sways the wills of other men. But he had not acted upon mere impulse in casting away his claim to Scargate. He knew that he could never live in that bleak spot, after all his years in India; he disliked the place, through his father's harshness; he did not care that any son of his, who had lain under charge of a foul crime, and fled, instead of meeting it, should become a 'Yordas of Scargate Hall,' although that description by no means involved any very strict equity of conduct. And besides these reasons, he had another, which will appear very shortly. But whatever the secondary motives were, it was a large and generous act.

When Mrs. Carnaby saw her brother, she was sure that he was come to turn her out, and went through a series of states of mind, natural to an adoring mother, with a frail imagination of an appetite—as she poetically described it. She was not very swift of apprehension, although so promptly alive to anything tender, refined, and succulent. Having too strong a sense of duty to be guilty of any generosity, she could not believe, either then or thereafter, that her brother had cast away anything at all, except a mere shred of a lawsuit. And without any heed of chronology—because (as she justly inquired) what two clocks are alike?—she was certain that if he did anything at all to drive off those horrible lawyers from the house, there was no credit due to anyone but Pet. It was the noble way Pet looked at him!

Pet, being introduced to his uncle, after dinner, when he came home from fishing, certainly did look nobly at him, if a long stare is noble. Then he went up to him with a large and liberal sniff, and an affable inquiry, as a little dog goes up to a big one. Sir Duncan was amused, having heard already some little particulars about this youth, whose nature he was able to enter into as none but a Yordas could rightly do. However, he was bound to make the best of him, and did so; discovering not only room for improvement, but some hope of that room being occupied.

'The boy has been shockingly spoiled,' he said to his sister Philippa, that evening; 'also he is dreadfully ignorant. None of us are very great at scholarship, and never have much occasion for it. But things are becoming very different now. Everybody is beginning to be expected to know everything. Very likely, as soon as I am no more wanted, I shall be voted a blockhead. Luckily the wars keep people from being too choice, when their pick goes every minute. And this may stop the fuss, that comes from Scotland mainly, about

universal distribution—or some big words—of education. "Pet," as you call him, is a very clever fellow, with much more shape of words about him than ever I was blessed with. In spelling, I saw that he was my master, and so I tried him with geography, and all he knew of India was, that it takes its name from India-rubber!'

'Now I call that clever of him,' said Miss Yordas; 'for I really might have forgotten even that. But the fatal defect in his education has been the want of what you grow, chiefly in West India perhaps—the cane, Duncan, the sugar-cane! I have read all about it, you can tell me nothing. You suck it, you smoke it, and you beat your children with it.'

'Well,' said Sir Duncan, who was not quite sure, in the face of such authority, 'I disremember; but perhaps they do in some parts because the country is so large. But it is not the ignorance of Pet I care for—such a fault is natural, and unavoidable; and who is there to pick holes in it? The boy knows a great deal more than I did at his age, because he is so much younger. But, Philippa, unless you do something with him, he will never be a gentleman.'

'Duncan, you are hard. You have seen so much.'

'The more we see, the softer we become. The one thing we harden against is lying—the seed, the root, and the substance of all vileness. I am sorry to say your Pet is a liar.'

'He does not always tell the truth, I know. But bear in mind. Duncan, that his mother did not insist—and in fact she does not herself always——'

'I know it; I am grieved that it should come from our side. I never cared for his father much, because he went against me; but this I will say for him, Lance Carnaby would sooner cut his tongue out, than put it to a lie. When I am at home, my dealings are with fellows who could not speak the truth, if they tried for dear life, simply through want of practice. They are like your lower class of horse-dealers, but with infinitely more intelligence. It is late to teach poor Pet the first of all lessons; and for me to stop to do it, is impossible. But will you try to save further disgrace to a scapegrace family, but not a mean one?'

'I feel it as much as you do; perhaps more,' Miss Yordas answered, forgetting altogether about the deed-box, and her antiquary. 'You need not tell me how very sad it is. But how can it be cured? His mother is his mother. She never would part with him; and her health is delicate.'

'Stronger than either yours, or mine; unless she takes too much nourishment. Philippa, her will is mere petulance. For her own good, we must set it aside. And if you agree with me, it can be done. He must go into a marching regiment at once, ordered abroad, with five shillings in his pocket, earn his pay, and live upon it. This patched-up peace will never last six months. The war must be fought out, till France goes down, or England. I can get him a commission; and I know the colonel—a man of my own sort, who

sees things done, instead of talking. It would be the making of Lancelot. He has plenty of courage, but it has been milched. At Oxford, or Cambridge, he would do no good, but simply be ruined by having his own way. Under my friend, Colonel Thacker, he will have a hard time of it, and tell no lies.'

Thus it was settled. There was a fearful outcry, hysterics of an elegant order, and weepings enough to produce summer spate in the Tees. But the only result was the ordering of the tailor, the hosier, the boot-maker, and the scissors-grinder, to put a new edge upon Squire Philip's razors, that Pet might practise shaving. 'Cold-blooded cruelty, savage homicide; cannibalism itself is kinder,' said poor Mrs. Carnaby, when she saw the razors; but Pet insisted upon having them, made lather, and practised with the backs; till he began to understand them.

'He promises well; I have great hopes of him,' Sir Duncan said to himself; 'he has pride; and no proud boy can be long a liar. I will go, and consult my dear old friend Bart.'

Mr. Bart, who was still of good bodily strength, but becoming less resolute in mind than of yore, was delighted to see his old friend again; and these two men, having warm, proud hearts, preserved each other from self-contempt, by looking away, through the long hand-clasp. For each of them was, to the other, almost the only man really respected in the world.

Betwixt them, such a thing as concealment could not be. The difference in their present position was a thing to laugh at. Sir Duncan looked up to Bart, as being the maker of his character; and Bart admired Sir Duncan, as a newer and wiser edition of himself. They despatched the past in a cheery talk; for the face of each was enough to show that it might have been troublous—as all past is—but had slidden into quiet satisfaction now, and a gentle flow of experience. Then they began to speak of present matters, and the residue of time before them; and among other things, Sir Duncan Yordas spoke of his nephew Lancelot.

'Lancelot Yordas Carnaby,' said Bart, with the smile of a grey-beard at young love's dream, 'has done us the honour to fall in love, for ever and ever, with our little Insie. And the worst of it is, that she likes him.'

'What an excellent idea!' his old friend answered; 'I was sure there was something of that sort going on. Now betwixt love and war we shall make a man of Pet.'

As shortly as possible he told Mr. Bart what his plan about his nephew was, and how he had carried it against maternal, and now must carry it against maiden love. If Lancelot had any good stuff in him, any vertebrate embryo of honesty, to be put among men, and upon his mettle (with a guardian angel in the distance of sweet home), would stablish all the man in him, and stint the beast. Mr. Bart, though he hated hard fighting, admitted that for weak people it was needful; and was only too happy so to cut the knot of

his own home entanglements, with the ruthless sword. For a man of liberal education, and much experience in spending money, who can put a new bottom to his own saucepan, is not the one to feel any despair of his fellow-creatures mending.

Then arose the question, who should bell the cat; or rather, who should lead the cat to the belling. Pet must be taken, under strong duresse, to the altar—as his poor mother said, and shrieked—whereat he was to shed his darling blood. His heart was in his mouth, when his uniform came; and he gave his sacred honour to fly, straight as an arrow, to the port where his regiment was getting into boats; but Sir Duncan shook his grizzled head. 'Somebody must see him into it,' he said; 'not a lady; no, no, my dear Eliza. I cannot go myself; but it must be a man of rigidity, a stern agent. Oh, I know! how stupid of me!'

'You mean poor dear Mr. Jellicorse,' suggested Mrs. Carnaby, with a short, hot sob. 'But, Duncan, he has not the heart for it. For anything honest, and loyal, and good, kind people may trust him with their lives. But to tyranny, rapine, and manslaughter, he never could lend his fine honourable face.'

'I mean a man of a very different cast—a man who knows what time is worth, a man who is going to be married on a Sunday that he may not lose the day. He has to take three days' holiday, because the lady is an heiress; otherwise he might get off with one. But he hopes to be at work again on Wednesday; and we will have him here post-haste from York on Thursday. It will be the very job to suit him—a gentleman of Roman ancestry, and of the name of Mordacks.'

'My heart was broken already; and now I can feel the poor pieces flying into my brain. Oh, why did I ever have a babe, for monsters of the name of Mordacks to devour?'

Mordacks was only too glad to come. On the very day after their union, Calpurnia (likewise of Roman descent) had exhibited symptoms of a strong will of her own.

Mordacks had temporised, during their courtship; but now she was his, and must learn the great fact. He behaved very well, and made no attempt at reasoning (which would have been a fatal course), but promptly donned cloak, boots, and spurs, while his horse was being saddled; and then set off, with his eyes fixed firmly upon business. A crow could scarcely make less than fifty miles from York to Scargate, and the factor's trusty roadster had to make up his mind to seventy. So great, however, is sometimes the centrifugal force of Hymen, that upon the third day Mr. Mordacks was there, vigorous, vehement, and fit for any business.

When he heard what it was, it liked him well; for he bore a fine grudge against Lancelot, for setting the dogs at him three years ago, when he came (as an agent for adjoining property) to the house of Yordas; and when Mr. Jellicorse scorned to meet an illegal meddler with legal matters. If Mordacks had any fault—and he must have

lute conviction to the contrary—it was revenge.

even woman, capable of describing now the , the afflictions beyond groaning, which, like wn upon the sacred head of Pet? He was in rong men—his uncle, Mr. Bart, worst of all, pe was impossible, lamentation met with led to punishment. Even stern Maunder was ugh he despised him for feeling it. The only only spark of pleasure, was his royal uniform; usie's laugh thereat was hollow, and would melt hen he was out of sight, together with the sulky der, kept him up a little, in this time of bitter

he went off, at last, in the claws of that Roman Mrs. Carnaby savagely called poor Mordacks—and hung half-mast high, and Saracen, and the other wling dirge, with such fine hearts (as the poor mother her sobs) that they got their dinners upon China

had left before this, and was back under Dr. Up- ble roof. He had made up his mind to put his fortune, own value, to the test, in a place of deep interest to heart of the fair Janetta. He knew that, according iew, he was much too old for this young lady; but for he cared not one doit, if her own had the courage and go against it. For years he had sternly resisted all of second marriage; towards which shrewd mothers and dens had laboured in vain to lead him. But the bitter tment about his son, and that long illness, and the tender (added to the tenderness of his own sides, from lying upon with a hard dry cough) had opened some parts of his constitu- matrimonial propensities. Miss Uproud was of a playful ; and teased everybody she cared about; and although Sir was a great hero to her, she treated him sometimes as if he er doll. Being a grave man, he liked this, within the bounds d taste and manners; and the young lady always knew where . From being amused with her, he began to like her; and king her, he went on to miss her; and from missing her, to g her, was no long step.

wever, Sir Duncan was not at all inclined to make a fool of f herein. He liked the lady very much, and saw that she suit him, and help him well in the life to which he was think- returning. For within the last fortnight, a very high post, at ta, had been offered to him, by the powers in Leadenhall upon condition of sailing at once, and foregoing the residue leave. If matters had been to his liking in England, he ly would have declined it; but after his disappointment,

and the serious blow to his health, he resolved to accept it, and set forth speedily. The time was an interlude of the war, and ships need not wait for convoy.

This had induced him to take his Yorkshire affairs (which Mordacks had been forced to intermit, during his Derbyshire campaign) into his own hands, and speed the issue, as above related. And part of his plan was to quit all claim to present possession of Scargate; that if the young lady should accept his suit, it might not, in any way, be for the sake of the landed interest. As it happened, he had gone much further than this, and cast away his claim entirely to save his sister from disgrace, and the family property from lawyers. And now, having sought Dr. Upround's leave (which used to be thought the proper thing to do), he asked Janetta whether she would have him; and she said, 'No, but he might have her.' Upon this, he begged permission to set the many drawbacks before her; and she nodded her head, and told him to begin.

'I am of a good Yorkshire family. But, I am sorry to say that their temper is bad; and they must have their own way too much.'

'But, that suits me; and I understand it. Because I must have my own way too.'

'But, I have parted with my inheritance, and have no place in this country now.'

'But, I am very glad of that. Because I shall be able to go about.'

'But, India is a dreadfully hot country; many creatures tease you; and you get tired of almost everything.'

'But, that will make it all the more refreshing, not to be tired of you, perhaps.'

'But, I have a son, as old as you, or older.'

'But, you scarcely suppose that I can help that!'

'But, my hair is growing grey, and I have great crow's-feet, and everybody will begin to say——'

'But, I don't believe a word of it, and I won't have it; and I don't care a pin's head what all the world says put together, so long as you don't belong to it.'

(To be concluded in next Number.)

The House of Lords and Popular Education.

By an Old Educationalist.

THE debate in the House of Lords[1] on the Education Code which ended in a majority of forty-eight virtually condemning the action of the Education Department since 1870 in so far as it has encouraged anything beyond the most elementary instruction, was an event interesting in itself, and significant in the history of education in England. Had the promoters of what was virtually a vote of censure belonged to the Tory party only, the result might have been accepted as little more than a survival of a spirit supposed to have been extinct. It was not so, however. The Bishop of Exeter and Lord Sherbrooke ably represented the other side, and were in themselves evidence that there is a considerable feeling of discontent with the action of the Department, and a still wider suspicion of its tendencies, if not of its aims. It is worth while to inquire whether there are any grounds for this dissatisfaction.

It would be absurd (unhappily) in our country to suppose that any abstract educational theories have had anything to do, in the first instance at least, with the wide-spread mutterings and hesitations that ultimately found expression in the House of Lords. The money question is the real starting point of the malcontents. It is the large vote that stirs into activity the educational intelligence of the English people, and leads them to ask the question,—what are we paying for, and whither are we tending? Three millions per annum is a large sum, and might build more than one ironclad. The uneasiness with which many see this expenditure, which, after all, is only a portion of the total which the country pays for educating its poorer citizens, leads them to fasten blindly on a certain class of payments that seem to be superfluous. In addition to imperial grants calculated on the average attendance at a school, and the grants for passes in the 'three R's,' the Department pays for a class of subjects denominated 'specific,' which in the opinion of the House of Lords are not necessary to the child of the working man—nay, more, in their general effect and social tendency, are positively hurtful. These subjects certainly strike one at the first blush as out of place in a primary school: they are to be found in the Fourth Schedule attached to the main body of the Code, and include mathematics,

[1] Debate of the 18th of June in which the following motion by Lord Norton was carried: 'That a humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to direct that the Fourth Schedule be omitted from the New Code of Regulations issued by the Committee of Privy Council on Education.'

English literature, Latin (in Scotland, Greek and Physics), French, German, mechanics, physiology, physical geography, botany, and domestic economy. Even if a good educational argument may be used against giving instruction in such subjects in a primary school, we think that the purely financial objection breaks down. The total sum spent on such subjects in 1879 (excluding domestic economy for girls, to which we presume no objection will be taken), was a mere trifle.

As part of an argument, however, against the alleged tendencies of the Department to draw into itself the whole work of secondary education, the financial objection perhaps has weight. Is there any such tendency? Does the love of power still exist in minds depressed by official routine? Is it conceivable that fervour in a 'cause' should stir the bureaucratic soul? It is only on the assumption that such things are possible that we can imagine any ground for imputing to the Department a disposition to transgress its limits; for whatever may be said of other departments of State, it is in the minds of the permanent officials that we must seek for the motives and aims that determine successive Education Codes, and this, because the subject is one of such infinite detail that the master of the details must, as pilot, control the vessel, whoever may be nominally its captain. For our own part, we do not for a moment think the Department open to any such imputation. That the love of power exists in the official mind, and can even flourish under folds of red tape, we might be induced to believe; but we do not think that any case has been made out of a deliberate disposition on the part of the Education Office to exceed its powers. And, indeed, why should they? They have enough to do. A large and intricate machine is worked with surprising efficiency, and we are satisfied that to work it demands all the energy and ability in the service of the Minister of Education. Since the days of Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth the Department has been gradually absorbing the whole primary education of the country, and it is scarcely any exaggeration to say that it is now (alas!) cognizant of what is going on in every primary school in the country at every successive minute of the school day. By some this may be regarded as a proud position. To have conquered so great an empire by means of money, aided by the jealousies and mutual distrusts of churches, is no small triumph. But it is only in a limited and conventional sense, a success; for with the advantages come all the evils of over-centralisation, and these are more to be deprecated in the educational than in other spheres of State administration. The life of education is the freedom of the teacher and the school, within certain general restrictions; and where this does not exist, the intellectual and moral evils of centralisation far more than counterbalance the gain. Every teacher in the country takes his orders from the Code, studies the Code, and devotes his energies to satisfy or to circumvent it. The power that resides in the Permanent Secretary's pen is probably

greater than that wielded by any other official in the empire. Still this centralisation has been an unpurposed, though an inevitable, growth; and there seems no way out of it except by delegating some of the powers to the county governing bodies which we are now promised. County autonomy, controlled by a central official council consisting partly of experts, is not inconsistent with the State's obtaining all the best ends of a national system—nay, it is probably the only way of best attaining these ends.

We say that the power already exercised by the Department, and the many burdens that it has even now to bear, must subject it to a great strain; and this, among other things, forbids our suspecting it of designs on the secondary education of the country. Were there any indications of such a design, the proposed inroad into this new domain would certainly have to be resisted. For, while admitting that secondary instruction is a subject clamantly calling for State organisation, the work would have to be set about under very different auspices from that of the present Department, and would have to be controlled by a larger and more liberal spirit. We believe the fact simply to be, that impatient professors of all the 'ologies' have been struck with admiration of the mighty instrument which the Queen in Council had put into their hands, and have pressed their various pet educational instruments on the perplexed Permanent Secretary. The result has been, that round the simple and meagre Code introduced by Mr. Lowe in 1861, there has grown, by inevitable accretion, the list of specific subjects which now call forth so much adverse comment. We cannot believe the Department to be insensible to the humour of the situation, and we half suspect that they have wilfully given the 'modern spirit' full rein just to see what the issue would be.

We not only acquit the Department of any such ambition as that attributed to them, but we believe that they are only acting on the line of the true Liberal tradition in education, viz. that it is the duty of the State in its own interest to see that all its citizens have at least an opportunity afforded them of being educated, not only up to the level of their existing position in the social scale, but up to the level of their possible position. Nor are we inconsistent in supporting, at the same time, both the House of Lords and 'the Department:' the apparent inconsistency is reconciled by a proper understanding of the aims and the social restrictions of popular education. We believe that the more education a man has, if the substance and method of that education be first wisely settled, the better citizen he will be—nay, the better will he do even the humblest work assigned to him. If any discontent arises, it will be due not to the fact of the man's education, but to the fact that he is educated beyond the level of his neighbours, and that, while raised by his ability and acquirements out of sympathy with the life of his fellow-labourers, he is nevertheless debarred from finding occupation more suited to his intellectual life, which he yet sees to be easily within the reach of

men socially more fortunate than himself while in respect of education they are his inferiors.

The question put before the country by the House of Lords is not at all whether the Department is trenching on the sphere of secondary education and spending money illegitimately. The term 'secondary' education is loosely and inaccurately used. The real point is—and some of the speakers seemed to be vaguely conscious of it—Up to what age is imperial revenue to be burdened with the cost of education for the poor; and having determined this, how shall the time at the disposal of the child be used? Are we at present using the time profitably and getting our money's worth? As a matter of fact, the school education of the masses of the population ends in the twelfth year; nor is it likely, while poverty continues, that it will ever be otherwise. But surely it is the function of the State, always presuming that it has any educational function at all, to encourage the continuance of school life as long as the pressing physical necessities of the poorer classes permit. The House of Lords (we refer to the reactionary members) may rest assured that in the present, or indeed any, constitution of society, the prolongation beyond the twelfth year will not be great. The age of fifteen is not likely in any case to be exceeded, and the longer the period of school life is, the more fruitful is the result of the earlier years of training, and the more certainly will the level of intelligence of the humbler classes be raised—not only of those who benefit by the prolonged instruction, but of the whole social class to which they belong. And is it necessary at this time of day to argue that this is a matter of State concern? Nations are now industrial communities competing with each other, and the weapon with which they now compete, and must for the future compete, is intelligence. It is no longer an open question whether we are to rely on the intelligence, as well as on the moral and religious upbringing, of the operative classes: we *must* do so. Technical training in the various manufacturing industries can reach only the few, and we believe that infinitely more important than any amount of technical training is the general intelligence of the workman as that has been developed in the public school. Given a well-exercised, open mind, and the requisite technical knowledge and aptitude will be very easily acquired.

The leading aim of the primary school then is the cultivation of the human intelligence, and we sincerely believe that this is not attainable under the restrictions which Mr. Lowe devised in the Revised Code of 1861, or those which Lord Sherbrooke would now reimpose. The meagre requirements of Mr. Lowe would probably cost as much to the State as a more liberal demand, and would bring back to society little or no return. We are persuaded that the bare technical arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic are of less moment to the individual and the community than the assiduous cultivation of the intelligence, even to the comparative neglect of these arts. It is fortunately true that a certain amount of discipline is indirectly given in the course of ac-

quiring reading and writing; but would not more of these accomplishments themselves be acquired were the daily instruction made subordinate to the training of the spiritual instrument by which they are acquired? Lord Sherbrooke attempts to strengthen his position by giving us his experience of boys who had passed the sixth standard, and who could not act as his readers in such a way as to make listening on his part an occupation either pleasing or profitable. So then we are to understand, by Lord Sherbrooke's own confession, that his policy has been a failure. We should have expected nothing else. Mr. Lowe instructs boys in the deciphering of printed characters, and then complains that when all is over they cannot read to him satisfactorily blue-books or the 'Fortnightly.' Why should they? Reading aloud in any sense other than the mere naming of vocables is an act of intelligence, and an act requiring an ever higher intelligence as the subject-matter of what is read grows in subtlety and complexity. Even with the help of more disciplined and better-informed minds, very few of the middle and upper classes can read in a style that satisfies at once the understanding and the ear of a cultivated listener. In fact, no accomplishment is more conclusive evidence that a boy has been educated than the power of reading well. We are quite ready to agree with Lord Sherbrooke: good reading is more important than a knowledge of the elements of Latin or of electricity and magnetism; and until the former is done, the latter may be left out of the curriculum of the people's schools. But how is reading, such as Lord Sherbrooke desiderates, to be obtained? Only by familiarising the mind with the subject-matter of books, and giving it command over the words of literature, and the ideas which those words denote. The House of Lords would not, we believe, object to this, but they are probably not aware that in accepting this as the standard of education, they aim very much higher than the promoters of a smattering of the specific or so-called 'secondary' subjects do. Such a result is not to be attained except by a curriculum of instruction, carefully adapted to the age of the pupils, *in the realities of sense and of thought.* The Education Code should aim at this, and not at the beggarly knowledge of the vocables of a reading-book which has been carefully restricted in its scope to secure for the pupil a Government 'pass.'

If we ask next on what materials the intelligence of the young is to be led to exercise itself, we answer again, on the realities of sense and of thought. By the former we mean nature and man's relation to it, without any pretence to science and its (to children) barren terms and empty formulated expressions; by the latter we mean the ideas and language of moral and religious truth, and of imaginative literature. It is only in this way that we bring the young mind in direct contact with the substance of the mental life of all who have emerged above barbarism, and thereby prepare them for the future teachings of the lecture-room, the village library, and the church. By such instruction we awaken the intelligence and engage the moral affections of the young, and so best fit them for their future lives. Reading should

accompany, or, at least, closely follow, the movements of the active opening mind; and then, at whatever stage we have to part with the child, society will be the better for what we have done, and the child himself will have received a start in a truly rational life, and have such consolations in the toils and vicissitudes of his humble career as an awakened spirit can give. To imagine that a boy *so* educated will be a worse ploughman or a worse man than if he had been left in the condition of dumb driven cattle, is to suppose a contradiction in thought and to despair of the future of humanity. To imagine, on the other hand, that we attain the human and humane ends of popular education by sprinkling the misunderstood terms of all the sciences through our schoolrooms is the very folly and perversity of educational fanaticism. All that such misapprehension of the relations of science to the work of the people's school can result in is the pretence of knowledge—a pretence as hurtful to the teacher as to the pupil, and certain to bring discredit on the very name of education.

The training of the intelligence by presenting it with the food suited to its period of growth and which it can readily assimilate, is, however, after all, only a means to a higher end—the moral and religious education of the pupil. This is the supreme consideration in the case of each individual, and therefore also in the people's school. We say moral *and* religious, for though we are far from denying that a certain moral education can be given without religion, we are satisfied that, deprived of the inspiration of religion and of the motives and aspirations of the spiritual life, the morality will be bald and meagre. The result, apart from all theological and ecclesiastical considerations, will not be satisfactory so far as the mere humanity of the child is concerned. It is melancholy to think that our religious strifes are to shut out the child of the poor man (who is profoundly indifferent to them) from all that most deeply touches the heart and awakens the sentiment of mankind. Is it reasonable that the children of the poor should be debarred from all that most surely furnishes consolation and hope in the chances and changes of this mortal life, because a few of the dogmas that have been erected on the broad human basis of our common Christianity are distasteful to the illuminated few? The poor man and the struggling woman among the poor cannot be expected to find a substitute for religion in that self-complacent sense of superiority which suffices to sustain the heart of the intellectual Agnostic. The moral and religious influence which should pervade the life of the school, and which is quite compatible with the relegation of dogmatic teaching to a fixed hour, is, we regretfully admit, beyond the power of the State to produce at command. Moral teaching it can, however, in any case require; and for the rest it must rely on the general purport of its instructions to teachers and inspectors, but above all on the *training which it gives to the teachers whom it rears for the public service*. It may be possible to inspire them.

We have indicated the true work of the people's school. It does

not change its character at any stage of the school curriculum. Whether the child leaves at the age of ten, twelve, or fourteen, the instruction he receives is still substantially the same as at the age of six. We believe that, so far, we carry with us Lord Norton, the Bishop of Exeter, and the majority of those who voted with them; and we are quite certain that we have the assent of the few who have given time and study to the science and art of education. 'Educational enthusiasts,' where they have any knowledge of the repressive conditions under which the common school is worked, desire no more than has been here sketched, and they will be content with no less. For *such* results our millions would indeed be well expended.

But it is evident that to attain such results the Code of the Department must begin and end differently. It ought to lay down the material of instruction, and the course of intellectual discipline, through which the child is to be carried from year to year. Infants —that is to say, all under seven years of age—have to be trained to the use of their observing powers, in ways which we need not here specify in detail, but which are quite well understood. In the course of this training their minds would be brought into healthful contact with sensible objects, and a broad foundation laid for subsequent *real* studies. Satisfaction should also be given to the cravings of imagination and sentiment by means of child-literature and with the help of music. The moral and religious impressions made on the heart at this early stage would never in future years be obliterated—would never, because they *could* never. The rudiments of reading, writing, and ciphering would not, of course, be omitted, but they would, we maintain, be more successfully taught by being held in subordination to the higher ends of intellectual discipline and moral training. The successive years of school life would simply repeat and expand and confirm the teachings of the infant school in ascending forms. The gradual additions made to real knowledge would, by the time the child had reached the sixth standard and his thirteenth year, have brought him into intelligent relations with nature. Science in any form would be eschewed, but the more practical results of science would be intelligently apprehended. The Nature-knowledge to which we point would find its final expression in the primary school in such admirable statements of what is now covered by the term 'physical geography,' as that of Professor Geikie, in his little shilling book on this subject; while the laws of healthy living and the rudiments of an understanding of social and economic conditions would also find their place. Moral training, conducted in a religious spirit, arises daily, nay hourly, in connection with such teaching: it finds its opportunity in every act of school-life when the master is competent for his important and delicate task. All this is quite practicable. Were it not practicable, popular edu ion would be doomed to failure. With such a curriculum specific b-jects which bear the illusory appearance of being 'secondary' subj s would disappear, and the minds of the Lords would be tranquill

There are indeed no *specific* subjects in education. Whatever it is impossible to work into the ordinary life of a primary or secondary school belongs to some other kind of institution. Specific subjects are for specific schools. Can anyone doubt that a scheme of education such as that sketched would result in a far more widespread intelligence, a far deeper interest in scientific truth and literary expression, and a far finer moral spirit, than labouring against the grain with the dry teaching of words and technical details based on text-books constructed so as to teach the minimum which will earn a Government grant? And how much more acceptable to the true teacher would a code conceived in so liberal a spirit be!

If it be said that there is not time for all this, the answer is that it can all be accomplished simply by using properly selected reading books, and by the oral teaching of the master in extension of the suggestions of these books, if he is supplied with proper apparatus.[2]

Consider for a moment how the time is now spent that is not devoted to such studies and training. To history so called, and to grammar and to geography, in the teaching of which every demand made by the Department is right in the teeth of all sound educational principle. Go into a school where the children are learning history, and you will find a huge black-board covered with the names of kings and battle-fields, and an accumulation of dates that would provoke the laughter of every cultivated mind not depraved by working the system. As to grammar, we have more than once met little ragged boys on the road not more than ten years of age with Morell's 'Analysis' in their hands, and little girls of seven with their slates covered with lists of nouns! As well might we ask them for lists of the fixed stars. This cannot be in accordance with sound educational principles and method, for it shocks our common sense. Even where the Department does open a passage for the entrance of an educational principle, it converts it into an absurdity the moment it tries to manipulate it. For example, it is a recognised part of educational method that the learning of geography should start with a child's immediate parochial and county surroundings. This the Department seizes on, and immediately perverts it by requiring the children to waste their valuable time in getting up the names of every insignificant locality in the county,—localities unknown to the inspectors themselves, although they have traversed the county again and again in the discharge of their duties, until they specially got them up for the special purpose of torturing children and turning the study of geography into ridicule. We speak what we do know.

This is the way the precious hours of childhood are passed, and this is what we are paying for. And all to please whom? We should like to know. Not certainly the school boards, who care only for the Government gold, and watch, lynx-eyed, the teacher lest he

[2] It may be difficult and dangerous for the State to prescribe reading books, but it can name books from which the teacher's oral teaching is to be given.

should cheat them out of a three-shilling pass. Not the schoolmaster, who, if he be an under-educated drudge, may be content, for he can conceive nothing higher than the mechanical ideal of the Department, but who, if he be a true teacher, with a living soul in him, is crushed with the dead weight of official demands; or, if he smiles at all, smiles the smile of educational despair as he sees the inspector take up his pack and go. Not the children, who not many years ago were beginning to love school, but who now regard it as a task-shop and a thing to be avoided—one of the pains instead of one of the pleasures of their little lives—with what effect on their disposition to learn and obey may be conceived. Not the inspector: he cannot love his life of itinerating schedule-mongering, for he is an educated man. Not the Department: it only wants to get its honest pennyworth, and does not see how else to do it.

We are very far from being blind to the fact that, spite of all this wasted energy, the mere collecting of children together and subjecting them to organisation, obedience, and discipline, is a distinct gain to the community, and worth a good deal in the shape of taxation; and we gladly recognise in the Code-improvements which introduce examination by classes and grants for discipline and intelligence, a distinct evidence of right *intention*. We still more gladly welcome the action of the present Chief-Inspector of Training Colleges in the direction of liberalising the education of teachers. We are not blind to the groping good intentions of the Department. But the Code is vitiated throughout: it is rotten at the heart. The supposed necessity of maintaining the leading characteristic of the Revised Code of '61 makes of the Code of 1880 a piece of patchwork. Two shillings a head for intelligence, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for organisation and discipline! As if any school should be regarded as a school at all where these conditions are not fulfilled!

So much for the school up to thirteen years of age. Children instructed on the lines which have been (necessarily in this place) very generally indicated, would go forth to sow and to reap and to mine and to weave, ignorant of electricity and magnetism, it is true, but with an open eye. They would be ignorant of the precise date of the death of Henry VI.'s grandmother, but they would have in their souls some bright visions of British patriotism and valour, and some inspiring recollections of duty sublimely done. They would be ignorant of botany, but we hope that they would know something of the wayside flowers and trees: they would be ignorant of physiology, but we hope that they would know a good deal about the conditions of physical health: they would be ignorant of mathematics, but we hope that they would know something of weighing and measuring: they would be ignorant of Latin, French, and German, but they would, we hope, be able to read with pleasure, because with intelligence, the simpler prose and poetical literature of their own country, and to sing its songs. Their whole intellectual and spiritual life would have been started into activity, and the

duty to the 'masses' would have been discharged. Note also that if the elementary knowledge acquired at school have a direct bearing on the ordinary and daily life of the people, we thereby secure a continuity between the education of school and the education of life; and it is only in so far as this continuity is established that the boy becomes a wiser, a more intelligent, and more virtuous citizen than he would have been without the school. The material of school work must be of the same stuff as human life is made of.

While the 'Lords' then were substantially right in their assault on the Code in its present patchwork form, they were wrong in failing to see that it erred by defect much more than by excess, and above all, that it erred by misreading popular education in respect both of matter and method. Neither Lord Norton nor the Bishop of Exeter, while complaining of the promotion by the Department of what are called 'secondary' subjects, indicated why those particular subjects were to be reserved for a higher class of schools than the primary. What is suitable in education for the sons of ploughmen is, speaking generally, equally suitable for the sons of noblemen of the same age. Except in so far as foreign languages and mathematics are studied with a view to a profession, they are, as instruments of education, equally good or bad for all. The question is a social one. If boys can continue their education from thirteen to seventeen or eighteen, the subjects we have named are held, rightly or wrongly, to be the best discipline for them and an indispensable preparation for the studies of a university. But neither on grounds of discipline nor of utility can the introduction of such subjects be justified, if circumstances prevent their being prosecuted beyond the initial stages; and as ninety-five per cent. of the pupils of primary schools must cease to attend school at thirteen at latest, it may be fairly argued that their attention should be confined to subjects having a more direct relation to their future lives. But what of the five per cent. of superior organisation? Brains are not confined to a class. It is of far more importance to the wellbeing of the State and to the position it is to hold relatively to other communities, that the finer spirits should be educated out of the sphere in which they have been born, than it is to the individuals themselves. The country cannot afford to waste brain-power on hedging and ditching. And there is another and a potent consideration. Social equality is a dream, and communism is an injustice, if not a crime; but it is not only possible for the State, but incumbent on it, to make a passage from one class to another and a higher, at least possible. Scotland is liberal in politics, but we cannot imagine it becoming socialistic, and this simply because the finer and more ambitious spirits have a career opened to them. The path they have to traverse may be rough, and it is right it should be so; but it is at least practicable. The potential mental energy of the country is not dammed up. Outlets are provided, and no boy can say that he has been unjustly used. Were the stronger spirits among

the poor repressed—crushed down by an educational organisation separating the lower from the upper in perpetuity, the nation would ere long hear of it. It would have to pay a much higher price than the trifling addition to taxation which education continued in the primary school beyond the age of thirteen demands. On grounds, then, quite apart from that of Christian humanity, provision ought to be made for the construction of the 'ladder.' In primary schools, whenever the managers are willing, the Department is, we hold, unquestionably right in encouraging more advanced teaching. Whether this encouragement should take the wholesome form of special grants to teachers to meet an equal grant from the local board, or the trading form of capitation payments in accordance with the genius of a nation of shopkeepers, is not wholly a matter of detail. The curriculum of study would be probably best determined by the local authorities, and should in any case be a *curriculum*, and continue till a boy is fifteen. By that time the special line of activity for which he is fitted would have declared itself, and if he still gave high promise, an exhibition should carry him to a Real or Classical high school. Few might get so far; but none could say that the machinery of society was so contrived as to block the way to the poor and deny them free scope for their powers. What is of much more importance, ten would receive the benefit of the more advanced instruction for one who went out of his social class: these would carry into their daily work a higher intelligence, and so leaven the lower stratum of society.

The establishment of certain exhibitions at county schools open to country boys, may be of service to the sons of clergymen and medical practitioners, and the larger farmers; but it can never solve the question of the secondary instruction of the poor. The son of the poor man would soon find these advantages taken out of his hands by the lower middle-class whose domestic habits and means enable them to prepare their children for competition while the peasant's son is labouring in the fields. Moreover, it is quite open to question whether such a system of connecting country with county schools would be salutary in its effects. It is certainly desirable to open a path for very promising boys and girls; but even were this path opened and strictly reserved for the peasant poor, only one boy probably in every three or four years would tread it, and the district from which he came would be only indirectly benefited. The true course, we repeat, is to provide for the intellectual and moral life of the people's schools up to the age of fifteen, wherever local authorities desire it. By such provision all the parish will be benefited, and a fair proportion of thoroughly intelligent citizens added to the agricultural and artisan class, not removed out of it. In the course of such advanced primary instruction the boy born for what is conventionally considered to be a higher line of life (in any case a life where mental power is more needed) would mark himself out from the others in ways that would be unmistakable. The main purpose

of these advanced classes would not be the discovery of such boys or girls, but the promotion of the intelligence of the parish itself, and the raising of the body of the people out of their cloddish indifference to all save physical requirements, thereby making them fitter occupants of the church pew and the village reading-room.

In small towns and populous places the higher classes of the primary school, to which we have referred, naturally separate themthemselves from the primary school and specialise themselves into high schools which carry the instruction of boys and girls still further; and this simply because in such localities a larger number of parents can afford to maintain their children after the age of fourteen or fifteen without the aid of their labour. It would be superfluous in these days to argue for the increase and organisation of schools of this class. The various occupations of life require the services of men and women, who have as boys and girls gone through a much more prolonged education than can be obtained even at the best primary schools; and, apart from this, the tone of provincial, and consequently of national, life must always be low, and its aims narrow and contemptible, where such schools do not exist. Permissive power should be given to England, in terms similar to those of the Scottish Education Act of 1878, to institute such schools. This for a time might suffice until a Minister of Public Instruction or an Educational Council could take the matter in hand. In all localities so provided, the primary school should not carry its instruction beyond the age of thirteen, and this, if for no other reasons, because it would be a waste of power to do so. It will scarcely be maintained that the encouragement (not the enforcement) of advanced primary instruction in country districts could affect the institution of high schools situated in fit localities. In any case it would scarcely be just to sacrifice the children of the country to those of the country-town. The object is always to get as much educational work done as can be accomplished with the means at our disposal, and without waste of power.

We often hear it said that the middle classes should pay for their own education, and that they are in many cases now taking advantage of board and other primary schools conducted under the Government fee-maximum of nine-pence per week. But we are not aware that the middle classes themselves complain of this. On the contrary, they say, Why are we to pay for the education of the poor, and *also* for our own schools? May we not share in the educational machinery which our own self-imposed rates and imperial taxation provide? Is a child to be excluded from a country school because his father farms 100 acres? If not, then 200? Or, at what point are we to draw the line? Is it not enough to rest satisfied with the operation of social causes, feeling well assured that as soon as a man has money enough he will seek to separate his children from the mass? What is applicable to the country is equally applicable to the town. It is only men who are raised far above the struggle for a livelihood and

have exaggerated notions of the wealth of the middle class, who venture to complain of the small fee paid by those who, they imagine, are quite competent to provide for themselves without the aid of rates. Those families of the middle class who send their children to board schools do so only because they cannot help it; and those who talk of the unfair advantage the middle class seem to be taking are really ignorant of their circumstances, and of the bitter secret struggle of the men and women who bear themselves bravely in the face of the world in the maintenance of what is dear to them (and fortunately so, because important to the State)—their 'position.' And who are they that would cast a stone at their poorer neighbours? The charity of the past provides *them* with Eton and Oxford. If we once have high schools in all our important centres, we may safely leave the relation of the lower middle-class population to primary schools to settle itself; and if at present, under shelter of the Education Department, a few families seek advanced instruction in State-aided schools which would be otherwise quite inaccessible, we should be glad of this, and accept it as a clear indication that more is wanted than the State has yet provided.

Meanwhile we think it would be well to encourage in every way the disposition of the Department to extend the education of primary schools to the age of fifteen, and at the same time to give them powers to refuse grants beyond the sixth standard to schools situated in localities already provided with high schools accessible to the poorer class of promising pupils. The only exception we should make to this would be in the case of Normal or Model schools, and this for obvious reasons. But in all cases where the Department recognises instruction to the age of fifteen, they should simply test the education given, allowing each locality to find out for itself what it most needs or desires.

We are not prepared to assent to the broad general proposition that the State is bound to educate all its citizens in the sense of promoting the culture of each individual as such. On the contrary, it is more strictly correct to say that the State's function to the individual as such is discharged if it leaves him as free as possible, and that the State in charging itself with education, does so for State ends alone—in the interests, that is to say, of the commonwealth as a whole. It is quite entitled, therefore, to specify its demands in return for the expenditure it resolves upon. With a view to this it must ultimately, through some machinery or other, however decentralised, control the schools, control the training of teachers, and control the inspectors. But it must do this wisely, and on the sure foundation of educational principle. Its Code must not be an aggregate of dislocated suggestions tied together by no unity of purpose, but only by the thread that stitches the leaves together; nor must it shock the common sense of the community by a vain show of science falsely so called.

Neither in the course of instruction we have slightly sketched,

nor in the continuance of that course beyond the sixth standard, is there anything beyond the reach of the Department even as it stands. The teachers are, as a whole, quite competent for the task if they are encouraged to undertake it, the inspectors are all men of education and ability, and no one questions the efficiency of the Department itself to do what it thinks worth the doing. The weakest link in the chain of agencies is doubtless the teacher, but this instrument also is under the powerful hand of the Whitehall officials. For it is the Department that really controls the training colleges while deftly managing to get gratuitous administration and twenty-five per cent. of what is properly State expenditure, out of the pockets of the churches in exchange for an illusory right of management. But this is a large question, and we shall not enter on it here.

We would only add, that if popular education means what we think it means, the training of teachers is a matter of prime importance. If it means what Lord Sherbrooke thinks it means, then the arguments urged for expending public money on training fall to the ground, the present remuneration given to teachers is absurdly high, and their claim to social recognition, in consequence of their presumed high social function, disappears. Female ex-pupil teachers can do all the national work that Lord Sherbrooke desires to see done, and if there be difficulty as to their maintaining discipline in boys' schools, this difficulty could be easily overcome by requiring the frequent presence of the local policeman.

We conclude then that while more advanced teaching and the so-called higher subjects have no place in the primary *education* either of poor or rich, they have an easily defined place up to the age of fifteen in the primary *school*, and that, in so far as the Department is feeling its way towards this result, it is in accord with all the best feeling of the country, and promoting the ends which a national educational system is intended to subserve. We are glad to think that there is no fear that the present heads of the Department will fail in carrying out this liberal view of their duties. Both Lord Spencer and Mr. Mundella have at Sheffield strongly expressed their opinion that the spread of elementary education necessarily produces the desire for higher instruction, to which 'all the children of the country' have a claim 'according to their needs, capacities, and prospects;' and further, that it is the duty of the State to provide such instruction, 'not only thoroughly, but generously and with an unstinting hand.' The Duke of Argyll has shown, moreover, that in Scottish schools attention to higher instruction has not resulted in the neglect of the general instruction of the main body of the school. As a mere matter of fact, the blue-books nowhere show so high a percentage in the ordinary subjects of the Code as in those parts of Scotland where instruction is carried furthest. Nay, it is found that the existence of advanced classes, and a consequently higher standard, in public schools, has a stimulating effect on the intelligence of the *whole school*, and thus all are gainers—master and pupils alike.

The same system rightly understood and applied would produce similar results elsewhere. A higher and more intelligent spirit would then arise in all our public schools, and Lord Sherbrooke would have no longer any reason to complain that a boy who had passed the sixth standard could not read satisfactorily. If he and his fellow Peers interested in education would direct their attention to the improvement of the Code in respect both of substance and form, they would further the cause which they have no doubt at heart far more than by the mere negative criticism in which they indulged during the recent debate in the House of Lords.

A Bather's Ideal.

OF the Four Elements each can in her own way be gracious in turn and terrible to man. Each has her own gifts and her own manner of giving. Earth gives us harvest and vintage; Fire warms our hearths. But these benefit us at a distance, as it were, and indirectly. Fire keeps us at arm's length under instant penalty, and Earth is hard and cold to the human touch. Not so with Air, for her embraces are sweet indeed; when she greets us on moorland or 'on the beachëd margent of the sea,' hastening from west or south to clasp us with kisses so pure and fresh that for the moment we could cheat ourselves to believe that she has been keeping them all the way for us alone. But though we know her presence, it is as the dying Hippolytus knew the presence of his queen Artemis: invisible, unarrestable, she mocks our sight; she is as an enchanted mistress whom her lover may meet only in the dark.

Most kind and loverlike of all these is the fourth sister, friendly Water. Her we can both feel and see; not Earth nor Fire can appear to us in more glorious form; not Air can come closer to our embrace, or clasp us more lovingly and well. For this is her prime title, to be called the Friend of Man; she gives him indeed good help in turning his mill-wheels, in watering his pastures and his flocks, but in these offices a material, a commercial element preponderates; they are concerned with things, not men, and often basely recompensed by sordid pollution and desecration. It is in ministering to the health and seemliness, the rest and vigour of the personal man that Water finds her most gracious and honourable office. In our climate for at least half the year the service is of necessity rather than of joy, useful rather than glorious—there is no poetry, sometimes little pleasure, in the morning bath that confronts one in the winter twilight. But as Air grows kindlier with the revolving hours, so does her visible sister; and at last beneath some upward-opening sky of spring or early summer the Genius of Bathing finds one unaware by some steep brink, with the fair Water flowing persuasively beneath, the old-new charm returns, and the glad act is accomplished.

Many are the forms of bathing, and each has a charm of its own. There is a wild joy in battling with the sea waves, and a luxurious calm in lying motionless and supine on the dense salt water in a windless cove. Pleasant also is the mild persistent force of a broad river, of Thames or Isis, against which one leans confidingly, swimming with a grateful sense of resistance not too easily overcome, and whose banks perhaps one finds thronged by the shapely forms of athletic youth, or echoing the laughter of eager boys. Pleasant again

is the broad mountain lake, inviting longer swims from shore to shore, while in silent progress through the water one may watch the clouds drift and wreathe themselves among the solemn many-folded hills.

But the sea-brine is clammy to the skin, the plain-fed river is seldom absolutely pure, even the limpid lake we sometimes feel too stagnant for the full renewal of our force. Better than all these is a clear deep mountain stream—not a turbid glacier torrent, though these can be grateful indeed to a tired climber, but a stream such as Scotland and the English lake country and Wales give lavishly, pellucid as the very air, or, if tinged at all, then with a clear amber that breaks in the sunlight with a radiance of liquid gold. To know the full glory and mystery of his delight, let the bather follow upward such a stream through a summer afternoon, from where it flows in obvious comeliness and charity on the plain, making some broad meadow fresh and green, and lending itself to the thirsty flock—upward toward its cradle on the moor. As he climbs the hill by its side, its voice begins to call to him, but it hides itself shyly from his sight. Rock and wood overshadow and sometimes almost bury it, it takes sudden turns, it spreads in a film of spray over a wide steep ledge, or splits itself between tiny islands, or gurgles low among mosses and bracken, and maidenhair and parsley-fern. Often does some deep pool tempt the seeker to stay and be content; but he presses onward and upward, still searching for the absolute good. At last he finds his reward. As he turns a corner he hears the noise of a waterfall: he looks up and sees, some thirty yards before him, the water pouring over a ledge twice or three times his own stature in height. Between him and that falling foam lies his paradise. Amid steep walls of grey rock runs the emerald water; it runs swiftly on one side, with the 'beaded bubbles' springing joyously to the surface, children of the Air that are bathers themselves, and plunge by hundreds into the rapturous foam; on the other side it eddies gently round in dimpled coils, stealing back once more to the delicious hurrying flow. The red berries of the mountain-ash droop toward the stream and are reflected there, and red-leaved oak bushes such as hung about the Bandusian spring are mingled with the silvery glimmer of the birch, the lady of trees. Grasses and ferns shoot in tufts from the crevices of the rock, and the floating spray is faintly scented with their fragrance. But the bather's first mood is too eager to note in detail all the charms that make up the perfection of the place that he feels intoxicate him. He chooses some broad ledge, low or high as he will above the water, and throws aside the clothes that have encumbered him in his hot upward journey. As he stands up free, his bare feet on the smooth warm stone, he feels such half-scornful pity for his clothed fellow men whom he has left behind, as the naked Greek in the palæstra felt for the barbarian of the East to whose grossness such simplicity seemed a shame. One moment he gazes into the clear depths: through fifteen feet of water he could count every stone of the gravel

that lies undisturbed below; the sparkling bubbles seem to shoot up laughingly to greet him; then his hands rise and clasp each other above his head, he stoops, he takes the plunge, his clenched hands, his head, his body, his straightened knees meet and cleave the embracing water; then, after one moment of intense, almost unconscious joy, he rises amid millions of new-born bubbles, and strikes out blithely against the torrent, breasting the foam close under the beating fall. Let him come again after long rains have swollen the streams, and he shall find a still more intoxicating rapture, when the current is beyond his strength to stem, and he can only hurl himself into the foam below the fall, to be swept down the whole length of the deep water in glad abandonment, until he can catch some rising rounded boulder, and check his rush before he be dashed among the stony shallows. But this is a day for more various pleasures; the stream, with all its vitality, is not too impetuous to dally with him by the way; it seems to have wished for him, as he for it; for his fancy tells him that in his person for this happy hour Man is reconciled and made one with Nature.

Other plunges, now higher, now lower, will he take through the slow-waning afternoon, and between them, as he lies on the shelving rock with cooled and dripping limbs, he will drink in the beauty of the place, and think over the fair waters of like sort which glimmer and murmur eternally through song and story—of the gentle Phæacian river that heard the prayer of Odysseus as he swam in from his three days' battle with the tossing waves, and washed the brine from his tired limbs; of the pool where the well-beloved Hylas sank; of woodland waters whence the Naiades would emerge, or the hapless sweet Undine. He sees the young trout play in the stream with a joy like his own, and is well content to think that his pleasure has not been born of other beings' pain. Then at last he slowly dresses and departs. A few steps, and the noise of the waterfall is dulled to a murmur; the nook of Paradise is invisible, only to be detected by accident, or by a familiar eye. But as he descends in the cool evening air amid the shadows lengthening on the slopes, he may well ask himself if he knows any pleasure so perfect and so pure, one that so combines rest and refreshment with muscular effort, sensuous enjoyment with refined imaginative delight, which so steeps his spirit in the holy enchantment of solitary Nature, and at the same time brings home to him her sweet companionship with Man.

ERNEST MYERS.

Parliamentary Difficulties and Political Parties.

THE warmest well-wishers of the Ministry cannot say that the Government machine is working smoothly or satisfactorily. To tell the truth, we never thought it would. The undue passion excited during the election has necessarily spilt over into the wheels of the machine, not as a smooth oil, but as a gritty and impeding mixture. This is so far always an inevitable result of our great party contests. Political power is one thing, and political work is quite another thing. Mr. Gladstone in opposition stimulating by his passionate oratory the fervour of the country in the interests of a great cause, and Mr. Gladstone at the head of a Ministry bent on carrying important public measures, are very different persons; and so no less are Mr. Chamberlain at the head of the Birmingham League and the Apostle of the Caucus, and Mr. Chamberlain at the head of the Board of Trade. Every friend of Mr. Chamberlain must be proud of the good sense and the clear orderly intellect which he has brought to bear on the discharge of his ministerial duties; but neither he nor his *confrère* Sir Charles Dilke need be astonished if their political opponents remember that calm reasoning and the instincts of political good taste have not always been their distinguishing characteristics. Even Lord George Hamilton was a wiser man in office than he has proved himself as yet to be in opposition; and Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, if sufficiently irrepressible in the last Parliament, was yet restrained in it within some becoming bounds in his incessant desire to obtrude his guidance in public matters,—to rush in where higher spirits fear to tread.

This friction of the political machine is one of the prices we pay for our system of party government. Our two great parties are held together not merely by the bond of certain definite principles, standing in clear opposition to one another (nay, thoughtful observers might doubt how far there is, with certain wings of each party, any opposition of essential principle), but by the ties of personal and social instinct, and a considerable measure of blind enthusiasm germinated by the mere process of rival aggregation. No one who has seen practically the working of party warfare can doubt this. A great leader like Mr. Gladstone stimulates political force by the mere contact of his personality, and no less surely does the sweep of his character and of his rhetoric—the direct expression of his character—generate in others political antagonism and enmity. It is not to be wondered at, however much it may be deplored, that the enmities of political warfare should survive the period of struggle, and reappear in forms of obstructive manœuvre, when the arena of contest is transferred from the platform to the House of Commons.

[illegible] difficulties and [illegible]

[illegible] opposition [illegible] Mr. Gibson [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Brodrick deserves [illegible] by an evident love

ligent and able criticism. The political world is the richer for any clear and powerful intellect embarked in its service on either side or for any cause. What alone impoverishes it is the play of mean intellects and passions, or what, if not so bad, is yet more common—is indeed a growing feature of the House of Commons—the obtrusive influence of narrow and conventional minds barely capable of grasping any political principles while servile in their enthusiasm for the commonplaces of their party.

The Bradlaugh difficulty was a disagreeable inheritance from the heated strife of the election time. It could be no satisfaction to either side to see a man like Mr. Bradlaugh sent to the House of Commons. Apart from his peculiar opinions, his personality was not likely to add dignity to its membership, nor his crude social and political theories likely to contribute to the wisdom of its debates. In so far, however, as he represents any true elements of our political condition—any thoughts of the masses which have hitherto failed to find political expression—he has not only a legal but a moral right to his position. He was duly elected. He was right to let it be known that he could not take the usual oath in any spirit of honesty or even decency. And in the circumstances the undoubted course should have been to allow him from the first to affirm at his own risk. He had been allowed to affirm in a court of justice; in the opinion of the best lawyers it was a competent course for him at the table of the House of Commons; and it was a pity that any obstacles were interposed to such a course. It was a pity, above all, that this should have been done in the professed interests of religion, while really with a view to the disparagement of the Government.

Seldom has the course of any difficulty been more damaging to both parties and to the House of Commons itself. We cannot help feeling that if Mr. Gladstone, as the leader of a large unbroken majority, had intervened at an earlier stage, the futile labours of successive committees, and the melodramatic scene of June 23, might have been spared. It is impossible to say that such a scene, or the abdication of leadership on the part of Mr. Gladstone, which was one of its prominent features, was calculated to strengthen either Parliament or Government in the minds of the people; while the spectacle of the House of Commons giving a majority in two different directions on the same subject within the space of ten days, was neither pleasant nor edifying. Nothing can so damage parliamentary government as any idea that its votes are given under dictation rather than under the reasonable and well-understood impulses of party movement. The embarassment throughout was no doubt made, not so much by the admitted difficulty attending Mr. Bradlaugh's admission—that was a matter for legal experts, and should have been

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of candour and truth, which is rarer,' the Premier added, in the House of Commons 'than ability.' It is such qualities that make Opposition criticism valuable—far more than mere sallies of invective rhetoric, however lively.

authoritatively settled by them from the first—but by the shadow of religious and social considerations outside the House of Commons. It can never be safe to disregard such considerations. Elections depend upon them. But to convert them into party weapons within the House is a dangerous, besides an illogical, expedient. Mr. Bradlaugh's right to take his seat as a member of the House of Commons had plainly nothing to do either with the respectability of his character or the soundness of his opinions, but with the answer to the simple question—Had he a right to affirm in the circumstances in which he claimed to affirm? It would have been better if the first Committee of the House had reported in favour of this right as well as the second, and left no room for doubt as to his legal right to do so. But as the balance of legal and constitutional opinion was plainly on the affirmative side, the ultimate action of the Government in removing all obstacles to his admission by a general resolution appears to us to have been not only defensible, but in the right line of future legislation on the subject.

It may be seriously questioned whether the day for oaths on the admission of men to public offices has not passed away. They were never probably the security that certain minds are disposed to regard them; to the most conscientious minds, pausing to realise their meaning, they have always been something of a torture. As to the manner, careless or otherwise, in which the Parliamentary oath is sometimes taken, we say nothing. Men are not to be judged puritanically by their manner on such occasions. But there is no lack of charity in supposing that the oath is probably forgotten as soon as taken by the average member, and that the solemnity of its form exercises little or no influence upon his afterthoughts. Oath-taking, in short, has become a convention, like other things, and the more it is so the more objectionable it is (seriously considered), and the more need there is for reducing a solemn form of this kind to the simplest possible affirmation, the purport of which can be grasped in a moment without raising scruples of any kind, and dismissed in a moment as carrying with it at once the assent of every loyal mind. We are no advocates for the abolition of venerable customs merely because they may have outlived their day. There may be beauty and propriety in them, although the feeling in which they originated no longer exists in any force. But unnecessary oaths are traps both for the political and the religious conscience which we would be glad to see removed. No statesman nowadays can suppose that they are of any service in securing either loyalty or religion.

The Irish legislation of the Government has tried its powers and tested the spirit of the present House of Commons more than anything else after the Bradlaugh difficulty. This legislation is confessedly of a very grave kind, and only to be justified by an extreme necessity; while there was much in the primary aspect of it that suggested suspicion both of its origin and character. The Royal

Speech at the opening of Parliament contained no allusion to it, and the proposal of the Irish Chief Secretary to embody so important an alteration of the Land Act of 1870 amidst the provisions of the Irish Relief Bill was, to say the least, unfortunate. The measure itself, which has taken the form of the Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, is allowed by Mr. Gladstone to be an interference with the rights of property. At the same time he has warmly resented the epithets of 'plunder,' 'robbery,' and 'confiscation,' which have been freely applied to it. We are bound to say that his powerful and comprehensive speech on the second reading of the Bill, and his subsequent explanations, have modified the views we expressed regarding it in our last number. It is one of the greatest merits of a statesman that he is able, both from the amplitude of his knowledge and the natural range of his mind, to elevate the discussion of a great subject, and bring to its vindication a whole repertory of historical facts. A proposal which in its naked view, and as apparently the sudden product of the pressure of the Irish party, seemed to partake dangerously of the character of 'confiscation,' is seen in the light of his elaborate defence, and of the commonsense statements of Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster, to be a necessary practical outcome—if not a logical sequence—of the main principles of the Land Act of 1870. Mr. Gladstone did well to commend to Lord Randolph Churchill to temper his natural liveliness and undoubted cleverness by the study of the history of the Irish Land question. But then we fear the liveliness of his facile assaults would disappear under the weight of hard facts and the harsh daylight of a clear knowledge of the traditional relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland.

For all the period of Irish history before the Land Act, these relations were all constituted in favour of the landlord. 'Everything was for the landlord, and nothing for the tenant.' Wholly exceptional powers of eviction were given to the landlords—powers unknown to the landlords in England and Scotland—and which have often been put in force under circumstances of great cruelty and privation. It is to be remembered in any discussion of the land question in Ireland that the position both of landlords and tenants is exceptional. The former has special agencies at his command to enforce his rights; the latter has special rights in the land. Both these classes of rights are the creation of Parliamentary statute, in the one case dating from the reign of George I., before which 'anything like eviction for non-payment of rent by the process so well known in Ireland was unknown to the law;' the latter created by the Land Act of 1870. And it is to be further carefully considered that, whatever may have been the nature of the opposition originally offered to this Act, that its necessity was so well acknowledged at the time that it secured the silent assent of Mr. Disraeli, who, to his 'signal honour,' as confessed by Mr. Gladstone, sought to save his party from a hopeless opposition to it; while there is no politician of eminence who does not now acknowledge its value, and the benefit it has conferred upon Ireland, and not

least upon the landlords, whose interests were supposed to be injuriously affected by it. Even Lord R. Churchill has nothing to say against it. On the contrary, he expressed his belief that it was 'necessary and wise in its purposes and beneficial in its operations.'

The real and essential question then comes to be, Is the present legislation of the Government in the line of this beneficent Act? Is it a further necessity in the exceptional circumstances of Ireland? This is the main defence of the measure in the mouth of the Premier and the Chief Secretary. It is its exclusive defence by Lord Hartington. It is irrelevant to raise general questions as to Parliamentary interference with the rights of property. Those rights are vital for the State, and no one can seriously believe that a Government like the present could be disposed arbitrarily to interfere with them. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, and others, are not likely to be the willing confiscators of any true property interests. It is their contention that the Compensation for Disturbance Bill is in reality a measure of security. It is designed to secure a distinct interest in his holding given to the Irish tenant by the Land Act—the two great objects of which, as described in this journal last September, were to give security to tenants for improvements made by them on their holdings (in Ireland nearly all improvements are made by the tenants), and to prevent their being 'capriciously' evicted without compensation—in other words, to give them a definite right or property in their holdings. Mr. Gladstone has defined the two main principles of the Act in almost identical language. The right or interest thus secured to the tenant in his holding is as distinct a property as that of the landlord, and as deserving of protection by the State. The exceptional distress of Ireland has endangered the existence of this property, and put it in the power of landlords to recover their lands without any compensation to the tenants. The plea of the landlord, of course, is that he has received no rent—and non-payment of rent was especially allowed by the legislation of 1870 to be a good plea for disturbance. A tenant who did or would not pay his rent was liable to eviction without any compensation. In all ordinary circumstances this is an absolutely fair rule between landlord and tenant. Whatever property the latter may have in his holding, it is clear that the landlord has no less his right to the rent, and a tenant could never be entitled to withhold the landlord's due while remaining undisturbed in his own. With these general and indefeasible principles of the law of property the Government say they do not mean to meddle. It is only unwarranted suspicion that they do so which has given rise to the idea of 'confiscation.' All that they propose is to meet a highly exceptional state of affairs by an exceptional and temporary remedy. If the right of the landlord is sacred and deserving of protection, so is the right of the tenant. It is, no doubt, a dreadful thing to touch rent; but rent is, after all, only one kind of property. The property of the tenant is, or ought to be, as

indefeasible; and the absolute failure of the crops in the West of Ireland during last season has rendered for the time the payment of rent impossible. This has happened through no fault of the tenant, but by the act of God. Is the tenant to be sacrificed in the circumstances, and his right or property in his holding to be permanently lost, because he has been subjected to this exceptional calamity? Is, in other words, the intention of the Land Act to be defeated because a temporary exigency has given landlords a power to defeat it? This the State cannot permit, but is bound to prevent. Exceptional legislation is demanded in the face of exceptional circumstances.

It has been said that to represent the Land Act of 1870 as conferring on the Irish tenants any property in their holdings, is to misrepresent the true meaning of the Act and to mislead Parliament. A landlord in Ireland, as elsewhere, 'purchases his land, and with it purchases his right to the rent which it produces. A tenant, on the contrary, purchases nothing.' This is not at all true, as everyone knows, of the Ulster tenant, and is only partially true of any Irish tenant. The Land Act, if it does not give any direct property to the Irish tenantry in their holdings, vests in them a clear interest in their own improvements, and protects them against eviction at the mere will of the landlord. Both these undoubted rights are of the nature of property, and in the opinion of the Government, both are endangered at present by circumstances over which the tenants have no control. These circumstances have rendered payment of rent for the time impracticable; and so the contingent interests which the tenants have in their holdings, through no fault of their own, are liable to spoliation. Where is the injustice of protecting them for a time against such spoliation? The landlord is not deprived of his rent. All his powers are reserved except the arbitrary power of eviction in an emergency, apart from which this power would never have arisen. It is still imperative on the tenant to pay his rent—only *for a time* the landlord cannot evict him on account of non-payment. If it be true that bad seasons have prevented the payment of rents, and if it be further true that the enforcement of the power of eviction in the circumstances is dangerous to the peace and social order of Ireland—and these are the allegations of the Government for the truth of which we are bound to give them credit—then they seem not only justified, but much to be commended for their resolute effort to deal with so great an evil. The laws of political economy have little application to such a state of things. These laws in fact were already violated in the offer of loans to the landlords at 1 per cent. and nothing said about it. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill, as Mr. Gladstone has repeated with emphasis, is a temporary measure to meet a temporary exigency. It is a measure of security not merely for the tenant but for the landlord—as the Land Act has proved itself to be, because it is impossible to separate the true interests of tenant and landlord; and in Ireland

especially, whatever endangers the tenancy of land and places it at the arbitrary disposal of mere force, lowers its value, and unsettles all the social and other interests arising out of it.

The measure must be judged really by its tendency to affect the social civilisation of Ireland. If it were likely to strengthen and justify the anti-rent agitation, and those who, like Mr. Parnell, seek political capital in this agitation, it would be open to all the abuse which has been lavished upon it. But the Government have at length so guarded the Bill as to make it clear that it is only designed to meet cases in which a harsh landlord would not hesitate to take advantage of the exceptional distress for his own benefit and the injury of his tenant. If such cases of injustice and cruelty can be prevented it is surely right to prevent them. It is very little to the point to make out that there were not so many actual evictions as originally reported to Mr. Gladstone, and related by him to the House of Commons. So many families as he pictured may not have been turned to the roadside, nor so many constables employed in enforcing the law in the disturbed districts. Exaggerations are sure to prevail on any Irish question on one side and the other, and we are not concerned to defend the Government, either in all its statements of facts, or as to the manner in which it has handled the Bill. Unfortunate in its original introduction as a side clause of the Irish Relief Bill, it has been equally unfortunate in the frequent changes which have been made upon its wording. The episode of the Irish Attorney-General's clause was especially miscalculated, as it has necessarily provoked much comment, and been a distinct cause of delay in the prosecution of the measure. But the very modifications which have been made upon the Bill, if they reflect upon its official mananagement, yet prove the sincerity of the Government, and their anxiety on the one hand to meet the case of the poorer Irish tenants, whose property is alone at stake, and at the same time to interfere with the rights of landlords as little as possible. This, of course, is not Mr. Parnell's object. He and other Irish members have virtually shown that no legislation will satisfy them which does not place the landlords at the mercy of the tenants. In the poisoned state of the political atmosphere in Ireland this may be the popular expectation engendered by the very nature of such a Bill. The Government were bound to have considered all this seriously before they adventured on such legislation at all, and whether it would not have been better to have left it alone. But we are bound to credit them with the recognition of a State exigency of no ordinary kind. The Bill is only justifiable on such a ground; and having been called for, as we are willing to believe, under an urgent political and social necessity, it is incumbent on the Government to persevere with it. It would have been ignominious to have been beaten by the persistency of the Parnellites, or the dashing assaults of Lord Randolph Churchill and his friends. It will be disastrous even to have the Bill thrown out in the House of Lords. If there is State exigency

of a pressing and extraordinary kind, the House of Lords should consider well before it gives a summary *coup-de-grâce* to a measure designed to meet such an exigency.

That the Bill will not pass without some struggle is evident. The resignations of Lord Lansdowne and Lord Zetland may not be much in themselves; but they are feathers that show the way the wind is blowing in certain higher regions. We should be sorry to see an increase of the political gale in such quarters. It would lead to no good, at least for the present. There is no danger in the meantime that the due interests of land will suffer at the hands of a British Parliament. These interests are far too ramified and solid to be lightly moved; and it would be a special misfortune for the moderate Liberal party to become tremulous on this subject. We do not say that there are not elements in our political condition fitted to create anxiety on the part of thoughtful minds. 'Fraser' has sufficiently indicated its opinion of certain sections of our modern Radicalism—lacking alike in comprehension and in conduct, in intelligence of the past and appreciation of the true conditions of progress in the future. We are not likely to be accused of any sympathy with projects savouring of Communism or revolution. We confess to some indignant astonishment at the suggestion in a well-known organ — which has too rapidly passed from the red of Jingoism to a Radical red quite as flagrant and untempered—that the true remedy for our legislative difficulties in the Irish Land question, as in other things, is the conversion of the House of Commons into a still more popular assembly than it is, with the exclusion of its plutocratic and aristocratic elements. This would accelerate the working of the political machine with a vengeance—to carry the mob within the House of Commons—still enfeebled by the presence of men of wealth and property! Surely most wise men have been thinking—in view of recent occurrences—that the mob was near enough our legislative chambers. And plutocracy and aristocracy after all—big words for bad things as they may be—may claim to be represented as well as shopocracy and democracy. Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chaplin may not be apostles of political wisdom; but they have a claim to be heard alongside of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Biggar.

No one can suppose that we sympathise with a tone of this kind on the land question or on any other question. The apprehensions of Whig noblemen and of other Liberals, even should they prove mistaken, are deserving of all respect. We may be sure at least that they are not selfish apprehensions. No party has ever given greater pledges of its self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of liberty and good government than the great Whig party, which is now a favourite butt with every witling on the Radical and Conservative side alike. If the Liberalism of England ever loses the strong fibre of its sober and well-regulated freedom, it will lose much. It will lose above all the comprehension which has so honourably distinguished it from many forms of continental Liberalism, and run like

them into a fanaticism which is often Liberal merely in name. But just because this is our creed, we would greatly deprecate any alienation of the more moderate from the more pronounced forces of Liberalism; and especially deprecate that a starting-point for such an alienation should be found in any phase of the Land question. There are possibilities here of political and social disturbance which are very incalculable. They will require all the combined wisdom of every phase of our complex political life, and more than all the trained intelligence of that type of political thought which has so long been the most powerful and elevating influence in English civilisation.

The suggestions of a 'Quarterly' Reviewer that the moderate Liberals should draw nearer to the Conservatives have, in the meantime, no practical meaning any more than the picture of the present political situation sketched by the reviewer has practical reality. He conjures up a dream of Radical ascendency, and then fits his advice to the phantasmagoric effects of his wild imagination. The Liberal party is still what it has always been—a party of progress with a Left or Advanced wing. The forward aspirations of Liberalism claim expression and influence now as they have always more or less done: but the staple of the Government is moderately Liberal, and there is no fear for the present that it will depart from the well-attested traditions of a party which has always cared more for freedom than for force of any kind, whether in the shape of a Dictator or not. The natural alliance of the two sides of Liberalism is with one another, so that they may mutually stimulate and control the complex movements of the political machine. Least of all are the old Whigs likely to seek allies among the modern Conservatives who have repeatedly shown a tendency to pander to the lowest forms of the democratic spirit when it served their purpose. The hopes of freedom for the future can hardly be in their keeping. Let us hope that they are safe where hitherto they have found their refuge, and their highest encouragement.

July 24.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of verses can be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER 1880.

THE ROMANCE OF THE FIRST RADICAL.

A PREHISTORIC APOLOGUE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE Devil, according to Dr. Johnson and other authorities, was the first Whig. History tells us less about the first Radical—the first man who rebelled against the despotism of unintelligible customs, who asserted the rights of the individual against the claims of the tribal conscience, and who was eager to see society organised, off-hand, on what he thought a rational method. In the absence of history, we must fall back on that branch of hypothetics which is known as prehistoric science. We must reconstruct the Romance of the First Radical from the hints supplied by geology, and by the study of contemporary savages among whom no Radical reformer has yet appeared. In the following little apologue no trait of manners is invented. All the somewhat amazing customs against which our hero revolted do actually exist at this moment in Australia, New Zealand, New Caledonia, Central Africa, and the South Sea Islands. The traditions of European races, particularly of the Greeks, prove that the people of Europe have passed through a stage of similar manners. It is necessary to say this lest the reader of fiction, accustomed to the pure morality and the commonplace incidents, which her genius elevates, of Ouida's novels, should regard the story of the first Radical with disapprobation and incredulity.

The characters of our romance lived shortly after the close of the last glacial epoch in Europe, when the ice had partly withdrawn from the face of the world, and when land and sea had almost assumed their modern proportions. At this period Europe was inhabited by scattered bands of human creatures, who roamed about its surface much as the black fellows used to roam over the Australian continent. The various groups derived their names from various animals and other natural objects, such as the sun, the cabbage, serpents, sardines, crabs, leopards, bears, and hyænas. It is important for our purpose to remember that all the children took their family name from the mother's side. If she were of the Hyæna clan, the children were Hyænas. If the mother were tattooed with the

badge of the Serpent, the children were Serpents, and so on. No two persons of the same family name and crest might marry, on pain of death. The man of the Bear family who dwelt by the Mediterranean might not ally himself with a woman of the Bear clan whose home was on the shores of the Baltic, and who was in no way related to him by consanguinity. These details are dry, but absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the First Radical's stormy and melancholy career. We must also remember that, among the tribes, there was no fixed or monarchical government. The little democratic groups were much influenced by the medicine-men or wizards, who combined the functions of the modern clergy and of the medical profession. The old men, too, had some power; the braves, or warriors, constituted a turbulent oligarchy; the noisy outcries of the old women corresponded to the utterances of an independent press. But the real ruler was a body of strange and despotic customs, the nature of which will become apparent as we follow the fortunes of the First Radical.

THE YOUTH OF WHY-WHY.

Why-Why, as our hero was commonly called in the tribe, was born in a cave which may still be observed in the neighbourhood of Mentone. On the warm shores of the Mediterranean, protected from winds by a wall of rock, the group of which Why-Why was the offspring had attained conditions of comparative comfort. The remains of their dinners, many feet deep, still constitute the flooring of the cave, and the tourist, as he pokes the soil with the point of his umbrella, turns up bits of bone, shreds of chipped flint, and other interesting relics. In the big cave lived several little families, all named by the names of their mothers. These ladies had been knocked on the head and dragged home, according to the marriage customs of the period, from places as distant as the modern Marseilles and Genoa. Why-Why, with his little brothers and sisters, were named Serpents, were taught to believe that the serpent was the first ancestor of their race, and that they must never injure any creeping thing. When they were still very young, the figure of the serpent was tattooed over their legs and breasts, so that every member of primitive society who met them had the advantage of knowing their crest and highly respectable family name.

The birth of Why-Why was a season of discomfort and privation. The hill tribe which lived on the summit of the hill now known as the Tête du Chien had long been aware that an addition to the population of the cave was expected. They had therefore prepared, according to the invariable etiquette of these early times, to come down on the cave people, maltreat the ladies, steal all the property they could lay hands on, and break whatever proved too heavy to carry. Good manners, of course, forbade the cave people to resist this visit, but etiquette permitted (and in New Caledonia still permits) the group to bury and hide its portable possessions. Canoes

had been brought into the little creek beneath the cave, to convey the women and children into a safe retreat, and the men were just beginning to hide the spears, bone daggers, flint fish-hooks, mats, shell razors, nets, and so forth, when Why-Why gave an early proof of his precocity by entering the world some time before his arrival was expected. Instantly all was confusion. The infant, his mother and the other non-combatants of the tribe, were bundled into canoes and paddled, through a tempestuous sea, to the site of the modern Bordighiera. The men who were not with the canoes fled into the depths of the Gorge Saint Louis, which now severs France from Italy. The hill tribe came down at the double, and in a twinkling had 'made hay' (to borrow a modern agricultural expression) of all the personal property of the cave dwellers. They tore the nets (the use of which they did not understand), they broke the shell razors, they pouched the opulent store of flint arrowheads and bone daggers, and they tortured to death the pigs, which the cave people had just begun to try to domesticate. After performing these rites, which were perfectly legal—indeed, it would have been gross rudeness to neglect them—the hill people withdrew to their wind-swept home on the Tête du Chien. Philosophers who believe in the force of early impressions will be tempted to maintain that Why-Why's invincible hatred of established institutions may be traced to these hours of discomfort in which his life began.

The very earliest years of Why-Why, unlike those of Mr. John Stuart Mill, whom in many respects he resembled, were not distinguished by proofs of extraordinary intelligence. He rather promptly, however, showed signs of a sceptical character. Like other sharp children, Why-Why was always asking metaphysical conundrums. Who made men? Who made the sun? Why has the cave-bear such a hoarse voice? Why don't lobsters grow on trees?—he would incessantly demand. In answer to these and similar questions, the mother of Why-Why would tell him stories out of the simple mythology of the tribe. There was quite a store of traditional replies to inquisitive children, replies sanctioned by antiquity and by the authority of the medicine-men, and in this lore Why-Why's mother was deeply versed. Thus, for example, Why-Why would ask his mother who made men. She would reply that long ago Pund-jel,[1] the first man, made two images of human beings in clay, and stuck on curly bark for hair. He then danced a corroboree round them, and sang a song. They rose up, and appeared as full-grown men. To this statement, hallowed by immemorial belief, Why-Why only answered by asking who made Pund-jel. His mother said that Pund-jel came out of a plot of reeds and rushes. Why-Why was silent, but thought in his heart that the whole theory was 'bosh-bosh,' to use the early reduplicative language of these remote times.

[1] Of these myths the first is slightly altered from the Australian; the latter is correctly given. See Mr. Brough Smyth's *Aborigines of Victoria*, vol. i. p. 423.

Nor could he conceal his doubts about the frog who once drowned all the world. Here is the story of the frog:—'Once, long ago, there was a big frog. He drank himself full of water. He could not get rid of the water. Once he saw a sand-eel dancing on his tail by the sea-shore. It made him laugh so that he burst, and all the water ran out. There was a great flood, and everyone was drowned except two or three men and women, who got on an island. Past came the pelican, in a canoe; he took off the men, but wanting to marry the woman, kept her to the last. She wrapped up a log in a 'possum rug to deceive the pelican, and swam to shore and escaped. The pelican was very angry; he began to paint himself white, to show that he was on the war trail, when past came another pelican, did not like his looks, and killed him with his beak. That is why pelicans are partly black and white, if you want to know, my little dear,' said the mother of Why-Why.

Many stories like this were told in the cave, but they found no credit with Why-Why. When he was but ten years old, his inquiring spirit showed itself in the following remarkable manner. He had always been informed that a serpent was the mother of his race, and that he must treat serpents with the greatest reverence. To kill one was sacrilege. In spite of this, he stole out unobserved and crushed a viper which had stung his little brother. He noticed that no harm ensued, and this encouraged him to commit a still more daring act. None but the old men and the warriors were allowed to eat oysters. It was universally held that if a woman or a child touched an oyster, the earth would open and swallow the culprit. Not daunted by this prevalent belief, Why-Why one day devoured no less than four dozen oysters, opening the shells with a flint spear-head, which he had secreted in his waist-band. The earth did not open and swallow him as he had swallowed the oysters, and from that moment he became suspicious of all the ideas and customs imposed by the old men and wizards.

Two or three touching incidents in domestic life, which occurred when Why-Why was about twelve years old, confirmed him in the dissidence of his dissent, for the first Radical was the first Dissenter. The etiquette of the age (which survives among the Yorubas and other tribes) made it criminal for a woman to see her husband, or even to mention his name. When, therefore, the father of Why-Why became weary of supporting his family, he did not need to leave the cave and tramp abroad. He merely ceased to bring in tree-frogs, grubs, roots, and the other supplies which Why-Why's mother was accustomed to find concealed under a large stone in the neighbourhood of the cave. The poor pious woman, who had always religiously abstained from seeing her lord's face, and from knowing his name, was now reduced to destitution. There was no one to grub up pig-nuts for her, nor to extract insects of an edible sort from beneath the bark of trees. As she could not identify her invisible husband, she was unable to denounce him to the wizards, who would, 'or a con-

sideration, have frightened him out of his life or into the performance of his duty. Thus, even with the aid of Why-Why, existence became too laborious for her strength, and she gradually pined away. As she lay in a half-fainting and almost dying state, Why-Why rushed out to find the most celebrated local medicine-man. In half an hour the chief medicine-man appeared, dressed in the skin of a wolf, tagged about with bones, skulls, dead lizards, and other ornaments of his official attire. You may see a picture of him in Mr. Catlin's book about the Mandans. Armed with a drum and a rattle, he leaped into the presence of the sick woman, uttering unearthly yells. His benevolent action was in accordance with the medical science of the time. He merely meant to frighten away the evil spirit which (according to the received hypothesis) was destroying the mother of Why-Why. What he succeeded in doing was to make Why-Why's mother give a faint scream, after which her jaw fell, and her eyes grew fixed and staring.

The grief of Why-Why was profound. Reckless of consequences, he declared publicly that the law which forbade a woman to see her own husband, and the medical science which frightened poor women to death were cruel and ridiculous. As Why-Why (though a promising child and an adept in torturing captives) was still under age, little notice was taken of remarks which were attributed to the petulance of youth. But when he went further, and transgressed the law which then forbade a brother to speak to his own sister, on pain of death, the general indignation was no longer repressed. In vain did Why-Why plead that if he neglected his sister no one else would comfort her. His life was spared, but the unfortunate little girl's bones were dug up by a German savant last year, in a condition which makes it only too certain that cannibalism was practised by the early natives of the Mediterranean coast. These incidents then, namely, the neglect of his unknown father, the death of his mother, and the execution of his sister, confirmed Why-Why in the belief that radical social reforms were desirable.

The coming of age of Why-Why was celebrated in the manner usual among primitive people. The ceremonies were not of a character to increase his pleasure in life, or his respect for constituted authority. When he was fourteen years of age, he was pinned, during his sleep, by four adult braves, who knocked out his front teeth, shaved his head with sharp chips of quartzite, cut off the first joint of his little finger, and daubed his whole body over with clay. They then turned him loose, imposing on him his name of Why-Why; and when his shaven hair began to show through the clay daubing, the women of the tribe washed him, and painted him black and white. The indignation of Why-Why may readily be conceived. Why, he kept asking, should you shave a fellow's head, knock out his teeth, cut off his little finger, daub him with clay, and paint him like a pelican, because he is fourteen years old? To these radical questions, the braves (who had all lost their own front teeth) replied, that this was the custom of their fathers. They tried to console him, more-

over, by pointing out that now he might eat oysters, and catch himself a bride from some hostile tribe, or give his sister in exchange for a wife. This was little comfort to Why-Why. He had eaten oysters already without supernatural punishment, and his sister, as we have seen, had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Nor could our hero persuade himself that to carry off a hostile girl in the dark was the best way to win a loving wife. He remained single, and became a great eater of oysters.

THE MANHOOD OF WHY-WHY.

As time went on our hero developed into one of the most admired braves of his community. No one was more successful in battle, and it became almost a proverb that when Why-Why went on the war-path there was certain to be meat enough and to spare, even for the women. Why-Why, though a Radical, was not perfect, and he invariably complied with the usages of his time when they seemed rational and useful. If a little tattooing on the arm would have saved men from a horrible disease, he would have had all the tribe tattooed. He was no bigot. It was only when the ceremonious or superstitious ideas of his age and race appeared to him senseless and mischievous that he rebelled, or at least hinted his doubts and misgivings. This course of conduct made him feared and hated both by the medicine-men or clerical wizards and by the old women of the tribe. They naturally tried to take their revenge upon him in the usual way. A charge of heresy, of course, could not well be made, for in the infancy of our race there were neither Courts of Arches nor General Assemblies. But it was always possible to accuse Why-Why of malevolent witchcraft. The medicine-men had not long to wait for an opportunity. An old woman died, as old women will, and everyone was asking 'Who sent the evil spirit that destroyed poor old Dada?' In Why-Why's time no other explanation of natural death by disease or age was entertained. The old woman's grave was dug, and all the wizards intently watched for the first worm or insect that should crawl out of the mould. The head-wizard soon detected a beetle, making, as he alleged, in the direction where Why-Why stood observing the proceedings. The wizard at once denounced our hero as the cause of the old woman's death. To have blenched for a moment would have been ruin. But Why-Why merely lifted his hand, and in a moment a spear flew from it which pinned his denouncer ignominiously to a pine tree. The funeral of the old woman was promptly converted into a free fight, in which there was more noise than bloodshed. After this event the medicine-men left Why-Why to his own courses, and waited for a chance of turning public opinion against the sceptic.

The conduct of Why-Why was certainly calculated to outrage all conservative feeling. When on the war-path or in the excitement of the chase he had been known to address a tribesman by his name, as 'Old Cow,' or 'Flying Cloud,' or what not, instead of adopting

the orthodox nomenclature of the classificatory system, and saying, 'Third cousin by the mother's side, thrice removed, will you lend me an arrow?' or whatever it might be. On 'tabu-days,' when the rest of the people in the cave were all silent, sedentary, and miserable (from some superstitious feeling which we can no longer understand), Why-Why would walk about whistling, or would chip his flints or set his nets. He ought to have been punished with death, but no one cared to interfere with him. At the great 'corroborees' or religious dances of his people he would 'sit out' with a girl whose sad, romantic history became fatally interwoven with his own. In vain the medicine-men assured him that Pund-jel, the great spirit, was angry. Why-Why was indifferent to the thunder which was believed to be the voice of Pund-jel. His behaviour at the funeral of a celebrated brave actually caused what we would call a reformation in burial ceremonies. It was usual to lay the corpses of the famous dead in a cave, where certain of the tribesmen were sent to watch for forty days and nights the decaying body. This ghastly task was made more severe by the difficulty of obtaining food. Everything that the watchers were allowed to eat was cooked outside the cave with complicated ceremonies. If any part of the ritual was omitted, if a drop or a morsel were spilled, the whole rite had to be done over again from the beginning. This was not all. The chief medicine-man took a small portion of the meat in a long spoon, and entered the sepulchral cavern. In the dim light he approached one of the watchers of the dead, danced before him, uttered a mysterious formula of words, and made a shot at the hungry man's mouth with a long spoon. If the shot was straight, if the spoon did not touch the lips or nose or mouth, the watcher made ready to receive a fresh spoonful. But if the attempt failed, if the spoon did not go straight to the mark, the mourners were obliged to wait till all the cooking ceremonies were performed afresh, when the feeding began again. Now, Why-Why was a mourner whom the chief medicine-man was anxious to 'spite,' as children say, and at the end of three days' watching our hero had not received a morsel of food. The spoon had invariably chanced to miss him. On the fourth night Why-Why entertained his fellow-watchers with a harangue on the imbecility of the whole proceeding. He walked out of the cave, kicked the chief medicine-man into a ravine, seized the pot full of meat, brought it back with him, and made a hearty meal. The other mourners, half dead with fear, expected to see the corpse they were 'waking' arise, 'girn,' and take some horrible revenge. Nothing of the sort occurred, and the burials of the cave dwellers gradually came to be managed in a less irksome way.

THE LOVES OF VERVA AND WHY-WHY.

No man, however intrepid, can offend with impunity the most sacred laws of society. Why-Why proved no exception to this rule.

His decline and fall date, we may almost say, from the hour when he bought a fair-haired, blue-eyed female child from a member of a tribe that had wandered from the north. The tribe were about to cook poor little Verva because her mother was dead, and she seemed a *bouche inutile*. For the price of a pair of shell fish-hooks, a bone dagger, and a bundle of grass-string Why-Why (who had a tender heart) ransomed the child. In the cave she lived an unhappy life, as the other children maltreated and tortured her in the manner peculiar to pitiless infancy.

Such protection as a man can give to a child the unlucky little girl received from Why-Why. The cave people, like most savages, made it a rule never to punish their children. Why-Why got into many quarrels because he would occasionally box the ears of the mischievous imps who tormented poor Verva, the fair-haired and blue-eyed captive from the north. There grew up a kind of friendship between Why-Why and the child. She would follow him with dog-like fidelity and with a stealthy tread when he hunted the red deer in the forests of the Alpes Maritimes. She wove for him a belt of shells, strung on stout fibres of grass. In this belt Why-Why would attend the tribal corroborees, where, as has been said, he was inclined to 'sit out' with Verva and watch, rather than join in the grotesque dance performed as worship to the Bear. As Verva grew older and ceased to be persecuted by the children, she became beautiful in the unadorned manner of that early time. Her friendship with Why-Why began to embarrass the girl, and our hero himself felt a quite unusual shyness when he encountered the captive girl among the pines on the hill-side. Both these untutored hearts were strangely stirred, and neither Why-Why nor Verva could imagine wherefore they turned pale or blushed when they met, or even when either heard the other's voice. If Why-Why had not distrusted and indeed detested the chief medicine-man, he would have sought that worthy's professional advice. But he kept his symptoms to himself, and Verva also pined in secret. These artless persons were in love without knowing it. It is not surprising that they did not understand the nature of their complaint, for probably before Why-Why no one had ever been in love. Courtship had consisted in knocking a casual girl on the head in the dark, and the only marriage ceremony had been that of capture. Affection on the side of the bride was out of the question, for, as we have remarked, she was never allowed so much as to see her husband's face. Probably the institution of being in love has been evolved in, and has spread from, various early centres of human existence. Among the primitive Ligurian races, however, Why-Why and Verva must be held the inventors, and, alas! the protomartyrs of the passion. Love, like murder, 'will out,' and events revealed to Why-Why and Verva the true nature of their sentiments. It was a considerable exploit of Why-Why's that brought him and the northern captive to understand each other. The brother of Why-Why had died after partaking too freely of a member of a

hostile tribe. The cave people, of course, expected Why-Why to avenge his kinsman. The brother, they said, must have been destroyed by a *boilya* or vampire, and, as somebody must have sent that vampire against the lad, somebody must be speared for it. Such are primitive ideas of medicine and justice. An ordinary brave would have skulked about the dwellings of some neighbouring human groups till he got a chance of knocking over a child or an old woman, after which justice and honour would have been satisfied. But Why-Why declared that, if he must spear somebody, he would spear a man of importance. The forms of a challenge were therefore notched on a piece of stick, which was solemnly carried by heralds to the most renowned brave of a community settled in the neighbourhood of the modern San Remo. This hero might have been reasonably asked, 'Why should I spear Why-Why because his brother over-ate himself?' The laws of honour, however (which even at this period had long been established), forbade a gentleman when challenged to discuss the reasonableness of the proceeding.

The champions met on a sandy plain beside a little river near the modern Ventimiglia. An amphitheatre of rock surrounded them, and, far beyond, the valley was crowned by the ancient snow of an Alpine peak. The tribes of either party gathered in the rocky amphitheatre, and breathlessly watched the issue of the battle. Each warrior was equipped with a shield, a sheaf of spears, and a heavy, pointed club. At thirty paces distance they began throwing, and the spectators enjoyed a beautiful exposition of warlike skill. Both men threw with extreme force and deadly aim; while each defended himself cleverly with his shield. The spears were exhausted, and but one had pierced the thigh of Why-Why, while his opponent had two sticking in his neck and left arm. Then, like two meeting thunder-clouds, the champions dashed at each other with their clubs. The sand was whirled up around them as they spun in the wild dance of battle, and the clubs rattled incessantly on the heads and shields. Twice Why-Why was down, but he rose with wonderful agility, and never dropped his shield. A third time he stooped beneath a tremendous whack, but when all seemed over, grasped a handful of sand, and flung it right in his enemy's eyes. The warrior reeled, blinded and confused, when Why-Why gave point with the club in his antagonist's throat; the blood leaped out, and both fell senseless on the plain.

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When the slow mist cleared from before the eyes of Why-Why he found himself (he was doubtless the first hero of the many heroes who have occupied this romantic position) stretched on a grassy bed, and watched by the blue eyes of Verva. Where were the sand, the stream, the hostile warrior, the crowds of friends and foes? It was Verva's part to explain. The champion of the other tribe had never breathed after he received the club-thrust, and the chief medicine-man had declared that Why-Why was also dead. He had suggested that both champions should be burned in the desolate spot

where they lay, that their *boilyas*, or ghosts, might not harm the tribes. The lookers-on had gone to their several and distant caves to fetch fire for the ceremony; and Verva, unnoticed, had lingered beside Why-Why, and laid his bleeding head in her lap. Why-Why had uttered a groan, and the brave girl dragged him from the field into a safe retreat among the woods not far from the stream. Why-Why had been principally beaten about the head, and his injuries, therefore, were slight. After watching the return of the tribesmen, and hearing the chief medicine-man explain that Why-Why's body had been carried away by 'the bad black-fellow with a tail who lives under the earth,'[2] Why-Why had the pleasure of seeing his kinsmen and his foes leave the place to its natural silence. Then he found words, and poured forth his heart to Verva. They must never be sundered—they must be man and wife! The girl leaned her golden head on Why-Why's dark shoulder, and sniffed at him, for kissing was an institution not yet evolved. She wept. She had a dreadful thing to tell him,—that she could never be his. 'Look at this mark,' she said, exposing the inner side of her arm. Why-Why looked, shuddered, and turned pale. On Verva's arm he recognised, almost defaced, the same tattooed badge that wound its sinuous spirals across his own broad chest and round his manly legs. *It was the mark of the Serpent!*

Both were Serpents; both, unknown to Why-Why, though not to Verva, bore the same name, the same badge, and, if Why-Why had been a religious man, would have worshipped the same reptile. Marriage between them then was a thing accursed; man punished it by death. Why-Why bent his head and thought. He remembered all his youth—the murder of his sister for no crime; the killing of the serpent, and how no evil came of it; the eating of the oysters, and how the earth had not opened and swallowed him. His mind was made up. It was absolutely certain that his tribe and Verva's kin had never been within a thousand miles of each other. In a few impassioned words he explained to Verva his faith, his simple creed that a thing was not necessarily wrong because the medicine-men said so, and the tribe believed them. The girl's own character was all trustfulness, and Why-Why was the person she trusted. 'Oh, Why-Why dear,' she said blushing (for she had never before ventured to break the tribal rule which forbade calling anyone by his name), 'Oh, Why-Why, you are *always* right!'

> And o'er the hills, and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> Beyond the night, across the day,
> Through all the world she followed him.

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[2] A prominent character in Australian mythology. *Cf.* Brough Smyth, *ut supra.*

LA MORT DE WHY-WHY.

Two years had passed like a dream in the pleasant valley which, in far later ages, the Romans called Vallis Aurea, and which we call Vallauris. Here, at a distance of some thirty miles from the cave and the tribe, dwelt in fancied concealment Why-Why and Verva. The clear stream was warbling at their feet, in the bright blue weather of spring; the scent of the may blossoms was poured abroad, and, lying in the hollow of Why-Why's shield, a pretty little baby with Why-Why's dark eyes and Verva's golden locks was crowing to his mother. Why-Why sat beside her, and was busily making the first European pipkin with the clay which he had found near Vallauris. All was peace.

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There was a low whizzing sound, something seemed to rush past Why-Why, and with a scream Verva fell on her face. A spear had pierced her breast. With a yell like that of a wounded lion, Why-Why threw himself on the bleeding body of his bride. For many moments he heard no sound but her long, loud and unconscious breathing. He did not mark the yells of his tribesmen or feel the spears that rained down on himself, or see the hideous face of the chief medicine-man peering at his own. Verva ceased to breathe. There was a convulsion, and her limbs were still. Then Why-Why rose. In his right hand was his famous club, 'the watcher of the fords;' in his left his shield. These had never lain far from his hand since he fled with Verva. He knew that the end had come, as he had so often dreamt of it; he knew that he was trapped and taken by his offended tribesmen. His first blow shattered the head of the chief medicine-man. Then he flung himself, all bleeding from the spears, among the press of savages who started from every lentisk bush and tuft of tall flowering heath. They gave back when four of their chief braves had fallen, and Why-Why lacked strength and will to pursue them. He turned and drew Verva's body beneath the rocky wall, and then he faced his enemies. He threw down shield and club and raised his hands. A light seemed to shine about his face, and his first word had a strange tone that caught the ear and chilled the heart of all who heard him.

'Listen,' he said, 'for these are the last words of Why-Why. He came like the water, and like the wind he goes, he knew not whence, and he knows not whither. He does not curse you, for you are that which you are. But the day will come' (and here Why-Why's voice grew louder and his eyes burned), 'the day will come when you will no longer be the slave of things, like that dead dog,' and here he pointed to the shapeless face of the slain medicine-man. 'The day will come, when a man shall speak unto his sister in loving kindness, and none shall do him wrong. The day will come when a woman shall unpunished see the face and name the name of her husband. As the summers go by you will not bow down to the hyænas, and

the bears, and worship the adder and the viper. You will not cut and bruise the bodies of your young men, or cruelly strike and seize away women in the darkness. Yes, and the time will be when a man may love a woman of the same name as himself'—but here the outraged religion of the tribesmen could endure no longer to listen to these wild and blasphemous words. A shower of spears flew out, and Why-Why fell across the body of Verva. His own was 'like a marsh full of reeds,' said the poet of the tribe, in a song which described these events, 'so thick the spears stood in it.' The men who rushed on him as he fell heard some strange words pass from his unconscious lips, wild and whirling words which the tribe cherished as the last accents of a prophet—'ground game,' 'burial of dissenters,' 'deceased wife's sister,' 'permissive small-pox,' 'down with landlords,' are said, by an old Ligurian tradition, to have been the last unintelligible murmurs of the first Radical.

When he was dead, the tribe knew what they had lost in Why-Why. They bore his body, with that of Verva, to the cave; there they laid the lovers—Why-Why, crowned with a crown of sea-shells, and with a piece of a rare magical substance at his side. Then the tribesmen withdrew from that now holy ground, and built them houses, and forswore the follies of the medicine-men, as Why-Why had prophesied. Many thousands of years later the cave was opened when the railway to Genoa was constructed, and the bones of Why-Why, with the crown, and the fragment of iron, were found where they had been laid by his repentant kinsmen. He had bravely asserted the rights of the individual conscience against the dictates of Society; he had lived, and loved, and died, not in vain. Last April I plucked a rose from a tree beside his cave, and laid it with another that had blossomed at the door of the last house which sheltered the homeless head of SHELLEY.

The prophecies of Why-Why have been partially fulfilled. Brothers, if they happen to be on speaking terms, may certainly speak to their sisters, though we are still, alas, forbidden to marry the sisters of our deceased wives. Wives *may* see their husbands, though in Society, they rarely avail themselves of the privilege. Young ladies are still forbidden to call young men at large by their Christian names; but this tribal law, and survival of the classificatory system, is rapidly losing its force. Burials in the savage manner to which Why-Why objected, will soon, doubtless, be permitted in the graveyards of the Church of England. The teeth of boys are still knocked out at public and private schools, but the ceremony is neither formal nor universal. Our advance in liberty is due to an army of forgotten Radical martyrs of whom we know less than we do of Mr. Bradlaugh.

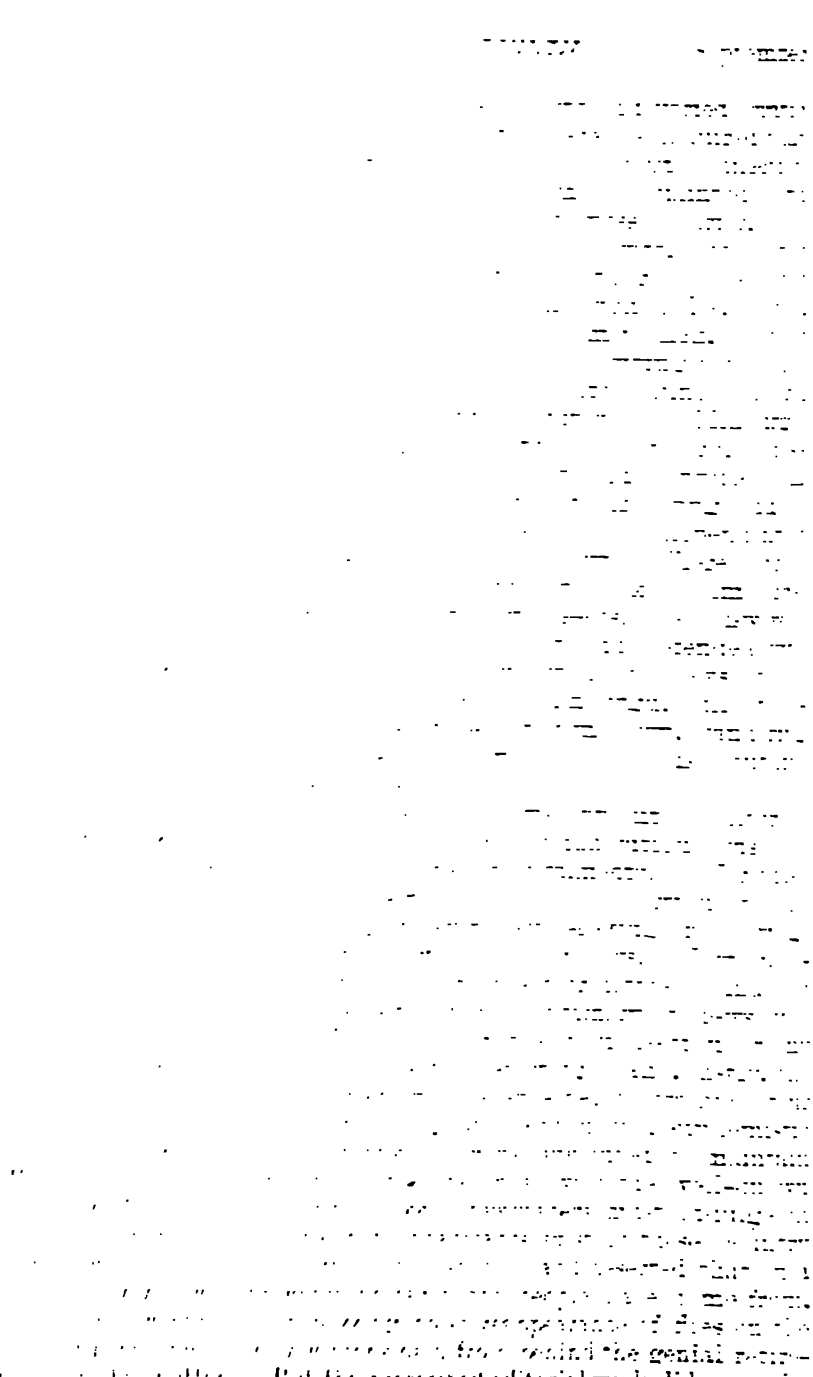
A. LANG.

Russel of 'The Scotsman.'

FOUR years ago there died one of the most representative of Scotchmen, and one of the most prominent men in Scotland, one whose writings had given more constant interest to politics and more vivacity to conversation for thirty years than those of any other man. His name was as familiar to everyone in the obscurest cranny of the country as was his figure in Princes Street of Edinburgh. As he walked along to and from his office, big and burly, with his genial rubicund face full of clever expression, his tilted inquisitive nose, like an incarnate note of interrogation, his bright eyes peering through his spectacles, and his hat a little back on his enormous head, as if to see the better below as well as through his glasses, passers-by would whisper, 'That's Russel of "The Scotsman,"' and then they would look back curiously to see his broad—not too gainly—shoulders disappear amongst the afternoon crowd, like a three-decker amidst a fleet of sloops. A journalist's fame is slowly won, and quickly lost; his writings appear without his name, so that his personality is hidden; the subjects on which he writes are ephemeral, so that his papers which to-day are, to-morrow are cast into the oven. Soon, therefore, his reputation, however great, passes away, and even a generation will soon arise in Scotland that knew not Russel. And yet, fleeting as his fame may be, for thirty years Russel was able to put the mark of his genius on the newspaper he edited, and by that paper to influence greatly the whole political and public affairs of Scotland, to represent lay opinion in ecclesiastical and economical questions, and common-sense in every social movement.

Dead now only four years, it is already difficult to get details of the past life, and instances of the long-famed humour of this journalist who was so powerful, of this nature that was so charming; this writer with many foes, this man of many friends. These friends tell—and are never tired of telling—of the quickness of his conversational wit, the endless jokes and overflowing jollity, the stories that convulsed them in those old days and nights at dinner or supper parties, at social gatherings or sporting expeditions, or at 'The Nest,' that scene of many a convivial saturnalia of the Edinburgh Angling Club, with its 'concourse wild of jocund din.' But alas! when you say to these appreciative friends, 'Come, do tell us something about him,' they are silent. The charm is left on them, the impression of social delightfulness remains, and that is nearly all.

Alexander Russel was born in Edinburgh on December 10, 1814. His father, who was a solicitor, died when his son was young, leaving his family to the care of a mother who had much originality and great shrewdness of character. After a school life which was marked



Berwick that he laid in that store of literary information which used to puzzle friend and foes alike, as he illustrated his arguments with choice bits from Swift, apt couplets from Pope, recondite passages from Dryden, lines from Goldsmith and Thomson. Big volumes in short-hand still survive full of copious extracts from authors, chiefly in old standard English literature, whom he loved to quote throughout his journalistic career, and he was specially fond of the old-fashioned poetry, with its formal measure, and its feet that are as stately as a minuet.

In 1842 Russel was appointed editor of the 'Fife Herald.' In his new post he had more congenial work, and in his new residence he had more genial society. The best qualities of the journalist now got free play, and the Scotch political leaders soon recognised his power and welcomed his friendship, while eager readers enjoyed his articles, bubbling over with exuberant nonsense, or, rather, extravagant sense, and sedate citizens shook their heads over his audacious assaults on time-honoured ways. Politics in Fife were keen, and party feelings were strong, so that every week the Whig 'Fife Herald' and the Tory 'Fife Journal' attacked each other with appalling fury. The Tory paper was under the editorship of James Bruce, an able, genial, accomplished man (not unknown in literature, by his 'Classic Portraits' and 'Eminent Men of Aberdeenshire'), and while the rival papers were in deadly hostility the rival editors were boon companions, and would make merry at night over the virulent leaders of the morning in which they assailed each other, and sometimes they would secretly exchange editorial chairs, and assault their own papers with ferocity.

In the course of two years Russel, after an unsuccessful application for the editorship of a Glasgow paper, became editor of the 'Kilmarnock Chronicle,' newly started, and for six months he resided in that town, of which he had ever afterwards no very savoury recollections. During this time, also, he had been appointed by Mr. Duncan Maclaren to write leaders in an Anti-Corn Law newspaper, called 'The Chronicle,' at the rate of 50*l.* a year, and to attack with all his force the Protectionist party. This brought him into correspondence with the great League Council, and under the notice of Richard Cobden. Soon, however, a post was offered him which fulfilled his journalistic ambition. His writings in Cupar had attained more than local fame, and were sometimes quoted in influential papers throughout Scotland, and attracted the attention of the proprietors of the 'Scotsman.' In 1845 he was appointed sub-editor, while he was occasionally to act also as a reporter. Mr. Charles Maclaren, who was at that time the editor-in-chief, was the type of a hard-headed, sagacious, unhumorous Scotchman. He knew political economy as thoroughly as he did geology. His conscientious articles were written with great pains, and the sentences were so carefully rounded, that they immediately rolled off every reader's recollection; and he would examine a ridiculous town council

squabble with as much sobriety as he would a piece of Silurian strata. A joke he could in a manner see, but certainly he could not *feel* it; and he would laboriously turn it round and round, as if it were a curious specimen, and carefully examine it to see what was in it. For instance, someone having quoted from 'Candide' the incident which veraciously relates that every time Dr. Pangloss coughed he spat out a tooth, the editor, gravely calculating how few teeth man has at his best estate, after a pause of serious rumination, very thoughtfully remarked, 'Well, he couldn't go on long at that rate.' Now, however, he had a colleague who was his opposite in everything except staunch Liberalism and steady accuracy, and he could only marvel mutely and awfully, as does a sedate hen that has hatched a duckling, at the exuberance of humour and the fertility of the resource of his sub-editor. In perfect astonishment he observed that his young man could joke on everything. 'Now,' added he, 'for my pairt I can joke, but then I joke with deeficulty.' By the end of the year, Mr. Maclaren ceased to act as editor, although he held the post formally till 1849, when he finally retired, owing to an honourable aversion at receiving credit for work he had not done.

We have been told by one who heard them that the last words of Lord Elgin on his deathbed were, 'I wonder what the "Times" will say of me,' and this anxiety assuredly did not arise from fear of what 'The Times' itself might say, but of what his country thought of him; for he knew well that what such a paper said to-day, society either had thought yesterday or would repeat to-morrow. People are apt to estimate very lightly the power of a Scotch paper in comparison with that of such great English contemporaries. In London there are so many able newspapers, all competing with each other, each speaking to some particular section of readers, and trying to neutralize the effect of the others, that no one journal is omnipotent. But in Scotland, where there was only one powerful representative Liberal paper, which had no Conservative rival of any force, which was read by men of both parties and of all ranks, its influence was enormous to shape political thought in every town and village in the country, and every class of the people. When Russel sat in the editor's chair, article after article came forth which surprised by its easy mastery of every political subject, and delighted by its easy humour; and as each morning's paper appeared eyes scanned eagerly the columns to see if there was another racy article out, and as they read the eyes brightened, the mouth relaxed into an expectant grin, and the grin widened into a broad laugh. Every wide political question was discussed with admirable pith and ingenuity; but what the ordinary people enjoyed most, we suspect, was often his 'admirable fooling,' and no country gives finer scope for it than Scotland, with its few important towns, its many self-important citizens. Public bodies, busybodies, and presbyteries were invaluable to him, and after he had exhausted many a leader upon some foolish divine or eminent citizen, he knew that he would break out in fresh places

again, and afford scope for his Gargantuan mirth. 'There are pickings on him yet,' the editor would confidently say.

While Russel staunchly supported Whig measures and Whig leaders, he never felt it the duty of a journal which assumes a high place to be the mere mouthpiece of a party or the obsequious echo of a statesman. Never extreme in his views, he said that the present Lord Derby, if he only joined the Liberal side—a wish now fulfilled—would represent best his principles. Whenever an aggressive or retrogressive movement was on foot, he firmly set his foot upon it. He was too honest to justify measures which he deemed unjustifiable, whatever people might say, or however subscribers might murmur. Bravely and alone 'The Scotsman' ridiculed the alarms of Papal Aggression and condemned the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851, when even staid citizens lost their head, as much as fanatic Protestants, who, 'like those who take hay-fever the moment they smell grass, can never be expected to keep their senses when the faintest whiff of Pope is in the air.' Then in one day, by one post, a third of the subscribers gave up the paper—and that was no slight matter at a time when the subscribers were only a twelfth of the present number. In the course of his editorship he had many a hard fight to make in defence of his Whig principles. In his own town he was not always successful. In vain he tried to moderate the bitter bigotry which in the Anti-Maynooth agitation led to Macaulay's rejection in Edinburgh; in vain he tried to hush the anti-papal outcry which led to the abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; in vain he opposed the petty Radical cliques which caused nobodies to be sent to represent the Scottish capital in Parliament; single-handed he fought when in 1854 Macaulay retired, and fortunately Adam Black was returned. In 1868 we find him anxious to get a man of mark to stand for the city. He asked Dickens, but in October Dickens wrote: 'My conviction that I am more useful and happy as I am than I would be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. There is no man in Scotland from whom I would consider this suggestion a greater honour.' And months before—in July—Russel had been in correspondence with Sir Henry L. Bulwer, who consented at his request to stand if there was any chance of success. But though not omnipotent in Edinburgh, his influence was immense throughout the country. When Sir W. Harcourt swooped down upon the Kirkcaldy burghs to oust in 1858 the old Whig member, 'The Scotsman' attacked him with unequalled energy and persistency day by day. Harcourt rejoined as day by day Russel assailed him, and no terms were measured, no love was lost. It is well known how a criticism on Mr. Duncan Maclaren, M.P., caused an action of libel in 1856, resulting in damages of 400*l.* against 'The Scotsman.' 'Very hard,' as Russel would plaintively remark, 'for only quoting what somebody else had said.' Libelled for having likened a respectable M.P. to a 'snake,' the editor said, in a very rare pun, referring to his opponent's arithmetical skill, 'if he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remark-

able *adder*.' Mulcted in damages for the freedom of his pen, Russel retained through all this matter the sympathy of the public, and four years after, a handsome testimonial was presented to him for his unsurpassed services to the Liberal cause. In ecclesiastical questions the same impartial love of fairness and freedom was shown. Evangelical, Ritualist, Broad Churchman, Gorham, Bennett, Colenso in England, Dr. Robert Lee in Scotland, had each and all toleration demanded for them; and it mattered nothing to him that after some bold article, next morning's post brought letters from indignant subscribers, saying, 'Sir, be good enough to cease sending me your paper from this date.'

When Mr. Russel joined 'The Scotsman' it came out twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday; and only when the newspaper stamp duty was abolished, in 1855, did it come out daily, and even then at first in the modest dimensions of a moderate-sized pocket-handkerchief. In the old bi-weekly times it was comparatively easy work for a journalist. Then he could think out, read up, and talk over a subject, while an editor like Maclaren gravely tapped out geological specimens with his hammer, or Russel grew wild over curling; and when he had written on it, two days at least would pass before fresh news would arrive to cruelly overturn, like a castle of cards, every ingeniously constructed theory. Mr. Russel illustrated the contrast between present days of hurry and the leisurely times when news jolted laboriously along at ten miles an hour by post, by the little incident of a clerk in 'The Scotsman' office in London being locked out, and unable by his knocking to rouse the sleeping clerk within. In a minute he wires to the office in Edinburgh, requesting a telegram to be sent to the office in Fleet Street, to bid the slumbering clerk let him in. Quickly the telegram comes, and the tinkle of the bell opens the sleeper's eyes, and he reads the message, 'Open the door.' While all-important news took days to travel when Russel began work, long before he ends it a message travels 900 miles in a few minutes on the insignificant errand of directing that a door be opened, while the man hardly leaves the door-step till it is done. And yet he considered that the average articles of to-day are quite as good as in the deliberate days of old. Albany Fonblanque wrote two short leaders a week for the 'Examiner,' and found his strength exhausted, and needed his two or three months of autumn yachting to recruit; but the modern journalist, who has six articles a week, at least, to write, works at high pressure. He cannot elaborate, and often is in consequence all the more successful. The points that strike the editor's mind to-night are just those which will convince the citizen's mind to-morrow; the arguments which come soonest into his head are exactly those which will most readily enter into other people's. No doubt leaders, which, like rolls, must come piping hot to breakfast, get a little stale by keeping; but they form that daily bread which nourishes wonderfully the political system of the people.

Russel for many years had to go off to his office every night,

and returned about three or four o'clock in the morning, after seeing the paper through the press. Sometimes he wrote three articles a day, and, if in the spirit, would do them with great rapidity. Two books he had always by his side—a concordance to Shakespeare and a concordance to the Bible, both of which he knew astonishingly well. When in conversation as to any acrostic a Scriptural 'light' was needed, he was sure to find it. If he was wont to startle reverent natures by the audacity with which he couched his humour in biblical phrase, and shocked even still more some Presbyterian souls by his irreverence in using the quaint language of the Shorter Catechism, he after all meant no harm. Indeed the articles which annoyed some prudish minds most, we suspect, he did not write. While often admiring friends would say or write to him that 'they were glad to recognise his fine Roman hand at last'—he having written without intermission for months; at other times they would pleasantly say of an article he had never touched, 'One of the best things you ever did, Russel.' Of course on these trying occasions he looked in answer with an air of simple bashfulness which confirmed them in their sagacious opinion, and gave them the satisfactory impression they had done and said a very kind thing.

While thus busy day and night in his editorial work, he had to correspond with and to be interviewed by political and local magnates from all quarters; not only Whig leaders to advise, but burghs in search of a candidate and candidates in search of a burgh; different classes, who besought him to find a class representative; and farmers, who came to him professing themselves indifferent as to political opinions, but wishing from him a member 'soond on hares and rabbits.' If an unknown candidate started for any place, he knew at once all his antecedents; or, if he did not at the moment recollect, up went his spectacles over his forehead, his features puckered with aggrieved perplexity, as he muttered, rubbing his bald head, 'Bless my soul! My memory *must* be going,' merely because he did not remember what it would be a marvel if any mortal knew; then gradually his face would brighten as he called to mind some appearance or disappearance of the gentleman in question in rather equivocal circumstances, and with rather shady views, long years ago, in some obscure nook of the political world. On one occasion Lord John Russell was wondering in some company who a certain person was, when the editor reminded him that he had been one of his lordship's own secretaries.

Besides these distractions, he found time for reading and for reviewing, for occasionally writing for the 'Edinburgh,' or the 'Quarterly,' or for 'Blackwood.' Turning to one article in the 'Edinburgh' on 'The Highlands—Men, Sheep and Deer,' we find a very good example of his thorough and careful work, his curious versatility of illustration and argument, in the manner in which he exposes the outcry against depopulation raised by poets, theorists, sentimental uneconomists and politicians. The manner in which he begins must

have delighted the commonsensical mind of excellent old Charles Maclaren.

Not many false sentiments have had more injurious or foolish consequences than that to which Goldsmith gave new wings when he sent forth the assertion—

> A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man.

It is rather sharp practice to encounter poetry with arithmetic, but it may be useful to hint, by way of illustration, that a rood of ground never yet maintained its man in England or anywhere else. It takes four roods of pretty good ground to maintain a sheep. Although England now maintains at least three-fold the population of the time ere her griefs began, it is found that even in her richest agricultural districts sixteen roods are required to maintain a man. In Ireland an attempt was made to make ten roods maintain their man—perhaps the nearest approach ever made in these latitudes to the Goldsmithian proportions—and we saw and felt what it came to.

And so he goes on with curious detail to expose one by one the pathetic crotchets of sentimentalists.

The cares and fatigues of the office were not without relaxation. Now he was in Ireland with his friend Mr. Hill Burton; now, with the same companion, 'jumping' in Jura (for he protested it was impossible to 'walk,' and only possible to progress there by 'jumps' over hag and crag and bog). One year he was in Skye, another fishing by the Ettrick, another in Sutherland, letting few facts or fish escape him. Then he felt the glory of having no work to do to-day, of having no care for the morrow. Palmerston might declare war, but amongst the hills around Gairloch he would never hear it; Disraeli might change his policy, and Gladstone might denounce it; but neither the epigrams, which passed for convictions, of the one, nor the mellifluous sentences of the other, awoke echoes by the side of Loch Maree. What mattered it to him, in his holiday enthusiasm, even if, as he unreeled his rod, the keeper damped his matutinal ardour by telling him there was 'only a happenin' beast,' or by grudgingly owning that 'there micht be a traunsient brute.' There he stood in the stream as the hours went expectantly by, cold, lonely and chittering; for though—as he wrote—'the wind was in his eye and the water in his boots, yet hope, the charmer, lingers still in his heart.' [The printers, to his vexation, *would* persist in printing the sentiment: 'Hope lingers in his *hat*.'] There he would stay 'till the hour when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes thought of what he shall eat and how much he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be bed-clothed.'

Yet amidst all his amusements he had his eyes, ears, and mind open to everything. There was not a shepherd he met by the river side that he did not question, it might be about the relative feeding properties of the soil or feeding powers of the sheep and deer; not a farmer did he meet and delight with his talk over their toddy at the

little inns, from whom he had not quietly extracted facts about the rental, manure, and cropping. Of course everything ludicrous took his finely outrageous fancy, as when he broaches a delightful theory that Highlanders kept to their native districts because of the difficulty presented to Highland emigration by the demand of a halfpenny pontage at Perth. A local guide-book, having described some wretched elevations as 'the most beautiful hills in Scotland,' he is reminded of a funny passage in Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' (which he cannot possibly have read since boyhood) where she speaks of the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning gigantic range of the Corstorphines. The absence of trees in Caithness caught his whimsical compassion, for is it not asserted that 'up Strathaladale, within the Sutherland boundaries, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of "a wood;" and the Caithness people came thirty or forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery.' This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land; and even pulpits, it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing boats. He audaciously asserts that 'in one Caithness kirk which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had been cast ashore, a friend found himself embarked in a pew inscribed, 'The Brothers of Banff;' while the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit, which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as the 'Jane of Portsoy.'

Meanwhile, though enjoying richly the ludicrous aspects of everything, few men were more susceptible to the charms and beauty of scenery,—the song of the birds, the glint of light and play of shadows upon the mountain side, the solemn loveliness of silent moorland lochs, and the hoary memories of historic scenes. Few men knew, few men gave him credit for deeper thoughts than those he spoke lightly and jocularly to his friends, and yet few could describe better and feel more keenly than he, at once the humours of men, the pleasures of sport, and the picturesqueness and mystery of nature; as we see in his paper on his 'Angling Saunter in Sutherland':—

At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper avocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff scenery in the British islands. No description, no expectation is felt adequate when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at once stand on a wall of rock 700 feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here, the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird, or hiding to an insect. There you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen turrets and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays, within which the wild waters are at one moment

lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow, succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that truceless war between the invading ocean and the defying land; but so it was—a deeper though less dreary dread came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that 'still small voice,' which, issuing we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms and fiercest tumults of our mortal state.

We think that a man who could write in such a strain and with such a style had powers of tender feeling and expression far greater than either the outside world, or even his intimate friends, ever gave him credit for possessing.

In these angling expeditions Russel acquired a remarkable acquaintance with the rivers and with their inmates; of every salmon cast and every bend of the streams; and of the deep mysterious question, 'What is a parr?' And his knowledge theoretical and practical rendered his frequent evidence valuable before Parliamentary committees, and his suggestions practical in legislation. Writing with readiness and fulness of information, his articles in the 'Quarterly,' 'Blackwood,' and 'The Scotsman' were afterwards expanded into his well-known work on 'The Salmon.'

By the Ettrick, where he often resorted, he had much to try his skill, and a good deal more to try his patience; and we suspect the lowlanders were not so 'poor spirited' as the highlanders, who in Sutherland incurred the lofty contempt of the Southern keepers. '*Them* poach!' said to the editor one of these who had confessedly 'dune something on his ain accoont,' both with gun and leister, on his native Ettrick. 'When I cam' first, I gaed to the folk in the clachan up there, and said, quite bold, "I hear ye hae guns amang ye; you maun pit them awa'." Ye'll no believe me, sir, but the puir-speerited deevils actually did it. Besides, if ane o' them does mair guid for himsel' ony nicht than the rest o' them, some o' them is sure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers when they've nae honour?' It was on one of these fishing holidays that a clergyman met him, and on the editor asking him if he ever fished, he answered that 'he was only a fisher of men.' 'I am afraid you don't make much of it then,' rejoined Russel; 'for I looked into your creel on Sunday, and there was very little in it.'

Every great conversationalist has his limited store of anecdotes which have seen an enormous deal of dinner service. One naturally compassionates the wives and offspring who have to listen to the same jokes with the same air of perennial surprise. With Russel, on the other hand, the effort was, not to evade, but to get the anecdotes —'Tell us that story again,' people would ask, and certainly they

never asked in vain; and after all, what faint recollections remain of his talk, so vivid, so bright, so intelligent, so ready, so witty—only a few anecdotes with the ludicrous touches gone, only a few meagre jokes with the rich mellow fun away. At dinner topic after topic came and went; a new book, a new measure, politics, ecclesiastics, society, are all discussed, brightened by some fresh thought, or illustrated by some quaint story, each guest being with kindly tact brought into the tide of talk, as the host chatted and sipped his grog,—he having persuaded himself firmly that the doctors ordered him to take whisky on the precarious ground that they had ordered him not to take wine. One remembers vaguely how the conversation went. He may be speaking of the difficulty of conciliating those whom he has ridiculed in his paper, for those who have little dignity to spare cannot forgive the loss of it; and he mentions how Mr. Lowe one day wisely remarked, 'You can't unpull a man's nose.' The talk turns on Lord Melbourne, and he describes the interview between the easy peer who was shaving and the secretary to the Lord Advocate, when he brings before him the draft of some bill. 'Well, Mr. M., this is another of your demned Scotch jobs, I presume?' 'Just so, my Lord; so, having settled the preamble, we will now proceed to the clauses.' Strong-minded women are spoken of, and a lady remarks that one noted female emancipationist, of masculine appearance, is much more of a lady than one who had, the day before, sharply criticised her. 'Well, she is much more of a *gentleman*, at any rate, my dear,' consolingly conceded the editor, with quiet sarcasm. Speaking of self-educated men, he mentions a remark by Emerson; when someone spoke of Abraham Lincoln as 'a self-made man,' the philosopher quietly said, as he thought of that ill-made figure, 'that saves Providence then a great deal of responsibility.' The Ballot question suggests the case of a farmer, who said to his landlord, in disgust at the new Act: 'Afore, everybody kent that I voted for your lordship, but noo the waurst o' 't is, if I gaung to the poll, folk micht think I was voting according to my conscience.' The editor relates his experiences of the Irish. He recalls instances of their bulls, as, for instance, the entry he found in the inn-album, by a Colonel: 'I stopped here by mere chance, and would advise every person to do the same.' He recalls their inveterate desire of money—if gained without any labour: the boatmen in Killarney having coolly and objurgatively affirmed an object in the distance to be a 'rale Irish eagle,' while Russel's companion in travel denied it. 'In that case,' replied his friend, 'we'll soon know—if it's an Irish eagle, it will pounce on the company and ask sixpence for showing itself.' The clergy are brought in for some chaff, and he mentions how Kinglake in his drawling tones remarked that 'he thought the clergy could be indicted under the common law against fortune-telling.' 'As far as my experience goes,' remarks a guest, 'it is rather *mis*fortune telling.' Somehow the talk passes on to the humbug of servants' registers, the keeping of which, he protests, is the easiest profession in the

world, and requiring the most limited of capital—for it only needs a pen, a sheet of paper, and a bottle of ink. The name of Charles Maclaren makes him tell how at a large party the grave and respectable appearance of that gentleman suggested that he should be asked to say grace. In deep agitation he rose, and in confusion he began, and made one or two bewildered efforts to say it. At last, looking round the company in abject despair and anguish, the unfortunate victim to respectability exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, my memory has clean gone to the deevil.' 'Why, your hair is getting grey,' says Russel to a friend. 'Yes, but there's plenty of it, at least,' looking at the editor's head, a Sahara of baldness. 'Oh yes,' added he; 'you see mine preferred death to dishonour.'

Strangely few true anecdotes remain of him, although of no man are there more false ones told, and often told very cleverly. Asking him one day if he had said some very witty thing reported to be his, he answered, 'I only wish I could.' Driving past a well-known daft man who was haranguing a crowd of little children: 'Now,' remarked Russel, with a laugh; 'give that man a little education and make him a minister, and, bless you, he would never be found out.' Those very proper and pious persons who met him first with the notion 'that he was that dreadful Mr. Russel,' went away with the impression that he was a 'most charming man.' Old ladies without an idea behind their ringlets, old gentlemen without a thought beyond their denomination or their crops, sat and listened, worthy souls! as the editor poured out stories and made jokes, while they were themselves afraid to smile in case what he said was meant to be serious, and were afraid to look solemn in case he had meant to be funny, and therefore preserved an expression of wonderful mental and facial perplexity. 'Poor old chap, I like him,' the host would say, when the simple guest had departed in his goloshes. 'He is a very decent old fellow, do you know? though he cannot see a joke, and his grace is far too good and long for the dinner,' he remarks as some respectable dissenting minister goes off. Absurdities and follies struck his humorous mind, but defects and weakness raised his pity. Benjamin Franklin tells of an old gentleman with one deformed foot, who always judged of a man's character by noticing whether he looked at the shapely or the maimed limb first. Well, Russel would instinctively notice the deformed foot first, but he would pretend he had never seen it, and would act so that others might not notice it. This amiability pervaded his whole character. He could not blame in private, though none could hit harder in public, for he hated the infliction of pain on any being he met, and this quality servants knew to his cost; and he felt apologetic and awkward when he tried to find fault, as if he were really the culprit himself. And, curiously enough, though none were quicker to own the merit of others, he was absurdly shy and clumsy at praising; and as one who knew him well says, 'he seemed to think there would be some of the snobbishness of patronage in praise for work well done;' while he

recognised without jealousy the talents of others, and even sometimes suppressed an article by himself to insert one by a friend which he considered more effective than his own, or rather than give disappointment.

During the last ten years of his life he had more ease and could take more leisure, although he wrote constantly from sheer pleasure, and laughed at those who anxiously bade him give up work as being too much exertion. Certainly the old buoyancy had abated, the exuberant spirits had diminished; for after the death of one of his sons by drowning, which caused him unutterable grief, he never was quite the same man, although there was still wonderful vivacity and heartiness. Sometimes he went up to London, entering into the most brilliant political circles, gathering clusters of Liberal friends round him, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at many a club, and getting in Parliamentary coteries refreshment for his jaded political ideas. Not that he considered London journalism itself devoid of narrowness, nor lacking an amount of Cockney arrogance and superfluity of ignorance on unmetropolitan affairs and interests, as if 'there were no world without Verona's walls.'

In 1869 he visited Egypt, in order to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, of which he wrote home graphic notes. The incongruities of the scenes and the gravity of the occasion impressed him with equal readiness, and through all the mischances of his journey he carried the same even good nature, whether through the inevitable sickness in the Bay of Biscay, on the third day after which he re-appeared on deck, 'looking purified by suffering,' or during the miseries of Egyptian travelling, through unpopulated places by day, and in populated beds at night. Although as open to see the excellence of foreign ways and scenes as was that candid Aberdonian, who, on first seeing St. Paul's, owned that 'it made a clean fule o' the kirk o' Fittie,' it may be suspected that he had some sneaking sympathy with the Scotch bailie who, on seeing the majestic Pyramids, asked, 'What idiot biggit thae things?' At any rate he enters extremely rapidly into Thackeray's feelings when, in his book, the novelist said 'they are very big,' and then 'dropped the subject and went home again.' He tries his best, however, to write impressively, for he feels bound to say something. 'And these are the Pyramids! is the first thought, if not the exclamation, of every beholder; and in the mere fact that they are the Pyramids, whose history, builders, uses, and age, have baffled human inquiries for generations, is the source of the interest and solemnity with which they are gazed at. You feel that to see them is an event in your life, though you cannot satisfactorily explain to yourself why it should be so'—and so on. Neither do the sandhills, seen as he sails down the canal, impress him deeply when he discovers that these form the land of Goshen: 'If that land was of old anything like what it is now, depend upon it, that when Joseph invited his brethren to dwell there, he only meant to be upsides with them for their pre-

vious maltreatment.' But not lightly did he feel the moment when they arrived at Suez, and, 'glad with grave thoughts,' proved the triumphant success of that great work which brought east and west 8000 miles nearer to each other.

In November, 1872, he went abroad again, but this time it was the first serious attack of his illness which drove him away from Edinburgh at a season when, as in Pope's Castle of Spleen, 'the dreaded east is all the wind that blows,' and sought a warmer climate. For some time he stayed in Arcachon and entered into all the beauties and interests of the place—such as they are. As a sportsman, how pathetically he laments the utter absence of life in the woods. 'For some years past everybody has been shooting everything, so that now nobody can shoot anything. During three weeks we have seen only one sparrow and heard another; and as to singing birds, such as the lark—of which the French cookery book so affectionately says, "This charming songster eats delightfully with bread-crumbs"—it has arrived to them to be extirpated; and when some ignorant gull does appear above the horizon, shots begin going off all along the shore and from patiently waiting boats, as if a regiment of volunteers had broken into file-firing.'

He afterwards passed on to Portugal, whose lovely Cintra he admirably describes; to Spain and northern Italy, with eye more sensitive than most tourists to the beauty of the sunny South. On the whole he was not sorry to quit France, its formalities and its officialism; as many will agree with him that, 'though they manage things better in France, they manage them a great deal too much.'

Pleasant as idleness and travelling were to him, work and home were pleasanter still, and though a man of 'cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows,' illness was reminding him that life is a very uncertain thing. In the frequent spasms of his complaint he sometimes could only write kneeling. Yet how full of life and energy he was—so keen for work, so bright in society, so surrounded by old friends and ready to make new friendships. No one met with more people, and yet it is curious that he was miserably shy of public appearances, he hated to appear on platforms, he was in an agony at the prospect of making an after-dinner speech; and when asked to stand as candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen in 1875, he declined the honour at once. But in private he was not shy, and rejoiced in the presence of friends round his table. What a number and variety of faces had appeared there in Ramsay Gardens in old days, at Chester Street in later years, who talked and laughed their best! Thackeray, up in Edinburgh lecturing on 'The Georges' (when Aytoun bade him 'stick to the Jeameses'), came and was not even cynical; James Hannay, clever and conceited, would tell his most piquant stories and prove his claims to a dormant peerage (which his host remarked 'it would be more to the point if he could prove a dormant half-crown') and then roll off with more than his *usual* sailor's gait to the 'Courant' office to write a spiteful article on

the editor of 'The Scotsman;' Mr. Grant Duff would come, fresh from some Elgin oration and with some fresh schemes on European policy; Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Grey Friars, cleverest of ecclesiastics, most liberal of Churchmen, ablest of debaters, would often turn up, his fine intellectual face looking so sharp as he uttered his iced sarcasms at his 'pre-posterous' brethren in the Church, or as he delicately cut up some 'pious goose' of a minister who was stirring charges against him of heresy; Captain Burton even appeared in the course of going to and fro on the earth, and would tell some risky tales and utter some wild opinions on polygamy, and leave the impression, as ladies hurriedly left him, that he had on emergency fed on—and rather enjoyed—a fellow-creature; Fitzjames Stephen would appear, not the least fatigued by his defeat at Dundee, having proved too good for the place, and very thankful for his new friend's powerful support; George Combe and Hill Burton of course were of old frequent guests; and Lord Neaves, too, although of a different political faith, who would send upstairs for the presentation copy of his 'Songs,' which he knew was in the house, and give the company the benefit of his own musical interpretations, already very familiar to some of them. Now there came the Liberal whip to talk over political prospects, and get counsel about a new movement; and now local magnates dined who could tell the chances of the next Edinburgh contest or the new water scheme of the Provost; now it was Professor Huxley, so fresh, so unalarming, that, as a clergyman finishes saying grace at dinner, Russel exclaims, 'Halloa, was that you saying grace, Professor?' 'No,' replies he meekly and blandly, 'I trust I know my place in nature.' Russel's house was the meeting place of all sorts and conditions of men—certainly not excluding clergy: dissenting ministers, narrow in doctrine and Radical in politics, holding protection in religion, and free-trade in corn; Broad Church clergy, whom he regarded as rational beings; worthy old moderate divines who were admirable at table and sadly dull in the pulpit, who preached the driest of sermons, and gave the driest of sherry—who, in fact, from the good wine and bad discourses they gave, as Lord Robertson of facetious memory said, 'were much better in bottle than in wood.'

When people wish to know a man they are never satisfied till they know his creed, and in the case of Mr. Russel it is not easy to gratify such a wish. To pious temperaments who measure natures by the straitest of rules he was 'a most regardless man;' and in spite of his steady attendance in Old Greyfriars Church, he was asserted, with pious recklessness of assertion, 'never to be in the house of God;' and when he ridiculed clerical folly and sectarian bigotry, they gave him up as lost: truly, as he said, his praise was in none of the churches. Brought up as a United Presbyterian, he died in connection with the Church of Scotland, having with many of its clergy much friendship, and with its general liberality of feeling most sympathy. An Established Church—whose policy he often

condemned, and whose flaws he never wearied of pointing sarcastically out—he yet maintained to be the best safeguard for independence of thought and expression, as lifting its ministers above the servile need of teaching for doctrines of God the commandments of the pews. He did not believe in hard, dry dogmas; he winced under dogmatic assertions which tried to define the incomprehensible and to limit the illimitable; and he did not trust in preachers who professed to know the mind of God when they did not even know their own. The fact is that in him there were, as in most men, two conditions of mind, one that was believing and the other which was doubting. These alternated according to temperament and society, and, like those old-fashioned barometers, with the figure of a man at one end and the figure of a woman at the other, one of which comes out to mark the weather as the other goes in, so according to circumstances and intellectual atmosphere, the feminine belief comes out as the masculine doubt retires. There was much of the old Scotch religious character in Russel to the last. As the language of the Catechism clung to his memory, so the religious associations and beliefs clung to his mind. Amidst all the Bohemian regardlessness of form, there was a deep vein of sentiment, which increased with his years. He loved religious teaching that was simple, and touched with a vein of true feeling, and he always retained a living awe of the unseen and a loving reverence for the Master of our faith. No doubt the 'articles' he wrote did not exactly square with any articles of faith that men sign. He belonged, according to the saying, to that religion to which all sensible men belong, and which all sensible men keep to themselves.[1]

His death was unexpected; the symptoms which had startled him ever and anon were becoming more frequent, but yet he had no fear. One day, not long before his death, he had been at the office and had dictated three articles, one of which appeared five months after he had died. On July 18, 1876, when he was looking forward to going to the quiet and pleasant leisure of the country, he passed away, after a short illness, with the suddenness which attends heart disease. As the news of his death quickly sped, it cast a sorrow, sincere and deep, over the country, to which his writings had for a generation, to political friends and foes alike, been a source of never-failing delightfulness. The untiring vigour of his work, the clearness and pith of his style, his skill in political dialectics, his unsurpassed political know-

[1] It is useful to track a story to its origin; and as many attribute the saying to which we refer to Samuel Rogers and others, here is the true source, which is found in John Toland's *Clidophorus*, c. xiii. 'This puts me in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter, conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that notwithstanding these infinite divisions caused by the interest of the priests and the ignorance of the people, *all wise men are of the same religion*; whereupon a lady in the room, who seem'd to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was? To which the Lord Shaftesbury strait reply'd, "Madam, wise men never tell."'

ledge, his remarkable powers of sarcasm, his rare sense of the ludicrous, his wit and mirthfulness, were familiar to all readers. The real generosity of nature, the sterling honesty of purpose, the exquisite simplicity of character, the warm, genial, kindly, trustful nature, however, were known most to those who knew him best. Men who have held a prominent place in the world do not like to be forgotten when they die, or to think that their memory will soon pass from the minds of those they leave behind. Such a fate Russel really feared. It is natural truly to wish to be missed for long years to come, and to hope that in many a familiar gathering of old friends,

Amid their good cheer
Some kind heart may whisper
'I wish he were here.'

Amidst the now swiftly thinning ranks of his fast friends, that wish has been felt and uttered many and many a time, with all their heart, since he went away.

H. G. Graham.

Mary Anerley: a Yorkshire Tale.

Chapter LIV.

true love.

About a month after Sir Duncan's marriage, when he and his bride were in London, with the lady's parents come to help in the misery of outfit, a little boy ran through a field of wheat, early in the afternoon, and hid himself in a blackthorn hedge, to see what was going on at Anerley. Nothing escaped him, for his eyes were sharp, being of true Danish breed. He saw Captain Anerley trudging up the hill, with a pipe in his mouth, to the bean-field, where three or four men were enjoying the air, without any of the greedy gulps produced by too great exertion of the muscles; then he saw the mistress of the house throw wide a lattice, and shake out a cloth for the birds, who skipped down from the thatch by the dozen instantly; and then he saw Mary with a basket and a wooden measure, going round the corner of the house, and clucking, for the fowls to rally from their scratching-places. These came zealously, with speed of leg and wing, from straw-rick, threshing-floor, double-hedge, or mixen; and following their tails, the boy slipped through the rick-yard, and tossed a note to Mary, with a truly Flamburian delivery.

Although it was only a small-sized boy, no other than the heir of the 'Cod-fish,' a brighter rose flew into Mary's cheeks than the master-cock of all the yard could show, upon comb, or wattle. Contemptuous of twopence, which Mary felt for, the boy disappeared like a rabbit; and the fowls came, and helped themselves to the tail-wheat, while their mistress was thinking of her letter. It was short and sweet—at least in promise—being no more than these few words —'Darling, the dyke where first we met, an hour after sunset.'

Mary never doubted that her duty was to go; and at the time appointed she was there, with firm knowledge of her own mind, being now a loving and reasonable woman. It was just a year since she had saved the life of Robin; and patience, and loneliness, and opposition had enlarged and ennobled her true and simple heart. No lord in the land need have looked for a purer or sweeter example of maidenhood than this daughter of a Yorkshire farmer was, in her simple dress, and with the dignity of love. The glen was beginning to bestrew itself with want of light, instead of shadows; and bushy places thickened with the imperceptible growth of night. Mary went on, with excitement deepening, while sunset deepened into dusk; and the colour of her clear face flushed and fleeted, under the anxious touch of love, as the tint of a delicate finger-nail with any pressure varies. But not very long was she left in doubt.

'How long you have been! And, oh, where have you been? And how much longer will you be?' Among many other words, and doings, she insisted chiefly on these points.

'I am a true-blue, as you may see, and a warrant officer already,' he said, with his old way of smiling at himself; 'when the war begins again (as it must—please God!—before many weeks are over) I shall very soon get my commission, and go up. I am quite fit already to command a frigate.'

Mary was astonished at his modesty; she thought that he ought to be an admiral at least, and so she told him; however, he knew better.

'You must bear in mind,' he replied, with a kindly desire to spare her feelings, 'that until a change for the better comes, I am under disadvantages. Not only as an outlaw—which has been upon the whole a comfort—but as a suspected criminal, with warrant against him, and reward upon him. Of course I am innocent; and everybody knows it, or at least I hope so—except the one who should have known it best.'

'I am the person who should know it best of all,' his true love answered, with some jealousy; 'explain yourself, Robin, if you please.'

'No Robin, so please you; but Mr. James Blyth, captain of the foretop, then coxswain of the barge, and now master's mate of H. M. ship of the line "Belleisle." But the one who should have trusted me, next to my own love, is my father Sir Duncan Yordas.'

'How you are talking! You have such a reckless way. A warrant officer, an arrant criminal? And your father, Sir Duncan Yordas, that very strange gentleman, who could never get warm! Oh, Robin, you always did talk nonsense, when—whenever I would let you. But you should not try to make my head go round.'

'Every word of it is true,' the young sailor answered, applying a prompt remedy for vertigo; 'it had been clearly proved to his knowledge, long before the great fact was vouchsafed to me, that I am the only son of Sir Duncan Yordas, or, at any rate, his only son for the present. The discovery gratified him so little, that he took speedy measures to supplant me.'

'The very rich gentleman from India,' said Mary, 'that married Miss Upround lately; and her dress was all made of spun diamonds, they say, as bright as the dew in the morning. Oh, then you will have to give me up; Robin, you must give up me!'

Clasping her hands, she looked up at him with courage, keeping down all sign of tears. She felt that her heart would not hold out long; and yet she was prouder than to turn away. 'Speak,' she said; 'it is better to speak plainly; you know that it must be so.'

'Do I? why?' Robin Lyth asked calmly, being well contented to prolong her doubts; that he might get the benefit thereafter.

'Because you belong to great people; and I am just a farmer's daughter, and no more; and quite satisfied to remain so. Such things never answer.'

'A little while ago you were above me, weren't you? When I was nobody's son, and only a castaway, with a nickname.'

'That has nothing to do with it. We must take things exactly as we find them, at the time.'

'And you took me, as you found me at the time; only that you made me out so much better. Mary, I am not worthy of you. What has birth to do with it? And so far as that goes, yours is better: though mine may seem the brighter. In every other way you are above me. You are good, and I am wicked. You are pure, and I am careless. You are sweet, and I am violent. In truth alone, can I ever vie with you; and I must be a pitiful scoundrel, Mary, if I did not even try to do that, after all that you have done for me.'

'But,' said Mary, with her lovely eyes gleaming with the glittering shade of tears, 'I like you very much to do it—but not exactly as a duty, Robin.'

'You look at me like that, and you talk of duty! Duty, duty—this is my duty; I should like to be discharging it for ever and a day.'

'I did not come here for ideas of this kind,' said Mary, with her lips as red as pyracanthine berries; 'free-trade was bad enough; but the Royal Navy worse, it seems. Now, Robin dear, be sensible; and tell me what I am to do.'

'To listen to me, and then say whether I deserve what my father has done to me. He came back from India—as you must understand—with no other object in life, that I can hear of (for he had any quantity of money), than to find out me, his only child, and the child of the only wife he ever could put up with. For twenty years he had believed me to be drowned: when the ship he sent me home in, to be educated, was supposed to have foundered with all hands. But something made him fancy that I might have escaped; and as he could not leave India then, he employed a gentleman of York, named Mordacks, to hunt out all about it. Mordacks, who seems to be a wonderful man, and most kindhearted to everybody, as poor Widow Carroway says of him, with tears, and as he testifies of himself—he set to work, and found out in no time all about me, and my ear-rings, and my crawling from the cave that will bear my name, they say: and more things than I have time to tell. He appointed a meeting with Sir Duncan Yordas, here at Flamborough, and would have brought me to him, and everything might have been quite happy. But in the meanwhile that horrible murder of poor Carroway came to pass: and I was obliged to go into hiding, as no one knows better than you, my dear. My father, as I suppose I must call him, being bound, as it seems that they all are, to fall out with their children, took a hasty turn against me at once. Mordacks, whom I saw last week, trusting myself to his honour, tells me that Sir Dun—n would not have cared twopence about my free-trade work, and so [illegible] or even about my having killed the officer in fair combat, for he is [illegible] that. But he never will forgive me for shooting [illegible] fellows, as he

puts it, to bear the brunt. He says that I am a dastard, and a skulk, and unworthy to bear the name of Yordas.'

'What a wicked, unnatural man he must be!' cried Mary; 'he deserves to have no children.'

'No; I am told that he is a very good man, but stiff-necked and disdainful. He regards me with scorn, because he knows no better. He may know our laws, but he knows nothing of our ways, to suppose that my men were in any danger. If I had been caught while the stir was on, a gibbet on the cliff would have been set up, even before my trial—such is the reward of eminence—but no Yorkshire jury would turn round in the box, with those poor fellows before them. "Not guilty, my lord," was on their tongues before he had finished charging them.'

'Oh, I am so glad! They have been acquitted, and you were there to see it!'

'To be sure. I was in the court, as Harry Ombler's father. Mr. Mordacks got it up; and it told on the jury, even more than could have been expected. Even the judge wiped his eyes, as he looked at me, for they say he has a scapegrace son; and Harry was the only one of all the six in danger, according to the turn of the evidence. My poor eyes have scarcely come round yet, from the quantity of sobbing that I had to do, and the horrible glare of my goggles. And then I had a crutch that I stumped with, as I sighed, so that all the court could hear me; and whenever I did it, all the women sighed too, and even the hardest hearts were moved. Mr. Mordacks says that it was capital.'

'Oh, but Robin, how shocking; though you make me laugh! If the verdict had been otherwise—oh, what then?'

'Well, then, Harry Ombler had a paper in his hand, done in printing letters by myself, because he is a very tidy scholar, and signed by me; the which he was to read, before receiving sentence, saying that Robin Lyth himself was in York town, and would surrender to that court, upon condition that mercy should be warranted to the prisoners.'

'And you would have given yourself up? And without consulting me about it!'

'Bad, I admit,' Robin answered with a smile; 'but not half so bad as to give up you—which you calmly proposed just now, dear heart. However, there is no need for any trouble now, except that I am forced to keep out of sight, until other evidence is procured. Mordacks has taken to me, like a better father, mainly from his paramount love of justice, and of daring gallantry, as he calls it.'

'So it was, and ten times more; heroic self-devotion is a much more proper term.'

'Now don't,' said Robin; 'if you make me blush, you may guess what I shall do to hide it—carry the war into the sweet land of the enemy. But truly, my darling, there was very little danger. And I am up for a much better joke this time. My august Roman father,

who has cast me off, sails as a very great Indian gun, in a ship of the line, from Spithead, early in September. The "Belleisle" is being paid off now, and I have my certificate, as well as lots of money. Next to his lass, every sailor loves a spree; and mine, instead of emptying, shall fill the locker. With this disgusting peace on, and no chance of prize-money, and plenty in their pockets for a good spell ashore, blue-jackets will be scarce when Sir Duncan Yordas sails. If I can get a decent berth, as a petty officer, off I go for Calcutta, and watch (like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft) for the safety of my dear papa and mamma, as the Frenchmen are teaching us to call them. What do you think of such filial devotion?'

'It would be a great deal more than he deserves,' Mary answered, with sweet simplicity; 'but what could you do, if he found out who you are?'

'Not the smallest fear of that, my dear. I have never had the honour of an introduction. My new step-mother, who might have been my sweetheart, if I had not seen somebody a hundred times as good, a thousand times as gentle, and a million times as lovely——'

'Oh, Robin, do leave off such very dreadful stories! I saw her in the church; and she looked beautiful.'

'Fine feathers make fine birds. However, she is well enough in her way; and I love her father. But for all that, she has no business to be my step-mother; and of course it was only the money that did it. She has a little temper of her own, I can assure you; and I wish Sir Duncan joy of her, when they get among mosquitoes. But, as I was going to say, the only risk of my being caught is from her sharp eyes. Even of that there is not much danger; for we common sailors need not go within hail of those grandees, unless it comes to boat-work. And even if Miss Janetta—I beg her pardon, Lady Yordas—should chance to recognise me, I am sure she would never tell her husband. No, no, she would be too jealous; and for fifty other reasons. She is very cunning—let me tell you.'

'Well,' cried Mary, with a smile of wisdom, 'I hope that I may never live to be a step-mother. The way those poor things get abused——'

'You would have more principle, I should hope, than to marry anybody after me. However, I have told you nearly all my news; and in a few minutes I must be off. Only two things more. In the first place, Mordacks has taken a very great fancy to me, and has turned against my father. He, and Widow Carroway, and I, had a long talk after the trial: and we all agreed that the murder was committed by a villain called John Cadman, a sneak and a skulk, whom I knew well as one of Carroway's own men. Among other things, they chanced to say that Cadman's gun was missing, and that the poor widow can swear to it. I asked if anyone had searched for it: and Mordacks said no, it would be hopeless. I told them that, if I were only free to show myself, and choose my time, I would lay

my life upon finding it, if thrown away (as it most likely was) in some part of that unlucky cave. Mordacks caught at this idea, and asked me a number of questions, and took down my answers; for no one else knows the cave as I do. I would run all risks myself, and be there to do it, if time suited. But only certain tides will serve, even with the best of weather; and there may be no such tide for months—I mean, tide, weather, and clear water combined, as they must be for the job. Therefore I am not to wait, but go about my other business, and leave this to Mordacks, who loves to be captain of everything. Mr. Mordacks talked of a diving-bell, and some great American inventions; but nothing of the kind can be used there, nor even grappling-irons. The thing must not be heard of even, until it has been accomplished. Whatever is done, must be done by a man who can swim, and dive, as I can; and who knows the place almost as well. I have told him where to find the man, when the opportunity comes for it; and I have shown my better father, Robin Cockscroft, the likely spot. So now I have nothing more to do with that.'

'How wonderfully you can throw off cares!' his sweetheart answered softly; 'but I shall be miserable till I know what happens. Will they let me be there? Because I understand so much about tides, and I can hold my tongue.'

'That you have shown right well, my Mary; but your own sense will tell you that you could not be there. Now one thing more—here is a ring not worthy—although it is the real stuff—to go upon your precious hand; yet allow me to put it on—no, not there, upon your wedding finger. Now do you know what that is for?'

'For me, I suppose,' she answered, blushing with pleasure and admiration; 'but it is too good, too beautiful, too costly.'

'Not half good enough. Though, to tell you the truth, it cannot be matched easily; any more than you can. But I know where to get those things. Now promise me to wear it, when you think of me; and the one habit will confirm the other. But the more important part is this, and the last thing for me to say to you. Your father still hates my name, I fear. Tell him every word I have told you; and perhaps it will bring him half-way round. Sooner, or later, he must come round; and the only way to do it, is to work him slowly. When he sees in how many ways I have been wronged, and how beautifully I have borne it all, he will begin to say to himself—"Now this young man may be improving." But he never will say, "He hath no need of it."'

'I should rather think not, you conceited Robin; or whatever else I am to call you now. But I bargain for one thing—whatever may happen, I shall never call you anything else but Robin. It suits you, and you look well with it. Yordas indeed, or whatever it may be——'

'No bargain is valid without a seal—' &c., &c. In the old, but ever vivid way, they went on, until they were forced to part, at the

very lips of the house itself, after longing lingerings. The air of the fields was sweet with summer fragrance, and the breath of night: the world was ripe with soft repose, whose dreams were hope and happiness; and the heaven spread some gentle stars, to show mankind the way to it. Then a noble perfume strewed the ambient air with stronger presence; as the farmer, in his shirt-sleeves, came, with a long clay pipe, and grumbled, 'Wherever is our Mary, all this time?'

Chapter LV.

NICHOLAS THE FISH.

Five hundred years ago there was a great Italian swimmer, even greater than our Captain Webb; inasmuch as he had, what the wags of the age unjustly ascribe to our hero, that is to say, web-toes and fingers. This capable man could, if history be true, not only swim for a week without ceasing (reassuring solid nature, now and then, by a gulp of live fish), but also could expand his chest so considerably, that it held enough air for a day's consumption. Fortified thus, he explored Charybdis, and all the Liparic whirlpools, and could have found Cadman's gun anywhere, if it had only been there. But at last the sea had its revenge upon him, through the cruel insistence of his king.

No man so amphibious has since arisen, through the unfathomed tide of time. But a swimmer and diver of great repute was now living not far from Teesmouth. That is to say, he lived there, whenever the state of the weather, or the time of year, stranded him in dry misery. Those who have never come across a man of this description might suppose that he was happy and content at home with his wife and growing family, assuaging the brine in the delightful manner commended by Hero to Leander. But, alas! it was not so at all. The temper of the man was very slow to move, as generally happens with deep-chested men; and a little girl might lead him with her finger on the shore; and he liked to try to smell land-flowers, which in his opinion were but weeds. But if a man cannot control his heart, in the very middle of his system, how can he hope to command his skin, that unscientific frontier of his frame?

'Nicholas the Fish,' as his neighbours (whenever, by coming ashore, he had such treasures) contemptuously called him, was endowed from his birth with a peculiar skin, and by exercise had improved it. Its virtue was excessive thickness—such as a writer should pray for—protected also by powerful hairiness, largely admired by those with whom it is restricted to the head.

Unhappily for Nicholas, the peremptory poises of nature struck a line with him; and this was his line of flotation. From perpetual usage, this was drawn, obliquely indeed, but as definitely as it is

upon a ship of uniform displacement, a yacht for instance, or a man-of-war. Below that line, scarcely anything could hurt him; but above it he was most sensitive, unless he were continually wetted; and the flies, and the gnats, and many other plagues of England, with one accord pitched upon him, and pitched into him, during his short dry intervals, with a bracing sense of saline draught. Also the sun, and the wind, and even the moon, took advantage of him, when unwetted.

This made his dry periods a purgatory to him; and no sooner did he hear from Mr. Mordacks of a promising job under water, than he drew breath enough for a ten-fathom dive, and bursting from long despair, made a great slap at the flies beneath his collar-bone. The sound was like a drum which two men strike; and his wife, who was devoted to him, hastened home from the adjoining parish, with a sad presentiment of parting. And this was speedily verified; for the champion swimmer, and diver, set forth that very day for Bempton Warren, where he was to have a private meeting with the general factor.

Now it was a great mistake to think—as many people at this time did, both in Yorkshire and Derbyshire—that the gulf of connubial cares had swallowed the great Roman hero, Mordacks. Unarmed, and even without his gallant roadster to support him, he had leaped into that Curtian lake, and had fought a good fight at the bottom of it. The details are highly interesting, and the chronicle might be useful; but, alas! there is no space left for it. It is enough, and a great thing too, to say that he emerged triumphant, reduced his wife into very good condition, and obtained the due mastery of her estates, and lordship of the household.

Refreshed and recruited by the home campaign, and having now a double base for future operations—York city, with the fosse of Ouse in the east, and Pretorian Hill, Derbyshire, westward—Mordacks returned, with a smack of lip more dry than amontilladissimo, to the strict embrace of business. So far as the needs of the body were concerned, he might have done handsomely without any business; but having no flesh fit to weigh against his mind, he gave preference to the latter. Now the essence of his nature was to take strong views; not hastily—if he could help it—nor through narrow aspect of prejudice, but with power of insight (right, or wrong) and stern fixity thereafter. He had kept his opinion about Sir Duncan Yordas much longer than usual pending, being struck with the fame of the man, and his manner, and generous impulsive nature. All these he still admired, but felt that the mind was far too hasty; and to put it in his own strong way, that Sir Duncan (whatever he might be in India) had been but a fool in England. Why had he cast away his claim on Scargate, and foiled the factor's own pet scheme for a great triumph over the lawyers? And why condemn his only son, when found with such skill and at heavy expense, without even hearing both sides of the tale? Last, but not least, what induced him to marry, when

amply old enough to know better, a girl, who might be well enough in her way, but had no family estate to bring, was shrewdly suspected of a cutting tongue, and had more than once been anything but polite to Geoffrey Mordacks?

Although this gentleman was not a lawyer, and indeed bore a tyrannous hate against that gentle and most precious class, he shared the solicitor's just abhorrence of the word 'farewell,' when addressed to him by anyone of good substance. He resolved that his attentions should not cease, though undervalued for the moment, but should be continued to the son and heir—whose remainder in tail subsisted still, though it might be hard to substantiate—and when his cousin Lancelot should come into possession, he might find a certain factor to grapple him. Mr. Mordacks hated Lancelot, and had carried out his banishment with intense enjoyment, holding him, as in a wrench-hammer, all the way, silencing his squeaks with another turn of screw, and as eager to crack him as if he were a nut, the first that turns auburn in September.

This being the condition of so powerful a mind, facts very speedily shaped themselves thereto, as they do when the power of an eminent orator lays hold of them, and crushes them, and they cannot even squeak. Or even as a still more eminent 'bus-driver, when the street is blocked and there seems to be no room for his own thumb, yet (with a gentle whistle, and a wink) solves the jostling stir and bulk, makes obstructive traffic slide, like an eddy obsequious, beside him, and behind, and comes forth as the first of an orderly procession towards the public-house of his true love.

Now if anything, beyond his own convictions, were wanted to set this great agent upon action, soon it was found in York summer assizes, and the sudden inrush of evidence, which—no matter how a case has been prepared—gets pent up always for the bar and bench. Then Robin Lyth came with a gallant dash, and offered himself as a sacrifice, if needful; which proved both his courage and his common sense in waiting till duty demanded him. Mordacks was charmed with this young man, not only for proving his own judgment right, but also for possessing a quickness of decision, akin to his own, and having smack of illegality.

With vigour, thus renewed by many interests and motives, the general and generous factor kept his appointment in Bempton Warren. Since the distressing, but upon the whole desirable decease of that poor Rickon Goold, the lonely hut, in which he breathed his last, had not been by any means a popular resort. There were said to be things heard, seen, and felt, even in the brightest summer day, which commended the spot to the creatures that fear mankind, but like their spectres. The very last of all to approach it now would have been the two rollicking tars, who had trodden their wooden-legged watch around it. Nicholas the Fish was superstitious also, as it behoved him well to be; but having heard nothing of the story of the

place, and perceiving no gnats in the neighbourhood, he thankfully took it for his short dry spells.

Mr. Mordacks met him, and the two men were deeply impressed with one another. The diver admired the sharp, terse style, and definite expression of the factor; while the factor enjoyed the large ponderous roll and suggestive reservations of the diver. For this was a man who had met great beings, and faced mighty wonders in deep places; and he thought of them more than he liked to say, because he had to get his living.

Nothing could be settled to a nicety between them, not even as to pounds, shillings, and pence. For the nature of the job depended wholly upon the behaviour of the weather: and the weather must be not only at its best, but also sitting meekly in the right direction, at the right moment of big spring-tide. The diver was afraid that he might ask too little; and the factor disliked the risk of offering too much, and possibly spoiling thereby a noble nature. But each of them realised (to some extent) the honesty of the other; and neither of them meant to be unreasonable.

'Give and take, is what I say,' said the short man with the monstrous chest, looking up at the tall man with the Roman nose; 'live and let live. Ah, that's it!'

Mr. Mordacks would have said 'Right you are,' if that elegant expression had been in vogue; but as that brilliance had not yet risen, he was content to say 'Just so.' Then he added, 'Here you have everything you want. Madam Precious will send you twice a day, to the stone at the bottom of the lane, a gallon of beer, and victuals in proportion. Your duty is to watch the tides and weather, keep your boat going, and let me know; and here I am, in half an hour.'

Calpurnia Mordacks was in her duty now, and took her autumn holiday at Flamborough. And though Widow Precious felt her heart go pit-a-pat at first sight of another Mrs. Mordacks, she made up her mind, with a gulp, not to let this cash go to the Thornwick. As a woman she sighed; but as a landlady she smiled, and had visions of hoisting a flag on her roof.

When Mordacks, like a victorious general, conqueror of this Danish town, went forth for his evening stroll to see his subjects, and be saluted, a handsome young sailor came up from the cliffs, and begged to have a few quiet words with him. 'Say on, my lad; all my words are quiet,' replied the general factor. Then this young man up and told his tale, which was all in the well-trodden track of mankind. He had run away to sea, full of glorious dreams—valour, adventure, heroism, rivers of Paradise, and lands of heaven. Instead of that, he had been hit upon the head, and in places of deeper tenderness, frequently roasted, and frozen yet more often, basted with brine when he had no skin left, scorched with thirst, and devoured by creatures whose appetites grew dainty when his own was ravening.

'Excellent youth,' Mr. Mordacks said; 'your tale might move a

heart of flint. All who know me have but one opinion. I am benevolence itself. But my balance is low at my bankers'.'

'I want no money, sir,' the sailor answered, simply offering benevolence itself a pipeful of tobacco, from an ancient bit of bladder; 'I have not got a farthing; but I am with good people, who never would take it, if I had it; and that makes everything square between us. I might have a handful of money, if I chose: but I find myself better without it, and my constitution braces up. If I only chose to walk a league sou-west, there would be bonfires burning! But I vowed I would go home a captain; and I will.'

'Ha!' cried Mr. Mordacks with his usual quickness, and now knowing all about everybody, 'you are Mr. John Anerley, the son of the famous Captain Anerley.'

'Jack Anerley, sir, till better times; and better they never will be, till I make them. But not a word to anyone about me, if you please. It would break my mother's heart (for she doth look down upon people, without asking), to hear that Robin Cockscroft was supporting of me. But bless you, I shall pay him soon, a penny for a guinea.'

Truth, which struggles through the throng of men, to get out and have a little breath sometimes, now and then succeeds, by accident, or the stupid misplacement of a word. A penny for a guinea, was as much as Robin Cockscroft was likely ever to see, for his outlay upon this very fine young fellow. Jack Anerley accepted the situation, with the large philosophy of a sailor; and all he wanted from Mr. Mordacks was leave to be present at the diving job. This he obtained, as he promised to be useful, and a fourth oar was likely to be needed.

It was about an hour before noon of a beautifully soft September day, when little Sam Precious, the same boy that carried Robin Lyth's note to Mary, came up to Mr. Mordacks with a bit of plaited rushes, the scytale of Nicholas the Fish, who was happy enough not to know his alphabet. The factor immediately put on his hat, girded himself with his riding-sword and pistol-belt, and told his good wife that business might take him away for some hours. Then he hastened to Robin Cockscroft's house, after sending the hostler, on his own horse, with a letter to Bridlington coast-guard station, as he had arranged with poor Carroway's successor.

The Flamborough fishermen were out at sea; and without any fuss, Robin's boat was launched, and manned by that veteran himself together with old Joe, and Bob, who had long been chewing the quid of expectation, and at the bow oar, Jack Anerley. Their orders were to slip quietly round, and wait in the Dovecot till the diver came. Mordacks saw them on their way; and then he strode up the deserted path, and struck away towards a northern cove, where the diver's little boat was housed. There he found Nicholas the Fish, spread out in all his glory, like a polypod awash, or a basking turtle, or a well-fed calf of Proteus. Laid on his back, where the wavelets

led a silver fringe upon the golden ruff of sand, he
o soft lullaby, and his mind to perfect holiday. His
ne spring of fresh air inside it, kept him gently up and
s calm enjoyment was enriched by the baffled wrath of
For flies, of innumerable sorts and sizes, held a hopeless
him, being put upon their mettle to get at him, and
eetly in the vain attempt.

grunt of reluctance, he woke to business, swam for his
mbarking Mr. Mordacks pulled him across the placid bay,
where his forces were assembled.

here be no mistake about it,' the factor shouted from the
shelf, having promised his Calpurnia to keep upon dry
never the water permitted him; 'our friend the great diver
ascertain whether the thing which we seek is here. If so,
ave it where it is, until the arrival of the preventive boat.
understand that we wish to put the matter so that even a
annot pick any hole in the evidence. Light no links until I
. Now, Nicholas the Fish, go down at once.'

thout a word the diver plunged, having taken something be-
his teeth which he would not let the others see. The watery
of the cavern was as smooth as a mill-pond in July, and he
ed so neatly that he made no splash; nothing but a flicker of
tion on the roof, and a lapping murmur round the sides, gave
n that a big man was gone into the deep. For several minutes
ne spoke; but every eye was strained upon the glassy dimness,
every ear intent for the first break of sound.

'T' goop ha' got' un,' cried old Robin, indignant at this outrage
a stranger to his caves, 'God niver mahd mon to pree intil's ain
rks.'

Old Joe and Bob grunted approbation; and Mordacks himself was
ginning to believe that some dark whirlpool, or coil of tangles, had
rowned the poor diver, when a very gentle noise, like a dabchick
laying beneath a bridge, came from the darkest corner. Nicholas
was there inhaling air, not in greedy gulps and gasps, like a man who
has had no practice, but leisurely encouraging his lungs with little
doses; as a doctor gives soup to a starved boat-crew. Being hailed
by loud voices, he answered not, for his nature was by no means talk-
ative; but presently, with very little breach of water, he swam to the
middle, and asked for his pipe.

'Have you found the gun?' cried Mordacks, whose loftiest feelings had subsided, in a quarter of a minute, to the business level. Nicholas made no reply until the fire of his pipe was established, while he stood in the water, quite as if he were on land, supporting himself by nothing more than a gentle movement of his feet; while the glow of the touch-paper lit his round face and yellow leather skull-cap. 'In coorse I has,' he said at last, blowing a roll of smoke along the gleaming surface; 'over to yon little cornder.'

'And you can put your hand upon it in a moment?' The reply

was a nod, and another roll of smoke. 'Admirable! Now then, Joe, and Bob the son of Joe, do what I told you; while Master Cockscroft, and our nimble young friend, get the links all ready.'

The torches were fixed on the rocky shelf, as they had been upon the fatal night; but they were not lit, until Joe and his son, sent forth in the smaller boat to watch, came back with news that the preventive gig was round the point, and approaching swiftly, with a lady in the stern whose dress was black.

'Right,' cried Mr. Mordacks, with a brisk voice ringing under the ponderous brows of rock. 'Men, I have brought you to receive a lesson. You shall see what comes of murder. Light the torches. Nicholas, go under, with the exception of your nose, or whatever it is you breathe with. When I lift my hand, go down; and do as I have ordered you.'

The cavern was lit with resinous fire, and the dark still water heaved with it, when the coastguard boat came gliding in. The crew, in white jerseys, looked like ghosts flitting into some magic scene. Only the officer, darkly clad, and standing up with the tiller-lines in hand, and the figure of a woman sitting in the stern, relieved their spectral whiteness.

'Commander Hardlock, and men of the coast-guard,' shouted Mr. Mordacks, when the wash of ripples, and the drip of oars, and the creak of wood, gave silence; 'the black crime commited upon this spot shall no longer go unpunished. The ocean itself has yielded its dark secret to the perseverance of mankind, and the humble, but not unskilful efforts which it has been my privilege to conduct. A good man was slain here, in cold blood slain, a man of remarkable capacity and zeal, gallantry, discipline, and every noble quality, and the father of a very large family. The villain who slew him would have slain six other harmless men by perjury, if an enlightened English jury had been fools enough to believe him. Now I will show you what to believe. I am not eloquent, I am not a man of words; my motto is strict business. And business with me is a power, not a name. I lift my hand; you wait for half a minute; and then, from the depths of this abyss, arises the gun used in the murder.'

The men understood about half of this, being honest fellows in the main, and desiring time to put heads together, about the meaning: but one there was who knew too well that his treacherous sin had found him out. He strove to look like the rest, but felt that his eyes obeyed heart more than brain; and then the widow, who had watched him closely through her black veil, lifted it, and fixed her eyes on his. Deadly terror seized him; and he wished that he had shot himself.

'Stand up, men,' the commander shouted, 'until we see the end of this. The crime has been laid upon our force. We scorn the charge of such treachery. Stand up, men; and face like innocent men whatever can be shown against you.'

The men stood up, and the light of the torches fell upon their faces. All were pale with fear and wonder; but one was white as

death itself. Calling up his dogged courage, and that bitterness of malice, which had made him do the deed, and never yet repent of it, he stood as firmly as the rest; but differed from them in three things. His face wore a smile; he watched one place only; and his breath made a noise, while theirs was held.

Then, from the water, without a word, or sign of any hand that moved it, a long gun rose before John Cadman, and the butt was offered to his hand. He stood, with his arms at his sides, and could not lift them, to do anything. Neither could he speak, nor make defence; but stood like an image that is fastened by the feet.

'Hand me that,' cried the officer sharply; but instead of obeying, the man stared malignantly, and then plunged over the gun into the depth.

Not so, however, did he cheat the hangman; Nicholas caught him (as a water-dog catches a worn-out glove), and gave him to anyone that would have him. 'Strap him tight,' the captain cried, and the men found relief in doing it. At the next jail-delivery he was tried, and the jury did their duty. His execution restored goodwill, and revived that faith in justice, which subsists upon so little food.

Chapter LVI.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

One of the greatest days in all the history of England, having no sense of its future fame, and being upon a hostile coast, was shining rather dismally. And one of England's greatest men, the greatest of all her sons in battle—though few of them have been small at that—was out of his usual mood, and full of calm presentiment and gloomy joy. He knew that he would see the sun no more; yet his fear was not of that, but only of losing the light of duty. As long as the sun endures he shall never see duty done more brilliantly.

The wind was dropping, to give the storm of human fury leisure; and while a sullen swell was rolling, canvas flapped, and timbers creaked. Like a team of mallards in double column, plunging and lifting buoyant breasts to right and left alternately, the British fleet bore down upon the swanlike crescent of the foe. These were doing their best to fly; but failing of that luck, put helm alee, and shivered in the wind, and made fine speeches, proving that they must win the day.

'For this I have lived, and for this it would be worth my while to die; having no one left I dare say now in all the world to care for me.'

Thus spake the junior lieutenant of that British ship the 'Victory;' a young man after the heart of Nelson, and gazing now on Nelson's face. No smarter sailor could be found in all that noble fleet than this Lieutenant Blyth, who once had been the captain of all smugglers. He had fought his way up by skill, and spirit, and

patience, and good temper, and the precious gift of self-reliance, failing of which, all merit fails. He had always thought well of himself, but never destroyed the good of it by saying so; and whoever praised him, had to do it again, to outspeak his modesty. But without good fortune, all these merits would never have been successes. One of Robin's truest merits was that he generally earned good luck.

However, his spirits were not in their usual flow of jocundity just now, and his lively face was dashed with care. Not through fear of lead, or steel, or wooden splinter, or a knock upon the head, or any other human mode of encouraging humanity. He hoped to keep out of the way of these, as even the greatest heroes do—for how could the world get on if all its bravest men went foremost? His mind meant clearly, and with trust in proper Providence, to remain in its present bodily surroundings; with which it had no fault to find. Grief, however—so far as a man having faith in his luck admits that point—certainly was making some little hole into a heart of corky fibre. For Robin Lyth had heard last night when a schooner joined the fleet with letters, that Mary Anerley, at last, was going to marry Harry Tanfield. He told himself, over and over again, that if it were so, the fault was his own, because he had not taken proper care about the safe despatch of letters. Changing from ship to ship, and from sea to sea, for the last two years or more, he had found but few opportunities of writing; and even of those he had not made the utmost. To Mary herself he had never once written, knowing well that her father forbade it; while his letters to Flamborough had been few, and some of those few had miscarried. For the French had a very clever knack, just now, of catching the English despatch-boats; in most of which they found accounts of their own thrashings, as a listener catches bad news of himself. But none of these led them to improve their conduct.

Flamborough (having felt certain that Robin could never exist without free-trade, and missing many little courtesies that flowed from his liberal administration) was only too ready to lament his death, without insisting on particulars. Even as a man who has foretold a very destructive gale of wind tempers with the pride of truth the sorrow which he ought to feel for his domestic chimney-pots (as soon as he finds them upon his lawn), so little Denmark, while bewailing, accepted the loss as a compliment to its own renowned sagacity.

But Robin knew not, until last night, that he was made dead at Flamborough, through the wreck of a ship which he had quitted a month before she was cast away. And now, at last, he only heard that news by means of his shipmate, Jack Anerley. Jack was a thorough-going sailor now, easy, and childish, and full of the present, leaving the past to cure, and the future to care for itself, as might be. He had promised Mr. Mordacks and Robin Cockscroft to find out Robin Lyth, and tell him all about the conviction of John Cadman; and knowing his name in the navy, and that of his ship, he had done so, after in-and-out chase. But there for the time he had rested from

his labours, and left 'Davy Jones' to send back word about it; which that Pelagian Davy fails to do, unless the message is enshrined in a bottle, for which he seems to cherish true naval regard.

In this state of things, the two brothers-in-law—as they fully intended to be by and by—were going into this tremendous battle; Jack as a petty officer, and Robin as a junior lieutenant of Lord Nelson's ship. Already had Jack Anerley begun to feel for Robin—or Lieutenant Blyth as he now was called—that liking of admiration which his clear free manner, and quickness of resource, and agreeable smile in the teeth of peril had won for him, before he had the legal right to fight much. And Robin—as he shall still be called, while the memory of Flamborough endures—regarded Jack Anerley with fatherly affection, and hoped to put strength into his character.

However, one necessary step towards that, is to keep the character surviving; and in the world's pell-mell now beginning, the uproar alone was enough to kill some, and the smoke sufficient to choke the rest. Many a British sailor, who, by the mercy of Providence, survived that day, never could hear a word concerning any other battle (even though a son of his own delivered it down a trumpet), so furious was the concussion of the air, the din of roaring metal, and the clash of cannon-balls which met in the air, and split up into founts of iron.

No less than seven French and Spanish ships agreed with one accord to fall upon and destroy Lord Nelson's ship. And if they had only adopted a rational mode of doing it, and shot straight, they could hardly have helped succeeding. Even as it was, they succeeded far too well. For they managed to make England rue the tidings of her greatest victory.

In the storm, and whirl, and flame of battle, when shot flew as close as the teeth of a hay-rake, and fire blazed into furious eyes, and then with a blow was quenched for ever, and raging men flew into pieces, some of which killed their dearest friends—who was he that could do more than attend to his own business? Nelson had known that it would be so, and had twice enjoined it, in his orders; and when he was carried down to die, his dying mind was still on this. Robin Lyth was close to him when he fell, and helped to bear him to his plank of death; and came back with orders not to speak but work.

Then ensued that crowning effort of misplaced audacity—the attempt to board, and carry by storm, the ship that still was Nelson's. The captain of the 'Redoutable' saw, through an alley of light, between walls of smoke, that the quarter-deck of the 'Victory' had plenty of corpses, but scarcely a life upon it. Also he felt (from the comfort to his feet, and the increasing firmness of his spinal column) that the heavy British guns, upon the lower-decks, had ceased to throb, and thunder, into his own poor ship. With a bound of high spirits, he leaped to a pleasing conclusion; and shouted, 'Forward, my brave sons! We will take the vessel of war, of that Nielson!'

This however proved to be beyond his power; partly through the inborn absurdity of the thing; and partly, no doubt, through the

quick perception and former vocation of Robin Lyth. What would England have said if her greatest hero had breathed his last in French arms, and a captive to the Frenchman? Could Nelson himself have departed thus, to a world in which he never could have put the matter straight? The wrong would have been redressed very smartly here; but perhaps outside his knowledge. Even to dream of it awakes a shudder; yet outrages almost as great have triumphed; and nothing is quite beyond the irony of fate.

But if free-trade cannot be shown, as yet, to have won for our country any other blessing, it has earned the last atom of our patience and fortitude by its indirect benevolence at this great time. Without free-trade—in its sweeter, and more innocent maidenhood of smuggling—there never could have been on board that English ship the 'Victory,' a man, unless he were a runagate, with a mind of such laxity as to understand French. But Robin Lyth caught the French captain's words; and with two bounds and a holloa called up Britons from below. By this time a swarm of brave Frenchmen was gathered in the mizen-chains and gangways of their ship, waiting for a lift of the sea to launch them into the English outworks. And scarcely a dozen Englishmen were alive within hail to encounter them. Not even an officer, till Robin Lyth returned, was there to take command of them. The foremost and readiest there was Jack Anerley, with a boarder's pike and a brace of ship pistols, and his fine ruddy face screwed up, as firm as his father's before a big sale of wheat. 'Come on, you froggies; we are ready for you,' he shouted, as if he had a hundred men in ambush.

They, for their part, failed to enter into the niceties of his language—which difficulty somehow used never to be felt among classic warriors; yet from his manner and position they made out that he offered let and hindrance. To remove him from their course, they began to load guns, or to look about for loaded ones, postponing their advance until he should cease to interfere; so clear at that time was the Gallic perception of an English sailor's fortitude. Seeing this to be so, Jack (whose mind was not well balanced) threw a powder-case amongst them, and exhibited a dance. But this was cut short by a hand-grenade; and before he had time to recover from that, the deck within a yard of his head flew open, and a stunning crash went by.

Poor Jack Anerley lay quite senseless; while ten or twelve men (who were rushing up to repel the enemy) fell, and died, in a hurricane of splinters. A heavy round shot fired up from the enemy's main-deck had shattered all before it; and Jack might thank the grenade that he lay on his back while the havoc swept over. Still, his peril was hot; for a volley of musketry whistled and rang around him; and at least a hundred and fifty men were watching their time to leap down on him.

Everything now looked as bad as could be, with the drifting of the smoke, and the flare of fire, and the pelting of bullets, and of grapnel from cohorns, and the screams of Frenchmen exulting vastly, with

scarcely any Englishmen to stop them. It seemed as if they were to do as they pleased, level the bulwarks of English rights, and cover themselves with more glory than ever. But while they yet waited to give one more scream, a very different sound arose. Powder, and metal, and crash of timber, and even French and Spanish throats, at their very highest pressure, were of no avail against the onward vigour and power of an English cheer. This cheer had a very fine effect. Out of their own mouths the foreigners at once were convicted of inferior stuff; and their two twelve-pounders crammed with grapnel, which ought to have scattered mortality, banged upwards, as harmless as a pod discharging seed.

In no account of this great conflict is any precision observed, concerning the pell-mell and fisticuff parts of it. The worst of it is, that on such occasions almost everybody, who was there, enlarges his own share of it; and although reflection ought to curb this inclination, it seems to do quite the contrary. This may be the reason why nobody as yet (except Mary Anerley and Flamborough folk) seems even to have tried to assign fair importance to Robin Lyth's share in this glorious encounter. It is now too late to strive against the tide of fortuitous clamour, whose deposit is called history. Enough, that this Englishman came up with fifty more behind him, and carried all before him, as he was bound to do.

Chapter LVII.

MARY LYTH.

Conquests, triumphs, and slaughterous glory are not very nice, till they have ceased to drip. After that extinction of the war upon the waves, the nation, which had won the fight, went into general mourning. Sorrow, as deep as a maiden's is at the death of her lover, spread over the land; and people who had married their romance away and fathered off their enthusiasm, abandoned themselves to even deeper anguish at the insecurity of property. So deeply had England's faith been anchored into the tenacity of Nelson. The fall of the funds when the victory was announced, outspoke a thousand monuments.

From sires and grandsires Englishmen have learned the mood into which their country fell. To have fought under Nelson, in his last fight, was a password to the right hands of men, and into the hearts of women. Even a man, who had never been known to change his mind, began to condemn other people, for being obstinate. Farmer Anerley went to church in his Fencible accoutrements, with a sash of heavy crape, upon the first day of the Christian year. To prove the largeness of his mind, he harnessed the white-nosed horse, and drove his family away from his own parish, to St. Oswald's church at Flamborough, where Dr. Upround was to preach upon the death of Nelson. This sermon was of the noblest order, eloquent, spirited,

theological; and yet so thoroughly practical, that seven Flamborough boys set off on Monday, to destroy French ships of war. Mary did her very utmost not to cry—for she wanted so particularly to watch her father—but nature and the Doctor were too many for her. And when he came to speak of the distinguished part played (under Providence) by a gallant son of Flamborough, who, after enduring, with manly silence, evil report and unprecious balms, stood forward in the breach, like Phineas, and with the sword of Gideon defied Philistia to enter the British ark; and when he went on to say that but for Flamborough's prowess on that day, and the valour of the adjoining parish (which had also supplied a hero), England might be mourning her foremost *πρόμαχος*, her very greatest fighter in the van, without the consolation of burying him, and embalming him in a nation's tears, for the French might have fired the magazine; and when he proceeded to ask who it was that (under the guiding of a gracious hand) had shattered the devices of the enemy, up stood Robin Cockscroft, and a score of equally ancient captains, and, remembering where they were, touched their forelocks, and answered, 'Robin Lyth, sir!'

Then Mary permitted the pride of her heart, which had long been painful with the tight control, to escape in a sob, which her mother had foreseen; and pulling out the stopper from her smelling-bottle, Mistress Anerley looked at her husband as if he were Buonaparte himself. He, though aware that it was inconsistent of her, felt (as he said afterwards) as if he had been a Frenchman; and looked for his hat, and fumbled about for the button of the pew, to get out of it. But luckily the clerk, with great presence of mind, awoke, and believing the sermon to be over, from the number of men who were standing up, pronounced 'Amen,' decisively.

During the whole of the homeward drive, Farmer Anerley's countenance was full of thought; but he knew that it was watched, and he did not choose to let people get in front of him, with his own brains. Therefore he let his wife and daughter look at him, to their hearts' content, while he looked at the hedges, and the mud, and the ears of his horse, and the weather; and he only made two observations of moment, one of which was 'gee,' and the other was 'whoa!'

With females jolting up and down, upon no springs, except those of jerksome curiosity, conduct of this character was rude in the extreme. But knowing what he was, they glanced at one another; not meaning in any sort of way to blame him, but only that he would be better by and by, and perhaps try to make amends handsomely. And this, beyond any denial, he did, as soon as he had dined, and smoked his pipe on the butt of the tree by the rickyard. Nobody knew where he kept his money, or at least his good wife always said so, when anyone made bold to ask her. And even now he was right down careful to go to his pot without anybody watching, so that when he came into the Sunday parlour, there was not one of them who could say, even at a guess, where he last had been.

Master Simon Popplewell, gentleman-tanner (called out of his name, and into the name of 'Johnny,' even by his own wife, because there was no sign of any Simon in him)—he was there, and his good wife Debby, and Mistress Anerley in her best cap, and Mary, dressed in royal-navy blue with bars of black (for Lord Nelson's sake), according to the kind gift of aunt and uncle; also Willie, looking wonderfully handsome, though pale with the failure of 'perpetual motion,' and inclined to be languid, as great genius should be, in its intervals of activity. Among them a lively talk was stirring; and the farmer said, 'Ah! You was talking about me.'

'We mought be: and yet again we mought not,' Master Popplewell returned, with a glance at Mrs. Deborah, who had just been describing to the company how much her husband excelled in jokesomeness; 'brother Stephen, a good man seeks to be spoken of; and a bad one objects to it, in vain.'

'Very well. You shall have something for your money. Mary, you know where the old Mydeary wine is, that come from your Godfathers and Godmothers when you was called in baptism. Take you the key from your mother, child, and bring you up a bottle, and brother Popplewell will open it; for such things is beyond me.'

'Well done our side!' exclaimed the tanner; for if he had a weakness, it was for Madeira, which he always declared to have a musky smack of tan, and a waggish customer had told him once that the grapes it was made of were always tanned first. The others kept silence, foreseeing great events.

Then Mr. Popplewell, poised with calm discretion, and moving with the nice precision of a fine watchmaker, shed into the best decanter (softly as an angel's tears) liquid beauty, not too gaudy, not too sparkling with shallow light, not too ruddy with sullen glow, but vivid—like a noble gem, a brown Cairngorm—with mellow depth of lustre. 'That's your sort!' the tanner cried, after putting his tongue, while his wife looked shocked, to the lip of the empty bottle.

'Such things is beyond my knowledge,' answered Farmer Anerley, as soon as he saw the best glasses filled; 'but nothing in nature is too good to speak a good man's health in. Now fill you up a little glass for Mary, and, Perpetual Motion, you stand up, which is more than your machines can do. Now here I stand, and I drink good health to a man as I never clapped eyes on yet, and would have preferred to keep the door between us; but the Lord hath ordered otherwise. He hath wiped out all his faults against the law; he hath fought for the honour of old England well; and he hath saved the life of my son Jack. Spite of all that, I might refuse to unspeak my words, which I never did afore, if it had not been that I have wronged the man. I have wronged the young fellow; and I am man enough to say so. I called him a murderer, and a sneak, and time hath proved me to have been a liar. Therefore, I ask his pardon humbly; and what will be more to his liking perhaps, I say that he shall have my daughter Mary, if she abides agreeable. And I put down these here twenty guineas, for

Mary to look as she ought to look. She hath been a good lass, and hath borne with me better than one in a thousand would have done. Mary, my love to you; and with leave all round, here's the very good health of Robin Lyth!'

'Here's the health of Robin Lyth!' shouted Mr. Popplewell, with his fat cheeks shining merrily; 'hurrah for the lad who saved Nelson's death from a Frenchman's grins, and saved our Jack boy! Stephen Anerley, I forgive you. This is the right stuff and no mistake. Deborah, come and kiss the farmer.'

Mrs. Popplewell obeyed her husband, as the manner of good wives is. And over and above this fleeting joy, solid satisfaction entered into noble hearts, which felt that now the fruit of laborious years, and the cash of many a tanning season, should never depart from the family. And to make an end of any weak misgivings, even before the ladies went—to fill the pipes for the gentlemen—the tanner drew with equal care, and even better nerve, the second bottle's cork, and expressed himself as follows:—

'Brother Steve hath done the right thing. We hardly expected it of him, by rights of his confounded stubbornness. But when a shut-up man repenteth, he is equal to a hoyster—or this here bottle. What good would this a' been without it was sealed over? Now mark my words. I'll not be behind no man when it comes to the right side up. I may be a poor man, a very poor man; and people counting otherwise might find themselves mistaken. I likes to be liked for myself only. But the day our Mary goes to church with Robin Lyth she shall have 500*l.* tied upon her back, or else my name's not Popplewell.'

Mary had left the room long ago, after giving her father a gentle kiss, and whispering to Willie that he should have half of her twenty guineas for inventing things, which is a most expensive process, and should be more highly encouraged. Therefore, she could not express at the moment her gratitude to Squire Popplewell; but as soon as she heard of his generosity, it lifted a great weight off her mind, and enabled her to think about furnishing a cottage. But she never told even her mother of that. Perhaps Robin might have seen someone he liked better. Perhaps he might have heard that stupid story about her having taken up with poor Harry Tanfield; and that might have driven him to wed a foreign lady, and therefore to fight so desperately. None, however, of these perhapses went very deeply into her heart; which was equally trusting and trusty.

Now some of her confidence in the future was justified, that very moment almost, by a sudden and great arrival—not of Jack Anerley and Robin Lyth (who were known to be coming home together), but of a gentleman whose skill and activity deserved all thanks for every good thing that had happened.

'Well! I am in the very nick of time. It is my nature,' cried Mr. Mordacks, seated in the best chair by the fire. 'Why? you inquire, with your native penetration. Simply because in very early days I acquired the habit of punctuality. This holding good where

an appointment is, holds good afterwards, from the force of habit, in matters that are of luck alone. The needle-eye of time gets accustomed to be hit, and turns itself up, without waiting for the clue. Wonderful Madeira! Well, Captain Anerley, no wonder that you have discouraged free-trade, with your cellars full of this! It is twenty years since I have tasted such wine. Mistress Anerley, I have the honour of quaffing this glass to your very best health, and that of a very charming young lady, who has hitherto failed to appreciate me.'

'Then, sir, I am here to beg your pardon,' said Mary, coming up with a beautiful blush. 'When I saw you first, I did not enter into your—your——'

'My outspoken manner and short business style. But I hope that you have come to like me better. All good persons do when they come to know me.'

'Yes, sir, I was quite ashamed of myself when I came to learn all that you have done for somebody, and your wonderful kindness at Bridlington.'

'Famously said! You inherit from your mother the power and the charm of expression. And now, my dear lady, good Mistress Anerley, I shall undo all my great merits, by showing that I am like the letter-writers who never write until they have need of something. Captain Anerley, it concerns you also, as a military man, and loyal soldier of King George. A gallant young officer (highly distinguished in his own way, and very likely to get on in virtue of high connection) became of age, some few weeks back; and being the heir to large estates, determined to entail them. I speak as in a parable. My meaning is one which the ladies will gracefully enter into. Being a large heir, he is not selfish, but would fain share his blessings with a little one. In a word, he is to marry a very beautiful young lady, to-morrow, and under my agency. But he has a very delightful mother, and an aunt of a lofty and commanding mind, whose views, however, are comparatively narrow. For a hasty, brief season they will be wroth, and it would be unjust to be angry with them. But love's indignation is soon cured by absence; and tones down rapidly into desire to know how the sinner is getting on. In the present case a fortnight will do the business; or if for a month so much the better. Heroes are in demand just now; and this young gentleman took such a scare in his very first fight that he became a hero; and so has behaved himself ever since. Ladies, I am astonished at your goodness in not interrupting me! Your minds must be as practical as my own. Now this lovely young pair, being married to-morrow, will have to go hunting for the honey in the moon to which such enterprises lead.'

'Sir, you are very right,' Squire Popplewell replied; and 'That is Bible truth,' said the farmer.

'Our minds are enlarged by experience,' resumed the genial factor pleasantly, and bowing to the ladies, who declined to say a word until a better opportunity; 'and we like to see the process going on with others. But a nest must be found for these young doves—a quiet

one, a simple one, a place where they may learn to put up with one another's cookery. The secret of happiness in this world is not to be too particular. I have hit upon the very place to make them thankful by and by, when they come to look back upon it—a sweet little hole half a league away from anybody. All is arranged—a frying pan, a brown-ware teapot, a skin of lard, a cock and a hen to lay some eggs; a hundredweight of ship biscuits, warranted free from weevil; and a knife and fork. Also a way to the sea, and a net, for them to fish together. Nothing more delightful can be imagined. Under such circumstances they will settle in three days which is to be the master; which I take to be the most important of all marriage settlements. And, unless I am very much mistaken, it will be the right one—the lady. My little heroine, Jerry Carroway, is engaged as their factotum, and every auspice is favourable. But without your consent all is knocked on the head, for the cottage is yours, and the tenant won't go out, even under temptation of five guineas, without your written order. Mistress Anerley, I appeal to you. Captain, say nothing. This is a lady's question.'

'Then I like to have a little voice sometimes; though it is not often that I get it. And, Mr. Mordacks, I say "Yes." And, out of the five guineas we shall get our rent, or some of it perhaps, from Poacher Tim, who owes us nigh upon two years now.'

The farmer smiled at his wife's good thrift, and being in a pleasant mood, consented; if so be the law could not be brought against him; and if the young couple would not stop too long, or have any family to fall upon the rates. The factor assured him against all evils; and then created quite a brisk sensation, by telling them in strict confidence that the young officer was one Lancelot Yordas, own first cousin to the famous Robin Lyth, and nephew to Sir Duncan Yordas. And the lady was the daughter of Sir Duncan's oldest friend, the very one whose name he had given to his son. Wonder never ceased among them, when they thought how things came round.

Things came round, not only thus, but also even better afterwards. Mordacks had a very beautiful revenge of laughter at old Jellicorse, by outstripping him vastly in the family affairs. But Mr. Jellicorse did not care so long as he still had eleven boxes left of title-deeds to Scargate Hall, no liability about the twelfth, and a very fair prospect of a lawsuit yet, for the multiplication of the legal race. And meeting Mr. Mordacks in the highest legal circles at Proctor Brigant's, in Crypt Court, York, he acknowledged that he never met a more delightful gentleman—until he found out what his name was. And even then he offered him a pinch of snuff; and they shook hands very warmly, without anything to pay.

When Robin Lyth came home, he was dissatisfied at first—so difficult is mankind to please—because his good luck had been too good. No scratch of steel, no permanent scorch of powder was upon him; and England was not in the mood to value any unwounded valour. But even here his good luck stood him in strong stead, and

cured his wrong. For when the body of the lamented hero arrived at Spithead, in spirits of wine, early in December, it was found that the Admiralty had failed to send down any orders about it. Reports, however, were current of some intention that the hero should lie in state; and the battered ship went on with him. And when at last proper care was shown and the relics of one of the noblest men that ever lived upon the tide of time were being transferred to a yacht at the Nore, Robin Lyth, in a sad and angry mood, neglected to give a wide berth to a gun that was helping to keep up the mourning salute, and a piece of wad carried off his starboard whisker.

This at once replaced him in the popular esteem, and enabled him to land upon the Yorkshire coast, with a certainty of glorious welcome. Mr. Mordacks himself came down to meet him at the Northern Landing with Dr. Upround, and Robin Cockscroft, and nearly all the men, and entirely all the women and children of Little Denmark. Strangers also from outlandish parts, Squire Popplewell and his wife Deborah, Mrs. Carroway (with her Tom, and Jerry, and Cissy, and lesser Carroways—for her old Aunt Jane was gone to Paradise at last, and had left her enough to keep a pony-carriage); and a great many others; and especially a group of four distinguished persons, who stood at the top of the slide, because of the trouble of getting back if they went down.

These had a fair and double-horsed carriage in the lane, at the spot where fish face their last tribunal; and scarcely any brains, but those of Flamborough, could have absorbed such a spectacle as this together with the deeper expectations from the sea. Of these four persons, two were young enough, and two not so young as they had been; but still very lively, and well pleased with one another. These were Mrs. Carnaby, and Mr. Bart; the pet of the one had united his lot with the darling of the other, for good or for bad there was no getting out of it; and the only thing was to make the best of it. And being good people, they were doing this successfully. Poor Mrs. Carnaby had said to Mr. Bart as soon as Mr. Mordacks let her know about the wedding, 'Oh, but Mr. Bart, you are a gentleman; now, are you not? I am sure you are, though you do such things! I am sure of it, by your countenance.'

'Madam,' Mr. Bart replied, with a bow that was decisive, 'if I am not, it is my own fault; as it is the fault of every man.'

At this present moment they were standing with their children, Lancelot and Insie, who had nicely recovered from matrimony, and began to be too high-spirited. They all knew, by virtue of Mr. Mordacks, who Robin Lyth was; and they wanted to see him, and be kind to him, if he made no claim upon them. And Mr. Bart desired, as his father's friend, to shake hands with him, and help him, if help were needed.

But Robin, with a grace and elegance which he must have imported from foreign parts, declined all connection and acquaintance with them, and declared his set resolve to have nothing to do with

the name of 'Yordas.' They were grieved, as they honestly declared, to hear it; but could not help owning that his pride was just, and they felt that their name was the richer for not having any poor people to share it.

Yet Captain Lyth—as he now was called, even by revenue officers—in no way impoverished his name by taking another to share it with him. The farmer declared that there should be no wedding until he had sold seven stacks of wheat; for his meaning was to do things well. But this obstacle did not last long; for those were times when corn was golden, not in landscape only.

So when the spring was fair with promise of green for the earth, and of blue for heaven, and of silver grey upon the sea, the little church close to Anerley Farm filled up all the complement of colours. There was scarlet of Dr. Uproud's hood (brought by the Precious boy from Flamborough), a rich plum colour in the coat of Mordacks, delicate rose and virgin white in the blush and the brow of Mary, every tint of the rainbow on her mother's part; and gold, rich gold, in a great tanned bag, on behalf of Squire Popplewell. His idea of a 'settlement' was cash down, and he put it on the parish register.

Mary found no cause to repent of the long endurance of her truth and the steadfast power of quiet love. Robin was often in the distance still, far beyond the silvery streak of England's new salvation. But Mary prayed for his safe return; and safe he was, by the will of the Lord which helps the man who helps himself, and has made his hand bigger than his tongue. When the war was over, Captain Lyth came home, and trained his children in the ways in which he should have walked, and the duties they should do, and pay.

THE END.

Landowning and Copyright.

STROLLING through the old town of Edinburgh on a summer's afternoon with an English barrister, a quiet Tory of the modern school, it happened to the present writer (who may perhaps be excused for introducing himself as an Irish Liberal, more or less) to fall into some discourse concerning the existing state of the Irish land-question. Thereupon, the English barrister, with much warmth of manner, launched forth into an oration on the sacred rights of property, which, somewhat to his surprise, met with his companion's entire approval. 'Any attempt to interfere with property,' the Irish Liberal agreed, 'whether on the part of the State or of an individual, is equally robbery and confiscation. To propose a redistribution of property, a Solonian *seisachtheia*, at the present day, would be a return to the unjust usages of a barbaric time, wholly out of concord with modern ideas of equity or common right.' The English barrister was mollified by this concession to his opinions, as he considered it, and continued his walk untroubled toward the Advocates' Library. When we reached the interior rooms of that great collection, the Irish Liberal humbly returned to the previous question, and observed that all the store of books we saw around us had been gathered together by unjustifiable confiscation of property from private persons. The authors of those books had printed and published them, paying for paper, binding, and workmanship, at their own expense: and the State had then stepped in, with a demand that, besides meeting their share in all the taxes ordinarily due from other subjects of the crown, these particular authors should also give four volumes of their works to the British Museum, the two English University libraries, and the institution in which we then stood. Such a demand was a clear injustice. But here the English barrister wholly disagreed. He had forgotten at once all about the sacred rights of property, and he merely observed in an offhand way that the regulation in question was 'closely connected with the law of copyright.' The State protected authors in their claim to the exclusive monopoly of their own books; and in return it required of them these few volumes, obviously for the public good. When the Irish Liberal asked why the State should specially demand a return in kind from authors, when it protected the property of shoemakers without compelling them to give four pairs of shoes each for the use of the Indian army, he was informed that his ideas were wholly unpractical; and when he remarked that the Irish land-question at least was beginning to assume a practical shape, the barrister manifested such decided symptoms of unstable mental equilibrium as determined him not to pursue the subject at that moment, for fear of uselessly disturbing old and friendly relations.

Had this curious change of front occurred in one of our Keltic fellow-subjects, it might naturally have been attributed to that peculiar ataxy of our Hibernian cerebral convolutions which produces the familiar psychological phenomenon known as a bull. But in the sound and consecutive Teutonic intellect, it obviously called for further explanation. Land, the Tory begins by assuming, is property. As property, it belongs inalienably to its existing holders, except in so far as they may willingly give it away, sell it, or surrender it. To interfere with its tenure, even in a small way, and for a public purpose of supreme utility, is robbery and confiscation. The State has no *right* to act in such a manner. Books, on the other hand, are not naturally property, as land is, but merely become so by a special series of State enactments, known as the law of copyright. The State condescends to protect them, but levies a special tax for the protection. It takes, without payment, a certain number of volumes —whether four or four hundred is immaterial in principle—and it excuses the robbery on the casuistical plea of public advantage. It is spoliation for the State to make fresh regulations as to the holding of land by the starving peasantry of Connaught; since land is property, and the sacred right of property overrides all considerations of utility: but it is perfectly just of the State to rob poor authors of their books for the benefit of the wealthy Universities and of a rich learned profession; since here the sacred right of property doesn't count, and the utility of the books to the class who can afford to buy them (though they prefer to read them gratis) is undeniable.

Now, I have ventured to introduce this little apologue because it represents the actual circumstances under which the present paper was conceived; and I believe it is often best to set forth a question in the midst of the concrete surroundings which actually called forth the ideas one wishes to communicate. These two notions, that land is naturally property, and that books are naturally not property, represent the opposite poles of the whole great subject which is now filling all our minds. Little as they seem to be connected at first sight, they are really the obverse aspects of a single question. And I may as well begin by saying outright that in my profound respect for the sacred rights of property—which are but a special outcome of the still more sacred rights of individuality—I yield to no Liberal and to no Tory whatsoever. Every attempt to interfere with those rights, whether made by despot abroad or by false democracy at home, I equally abhor. When a Bonaparte levies unjust taxes to squander upon the sweetmeats of a Prince Imperial's birthday, or when a mob levies unjust taxes to spend the savings of the industrious upon the comfort or amusements of the improvident, I see alike an attack upon those sacred rights. The only question that we have to decide is this:—What constitutes property? not this:—What claim has property to our collective guarantee as a civilised community? The great danger of Liberalism at the present day is the danger that the *demand* for equal justice to all may be turned aside by ignorant or

unscrupulous demagogues into a crusade of the class who have never earned any permanent property against the class whose industry and economy has placed them in the position of capitalists and employers. This much I say at starting, not because I suppose my opinions a matter of any interest to the world at large, but merely to clear the ground from any unnecessary prejudice before we get under weigh — with our main question. That main question is, the origin and nature of private property.

A primitive hunter, seated beside an ancient river, fashions himself an axe or an arrow-head from a splinter of flint. The raw stone exists abundantly in all the cliffs about, and as yet it is nobody's, or rather everybody's who needs it. But the labour expended in fashioning it into a weapon or an implement gives it the intrinsic character of property. The hunter has made it for himself, and it is his own. True, he may be too weak to protect it personally, and his tribe may not efficiently protect it for him, or may not protect it at all: but even if a stronger man takes it from him, there remains the root-form of the idea of property, a sense of injustice in the deprivation. It is this sense of injustice, first personal and then sympathetic, which gradually evolves the law of property amongst all the races of mankind. But deeper down than all law lies the feeling upon which it is based. The hunter *feels* he has a right to his stone hatchet: and when a stronger man takes it away, he *feels* hurt and ill-treated, even though he might himself similarly use a weaker comrade. When three or four men, sympathising with one another in this feeling as against all outsiders, do in fact mutually guarantee one another by force of arm against actual or possible depredators, the tribe has begun. Of course, as a matter of fact, they are originally bound by ties of blood, their sympathy is at first very imperfect, and they do commit much injustice against one another within the tribe: but still, a beginning of that mutual guarantee constituting public justice has thus been made. No social contract, in Rousseau's sense, is ever entered into: but a vague social contract nevertheless grows up, and becomes more and more definite as societies pass from the savage to the civilised state.

The hunter goes out with his bow and arrow, and shoots a bird. The live bird, flying wild in the woods, belonged to nobody: but the dead bird, being insomuch a product of his industry, belongs to him. If another savage wants a bird, he must not take this one, already secured, but must go out and hunt a live one on his own account. He may take it, to be sure, by force or fraud: but in either case he leaves the same impression of injustice behind, in the mind of the original owner. There is no depth of human life where you will not find this feeling. The man who has laboured for his own benefit expects or hopes to reap the fruits of his labour: and however common injustice may be in his tribe or country, however often he may aid in it himself, he cannot avoid feeling it as injustice when turned against his own person.

Slavery is a state in which this sort of injustice has become ardened into an organic custom. The slave labours, and is compelled to labour, for some one other than himself. His property is all taken away from him, and he himself is artificially made into property for somebody else. But such a state is itself a logical absurdity. If a man has not a right over his own person, there is no natural foundation for right at all. In slave-holding communities, law is merely the expression of an unjust convention between a small body of stronger and more powerful men, the slave-holders, against a larger but artificially weaker body, the slaves. It is impossible to discuss questions of right and wrong with slave-holders : we lack any common ethical ground. The public sense of Europe has now recognised this, and we conduct all political controversy at the present day upon the general ground that no one individual can justly own, or take away, the whole products of labour from another. We have reached a universal convention, a stage of unwritten social contract, at which every man's sympathies in the main go so far with every other man as to guarantee him (roughly speaking) in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the products of industry. For this purpose we keep up collectively a police force, courts of justice, an army (often misused), and other material guarantees : while we also rely upon a certain moral or reserve guarantee in the common sense of justice to be found in the body of citizens generally and in most individual citizens in particular.

What is true of the savage hunter with his bird and his axe, is thus also true, and more practically true, of the more civilised workman with his shoe or his coat. Setting aside for the present the difficulty of raw material, whatever object a man makes is his own. He can freely sell or barter it, and he can get in exchange the objects similarly produced by other workmen. If a man goes out into the unappropriated sea, and catches a sole, it is his; and we all agree to protect him in his enjoyment of it, whether he chooses to cook it and eat it himself, or to exchange it for some other product. To take it from him by force or fraud we all recognise as a breach of that law which we have collectively agreed to acknowledge ourselves and to impose equally upon others. If he makes a chair out of materials honestly bought, we similarly protect him. We have decided between ourselves to guarantee every man in the fruits of his labour: and even when we fail to do so, as in the case of the books—where we are parties to the forcible deprivation of individuals under the shield of law—we do so because we cannot collectively quite see the true parallelism of the facts. If we are once all convinced that it is just as unfair to take away a man's books as to take away his fish or his chair, we shall all vote for sweeping away the unfair law at once. It is only a certain congenital British inability to grasp an abstract principle in its abstractness, which ever makes us hold to a fiction. What a political reformer has to do at the present time is to overcome existing habit of the nation involv

injustice and inequality to individuals. If he can succeed in making the nation see the inequality as he sees it, he necessarily and inevitably carries his reform. But then, to make Englishmen see the sun in the heavens at mid-day is often a hard thing; owing doubtless to the frequent and remarkable density of the British atmosphere.

So far I have spoken of raw material, as though it were practically inexhaustible and illimitable. If it were really so, there would be no land-question. But as a matter of fact, every kind of product involves raw material of some sort, and this raw material is always more or less limited, and often very strictly so. The primitive hunter can get abundant flint, it is true; practically leaving equal abundance for all who come after him; and so we may fairly say that the hatchet which he shapes from it is absolutely his. But the birds and beasts in his tribal hunting-grounds are comparatively few: and so in equity he can only share them equally with his tribe. Every other member has as good a right as he has to the wild animals themselves: and if he wantonly kills or injures more than his fair proportion, they have a just ground of complaint against him. Moreover, from a very early stage of human life, the land itself (that is to say in other words, roughly speaking, the aggregate of all raw materials) has been to some extent appropriated, if not by individuals, at least by tribes. The Algonquins and the Iroquois have their recognised hunting-ground, and they cannot trespass on one another's boundaries without the probability of bloody reprisals. As time goes on, however, the tribal proprietorship in the land almost invariably merges into individual proprietorship: which at last becomes an exclusive personal claim as against the community: and the rise of agriculture has much to do with this change. Hunting or nomad communities can own their land in common, seeking game or feeding cattle over it together: but agricultural plots must almost necessarily be made over to individuals, either in perpetuity or for terminable periods. In fact, one sees that right to pasture is often held in common, after the possession of arable land has become strictly personal. Somebody must cultivate the soil in civilised communities, and it has been a rough and ready way of securing cultivation to let the soil drop, either intentionally or through pure carelessness, into the hands of individual proprietors. More must shortly be said as to the steps by which this has been generally accomplished: but first a word as to the wide meaning of this rough expression 'land' itself. It must be remembered that it practically includes, not only the cultivable soil, with its annual products, but also every kind of raw material whatsoever. Wood, water, coal, iron, metals, beasts, building materials, and all the various objects which we use in every industrial art, are all ultimately derived from 'land.' So that the land-question really means the question of individual rights to the enjoyment of raw material. No man can make a shoe without leather, derived from a beast, fed upon appropriated land: no man can write a book without paper, derived from plants,

grown on appropriated land: no man can live in a house that is not built on appropriated land, with bricks or stone derived from appropriated land. The land-question is not, as many people fancy, a mere agricultural question for farmers and labourers: it is a question that interests us all every day and all day long. We are paying rent to landlords on everything we eat, drink, or use. Only two things in or around civilised countries (roughly speaking) are unappropriated, the air we breathe, and the open sea: and the first of these we can only breathe from appropriated land or the Queen's highway, while the second we can only reach by swimming from appropriated land, or by taking an appropriated boat. Every morsel of raw material about us is practically made over to somebody in some form or other.

But raw material is not and cannot be in itself property; and there can be no sacred right in it as there is in individuality and its products. The soil, the coal, the iron, and the stone, were not made by any man, and do not by nature belong to any man. To adopt the language of one school, they were made by God, and are the natural heritage of all men; to adopt the language of another school, they existed there before we came, and they are the common stock divisible between us all by equitable arrangement. If a man in a Pacific island claims to own a certain stone hatchet on the ground that he made it, we cannot without conscious injustice deprive him of it; and we can always supply ourselves with a similar one by manufacturing it for ourselves from the raw stone or by bartering with him for it some product of our own industry. But if a man in a civilized State claims to own a certain field, or a certain mine of flints, we may ask him how he came to have a peculiar title to this special piece of our common heritage. Why should he possess it rather than any or all of us? Mind, I do not say we should at once decide against him; I merely mean that his claim to it is not self-evident; that it is not an obvious inference from our rough universal contract to guarantee one another in the free use of our own energies, as is his claim to the stone hatchet. On the contrary, it is at first sight a clear contravention of such contract. We have to ask first, how ought an ideal society to proceed in the apportionment of raw material amongst its members? Secondly, how have real societies actually proceeded in such apportionment in the past? And thirdly, if the two disagree, how must existing societies act so as to reduce any inequalities which may have arisen in the apportionment, with due regard to all equitable claims on every side? These are difficult questions, beset no doubt with many prejudices, but honest Liberalism must face them fairly and answer them candidly. There are some timid people who would prefer not to look the underlying principles in the face, because they fancy they see in them the awful hint of revolution. Depend upon it, revolution only comes when people shirk reform for fear of consequences. There are others who see in them the vague shadow of Communism. As anyone who questions

land-tenure is sure to be called a Communist, just let me endeavour to lay that harmless spectre.

Communism is, in fact, an attempt to deprive people of the result of their labour. So far from proceeding upon the sacredness of individuality and property, it sets at nought those principles, and proposes to make every individual labour for the benefit of all the others, not of himself. It is in fact slavery disguised—slavery where men would work, not for a single master, but for that great collective master, the community. The shoemaker of the phalanstery shall make so many shoes per diem, and the phalanstery shall take them from him as soon as made, giving him so much of other products as it thinks good for him. There is consequently the germ of Communism in every proposal to tax classes for the advantage of other classes. There is the germ of Communism in poor laws, and in all mob rule such as the Municipal Government of Paris, and still more of New York. There is the germ of Communism in many measures which our most Conservative legislators approve and applaud. But there is no Communism at all in enquiries which tend toward the equitable apportionment of raw material between the various individuals in the State. It is a Communistic proposal to take books from their authors for the advantage of the public, without compensation; but it is not a Communistic proposal to look existing land-laws in the face, in order to see how they arose, and what slow modifications in them may tentatively be necessary to secure the greatest enjoyment to every citizen of the results of his own industry. Enthusiastic young men revolted by existing inequalities, are apt to take refuge in ideal Communism as a remedy; and so perhaps foment revolutionary schemes with which they have no real underlying sympathy. But the way to prevent them from doing so is to point out the true demands of individualism—the freest possible market for industry, and the justest possible distribution of raw material.

And now let us try to answer briefly the three questions propounded above. First of all, how ought an ideal society to proceed in the apportionment of raw material amongst its members?

Let us suppose we have a clear field, with no old abuses to get rid of or minimize. Let us be a body of settlers, with our present developed sense of justice, going to colonise a wholly unoccupied New Zealand, in a distant hemisphere. Clearly, under such circumstances, we, the first shipload of colonists, have no abstract right to seize upon the whole country as our own private property, and divide it up in large tracts amongst ourselves, so preventing other colonists from settling in any part of it unless they choose to buy land from us. We are not the holders of any letters patent from God or Nature entitling us to usurp for ever so much raw material, and taboo it for our own use and benefit, against the equal right of all later comers; nor do I see that we shall mend matters much if we hold letters patent from any lesser potentate, such as the Pope, the King of Spain, or the President of the United States. Again, we have no abstract

right to buy portions of the land from our own colonial Government, which is after all only another expression for our collective selves. We cannot rightly thus usurp the raw material belonging to the whole future community, and capitalize its present value for the benefit of the existing generation. The absolutely fair and equitable plan will be for us to vest all land in perpetuity in the State, that is to say, in the collective body of citizens, and then to let out portions of it among ourselves at fair and equitable rentals, such rentals being subject to revision at certain stated intervals. Of course I cannot pretend here to sketch out even in outline the necessary provisions under such a scheme for guarding the rights of the existing individuals on the one hand, and of the body corporate with its successors throughout all posterity, on the other. It would, of course, be needful to make various minute arrangements as to possible raisings of rental, unexhausted improvements, hypothetical discoveries of gold, iron, coal, and so forth, just as it is in agreements between landlord and tenant under our existing system; while on the other side, it would be desirable to hold out every inducement to settlers to bring the land into good cultivation as early as possible, and to develop its various mineral or other natural resources, with every reasonable hope on the guarantee of the community, that they should enjoy the results of their labour to the utmost, so far as compatible with the equal right to the potential enjoyment of raw material on the part of every other person in the present and the future. In such a State, at first, the rental of land would be low, and the population small; but as the population increased, the value of raw material would increase also, and the 'unearned increment' so accruing would justly flow, not into the coffers of any individual, but into the treasury of the State. It would thus be available for all the purposes to which taxes may lawfully be applied, while it would in all probability leave a large surplus (in any wealthy state) to be employed on those purposes of education, relief of distress, æsthetic embellishment, and public amusements to which taxes (as I think) cannot justly be applied. Every individual would thus benefit directly by the raw material which is the common heritage of all. This is a Utopia, of course, but it is a Utopia which may help us the better to realize how matters really stand in existing States.

But when we ask the second question, How have communities actually apportioned raw material?—the answer is a complicated one. Only a single comprehensive reply can be given, embracing all the varieties of tenure in different countries. Just as communism consists of an attempt to deprive individuals of the result of their labour, so land-owning, as everywhere practised, consists in a now consolidated system for depriving individuals of their fair share in the raw material belonging to the community. The origin of land-holding is manifold: but its results are everywhere in the end pretty much the same. The simplest form is that of squatting, whereby a man merely settles on unoccupied ground, and makes it his own by culti-

vation or fencing, becoming thereafter entitled, not only to its soil and products, but also to all possible mines or minerals underneath. Hence may arise enormous unearned fortunes—appropriations of valuable raw material which are not in any way products of individual industry—silver mines, oil wells, collieries, and the like. In other cases, land is granted by some Elizabeth, George III., or Louis XIV., as in Lower Canada, Virginia, and other extra-European colonies of ancient kingdoms. Among older historical countries, land owning has sprung up by conquest, by distribution of folk-land, by usurpation of communal rights. For the Aryan race generally, the village communal system is the original form, and it survives in India, wherever native princes or English ignorance have not changed the hereditary revenue farmers into land-owners in the ordinary sense. But as a rule it has yielded to individual proprietorship. In England, tenure of land traces back to the original English conquest, when it became the property of the community, mostly granted out in pieces to individuals, not themselves as a rule cultivators. From the Norman Conquest, however, or at least from William's great confiscation, the larger part of it came into the hands of great feudal owners, lay or spiritual. Land in England is really held for the most part on titles indirectly going back to Domesday, and Domesday in its real nature (in spite of legal fictions) is mainly the record of a practical redistribution of conquered lands among the conquerors. Ireland is in great part similarly held on tenures of one conquest or another, from Strongbow's to Cromwell's, and William's. In Scotland, much of the Highlands is really clan land, made into the property of the chief by the errors of southern lawyers. In France, where the great upheaval of '89 utterly changed the land system, the soil still remains in the hands of a new proprietary body—a numerous body of small proprietors, it is true, yet none the less monopolists of raw material. It seems to me that too much stress has been laid in all these questions on the mere legal and historical aspects of each particular case, to the detriment of the far more important social aspect—the underlying point that the land is everywhere held in taboo by somebody or other, few or many, to the exclusion of the community, as a community. Legal fictions about the Queen's supreme title to the land, and so forth, have been allowed to cover over and obscure the ultimate truth, that in all advanced societies the whole body of raw material practically belongs to somebody or some set of persons, instead of belonging to the community at large. If we import distinctions of folk-land, and book-land and *terra regis* into the question, we only lose sight of the real principles involved. In this kingdom the central fact is this. Sometimes by grant of the community through its recognised mouthpiece, the king; sometimes by right of conquest, more or less veiled, and similarly disguised as royal grant; sometimes, perhaps, by mere immemorial usage; sometimes by conversion of tribal headship into territorial right—land has in the end become vested in individuals, and these individuals now derive from it, in

most instances, a large unearned revenue, due in some cases to the agricultural value of the soil, in some cases to the importance of the sites as contiguous to great industrial centres, and in some cases to minerals or other special objects of value, naturally existing in or beneath the ground. These are the revenues which in the Utopia supposed above, would go into the treasury of the community. To them the existing proprietors have merely the artificial right arising from prescription, not the natural right arising from the exercise of productive industry.

The third and really practical question, How can we remove the existing inequalities—is a serious and a difficult one. Of course, if any community were wise, it would never have allowed such complications to arise. But they have unfortunately arisen, and the only question is how to minimize the necessary evils resulting from them. More unfortunately still, every new country is going forward in just the same heedless path as the old ones before it—preparing for itself in the future all the problems and dangers of a land-question.

The Conservative answer to the difficulty is a very simple one. Tories insist upon treating land as though it were property in the same sense as that in which the products of labour are property. When practical difficulties arise, as they have arisen lately in Ireland, the Tory refuses to see any side of the question except the landlord. The one fixed principle with him is this, that the land is the landlord's, and that he has in some way an eternal and immutable right to gather from it a fixed revenue of so many thousands a year. The people of the country have no right in it at all, except on sufferance from the landlord: their claim to a share in the raw material of the world he does not admit in any shape. Some people have been born heirs to the soil of the earth, and some people have been born disinherited, with only such rights as the heirs choose to allow them. The Tory doctrine does not go very far back in time: it avoids detail as to the origin of land-holding, which it treats always as in some way sacred or divine; and it studiously endeavours to mix up questions of land-owning with questions of property in general. But as far as it goes, it is simple and comprehensible enough.

The Liberal doctrine, on the contrary, is necessarily vague, being a mere temporary compromise—an attempt to do the best possible under difficult circumstances. The Liberal recognises, on the one hand, the right of all people born in the country to share, so far as possible, in that stock of raw material which none of us produced, and which none of us has a natural right to appropriate. But on the other hand, he also recognises the grave responsibilities which we have, as a community, incurred towards all the holders of land; first, in more or less sanctioning its appropriation, and then in giving a tacit but distinct guarantee for its fixity. To touch the right of so-called property in land is to touch a vast number of clustered interests and rights, which can hardly be shaken ever so slightly without the danger of destroying our whole national credit. For in spite of their

original distinctness, every kind of genuine property is now mixed up with property in land. First of all, endless capital has been expended on improving, draining, mining, and building upon it, on the understanding that it formed a perfectly secure investment. Then money earned by personal exertion has been expended in its purchase. We have not to deal with original conquerors, or original grantees, but with every kind and degree of descendant, money purchaser, and mortgagee. We have to deal with complicated systems of railways, canals, towns, streets, mines, quarries, manufactories, and products of labour in all conceivable forms, inextricably mixed up with the raw land itself. The least threat held out against the future stability of the land system—such a threat as that involved in Mr. Forster's Bill, for example—is really quite enough to make all thoughtful men hesitate and tremble. I would not for a moment attempt to explain away the reality of such a danger. Any measure which even remotely savours of revolution must be carefully guarded against in so complex a society as that in which we live. If a few sentences written above may have seemed in their abstractness and isolation to suggest the possibility or desirability of making a *tabula rasa* of our land laws at one fell swoop, I hope this paragraph will be accepted as putting the opinion intended in a truer form. The fact is, no Conservative can feel more deeply than many Liberals feel the enormous responsibility of making a first step towards an alteration of our land laws. And, say what we will, Mr. Forster's Bill *does* constitute such a first step. We may hope the matter will stop there; but when we once open the flood-gates ever so little, we shall need strong and steady hands to keep them from yielding inch by inch under constant and progressive pressure. That they must so yield, more or less, in the end, is indeed certain; and our object must be to let them open gently and gradually, without a sudden rush or overwhelming disaster.

On the other hand, Conservative as we may be by nature, we Liberals cannot avoid seeing that other side to the question, whose existence the Tory refuses to grant. The ownership of land is a mere convention. It is a convention sanctioned by immemorial usage, guaranteed by tacit or explicit agreement, bound up with every form of acquired or natural right; but it is a convention none the less. Opposed to it stands a native claim for justice, a claim which sometimes cannot be withstood. The necessities of the people may at times rise so high that the prescriptive titles and expectations of landowners must undergo some modification. When such a crisis arrives, all we can do is to balance the conflicting claims as evenly as possible—to manage the best in our power for the landless, while making the most equitable allowance that we can for the natural expectations and just demands of the landlords. They must suffer undoubted hardship; but so do the peasantry under existing laws. Great as are the dangers attending such a declaration, we cannot at such times avoid laying down the general principle that so-called property in land is not fixed, absolute and inalienable, like property in the pro-

ducts of labour, but that it is liable to revision from time to time, if the necessities of the situation peremptorily demand such revision. Our business then must be to make the inevitable changes with the least possible damage to the public credit, and the least possible hardship to those whom we have taught to consider themselves as heirs to the soil. We must point out that land in all cases is liable to certain forcible appropriations, with just compensation to occupiers—as, for instance, in making roads or railways—and that it has never been regarded as property, even by the law itself, in the same personal sense in which the products of industry have been regarded as property. Above all, we must endeavour so to make whatever changes are necessary as to leave the public faith unshaken, and the public confidence in its own collective justice and honesty undiminished. It is hard so to harmonise conflicting claims, and at best we can but make a happy compromise; yet we shall be doing better in any case than if we left the gross injustice against the many unredressed, for fear of a lesser though still serious injustice against the few, placed by the fault of our ancestors in a false position, from which we find it impracticable wholly to rescue them. It is *never* possible to extricate oneself from a political difficulty in such a way as wholly to satisfy all the interests involved. If it were, there would be no difficulty at all. But the way to shipwreck our land system altogether is to resist all demands for needful reform till public indignation sweeps away the whole rotten fabric at once in a burst of revolutionary activity.

Every Liberal, then, must ultimately believe that land cannot be held in absolute property, but only in usufruct; that it is eminently undesirable recklessly to disturb its holding, when once firmly established; but that, where circumstances imperatively demand it, revision may fairly be made for the public good, due regard being had to all personal rights and just expectations of the holders. This is the point which we are now reaching in Britain. We feel that the land was not made for the benefit of a limited class, but that the whole people have an abstract right to share in it. We feel that great difficulties beset the recognition of this right. But we find that there are parts of the kingdom where practical steps are becoming, or have already become, absolutely necessary for enforcing some portion of it. Delay has there grown impracticable. A few years ago, it might have seemed that the question was one of mere speculative political economy; it has lately been forced upon our attention through altered circumstances as a problem of practical life. But while it was easy enough to reach the abstract conclusion, when we come to the actual solution, we find the necessity for caution oppressing our consciences at every turn.

Now, let us look aside a brief moment at the other and antithetical question, that of copyright.

Whatever a man can make, either out of wholly unappropriated raw material, or out of raw material which he has purchased from its

legal owner, is his own. If he takes a pebble from the sea-shore (I grant the pebble is stolen, but—*de minimis*), he may paint a picture on it, and the picture is his. If he buys a piece of canvas and similarly paints, the same thing is true. But, as a matter of fact, it is practically impossible to make anything without having recourse to appropriated raw material, which must be inherited or bought. Hence our land-owning system is now inextricably bound up with our whole lives. But there are differences in the extent to which each product depends for its value upon the raw material. A deal board depends upon it almost entirely; a painted picture very little. If a sculptor takes a piece of marble and carves from it an Apollo, the value of the stone is a mere nothing, and the value of the work expended is incalculable. Hence we may fairly say that property is really and naturally property in proportion as it owes little to the raw material and much to the labour bestowed upon it. A man who owns a coal mine is rich in virtue of his prescriptive title to a quantity of raw material which he did not himself produce; a man who paints 'Nausicaas' and 'Jersey Lilies' is rich in virtue of the beautiful handiwork with which his own fingers have enriched humanity.

Now no kind of property depends so little upon material, and so much upon the individual labour, as literary and artistic work. Therefore it is above all other work the property of its creator. He takes relatively worthless material, and he impresses upon it by his own genius, or skill, or industry, a great, sometimes an incalculable, worth. Many people imagine that copyright is less truly property than other kinds of property; it is in reality more truly so. It is more than anything else the pure product of a man's own work. 'Vanity Fair,' or 'In Memoriam,' or the 'Huguenot Lover' owes its money worth not at all to the material, but wholly (when viewed as copyright) to the inventive genius of its creator. The paper and ink themselves are of no value; it is the idea which makes them marketable. And this money value of the idea clearly belongs to the producer. We have no more right to take it from him than we have a right to take the flint hatchet from its savage maker. Only the abstract nature of the property prevents us from recognising its real nature. If we were just we would make no special laws about copyright, and we would burden it with no oppressive conditions. Every citizen has a right to be protected by the community in the possession of his goods. He is taxed for this purpose to provide police and courts of justice. And no special or additional tax ought to be laid on him in order that other people may enjoy the fruits of his labour without paying him for it. If the State wishes for public libraries, it should buy books and pay for them (though I doubt the justice of so employing money raised by taxes), exactly as it buys and pays for its soldiers' accoutrements.

Above all, foreign communities ought not to disregard the natural right of authors and artists to property in their own works. An Englishman's watch, or house, or railway bonds are (more or less)

protected in America; but his book is not. Mr. Matthew Arnold, that opponent of anarchy, shocked and horrified me, and doubtless many others, some time since by promulgating the utterly anarchical theory that there is no such thing as a natural right to property at all; and therefore, said he, nothing more than a want of delicacy prevents the American people from recognising the merely sentimental claim of English authors. I confess such an ultra-communistic doctrine is to me nothing less than appalling. Those of us who believe that every man has a natural right to life, and liberty, and the free use of his limbs, cannot but believe that he has also a natural right to the products of his labour. Whoever kills him, or knocks him down, or takes from him the results of his toil, is wanting, not in delicacy merely, but in simple justice. His action is criminal, not indelicate. It seems to me just as absurd to talk about the indelicacy of stealing copyright as to talk about the impoliteness of assault and battery, the doubtful courtesy of the slave-trade, or the questionable good taste of murder. Law does not create right, it only attempts to discover it, well or ill; and it often goes wrong in the attempt. But we all recognise a justice which is above law, and our constant endeavour is to approximate nearer and nearer to it, so far as in us lies. Profoundly believing in such an eternal and immutable justice, as superior to all mere considerations of passing utility—a justice having its basis in universal organic laws—I cannot help believing also in the sacred rights of property, as something whose sacredness man has not created, and which he cannot justly abrogate. I find that sacredness attaching to all products of individual labour; I do not find it attaching to the appropriation of raw material by particular individuals to the exclusion of all others. And therefore I am compelled to differ as widely from Mr. Arnold on the one hand as I differ from my Tory barrister on the other. The State cannot create right, and the State cannot uncreate it. It may enforce the wrong; but wrong is no less wrong when a whole nation enforces it than when a single robber does so. Whatever else we may be, whether we are imperial, and conquering, and insolvent, and Asiatic, or Liberal, and peaceable, and wealthy, and English, let us at least be just. An ounce of justice is worth a hundred thousand square miles of vast and pauperised Indian empires.

GRANT ALLEN.

An Autumn in the Côte-d'Or.

THE first day of the shooting season, *l'ouverture de la chasse*, is a very great occasion in France, and varies according to the respective orders of the préfets. In the Côte-d'Or, the season opened last year a week later than in the Puy-de-Dôme, namely, on September 7.

Everyone sets off from the country on or before this day, some going to shoot the birds, others to eat them. My sporting friends had quitted Dijon the day before, but on arriving at the station I found it crowded from end to end; the weather was magnificent, brilliant sunshine in plenty and not too much breeze, whilst the soil was cooled with the storms of the day before. How suggestive of wealth and how pleasant is the landscape on all sides when we quit the station: the luxuriant waxen-green foliage of the vines, mingling with the mellow tints of the late autumnal crops, not yet garnered. Of this favoured region, as of Seine-et-Marne, I may say, that poverty, much less beggary, does not exist. In fact these village folks are rich, each and all, with rare exceptions, dwelling under his own vine and his own fig-tree. It will convey some slight notion of the easy circumstances of the peasant proprietors here, when I say that large numbers of them indulge in the luxury of a game-licence, costing forty francs. Our French neighbours have an ideal equality with which we insular aristocrats cannot be expected as yet to sympathise. Think of our country squires, and heads of country families, encountering their humble neighbours in the sporting field! The excessive competition is, however, trying to true lovers of sport; for whilst with ourselves, besides the shooting licence, a second permission is necessary from the owner of the soil, in France no such rule holds good, except where a gamekeeper is kept and game is preserved; and the natural consequence is, that every year the number of game licences is on the increase, and every year the sportsman finds less game. It is trying even to the amiable French mind to be foiled on your own land at every turn. The charge being low for the *permis de chasse*, these well-to-do peasant proprietors and vine-growers can afford the darling pastime of handling the gun. There are also great numbers of poachers; in fact, the number is so large, that, for the most part, no attempt is made to catch them. Under these circumstances, therefore, we ladies did not expect our sportsmen to return with laden game-bags, though early in the day prospects looked bright, and reports from the fields were encouraging. By eleven o'clock there were some dozen and odd quails in the hands of the cook, who immediately set to work to prepare them for the seven o'clock dinner. The quail, a prime morsel in itself, requires the greatest delicacy in the cooking. To give the proper flavour, the

cook wraps each bird in a vine-leaf, and thus roasted in butter, it is only appreciated by the true *gourmet*. The quail should never be kept, but should be cooked forthwith. On the first day of the shooting season, the birds brought down at dawn figure at the midday breakfast table, and are always served with all possible despatch.

On that delicious Sunday afternoon of September 7, whilst our sportsmen were far away with their guns, and the ladies were gone to vespers, I amused myself with an inspection of the garden, and by drawing a mental contrast between the modes of life among our French neighbours and ourselves. Here in this handsome country house were three separate families living under one roof, each having their own apartments and *ménage*, yet all sharing the recreations, sociabilities, and occupations of daily life. This conglomeration of families, which could only work harmoniously among a people so easy-going and amiable as French people are, is certainly attended with two, if not more results. In the first place, the economy of such an association must be very great; and in the second place, the family tie, or rather the tie of kindred, is thereby much more closely knitted than with us. It must needs be so. A child, for example, grows up immediately under the eye, not only of his parents, but of his grandparents, his uncles, his aunts, and often great-aunts and uncles, all of whom may be dwelling under one roof, and sometimes sitting down to the same daily board. I must be permitted to observe, though it is a matter on which an opinion can only be given very timidly, that whilst the tie of kindred appears to all English observers stronger than with us, the conjugal tie, owing to the system of *mariages de convenance*, seems much less close than with ourselves. A thoughtful young Frenchman, a friend of mine, said to me on this subject, 'How is it to be wondered at that marriage is often a mere contract in France, seeing that we are all of us married without being consulted in the matter? When I have finished my studies, my parents will find a young lady of suitable fortune—a desirable match, in fact; we shall be introduced to each other and married without having any choice in the matter: rather I should say, if my parents approve, as a matter of course, I shall be expected to approve also, and after, perhaps, half-a-dozen formal interviews, we shall be married! How is a happy life to be expected under such conditions? Young people may feel thankful who find that they can just rub on without serious dislikes or disagreements.' I mention this by the way as an instructive comment on the associated family home before me, so common—one might almost say so universal—in France, and resulting, firstly in a great economy of daily expenditure, secondly in the closely knitting together of collateral family ties and interests. The family in France is like the famous faggot in the story, which requires a very strong hand to pull asunder.

From these reflections I went on to compare the roughly kept, but richly furnished, flower, fruit, and vegetable garden before me, with the scrupulously neat but comparatively unproductive English ones

familiar to us. Here flowers and products, generally speaking, take care of themselves; and, in spite of a cold spring and wet season what abundance is here! The vines, from which, as a rule, the sportsmen gather ripe bunches of grapes on the first day of the shooting season, now show only small, hard beads, where the luscious clusters should be. The apple, pear, and plum-trees are bare of fruit. But rich vermilion-coloured tomatoes and ripening sea-green melons are here in plenty, whilst the spiked artichoke, and every variety of salads, and vegetables generally bespeak the richness of the soil and the geniality of the climate. Flowers there are in unspeakable abundance, as in every other French garden. 'The sun does everything for us,' said my hostess to me.

Towards sunset we sallied forth to meet our sportsmen, whom at last we encountered, weary enough after their twelve hours' tramp, and not in the best of humours. There was no game to be had, excepting the quails and one or two partridges: too many sportsmen by far were about; and, on the whole, such a poor *ouverture de la chasse'* was not remembered. Such a failure was also partly to be accounted for by the cold spring, which had killed the young birds in great quantities, and also the great heat of the last few weeks, which had driven them to the woods. Better sport might be looked for later, when the fields and birds would be forsaken for the forests, the roebuck, and the wild boar. It takes more than a poor day's sport, however, to damp French lightheartedness, and when we sat down to dinner, and a bottle of famous Beaune vintage was produced in honour of the quails, all were in excellent spirits.

The day was grey and cool, and clouds lowered from time to time, yet old and young, strong and feeble, were able to sit out the long, merry meal in the open air, without taking harm. We held our feast in a *clos* or enclosed vineyard, overlooking the pleasant open country, mingled forest and field, the smoke of the train from Dijon to Langres curling amid the green. We were twenty-seven in all, of all ages and both sexes, and all, with the exception of the English guest, making up one family group. 'We form a clan,' said one of its members to me, and a veritable clanship indeed is such a conglomeration of kinsfolk in one spot. The long feast over, the party dispersed till evening, when all again met to play billiards, round games, and enjoy tea, hot wine, and cigars. In these family gatherings, even among the richest, there is no kind of ceremony. No toilette is made in honour of the occasion, and the party breaks up early. There is, of course, an evil as well as a good side to these French clanships, so unlike anything to be found among ourselves. English people who travel much mix largely with strangers and foreigners, and, as a rule, rather avoid than seek this kind of centralisation, are readier to take in new ideas and likely to be freer from prejudice than their French neighbours. But such pictures of family life are patriarchal and pleasant to contemplate. Here we had the great-grandmother, the grandparents, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren,

all living near each other and making up a little society of themselves, needing no other. Another feature to be noticed in French country life of the opulent kind is its great simplicity. In the midst of abundant, solid wealth, there was here absolutely nothing for show—the kind of show, moreover, that is set such a store by and ruins the peace of so many households with us—and the comparatively insignificant number of servants kept, alone makes all the difference. Where well-to-do English folks keep six servants, French people do with one or two, not because the two are made to work for six, but because the domestic arrangements are infinitely simpler and more economical. Yet these things are perforce changing with the time. Take, for instance, the case of a friend of mine in these parts who has had in her service a faithful woman servant for upwards of forty years. Forty years and odd ago, this woman came at yearly wages of 150 francs, i.e. 6*l.* English. For ten years she served on these conditions, and at the end of that time received an additional 50 francs, bringing her annual pay to 8*l.* At the end of ten years more, this was increased to 10*l.*, and, beyond, no advance has been made; whilst nowadays young girls here going out to service, without any experience whatever, ask three or four hundred francs to begin with. It must be added that this faithful old creature—who with her yearly wages and handsome new years' gifts has laid by a good sum—is regarded as one of the family. Here she has lived, here she will die, a member of the family indeed, except by ties of blood, and taking more liberties with her mistress's affairs than the nearest relative would do.

But this patriarchal system is on the wane. Servants now stay, not where they are most comfortable, but where they get highest pay, and are ready to leave on the slightest remonstrance being offered them. There is one thing more to be said about the class from which domestic servants are taken in France. In these country villages, so thriving are the peasants on their small farms that landowners cannot get hand labour at any price, and many are compelled to sell their property because of the cost of tillage. This tells two ways. The peasant no longer invests his money as much as formerly in land, on account of the same difficulty, so that the value of land, instead of rising, decreases, as with us.

Before describing the most noteworthy excursions to be made from Dijon, I will draw the traveller's attention to the formidable appearance imparted to it by its girdle of forts, most of which have been constructed within the last few years. Dijon can hardly be considered in the light of a frontier town, yet we can easily understand how important it is that it should be rendered unapproachable, seeing that Metz no longer protects the frontiers of France. Besançon hardly presents a more warlike front than this wealthy, aristocratic city of 'rentiers' and wine-growers.

There are many pleasant excursions to be made both by road and rail from Dijon, none easier and pleasanter than Beaune, where

indeed the traveller might do well to halt for a night in order to see the great vineyard country to advantage. These vine-clad hills and valleys, affording one of the most famous vintages in the world, abound in charmingly poetic and pastoral landscapes, and alone would suffice to disabuse the prejudiced mind of the notion concerning 'that flat and uninteresting country of France,' as it was once described to me.

And how full of charm and interest are these quiet little French towns—Beaune, chiefly so by virtue of its hospital. Let not the name call up unpleasant associations in the reader's mind. Rather should this Beaune Hospital be called a resting and healing place than anything else, since the aged come hither to rest for the remainder of their days, and the 'sick unto death' are for the most part those whose work in the world is done. 'This charming place would almost make me wish to be ill at Beaune,' wrote the famous French architect Viollet le Duc; and little matter indeed by what name we call it, or what it is—nothing in the world can be imagined more soothingly picturesque, quaint, and graceful. The aged poor and the sick generally are here indeed lodged in a palace—a palace moreover built in the most delightful style imaginable, though in what style architects alone must determine. Outside, its long, deep roof, studded with little turreted dormers, above which rises a clock-tower, all in soberest grey, recalls some stately Dutch townhall or stadthaus; but inside, its vast oblong courts or inner gardens, and double rows of galleries running round, surmounted by lofty roofs, many-gabled and many-dormered, would seem to betoken some royal residence. The whole aspect is so sober, so mediæval, so picturesque, that only the white-robed sisters of charity moving about seem at one with their surroundings. The entire length of the court or inner garden is turfed and turned into an orangery, for the time being, by double rows of orange-trees, planted from end to end, and this delicious verdure and the intense blue sky of the perfect October day are strikingly contrasted with the quiet tints and subdued harmonies of the architecture. A great part of the structure, notably the carved balconies, running between gallery and gallery, is of wood, and this is painted lead colour to match the leaden roofs, bell-tower, weather-cocks, and elaborate ornamentation of the roofs. As you stroll along this pleasant inner garden with its wondrously poetic *entourage*, no open door or court but reveals something in keeping with it. You see here a group of nuns in their creamy white dresses and white hoods, folding linen in a room that must have remained precisely what it was centuries ago—its low panelled ceiling of sober brown, dark, polished oak presses, and richly carved sideboards, affording a beautiful background to the white, shadowy figures; or you see the kitchen where scores of copper cooking vessels of all dimensions, and bright as gold pieces fresh from the mint, emblazon one wall, whilst before the magnificent chimney-piece are the massive andirons, pothooks, and pothangers that were

used in the olden time. The kitchen, when we visited it in the afternoon, was deserted, except by one figure—a young girl wearing a nun's dress of black and blue, studying a cookery book. Nothing could be more spotless and speckless than the kitchen—a delightful background for a Dutch picture—if English artists ever thought it worth their while to look for subjects in France! Now let us go into the brilliantly decorated, dazzling chapel, where a grand surprise awaits us. For opening out of the chapel, only separated from it by a crimson curtain, is the so-called 'Grande Salle des Malades,' a vast parallelogram decorated in the same brilliant style as the chapel, only toned down by the rows of snow-white beds on either side. So vast is this hall—being nearly fifty yards in length—that you get a vanishing perspective of these small, white-curtained beds; and so lofty is its arched roof that alike their occupants and the quiet figures of the nuns moving about are as much lost in it as the isolated worshippers in a cathedral. I have said that the chapel leads into the hall or Salle des Malades: it is rather the hall that leads into the chapel, so insignificant is the latter by comparison, though both are in exact keeping, style, scale, and decoration being nicely matched by the restorer. For both have undergone restoration, concerning which opinions may differ, but all must agree that the general effect is magnificent in the extreme.

Here, then, lie the convalescent sick and aged poor of Beaune, each in a snowy bed; each, if strength permits, only having to crawl to the outer door to find the sunshine and the orange-trees; each beholding from his bed a dome that might well prefigure to him the unseen abodes of heaven, so gorgeous is the dome—purple, amber, and crimson, being richly fretted and starred with gold. If too feeble to get as far as the crimson curtains partly dividing him from the chapel, he can gaze on the splendid stained glass of the choir, can catch a glimpse of the priests and white-robed boys moving rhythmically before the altar, can see the censer swing, and rejoice in the pealing organ and voices of the choristers. Yes, for a poor, aged, and forlorn Catholic it must be good to end one's days in such a place; and if his simple mind is imbued with the mysticism and poetry of his faith, he will imagine such an experience to prefigure 'the world to come and the life everlasting.'

If here the true believer is reminded of the joys of heaven, the famous Van Eyck picture of the Day of Judgment, in another portion of the building, will animate his mind with the pangs of hell. This glorious picture, a series of living portraits, in beautiful, rich-coloured drapery, against a gold background, has a room set aside for it, and rightly. It is the richest possession of the richly endowed hospital, and being a *chef-d'œuvre* of the first water, no wonder that attempts have been made to purchase it for the Louvre, and also by private collectors. It was bequeathed to this hospital, along with other treasures and a goodly rent-roll in vineyards, by Nicholas Rollin, Chancellor of Burgundy, and the foundation is still maintained, in-

dependently of the municipality, to the present day. Van Eyck's noble work has had some hairbreadth escapes—firstly, from the nuns, who set a clumsy painter to work to clothe the nude figures in the foreground; secondly, from the after-process of undraping them, which was carried out later. It has been besmeared, varnished, and evidently done up; after all, remaining, what it must ever be, a fine piece of work, and a delight for ever, and for all beholders, alike the skilled and unskilled. It is divided into eight compartments, the central one occupied by the Awarding Angel, a large figure, clothed in white, stern of aspect, and with scales in his hands, weighing in one the sins, in the other the good deeds, of the newly-arisen awaiting his doom. Above, clad in deep blue, is the figure of Christ, surmounted with angels and the symbols of the Passion, whilst around the Awarding Angel are beautiful crimson-robed figures, cherub and seraph, trumpeting the dead from their graves. On either side of these panels are rows of nobly conceived portraits, with drapery in brilliant blues, red, and brown—portraits we must take them to be, though many represent scriptural personages, such as Lazarus, Abraham, the prophets, and apostles. The Virgin is also there—a sweet and stately figure, full of pity and passionate intercession. Below, on a much smaller scale, in all the nakedness of the grave, are the newly arisen, some just bursting open their graves, others already judged, and betaking themselves, either in despair to the torments of hell, or in joy towards the golden gates of heaven. The colours are superb, the grouping dramatic, and the effect of the whole as a work of art is imposing in the extreme. In the room devoted to this masterpiece are also some curious and beautiful specimens of antique furniture, notably the spinning-wheel of Madame Rollin, co-foundress of the hospital, in dark carved wood—wheel, spindle, and distaff all very elaborate and artistic.

Of quite a different interest is the excursion to the once famous Abbey of Citeaux, now turned into an industrial penitentiary for young criminals. Forming one of the most powerful monastic bodies in the world, the Trappists, in twenty-five years' time from the foundation alone (1098), sent out 60,000 monks to make converts and to cultivate waste lands in all parts of Europe. The Abbey of Citeaux founded 1,800 dependent monasteries and 1,400 nunneries, besides giving four popes to the papal see. During the Great Revolution, the foundation was broken up and the buildings destroyed. Under Louis Philippe, it was occupied by a body of Fouriérists, and a few years later was purchased by the brothers of the Order of St. Joseph, and by them converted into its present use. This brotherhood is of recent origin, dating from forty years back only, and consisting at the present day of less than a hundred members of both sexes, who are dispersed in their three establishments, of which Citeaux is the most important.

Three-quarters of an hour by railway brings the traveller to the prettily situated little town of Nuits, where a carriage is to be had

for Citeaux, the drive occupying a little more than an hour. On this mellow October afternoon nothing could be pleasanter than the drive through the vineyards and fine forest formerly comprised in the Citeaux domains. The vintage has begun here at last, but what a vintage compared with that of more favoured years! Here and there you meet a dejected-looking peasant, bearing on his head a basket of the ripest bunches he has been able to find; these, instead of the large, luscious, purple clusters of former years, being mottled with green, hard, and almost worthless bunches. Rich wine-growers can afford to jest over the very word 'vintage.' 'Il faut bien s'y résigner,' they say, and take the year's calamity with accustomed French light-heartedness. But the small wine-grower, although of the thriftiest, and having other crops to depend on, cannot afford to smile, and this disastrous year will tax his resources to the utmost. Our approach to the colony, as the penitentiary of Citeaux is called, is indicated by the appearance of groups of boys with the brethren in charge, all wearing the blue blouse, symbol of labour in France. I am received at the door by one of the brothers, who, with great urbanity, offers to show me what is most interesting in the establishment. As I had before inspected the celebrated industrial penitentiary of Mettray, founded by a lay philanthropist—the late M. de Mettray—I was anxious to compare the two, which are conducted on different principles. Religious instruction is given at Mettray, but it is a lay establishment; whilst Citeaux, belonging solely to the order of St. Joseph, is entirely under the management of the brotherhood, the handicrafts, and even the husbandry, being taught by the brothers.

One curious feature of Citeaux, found also at Mettray, is the reception of incorrigible youths of the better ranks of society. There are 900 boys here, and about 100 are not street vagabonds or young criminals condemned to terms of imprisonment, but boys with whom their parents can do nothing; in fact, the bad boys of French families, up till the age of twenty-one, can be placed here for shorter or longer periods, according to the desire of their parents. At Mettray, young gentlemen of a refractory kind are treated like prisoners, but are kept apart from the rest of the boys, and fare differently with regard to accommodation and the tasks allotted to them. At Citeaux, on the contrary, a boy of the better classes, for whom his parents pay the modest sum of twenty pounds a year for board and lodging, is put precisely on the same footing as the rest, except that he is not set to field work; but it will be seen that, even with such reservations, the probation is a hard one in the extreme. My driver, who is in the habit of conducting numerous visitors to Citeaux, informed me that he had lately taken thither a widow lady, with her son, a youth of seventeen; also another widowed mother, with an unpromising lad a little younger. These boys, having proved quite incorrigible and unmanageable at home, were taken to Citeaux as a last resource, there to remain till they showed proofs of amendment. The mother of the first-named lad, indeed, declared it her intention to keep him

there till he should be of age, unless he turned over quite a new leaf! This young gentleman, reared in luxury and ease, and doubtless a spoiled darling, was placed in the printing press, and my conductor had seen him since, looking, he informed me, wretched enough. My own notion is that a very short term of imprisonment would be a more merciful way of dealing with young criminals of this or any class, the discipline of Citeaux being rigid in the extreme, and very little instruction being given, except as regards manual labour.

The most rudimentary instruction only is afforded, namely, in reading, writing and arithmetic, so that a boy advanced in his studies would here stand still during his stay. Beyond very brief lessons of this rudimentary kind no instruction is given whatever, neither lectures, nor demonstrations, nor any kind of supplementary education. This seems to me a great defect in the system practised at Citeaux.

There is no corporal punishment permitted, but how many things are far more endurable to a lad than a sound flogging? It is the monotony, the rigid routine, the automatic laboriousness of Citeaux which seem exaggerated, especially when we consider that many of the lads are here for years, and some till their twentieth year, not because they have committed any criminal act whatever, but because they belong to the unfortunate class of 'children of the State.' Again, a large proportion of boys have been convicted for very trifling offences, and it would seem desirable that the remainder —in other words, the worst class—should be kept apart, instead of the 900 boys belonging to each category being massed indiscriminately together.

The work to which the lads are put falls under two heads—agriculture and trade; the former comprehending all the usual branches of agriculture, the latter, brushmaking, printing, bookbinding, carpentry, upholstery, tailoring, shoemaking, and the like. The working day is enormously long, beginning at four o'clock both in winter and summer, and not ending till half-past nine, the instruction being given in the evening. I inquired particularly—Was this enormously long day of toil broken by no playhours even for the best behaved? Well, yes, there was recreation: music and drill on weekdays and a country walk on Sundays. Were no amusing and instructive books lent out on weekdays and Sundays as rewards of good conduct? There was no time for reading, replied my informant blandly and briefly. Were no other kinds of recreation afforded beyond those mentioned? Yes, there were gymnastics, and that certainly had a cheerful sound. Yet it seemed to me that as Citeaux is as much of a refuge for destitute boys as it is a penitentiary, and considering that we have here young human beings to deal with, out of the reach of any other influences whatever, we ask ourselves whether some deviation from this Spartan *régime* would do any harm. Again, might not some more home-like element be made to enter into the lives of these poor lads? At Mettray the admirable system of families prevails, each boy forming a member of a group or family, with

admirable results. Here nothing of the kind is found: the boys are put to work according to their sizes, and are but an unit of the busy hive to which they belong. They are permitted to choose the trade they prefer, and can also earn money rewards enabling the best behaved, if he remain till his twentieth year, to amass the sum of a hundred francs—exactly four pounds. All this is good as far as it goes, and too much cannot be said in behalf of the devotion of the brethren who share the laboriousness and privations of their charges. The vast congeries of buildings is never warmed even in the coldest weather, and the suffering from cold, especially among the younger boys, must be intense. I was taken into a workroom of these latter, under the charge of the sisters, where were some score and odd of little fellows sitting cross-legged, busy as bees, at tailoring. They did not look exactly unhappy, but overworked and automatic. There can indeed be no doubt whatever that in spite of the many admirable features in Citeaux, it should be subject to Government inspection, and the hours of youthful labour curtailed here as in manufacturing towns. Manufacturers can no longer abuse children's labour in France with impunity. Why, then, should a large industrial institution like that of Citeaux be exempt from the restrictions imposed elsewhere? The Government, moreover, pays sixpence a day for each boy it sends thither, so that the institution does not entirely depend on the children's labour for maintenance. In fact, judging from the quantity of work done, the shoes, the brushes, the carpentry, the bookbinding, got through by these lads over and above the needs of the establishment, it must bring in large profits to the brotherhood.

I could describe many other interesting excursions to be made from Dijon, did space permit, for after a sojourn of many weeks my friends still found much to show me. One day we visited the pretty, ancient little village of Bèze, the Château of Lux, and the Forest of Velours, abounding in deer, wild boar, and wild cats. On another, we drove to the base of Mont Afrique, the highest point in the Côte-d'Or, whence we got a superb view of the surrounding country, and far away the Jura and Swiss mountains. Every Sunday evening there were as usual large gatherings in country houses, where the pleasant *tutoiement* of French kinsfolk reminded one that all present belonged to the same clan. These large family groups more than anything else distinguish French from English home-life. Without doubt our own is much more varied, has wider interests, and is more open to the reception of new ideas and cosmopolitan sympathies. But the French plan has many counterbalancing points in its favour, such as habits of amiability, freedom from conventionalism and affectation in any shape; last, but not least, economy, and the upholding of family interests.

M. Betham-Edwards.

The Sugar Question.

PUBLIC opinion will now be called upon to decide on this question of the Sugar Refiner's grievance. Mr. Ritchie's committee has been busy with the final task of preparing its report, which will probably be before the public as soon as these remarks.[1] The proximate negotiations for commercial treaties with several continental states are largely influenced by the Sugar Bounties' question. Moreover, correct knowledge concerning the supply of raw sugar is a matter of the first importance, not only to sugar planters in our colonies but also to the British agriculturist, who, in the face of bad seasons and over-sea competition, is contemplating his future with such reasonable anxiety and apprehension.

There has been a strange ignoring of recorded facts in the public discussion of this question. Even the distinct evidence, published last summer by Mr. Ritchie's committee, has suffered a long winter of foolish neglect. There has been a strong tendency to follow the precedent of the Royal Society in its reported discussion of the King's question as to why a bowl of water weighed more when the fish in it was dead than when the fish was alive. There has been but little effort to solve the preliminary but none the less necessary problem as to whether these things are so. There have been but feeble attempts to marshal the facts of the case for public inspection.

There has been, indeed, considerable and hearty agitation carried on for some time by those most directly concerned with the sugar trade. But this agitation seems to have been inspired, no doubt most honestly and most unconsciously, by the innate human aspiration for 'protection' at the expense of one's fellows—an aspiration which, in this case, has been generated and fostered by the severe influence of continued commercial depression and fall of prices during the last few years.

More lately those connected with the trade have issued an official manifesto which sums up their grievance in the statement—'The foreign export bounties on sugar have been successful in paralyzing an important British industry; and in causing much loss, injury, and suffering to the sugar-producing colonies of the empire.' This indictment has been variously elaborated and frequently put forward. Recently Messrs. Hill and Ohlson, on behalf of the West India Committee, wrote to the *Times* to the effect that 'Statistics of production prove that protected sugar industries have made rapid strides, while those which are subjected to unfair competition have gone backward.'

[1] Vide P.S. to this article.

And yet if we turn to published statistics of production we at once make rather significant discoveries. We find, for instance, that within the last few years, while our consumption of sugar refined on the continent has increased barely by one-half, our actual export of sugar refined at home has increased, say, by two-thirds. Our refiners are exporting more and more refined sugar and are, if we judge by actual results, in far better plight than the refiners that trust to the support of bounties. In Austria the sugar system has come to a financial catastrophe. Sugar refining is dwindling in Belgium. The exports of refined sugar from Holland are *decreasing* year by year, and even France has been unable materially to increase her exports of refined sugars. (The figures are 153,000 tons for 1873, and 154,000 for 1877.) And another detail of special significance is the fact that the English market now absorbs annually more raw than refined beet-sugar. These are a few of the facts of the present. They conclusively prove that the English sugar refineries continue year by year, in the face of 'unfair competition,' to make use of more and more raw material, and turn out year by year more and more of the manufactured article. This is not 'going backwards.' Thus, if we concede that some one member even of these English industries is paralysed, we must perforce admit this paralysis does not prevent increase in the productive activity of the whole body.

It should be noted that there is apparent ground for the grievance in certain localities; for there has been some local transference of activities. In Bristol and in Glasgow the sugar industries have suffered considerable shrinkage; but if we look to figures we find that a growth more than compensating for this shrinkage has taken place in the Liverpool, London, and Greenock centres. The records are:—

	Raw Sugar Used.		British Refined Exported.	
	1873.	1877.	1873.	1877.
London, Liverpool, and Greenock.	11,980,000 cwts.	15,118,000 cwts.	577,000 cwts.	906,000 cwts.
Bristol and Glasgow	1,727,006 „	582,000 „	61,000 „	182,000 „

We must follow this indictment to its second count—that the foreign bounties have been successful 'in causing much loss, injury, and suffering to the sugar-producing colonies of the empire.' Again, facts rob such a contention of its sting. We find that in 1862 we imported into England 250,000 tons of cane sugar, the produce of British soil; this annual total, with slight variations, steadily increased and reached 300,000 tons in 1877.

If we regard the statistics of the West Indian sugar exports for the last twenty years we see that the total of sugar exported has largely increased, the figures being 230,000 tons for 1878 as opposed to 177,000 tons for 1860. It is often and with reason objected that,

a sugar crop being so proverbially uneven, little trust can be placed in annual figures. It is worth while, then, to tot up the totals for four-year periods, and so eliminate this element of uncertainty. In the successive four-year periods, commencing with 1862, we find that the English West Indies exported 748,000, 868,000, 963,000 and 995,000 tons of sugar for each period respectively. It is also worth noticing that the average prices of 'fair refining' West Indian sugar for these four periods have been respectively 23*s.* 8*d.*, 24*s.*, 24*s.* 3*d.*, and 22*s.* 3*d.*

It would appear, then, that in the West Indies the growth of sugar is expanding and increasing. At the same time in South Africa and in Australia sugar-growing is rapidly assuming important dimensions; while fully-peopled Mauritius pursues the even tenour of its way, so far as capricious seasons will allow.

It is thus difficult to put one's finger on the effects of these asserted causes of 'much loss, injury, and suffering to the sugar-producing colonies of the Empire.'

The real kernel of the grievance, concealed within much husk incidental to all grievances, is the fact that the cane-growers of the British colonies and the sugar refiners of the British isles have failed to secure for themselves the whole of the increased trade which has necessarily accompanied the largely-increased consumption of sugar that has taken place during the last few years. It has been calculated that during the last ten years the annual consumption of sugar in the United States and Europe alone has increased from 1,700,000 tons to 2,500,000. In the English market there has been a proportionate increase of something like 300,000 tons. This increased consumption has been supplied by new systems of production; and these have not all been monopolised by English refiners and West Indian planters. 'Hinc illæ lacrymæ.'

Mr. Giffen has calculated that 'in proportion to the whole production, British cane sugar had fallen from 17 to 13 per cent., and foreign cane sugar from 69 to 33 per cent.; while beetroot sugar had increased from 14 to 49 per cent.' In 1868 the English market took 80,000 tons of beet-sugar; but this item had grown by the year 1878 to no less an amount than 340,000 tons. In 1853 the amount of beet-sugar produced stood to the amount of cane-sugar produced in the proportion of 1 to 6; in 1863 this proportion had attained to 1 to 3; and in 1873 it was further reduced to 1 to 1½. In other words, while thirty years ago one-seventh only of the total sugar supply was produced from beetroot, nowadays nearly one-half of the sugar consumed is the product of that root.

It will be seen, then, that the profitable extraction of sugar from beetroot has monopolised a lion's share in the supply of the greatly increased consumption of sugar. It would also seem that the inherent qualities of beet-sugar are highly favourable to the making of loaf sugar. There has been keen competition between English and continental refiners to produce the increased supply called for by

consumers. English energy has speedily devised better organisation and improved machinery; but in one division, in the production of loaf sugar, thus far the continental refiners have had the best of the contest.

But it is well to remember that, even if for the sake of argument we admit that the manufacture of loaf or dry refined sugar has been destroyed in England by the bounty-fed supplies from abroad, we are then driven to acknowledge a correspondingly enormous development in England in the manufacture of moist-refined sugars in order to account for the large total growth not only in the consumption but in the export of sugar actually refined in England. Moist sugar-refining has more than occupied the industrial ground vacated by loaf sugar-refining. In the meantime, the French bounties alone pay us at the lowest computation 10 per cent. on the amount of capital that Englishmen formerly used in refining loaf sugar, but have now put to other more profitable purposes.

The problem remains whether this latter industry cannot be resuscitated in England and regain for itself a local habitation and a name. Obviously the first question to determine is why has this industry suffered defeat at the hands of the foreigner? Is it merely because the foreigner enjoys the 'natural protection' of using beet-sugar grown at the very door of his refinery? Are Englishmen handicapped, even if we waive the question of bounties, by the amount of the freight necessary to surmount this geographical fact? Foreigners tell us this is not the case at all? 'Bounty-fed' countries necessarily pay a duty on imported sugars. Some, Austria for instance, give a bounty on the export of raw beet-sugar. The French and other continental refiners complain that the English refiners can and do obtain this low-priced raw material on far easier terms than are open to them. The Englishman, we are told, has the 'natural protection' of absence of duties added to the assistance of foreign bounties on the export of raw beet-sugar to counterbalance the 'natural protection' that the foreigner enjoys in nearness to his raw material.

There is more in the plea that the bounties on refined sugars place them in the English market at prices that endanger, if they do not preclude, the competition of local manufacturers. It boots little to repine on the debatable point that loaf-sugar made of beet has not the saccharine equivalent, quantity for quantity, of loaf-sugar produced from the sugar-cane. It may be impossible to prevail upon the thrifty housekeeper to buy loaf-sugar at 4*d.* a pound when she can get it at 3*d.*, even when one explains never so wisely that one lump of the former will go as far as two of the latter. The 1*d.* per pound less in price is self-evident and certain; the relative saccharine strength is hidden and problematical. Indeed it is now possible to deny these facts, and to show that improvements in the manufacture have removed any palpable saccharine advantages that cane-sugar once *possessed* over beet-sugar. And whatever the rights of the cane, the

fact remains that loaf-sugar produced from beet drives out of the market loaf-sugar produced from cane.

The plea, founded on this fact, is now strained by those interested to the conclusion that 'the sole remedy is to bar altogether this subsidized competition in the English market.' The refiners themselves would attain this end by the imposition of *2s.* per cwt. on all sugar imported that has received a bounty. This is, of course, altogether in the momentary interest of the producer. The consumer is not to benefit by the fact that goods, loaf-sugar to wit, enjoying certain superior facilities in the place of their production, are enabled to undersell similar English goods. It seems that it is Freetrade for the nation to profit, if it can, by the wisdom but not by the folly of other nations. If foreigners crush 'unnatural' industries by letting in upon them the keen air of freetrade competition we may profit by this wise action. But if they contribute so many hundred thousand pounds a year towards lowering the price of sugar in England,—if the folly of the French affords special facilities in France for the production of loaf-sugar for the English market, we must religiously refrain from profiting by any results of this folly, and, if need be, act up to this lofty resolve by imposing duties that are discriminating and imposed for purposes distinctly industrial and not financial.

As we have seen, it is solely in the interests of one branch of sugar refining that this drastic remedy is proposed. The remaining branches have survived and are prosperous without the aid of any such agency. Meanwhile the advocates of the measure are driven to adopt the suicidal corollary that if they tax the manufactured article for the benefit of the one branch they must perforce tax the raw material out of which the other branches have made their profits; and which is to be the basis of the industrial prosperity of the one branch.

It must also be remembered that although the foreign refiner receives a bounty on what he exports, he has to sacrifice much of this in the freight that carries his product to the English market. Roughly speaking, it costs the Austrian refiner *1s. 6d.* a cwt. to carry his refined sugar to the English market. This feature interposes greatly with the triumph of the bounty system; and is no doubt at the bottom of the fact that with all the struggles and toil of those interested, the bounty system is collapsing in all the States that have adopted it.

There are, in fact, two courses by which the English refiner may procure beet-sugar at the same price as his French rival. If, on the one hand, it be true that beet growing is absolutely impossible in England, and that the British farmer might, with equal prospect of success, devote himself to the cultivation of the sugar-cane, then the refiner must proceed on the lines of his previous conduct in regard to cane sugar, and simply set about obtaining as much and as cheap beet-sugar as is possible. He will wisely leave it to foreign nations to decide whether or no they will pay their sugar growers to supply English refiners with raw material at exceptionally low prices. Even

at the present, though it may be held that these bounties supply us with loaf-sugar at a price too low to enable English refiners to continue to refine loaf-sugar, nevertheless these bounties supply us with at the least an equal quantity of raw sugar on which our refiners get to work most profitably. Our refiners have made use of their opportunities most successfully to outbid all competition in moist-refining. While in 1868 only one-eighth of the sugar our refiners used was beet-sugar, in 1877 no less than one-third of what they used was supplied by continental beet growers.

But, on the other hand, is not the English refiner driven to this course because he cannot obtain beet-sugar grown in England? Is it altogether and absolutely impossible for the British farmer, to his own great profit, to produce a local supply of beet-sugar which shall enable refiners again to set about the refining of loaf-sugar?

The past fifty years have seen beet growing assume enormous proportions on the continent: why has this movement not extended to England? It can hardly be solely because of the bounty given by foreigners, for that is confined to exported sugars both cane and beet. The raw beet-sugar we import from Austria is burdened with the necessary cost of transport to the amount of 1*s.* 6*d.* a cwt. This freight thus countervails the bounty received by the grower, and makes the price of raw beet-sugar delivered in England the equivalent of the price which it would obtain in the locality where it is produced. The effect of the bounty is neutralised by the effect of the freight.

History, indeed, whispers to us other reasons for this. Over and over again an industry that has eventually become domiciled in a country, to the great advantage both of the country and the industry, has for years, or it may be centuries, previous to its introduction, languished in the contempt and disregard that are bred of unfamiliarity. The industry has survived the uncongenial surroundings of less favourably endowed localities; and its introduction to brighter prospects has often been the result of accident rather than design.

Is it impossible for our farmers to make a conscious effort? It is a common complaint that no crops pay nowadays; this is the utmost that can be said against the beet crops grown for sugar. Can no private enterprise or even patriotism raise capital sufficient for a bold attack on these barriers of prejudice and ignorance? Is it not indeed a cause as deserving the advance of public money as 'fishery piers?' Is not the giving a new crop to the farmer and a new industry to the peasant a substantial and true measure of relief for Ireland?

Precedent is in the farmer's favour. There is not only the freight to countervail the foreigner's bounty, but there is also the fact that the soil of Great Britain produces more, acre for acre, than that of France under the present systems of farming. Whether this be due to superior bounty of nature or to superior skill or energy, or to both combined, we need not here inquire. The fact remains that the average *output* per hectare of land tilled for the purpose is as follows:—

	Cereals.	Beans, &c.	Potatoes.
France . . .	17	15	112
Great Britain . .	33	27	144

If these proportions can be maintained in beet-growing, our farmers will find themselves in possession of much needed and profitable crops; and the effect of the bounty will be counteracted not only by the freight but by this extra output as well.

It must be remembered, too, that where beet is grown for sugar, there arise works for the extraction of the sugar from the beet. And these works thus become centres of industrial labour of incalculable benefit to agricultural districts. Their value would be great in England, but of enormous advantage in Ireland.

Our meteorologists tell us there is not much difference in climate between our eastern counties and Holland, and Belgium, and France, where beetroot is so largely grown; and what difference there is, is a difference in our favour. Our best agricultural authorities, led by Mr. Caird and Mr. Duncan, bring forward a mass of testimony to prove that so far as climate and soil are concerned, beet of most excellent quality for sugar-making can be grown in many parts of England, and especially on the east coast of Ireland. It is pointed out that sun is indispensable to the ripening and sweetening only of growths that appear above the soil—for cane, fruit, leaves; but that for roots, if there be sufficient warmth in the climate, moisture is of far more value than sun.

Such is the evidence of practical science. Our schoolroom histories tell us of endless staple products that owe their introduction into a country almost to accident. Our economists tell us many an industry has outrun all competition by trial under a new set of conditions. Our archives tell us that the English farmer is professionally conservative. Our prosperity tells us that free competition, engendered of free trade, is dangerous to an industry that does not make the most of its opportunities. Our recent depression has awakened our agriculturists to a survey of their opportunities. Our highest authorities have declared that beet growing should be eminently feasible in England and in Ireland. Will the farmer come to the relief of the English loaf-sugar refiner, and free him of all these vexatious subtilties as to freight, and duties, and bounties, and what not?

It is not unreasonable to trust the British farmer to make the most of his opportunities. He will not omit to take to heart the mass of evidence that exists, as well to the feasibility of growing superior sugar-beet in the British Isles as to the eventual break-up of the bounty system on the continent. The refiner sees this also, and in the meantime makes the most of the present tendency of this bounty-system to increase the cheap supply of the raw material in England, and to diminish the competing supply of the manufactured article, to which, in its first inception, it gave so great an impetus.

If then we regulate our fancies by the facts of the case, we find

matters to be greatly simplified. The answer to those who found their grievance on the plea that our refiners cannot compete against bounties is that our refiners have competed, and competed with signal success.

The answer to those who would argue from this that no further action is necessary is that, on the contrary, this success may be made much greater if by all profitable means we combat a system pernicious, not so much to ourselves, as to those who adopt it. And among these means none is more efficacious than an intelligent and effective utilisation of the opportunities nature offers us in our own islands. As a nation we shall win greater economic success if, instead of resting content with the trifling benefit the bounty system now confers on the English consumer, we strive that this system be encouraged to compass its own death, and be no longer left to cumber and embarrass communities that in a healthier existence would be incited to larger and more profitable commercial intercourse with England.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

Postscript.

Since the above remarks were set up in type, Mr. Ritchie's Committee has issued its Report. It is an extraordinary Report; and it is not surprising to find that it by no means expresses the unanimous opinion of the Committee. Before any action be taken in the matter, attention will be given to the following points :—

1. The Report declares that loaf-sugar refining in England has been destroyed; and that if in the future bounties be established abroad on moist-sugar refining, that industry in England will also die out. But the Report omits to show that loaf-sugar refining in England was destroyed by bounties. The effect of bounties on refined sugar on English industries must be insignificant. The cost of transit alone equals a high bounty; cost of coal is in favour of the English refiner to the amount of sixpence a cwt. of sugar; bounties are given only on the relatively small amount of sugar that is exported; bounties often make no distinction as to whether the refined sugar is made from cane or beet. And when they are given on raw sugar they supply English refiners with raw material at a lower price than that which many of their foreign rivals are compelled to pay.

2. The Report maintains that cane cultivation *may* soon be abandoned in our Colonies. This is curious in the face of the acknowledged steady growth of this industry. Moreover, in so far as bounties have fostered refining in any given country, in so far have they created a new market for cane sugars. Nor is the bounty on exported raw-beet sugar all that it seems, for at least one-third of the raw beet-sugar we import is *not* 'bounty-fed.'

3. The Report acknowledges that 'bounties, if not stopped by

other means, must ultimately break down of their own weight.' The Report fears that when this breakdown occurs, 'natural sources of supply' will have been destroyed. But when the artificial system breaks down, natural sources will again resuscitate, inasmuch as they are natural. And this destruction is hardly possible in the face of the steady, healthy growth of these 'natural sources' at present proceeding in the face of these failing bounties.

4. Perhaps the most astounding sentence in the Report is that, 'A countervailing duty is not in any sense of the term protection.' This statement will somewhat startle those who thought they understood something at all events of Political Economy. Among other senses the term Protection is usually taken to mean that the duty it imposes is one that is levied on imports of a commodity in order to foster the production of that commodity at home. That it is one levied for industrial and not for revenue purposes. That it is one that discriminates as to country of origin. That it is one to countervail superior advantages of production (whether natural or political). A countervailing duty is, at the least in every one of these senses of the term, Protection. It is lucky that the favoured nation clause in our Treaties prevents even the discussion of such a retrograde remedy.

5. The Report concludes with a recommendation for a fresh conference of the Powers interested, on the basis of superseding bounties by 'refining in bond.' This remedy of course does away with bounties.

But the Report itself explains that there is little need for any such action. The Report urges that not only the legislators, but also the sugar refiners themselves of the principal bounty-giving countries, are eager to put an end to the bounty system. If these 'vested interests' are thus opposed to bounties, the system is not only surely but speedily doomed. And there are plenty of signs of the coming end. There is general discontent among all those concerned. In France the bounties have been recently cut down by one half. In Austria the system has received a blow that will probably be fatal. The centre of the Bounty Cyclone has passed over us; we are hove to on the right tack—our colonial growers and our home refiners have advanced, slowly it may be, but they have not lost ground. The storm is astern of us, wasting its energies on itself. We are heading for an horizon on which there are sure indications of fairer conditions. We have no need to run back into the confused sea and the useless eddying storms of a faulty system that is, in fact, rapidly exhausting itself by the means of its own misdirected energy.

G. B. P.

Overbury's Characters.

THOMAS HARMAN'S Caveat for 'Common Cursetors vulgarely called Vagabones,' 1567, dedicated, as Warton thought with singular impropriety, to the Countess of Shrewsbury, is the earliest book of characters published in our language. The 'red-lattice phrases' and 'bold-beating oaths,' for which Falstaff reproved Pistol, are found in abundance among the coney-catching rascals and thieves, there described with the coarse slang cleaving to the pages, under such vagabondish titles as a 'prygger of prauncers,' a 'demaunder for glymmer.' This was soon followed by a tract containing similar characters, called 'The Fraternitye of Vacabondes.' In 1614 Sir Thomas Overbury's 'Wife' was published, along with 'many witty characters,' advertised as having been 'written by himselfe and other learned Gentlemen, his friends.' Wood, the Oxford biographer, supposed that to be the fourth or fifth edition, but it is the earliest that can be found in our libraries, and it contained twenty-one character sketches, while an edition appeared in 1622 having no less than eighty, and in 1631 a Mr. J. Cocke was 'enforced to claime' the authorship of three. Overbury's characters so caught the humours of the time, that essays after the same quaint style were showered from the press, many being avowedly in his 'same manner;' and at least fifty volumes of characters on all possible subjects were written by dukes, baronets, rectors, and gentlemen and scribblers between 1615 and 1700.

Of all these productions not one approaches our author's except it is Bishop Earle's 'Microcosmography,' 1628, which Hallam preferred, and thought worthy of comparison with La Bruyère. Overbury was widely popular in his day. His spirit kindled kindred spirits. His originality of tone and treatment; his graphic delineation; the Dutch-like pictures, the neat sentences pointed to an apophthegm, or rounded with a witticism, found the truest test that admiration can take, that of imitation. But in after years the tide of popularity quite turned. Even those authors who delight in the quaint beauty and the picturesque prose of our old writers, seem to have no knowledge of him. Johnson preserves an ominous silence when we mention the author of 'the unmatcht Poeme, the Wife.' Of all the lovers of character and the sweet old prose, Charles Lamb, who was charmed with Kit Marlowe's luscious smoothness, 'beds of roses, buckles of gold' style, knows not our author by name; and among De Quincey's curious essays, and more curious footnotes, we have in vain searched for evidence that he knew of him. Even Macaulay does not make mention of his name or his writings. Others are acquainted with *Overbury* only to depreciate him; stately Hallam pats the knight with

a mild reference, and dismisses his characters with a Gerard Dow comparison. He appears to us to deserve a better fate, and his 'characters' live before us in a very real manner. Country and domestic life, courtier life, the duns, the whims and fashions of contemporary manners, are etched in his pages with poetic imagery, a rare if sometimes coarse skill, and a graphic veracity which make them still worthy of notice, and may reward the reader who loves characteristic bits of old manners set in quaintly vivid phraseology.

The Harlequin without the mask is a grave man, and our author's life is one of the saddest in our unwritten English tragedies. In 1581 he was born in Warwickshire, and on reaching manhood he shone in the fatal light of a courtier. His popularity for a time at court occasioned poetic homage from Ben Jonson, who, by desire, read his 'Wife' to Sir Philip Sidney's daughter, he being 'in love with her,' and so well did Ben Jonson execute the delicate commission that 'he praised the author to her.' To students of history Overbury is well known as the subject of 'The Great Oyer of Poisoning: the Trial of the Earl of Somerset for the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury,' he being treacherously poisoned on September 15, 1613, and buried in the Tower of London, where many brave men lie. His death he owed to a too perfect knowledge of the character of the earl's wife, and his having spoken of her after a plain but truthful manner in order that he might 'affectionately and solemnly' induce his friend not to marry the unworthy woman. The accusation could not fail to rouse the deadly enmity of her whose life he correctly described; and like many outspoken men in 'these good old times' he met with an untimely death for having with a sincere and praiseworthy motive spoken the truth, unpalatable though it was, against an earl's daughter whom his earl friend loved and married. His epitaph in the light of events is that, however well, he spoke not wisely.

We accept two of his definitions of what a character is: 'To square out a character by our English levell, it is a picture (reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one shadowing.' 'It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall close: it is wits descant on any plaine song.'

In no efforts does he seem to us to write so easily and well, with a heart music and with generous and touching sentiment, as in his characters of country life. An idyllic charm hangs over them; the air and all the surroundings are clear as summer; the fancy which Overbury lavished over a milkmaid or a country yeoman was as generous as it is bright with a true and manly goodness. His 'Faire and happy Milk-mayd' is the most exquisite portrait of its kind in our language, and one now wonders not that Queen Elizabeth, as Walton tells us, desired to be a milkmaid all May that she might sing all day long and sleep sound at night. Its airy fancy, the idiomatic English slipping together to the music which such a fair character evokes within us, the delightful ease and honest simplicity of

both the maid and the style, with the lovely goodness of the portrait, and the genial tone of the sweet pastoral, run straight for our heart, where it lodges for ever. As a piece of word-painting, so short and complete, it would be difficult to excel it. She who was 'deckt in innocency, a far better wearing,' in 'straining the teats through her fingers, it seemes that so sweet a milk presse makes the milk whiter or sweeter,' and 'the golden eares of corne fall and kisse her feet when she reapes them, as if they wisht to be bound and led prisoner by the same hand that fell'd them.' 'She is never alone, for she is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones.' And revelling in the dainty sweets of his rich fancy, we are not unprepared for the well-known concluding sentence, 'Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stucke upon her winding-sheet.' Could more effect be produced on the short canvas with so few unmixed colours? Alongside it should be placed the yeoman—our author terms him 'a Franklin'—as a picture of the olden times and olden manners, who is not inquisitive 'after newes derived from the privie closet, when the finding an eiery of hawkes in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good straine, are tydings more pleasant, more profitable.' Again, the character of the sexton is pleasantly touched with a picturesque glimpse of the village, as seen from the churchyard. He lives in the churchyard more than the village, 'for at every church stile, commonly ther's an ale-house;' next to a grave he is familiar with the ale-house, as 'he will hold argument in a taverne over such, till the diall & himselfe be both at a stand;' and the only time he observes is the sermon time, 'and then he sleepes by the houre-glasse.' It was only in the company of this delightful trio that our author ventured afield out of the city for sketches; and it certainly is with them that we find his satiric humour toned into mellow sympathy. The charm and flexible style of these three exquisitely drawn characters belong to the true pastoral, each bit of fancy coming as naturally to the loyal son of 'the heart of England' as flowers grow along its hedgerows. It is here that his master hand is made visible above all his imitators; none of them were possessed of genuine sympathy with and admiration for those characters of the pasture lands and towns of England. Bishop Earle never trusted himself on any country characters but a country knight and a plain country fellow, which only showed a city man's attempt at understanding country men. So equally balanced are the poetic fancies of Overbury's style, and the generous thoughts of the man, that one is puzzled which to admire most.

His style wins our approval as we get accustomed to the old phrases, the forms of accent, the catchwords, the exquisite touch of the Saxon language turned to the tone of old music. Beneath the workmanship there lie, in a few by-words, delicate glimpses into the manners of the time which point its meaning or adorn a phrase, and are as purple patches on a beadsman's gown. The touch is light

with laughter, and at times tinged with cutting satire. Bits of genuine information lift the characters out from the ideal, and clothe them in the old quaint garments of the period. A country gentleman went to Court in yellow stockings, and 'learned to kisse his hand & make a legge both together;' a fine gentleman, 'lest he should take fidlers unprovided, whistles his owne galliard.' An 'Innes of Court man,' with his silk stockings and beaver hat, 'laughs at every man whose band sits not well or that hath not a faire shoe-tie;' and a fencer 'his foile, and his doublet, weare not out above two buttons,' whom 'the Lord Mayor's triumph makes him a man, for that's his best time to flourish.' And the hypocritical timeserver is delightfully portrayed in the words: 'He reads the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streetes,'—i.e. attached to the girdle, which was not uncommon at the author's time. He describes another character: 'His zeal consists much in hanging his Bible in a dutch button.' The affectation of gentility is hit off in the courtier, whom you 'shall find in Pauls with a picke tooth in his hat, a cape cloak, & a long stocking.' A young lawyer who 'doth itch towards a poet,' is described as eating 'ginger-bread at a playhouse,' and 'ventures fairly for a broken pate at the banquetting house.' 'A councellor at law loves the velvet breeches he was first made barester in.' Young gallants' 'ordinary sports are cock fights,' and actors 'entertaine us in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales.' The 'habit' of the watchman 'is a long gowne made at first to cover his knavery, but that growing too monstrous, hee now goes in buffe.' It was a time when a chambermaid 'reads Greene's works over & over,' and old men 'count it an ornament of speech to close the period with a cough; & it is venerable to spend time in wiping their driveled beards.' Then wise men did not 'chuse friends by the subsidy-book,' and a franklin, an ancient yeoman of England, 'allowes of honest pastime, & thinkes not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after evensong.' Rock Monday and the wake in summer, shrovings and the ketches on Christmas Eve, he yearly kept, 'yet holds them no reliques of popery;' and a country maid, 'in choosing her garments, counts no bravery i' th' world like decencie.' A youth of spirit and frolic, y'clept a Roaring Boy, 'sleepes with a tobacco-pipe in 's mouth,' and 'commonly dies like Anacreon, with a grape in 's throat; or Hercules, with fire in 's marrow.' The forcible realism, the simple vigour, the life-like humours of these whims and accurate descriptions, 'the scraps, the bits, and greasy relics' of these bygone times, are written in the spirit of delightful serio-comedy. Even assuming that he wrote not for absolute truth and accuracy of expression, in his captivating conceits and quaint quips, there is a mighty gladness in life as he saw it, which is made lovely by the fulness and freshness of his spirits, and the buoyant setting of his dainty expressions. National characteristics are so beautifully mixed with the graver and lighter

side lights, that one's heart goes out involuntarily with the exquisite fragments of what was once every-day speech. The simple expressions, meant with no rhetorical effect, come direct to us with all the force of genuine table-talk. A young gallant is pointed out, for, as he leaves the room, 'tis with a kind of walking epilogue between the two candles, to know if his suit may passe for currant;' another 'sits in as great state over his penny-commons as ever Vitellius did at his greatest banquet;' the country gentleman 'speakes statutes & husbandry well enough to make his neighbors thinke him a wise man;' and the elder brother's 'ambition flies justice-height.' We meet with the 'Meere Common Lawyer,' who next 'tearme walks his hoopsleeve gowne to the hall,' and the dame whose 'wrie little finger bewraies carving.' He who delights in such information and such manners will find ample in Overbury to satisfy him; and in those times the 'boare's head' was the first dish on Christmas Day, and at one's elbow a tankard of 'March beere,' while ladies, perfumed with 'pomanders,' ornamented with 'partlets,' and danced the popular 'galliard.'

Whether in the choice of words and idioms, or in the construction of sentences, Overbury followed the manly and direct British style, which disregarded, and yet in its disregard attained a wonderful power of rhetoric. We have here in a fair state of preservation the idiom of our language, the mother tongue, as spoken by educated men and courtiers. And although the French method was to a certain extent followed, the periods being uniformly short, unelaborate and rapid, a swell and cadence move occasionally when required, and the quickness of a period is now and again broken and rolls away with a pretty conceit or a surprising fancy. His sentences are simple structures, brief, terse, simple, of the old English idiomatic talk. Beginning with something like a definition of the character, he looks at it from various side views, and ends by a bit of sarcasm or a show of wit. As in good conversation, he passes easily from one point to another, or, as in the game of hunt the slipper, he never lingers over one feature, but briskly moves backwards and forwards, so he neither becomes dull nor alloquial. And in this idiomatic language he never draws our attention from the subject or from himself by learned quotations or critical disputations; we at once come face to face with the character. He is singularly free from references to authors; indeed one would think that Shakespeare, who lived so shortly before him, or the authors of the Elizabethan period, had no existence; and when he borrows, it is a phrase from an older song or ballad.

Hallam thought that the wit was often flat: of that we fear he was but an indifferent judge, he having little mother wit; but he, no doubt, expressed the opinion of the nineteenth century mind when he considered Overbury occasionally vulgar. To us this only shows that our author was a real piece of humanity in those days. There is no mark of the vulgar in his best portraits—the mirth of a Good Woman is so clear 'that you may looke through it, into vertue, but

not beyond,' though it may be deemed by some that such a stain rests on a very woman who 'sends religion afore to sixty, where she never overtakes it, or drives before her againe.' The keen touch of laughing satire is felt in the neat description of a Fine Gentleman, who 'sighs sweetly and speaks lamently; for his breath is perfumed and his words are wind;' and the barb of sarcasm is felt in the words of an Ignorant Glory Hunter, who 'confesseth vices he is guiltlesse of, if they be in fashion.' He admired in no faint manner an old English butler and housekeeper, and the true English spirit of the time railed against French cooks, to whose skill he had a delightful John Bull antipathy, as they were 'only fit to wake a funeral feast, where men should eat their victuals in mourning.' A great part of his humour consists in whimsical conceits, which he renders attractive in their strange setting. Stern critics might consider them ill-natured, but they are only piquant, no doubt with a strong flavour at times.

Himself a gentleman of courtly speech and courtly manners, he has paid the gentle sex some of the neatest and heartiest compliments they can receive. Old and wise and melancholy men he reverenced in a true spirit; and one who could bestow such sincere tributes of respect and admiration to good women, old and young, as Overbury did, could have been no vulgar man. The sentences flowed from a close and appreciative reader of the best characters. A good woman, as he naïvely said, 'seekes not an husband but finds him;' a husband without a good wife is 'misery in men's apparel, to whom she is both a staff and a chain;' but for a 'Vertuous Widdow' he reserves the wealth of his genuine reverence: 'She is like the purest gold, only imployed for princes medals, she never receives but one man's impression. . . . She ought to be a mirrour for our younger dames to dresse themselves by, when she is fullest of wrinkles. . . . She hath laid his body in the worthiest monument that can be; she hath buried it in her owne heart.' The poetic, grave, and tender fancy is clothed in the simple beauty of the old words. Equally well sketched is the young gallant, who is sadly disturbed to 'maintain talk with a gentle woman,' which Goldsmith's Young Marlowe repeats almost to the word; and the conceited man, who 'laughs to think what a foole he could make of Solomon, if hee were now alive.'

The fire of the national British spirit sparkles in the 'Worthy Commander in the Warres.' It is a song in praise of the pluck and heroism of the indomitable British commander, ringing in notes of hearty cheer and spirited as the call of a cavalry trumpet. The enthusiasm for brave, daring deeds is tempered with a generous 'noble heaviness.' He figures as an honest man which no coward can be, and he 'never bloudies his sword but in heat of battel.' The martial spirit that breathes through the character is the same mighty force which animated our old English commanders and admirals, who knew not fear, and were made courtiers by being 'so honourably mercifull to women in surprizall.' He approved of the old conditions (

which a war could be concluded by an assured peace; absolute victory or 'an honest death;' and his prayers 'best became him when armed *cap à pe*; like the Hebrew generall he utters them on horseback.' The quick, quaint fancy of our author completes the portrait in all the glory associated with our historical English hero, who belongs to no period but to the occasion, and who in our hand-shakes with war each century is held up as a mirror for generals to measure themselves by; and 'lastly, when peace folds him up, his silver head should lean neere the golden sceptre and dye in his princes bosome.' Now look on the other portrait, that of a 'Vaine-glorious Coward in command,' which he has satirised in scorn. There's a great amount of the Bombastes *furioso* in him who has received this mighty characteristic title, and it is a piece of broad comedy. There may be a little ill-nature in the description of him at muster: 'he goes with such noise, as if his body were the wheele barrow that carried his judgment rumbling to drill his souldiers;' but there is a fine touch of delightful, though it may be extravagant humour, and also a dash of the picturesque, in these words: 'When he comes at first upon a camisado, he lookes like the four winds in painting, as if he would blow away the enemy; but at the very first on-set suffers feare and trembling to dresse themselves in his face apparently.'

His play of humour never rises into gusty storms, his plainness of speech, or, as it may be now considered, his coarseness, never rushes into peals of burly oaths, and his flatness is relieved by interesting facts of old manners and a store of ever poetic imagery, to the delight of those who 'admire old customs, even to the eating of red-herring, and going wet-shod.' All his characters are now in the misty world of shadowland. The simple, idiomatic language has in its tender pathos something 'dearly sweet and bitter,' like the tale-talk of an old nurse; and in his own exquisite words life 'is the tilted lees of pleasure, dasht over with a little decking to hold colour.' His best prose, 'not dappled with ink-horn terms,' is enriched with the richness of the Elizabethan period; his sentences trip to the old dance music, though his poetry and prose, to quote a line of the former—

> Both may bud; grow greene, and wither.

He does not, like Montaigne, sit in his arm-chair and converse with us; but he is the companion in our walks on foot in the city and country; and with infinite delight he points out the maid who rises with 'chanticlere, and at night makes the lamb her curfew.'

JAMES PURVES.

CALLADON.

CHAPTER I.

ABRACADABRA.

IF you were to take three hoops, the second half as large round as the first, and the third half as large round as the second, and lay them on the floor one inside of the other, you would have a ground-plan of the house in which Calladon lived. The outermost wall was built of brick, and had five narrow windows; the middle wall was of stone, and had also five windows; the inner wall was of the purest alabaster, and was a kind of window in itself.

In the centre of the innermost room a lamp was always burning, and the light which it gave out was so soft and penetrating that it glowed through the alabaster walls and illuminated the room outside with a pale white lustre, and some rays penetrated through the windows of this room, into the outermost room of all, and there met the darkness that streamed in through the outer windows—for the house stood in that part of the world where it is night all the year round. The name of the innermost room was Abra; that of the middle room was Cada, and that of the outermost room was Bra. The whole house, therefore, was called Abracadabra.

It was a curious thing about this house, that if you were in Abra, you could see into both Cada and Bra, but, if you were in Cada, you could not see into Abra, and if you were in Bra, you could not see into either Abra or Cada. As a general thing, it is easier to see from darkness towards light than from light towards darkness. But there was probably something peculiar about this light—and, for the matter of that, about this darkness too.

As for Calladon himself, he was one of the best-behaved boys ever known, and he was not less good-looking than he was good. He was a fine, straight-backed, rosy-cheeked little fellow, with bright eyes, a cheerful voice, and an obedient spirit. He was seven years old, and knew as much as it is well for a boy of his age to know. This was due to the Master who had charge of him, and who had put across his breast the gold sash, which always pressed against his heart when he wished to do wrong, and reminded him to stop. The Master had lived with Calladon ever since Calladon could remember, and probably for a good while before that. The Master had tended him in his illness, played with him in his plays, helped him in his studies, and sympathised with him in his troubles. Calladon loved the Master as much as if he had been his father and mother in one. Who his father and mother might be, he, however, did not know; but the Master used to tell him that when his education was finished he should see them.

Meantime he was obliged to live in Abracadabra, and make the best of it. The only one of the three rooms which he had ever dwelt in, was the central one, Abra; but there was plenty of entertainment to be had there. In the first place, there was the lamp, which lit up not the room only, but Calladon's mind likewise, so that the more it shone upon him, the better he understood his studies. And the lamp was warm as well as bright; so warm, that not only did it make the room comfortable, but it warmed Calladon's heart likewise, and made him loving and generous. In the ceiling of the room a large ball of crystal was hung on a sort of pivot, on which it could be turned at pleasure. This crystal ball had the power of reflecting all the places best worth seeing in the world, and casting the reflections on a white disc arranged for the purpose underneath. It was by this means that Calladon had studied geography, and he had enjoyed the study more than most boys do. At other times, the ball would bring the images of the stars on to the disc, so that you would have thought you were aloft in the sky, watching all the myriad worlds of light, and their movements. It may be imagined, therefore, that although Abra did not appear to be a large room, yet it must have been larger than it looked, since it was able to contain within itself the whole earth and heaven. Beyond doubt, Abra was a wonderful place, which everybody ought to see at some time of their lives. The air you breathed there had a delicate but powerful fragrance, as if it were life itself; and strangely beautiful chords of music sounded ever and anon through the room, coming from no visible instrument, but seeming to arise from the harmony and happiness in the heart of him who listened to it. Moreover, although there was not much furniture in the room, nor many toys to play with, yet whenever Calladon needed anything, he was sure to find it ready to his hand. It is true that he seldom wished for anything that he ought not to have, and if he did, the pressure of the golden sash across his heart warned him to forbear. In short, nothing could be more delightful and satisfactory than were all the arrangements in Abra, and up to the time he was seven years old, Calladon had never wished for anything that it could not give him.

Sometimes he would amuse himself with looking through the alabaster walls into the outer rooms, Cada and Bra. These had a beauty of their own, but it was easy to see that they were less beautiful than Abra. The best use of them was, perhaps, to let it be known that Abra was better than they. Calladon once asked the Master about this, and he answered:

'If it were not for Abra, there could be no Cada, and no Bra. But neither could there be any Abra, if Cada and Bra did not surround it. The alabaster wall would burst asunder, and the flame of the lamp would burn up the world.'

'Where did the lamp come from?' asked Calladon.

'It was here before Abracadabra or the world existed,' the Master *replied*, smiling; 'and it will burn for ever.'

'Could not I put it out?'

'No; but you might wander away from it into the darkness outside,' said the Master, in a graver tone.

'But then could I not light a little lamp of my own, to see my way about?' Calladon inquired.

'Yes, you might do so,' the Master replied. 'But such a lamp would in time burn out, and then you could never again relight it, and you would be lost.'

'I should not like that!' exclaimed Calladon. But after a while he added, 'Still I do not understand why those two other rooms should be there, since I never go into them.'

'You live in them, even though you do not go into them,' the Master answered. 'If you did go into them, you would not live in them so much as you do now, because you could not take the light of the lamp with you.'

Calladon said nothing more, but he became thoughtful.

Chapter II.

THE LAW OF THE LAMP.

One morning, soon after Calladon's seventh birthday, the Master called him to him and said:

'My dear Calladon, you have now arrived at the age when I must leave you for awhile, to think your own thoughts, and do your own deeds. I am going away, and it is uncertain when I may come back. Before I go I shall tell you a few things which I hope you will remember.'

'But I should like to go with you,' said Calladon.

'That may come to pass hereafter,' the Master replied, 'but not now, and it will depend upon what you do and think while I am parted from you, whether or not it comes to pass at all.'

'What is it that I must do?' inquired Calladon.

'I cannot command you either to do or not to do anything,' the Master said, 'for I shall not be here to enforce obedience. But I have already taught you many things, and, if you have studied them with your whole heart and mind, they will direct you as well as I could direct you myself. All I shall do, therefore, is to tell you what you had best avoid doing, and then leave you to follow my advice or not, as you choose.'

'Oh, there will be no trouble about that!' exclaimed Calladon cheerfully, 'for will not my golden sash press against my heart whenever I go wrong, and remind me to turn back?'

'No, for you will not wear the golden scarf any more,' replied the Master. 'You are no longer a little child, and you must no longer depend on what touches your heart from the outside, but on what moves it from within.'

'Well, I think I shall like that better, on the whole,' said Calladon. 'It will make me feel more like a man. But what is it that I ought not to do, dear Master?'

'You ought not to lose faith in the lamp,' answered the Master, 'for it gives you all you have, and all you are. And you ought not to leave Abra, for Abra only is Abracadabra. And you ought not to light a lamp of your own, for it would lead you into darkness.'

'Is that all?' asked Calladon.

'That is all I need tell you now,' said the Master; 'for if you obey these three rules, you will not need to know more, and if you disobey them, nothing more that I could say would help you.'

'I would have done all that without being told,' said Calladon; 'and the only thing I don't like is having nobody to see or to speak to.'

'I have taken care about that,' replied the Master, with a smile, 'and you will not be left entirely alone. When you wake up to-morrow morning, you will find a little girl beside you. She is to be your playmate and companion. She can help you to be happier and better than you have ever been before; but she can also make you worse and more miserable than if you were left by yourself. It will be according as you treat her.'

'Perhaps I had better not have her,' said Calladon.

'You must run the risk; for without risk nothing that is really good can be got,' replied the Master. 'She will not suggest either good or evil to you; but if your thoughts are good she will know it, and will help you to carry them out; and if your thoughts are evil, she will think evil too, and will give you the means of doing it.'

'Does she know all this?' Calladon asked.

'She will know nothing except from you, and as long as you are obedient to what I have told you, she will be obedient to you. But if you become disobedient, she will sooner or later begin to rule you; and whenever that happens you will be sure to suffer.'

'Then it all depends on me?' said Calladon.

'If harm comes, you will have no right to blame her,' the Master answered; 'but if good comes, you will have no right to take the credit to yourself.'

'Well,' said Calladon, after thinking awhile, 'the safest thing will be not to think of myself at all.'

'There is one thing more,' said the Master, before taking leave of him. 'You will find, hanging round Callia's neck (Callia is the name of your playmate), a little mirror, set in a frame of precious stones. This mirror will always show you an image of yourself, not as you think yourself to be, but as you really are. If you trust to what the mirror tells you, you will not know trouble; but if you disregard it, you will be in danger. The mirror is the only thing that will always tell you the truth.'

'I will always believe it,' said Calladon; and then the Master bade him good night, and Calladon fell asleep.

Chapter III.

CALLIA AND THE MIRROR.

The next morning, when Calladon woke up, the first thing he saw was a lovely little girl slumbering beside him.

For a moment he was greatly astonished, for he had forgotten that the Master had gone, and that he had promised him a companion. But presently the memory of the day before came back to him, and he recollected that henceforth he was to take care of himself. The thought made him feel quite brave and manly; and with such a beautiful playmate as this to keep him company, he felt sure that he would be the happiest boy in the world. And as he wanted his happiness, and hers, to begin as soon as possible, he bent over and kissed her on the lips.

She opened a pair of lovely blue eyes, and yawned, and said—

'Where am I? Oh! Calladon, is that you? How handsome you look, and how good you are!'

'How did you know me?' asked Calladon.

'If I am Callia, you must be Calladon!' replied she, laughing. 'Who else could you be?'

'Now that I look in your eyes, it seems as if I must have always known you!' said Calladon.

'And I know you the same way,' said Callia.

'But how did you get here?' he asked.

'What a funny question! as if I had ever been anywhere else!'

'It is very strange, however,' he said; 'for though I can remember living here for a long time and not seeing you, still I cannot imagine your ever having been away from me. We seem always to have been together.'

'So we have,' replied Callia; 'and we will always stay together, won't we?'

'Indeed we will,' said Calladon; 'so now give me a kiss, and let us have our breakfast.'

Their breakfast was there waiting for them, as was everything else they needed; and while they were eating it they talked about what they would do during the day. They soon found out that the difficulty would be to make a choice out of the many pleasant things that suggested themselves; and whatever one proposed, the other declared to be more delightful than anything yet. And after all, what could be more delightful than simply to be together? Calladon was more pleased in knowing that Callia was pleased than he could have been at anything that merely pleased himself; and his pleasure gave greater pleasure to Callia than any pleasure of her own could have done. What they did, therefore, on this first day, was not of nearly so much importance to them as that they did it together; and when the day came to an end (as it did, more quickly than any day that either of them could remember) all they knew was that

been one song of joy. As to doing anything that the Master had warned them against, they really had not had time so much as to think of such a thing.

But night came at last, and they found themselves getting sleepy. Before going to bed, Calladon said—

'By the way, Callia, have you got a mirror round your neck?'

'Do you mean this pretty little thing, set in precious stones? Shall I give it to you, dearest Calladon?'

'Oh, no; only the Master said that I was to look in it every once in a while, to find out what I really am.'

'You really are the handsomest and dearest boy in the world, and so the mirror will tell you,' said Callia; and she held it up before him as she spoke. Calladon looked; and certainly the mirror did show him the image of a very charming little face and figure. It told the truth, and the truth was very agreeable.

'I am glad of it for your sake, Callia,' said Calladon. 'I hope I shall always be as handsome as you want me to be.'

'I don't mind whether you are handsome or not, as long as you are Calladon,' she answered.

'It seems to me, Callia, that if I have you, and you have me, we do not need anything else.'

'And it would not make any difference whether we were in Abra or not.'

'I should hardly mind even if the lamp were to go out,' said Calladon.

'I only care for the lamp because it lets me see you,' she answered.

'And because it lets me see myself in the mirror.'

'Why should you believe the mirror more than me?' asked Callia.

'Well, if you think I am handsome, it is not so much matter whether the mirror tells me I am or not,' returned Calladon.

And with this they kissed each other, and fell asleep.

Chapter IV.

THE OUTER ROOMS.

When they awoke next day, Calladon stretched himself, and shivered a little. The lamp seemed to be burning rather more dimly than usual, and the air seemed thin and cold. Glancing at Callia, who was lying with her eyes still half closed, his eye caught the sparkle of the mirror round her neck, and he took a peep into it. It seemed to him that his cheeks looked pale, and his eyes dull.

'Callia!' he exclaimed, 'Callia! wake up, and tell me how I look.'

'You look just the same,' answered she, opening her eyes and sitting up. 'But don't you think it is colder than it was yesterday?'

'I was sure it was; and if you feel it too, it must be so. But are you quite certain that I look as well and handsome as when you first saw me? because, in the mirror, I seemed to be pale and dull.'

'The mirror must be wrong, then,' said Callia; 'for I can see you with my own eyes, and of course I should know if there were any difference.'

'Well,' said Calladon, 'I suppose it is time we had our breakfast.'

The breakfast was there, but it was neither so good nor so plentiful as before; and Calladon and Callia felt comparatively little appetite. This displeased them; and they began to ask each other how they should contrive to amuse themselves during the day. They proposed many things, but afterwards rejected them, either because they had done them yesterday, or because they did not find them any longer attractive.

'This is rather a small room, after all, for two people to pass their lives in,' remarked Calladon at last.

'Especially when there are two other larger ones outside,' added Callia.

'It would be good fun to explore them, wouldn't it?' said Calladon.

'Why shouldn't we do it?' asked Callia.

'It makes me feel quite lively again to think of it,' exclaimed Calladon, springing to his feet. 'Only,' he added, 'that is one of the things the Master told us not to do.'

'Oh, I don't believe the Master would mind,' said Callia. 'Besides, how should he ever know anything about it? He has gone away.'

'Of course, too, it is our own affair,' observed Calladon. 'If any harm comes of it, it will be to ourselves, and not to him.'

'I am not afraid,' said Callia. 'Are you?'

'Not in the least. By the way, though, I am not sure that I know the way out of Abra. There doesn't seem to be any door.'

'I think I can find the way, if that is all,' returned Callia. 'I don't know how I happened to think of it—but since we have been talking about going, it has seemed to me that if we were to push against that little carved knob in the wall, it would open a passage into the room outside. Shall we try it?'

'Yes,' said Calladon; 'it can do no harm to see whether you are right, at all events.' So they went to the knob, and Calladon gave it a push.

'Not that way; you should push it sideways; see—like this,' said Callia; and she shoved it a little towards the right. Sure enough, a part of the alabaster wall slid back, so that the children were able to look into the room beyond.

'It seems rather dark; don't you think so?' remarked Calladon, drawing back after a moment.

'We must take a lamp along with us,' said Callia. 'That lamp

that burns in the centre of the room will be no use to us. We shan't be able to see anything without a lamp of our own.'

'Well, I suppose we must,' said Calladon. 'Now I think of it, though, that was another of the things the Master said we ought not to do.'

'What did he say would happen to us if we did do it?'

'I don't remember his saying anything.'

'Of course he didn't! because nothing will happen, except that we shall know more than we could know by staying here. He was only trying whether he could frighten you.'

'You shall see that I am not so easily frightened,' said Calladon. 'I am a man now, and able to take care of myself. Come, let us light a lamp of our own and go. I will show you the way.'

'Here is a lamp,' said Callia. 'I just found it on this little shelf in the corner, though I had not seen it there before. But how shall we light it?'

'We must light it from the great lamp; there is no other way.'

'But then it will be the light of that great lamp that will guide us, after all.'

'No,' said Calladon, 'because the part of the flame that we take away will become our own, and would keep on burning even if the great lamp were to go out.'

They lit the lamp accordingly. As they did so, the air around them grew colder than before, and a gust of strangely melancholy music sighed through the room. From the crystal ball in the roof overhead there came a red reflection, as of some terrible fire burning in the world without: and then a white flash, as if an angel's sword had suddenly been thrust down into the room. Now the sword seemed to be brandished about the great lamp, its point against the children, who shrank back in fear towards the alabaster wall. Still the sword threatened them; and there was a violent rush of icy wind, which forced them to the opening leading to the outer chamber. For a moment they tried to struggle against it, and not to be driven from the alabaster room in which they had lived so happily; but the blast grew stronger, and the sword came nearer; and at last Callia cried out:

'Let us go, Calladon, or our light will be lost!'

'Come, then!' said he; and hand in hand they staggered through the opening, which closed behind them with a hollow sound. Then there was silence. Save for the wavering flame of their little lamp they were in darkness.

'What have you done, Callia?' said Calladon.

'It is your doing as much as mine,' she answered. 'Well, I suppose we must make the best of it. At any rate, it is not so cold here as it was in the other room.'

'No, and there is not that terrible light, to dazzle our eyes. And that sword—we are safe from that!'

'I think, upon the whole, we are better off where we are; and I

am glad we came,' said Callia. 'It is more mysterious here, and I like mystery. If you can see everything around you merely by opening your eyes, it is stupid. Here we have the excitement of going about and not knowing what we may find.'

'It is strange it should be so dark!' remarked Calladon. 'On which side of us is the alabaster wall? No light comes through either side; and yet, when we were in Abra, it seemed to shine through and illuminate both the outer rooms.'

'The great lamp must have gone out; all lamps go out after a while, I suppose,' replied Callia. 'But that is no harm; when we go back we can light it again from our own. It does not seem so dark here as it was at first.'

'I can see better, too!' exclaimed Calladon. 'Our lamp seems to be getting brighter. By and by, perhaps, it will be as bright as the great lamp was.'

'Meanwhile,' said Callia, 'let us begin our explorations.'

Holding the lamp before them, they advanced together curiously through the gloom; but, as Calladon had said, their lamp seemed continually to grow brighter, or else their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, so that presently they were able to see their way with little difficulty. The walls of the room they were in were sombre and rich; there were carved panels and cornices of metal or stone, encrusted here and there with what appeared to be precious stones, gleaming with a dusky red lustre. There was gold, too, here and there: but not bright and resplendent, like the gold of Abra, but dull and tarnished, so that it might almost have been mistaken for rusty brass. As they went along, the black smoke from their candle rose in the air, and collected in clouds beneath the heavy groined roof, until it hung above them like a murky canopy. From this canopy a stifling odour descended, and was diffused about the room; but, strange to say, the children seemed to breathe it with pleasure, and to grow stronger and livelier under its influence. At length they came to a great heap of some dark substance, piled up in an obscure corner.

'What is this?' said Calladon, stirring it with his foot.

Callia stooped down and took up a piece of it in her hand. 'It shines,' she said. 'It must be something valuable. Hold the lamp nearer.'

'It is certainly some kind of jewel,' said Calladon, after they had examined it. 'Perhaps it is a ruby, or a black diamond. Such things are very precious.'

'We had better take what we can get, then,' said Callia; 'we shall not find anything like this in Abra—of that I am sure. How foolish you were, Calladon, never to have thought of coming in here before. It is ten times better than the other place!'

'I will fill my pockets now, at all events,' replied Calladon, 'and make up for lost time. What a heap of them! and how heavy they are! I'm afraid we shan't be able to carry them all.'

'I can hold a great many in my apron,' said Callia; 'and we can take them to some safe place, and then come back for more. I wonder whom they belong to?'

'They belong to us, since we have found them,' returned Calladon; 'and if anyone says they are his, we can say it is not true. Who has more right here than we?'

'I don't see why we should go back at all,' observed Callia. 'I feel much more comfortable and happy in this pleasant light and smoke than I did in that glaring white Abra, with its cold air and its tiresome music. Suppose we make our home here?'

'I was going to propose the same thing,' answered Calladon. 'And I have been thinking, Callia, that perhaps this is the real Abra, that we are in now. For what can be better than what we like best?'

As Callia was about to reply, they heard a flapping sound in the air above their heads; and looking up, they saw a hideous great bird, —or perhaps it was a bat—with black wings outstretched, fiery eyes, and a long hooked beak, that it kept opening and shutting with a snap. At this sight the children were much terrified, and started to run away; but the horrid bird followed them in the air, swooping downwards every now and then, and pecking at them with its beak, or trying to tear them with its ugly claws. At length, however, they managed to conceal themselves behind a buttress in the wall; and the bird flapped by, and left them.

Chapter V.

REGENERATION.

'It will not do to stay here,' said Calladon, as soon as he had caught his breath. 'That creature probably owns the jewels, and we should never be safe from him. And I have lost ever so many of the stones while——' Here Calladon broke off suddenly, and uttered a cry.

'What is the matter?' asked Callia. 'Is the creature here again?'

But Calladon was staring at the mirror, which still hung round Callia's neck, and he looked as if he had seen a ghost.

'Tell me, Callia,' he said; 'tell me, quick! Am I the same as I was before?'

'Just the same, except that you look very much scared at something.'

Calladon gave a shudder. 'Then the glass tells what is false,' said he. 'It makes me seem like a hideous little deformed dwarf, with a hump on my back, and one shoulder higher than the other, and a hateful face all covered with sores and bruises. If I look like that, I must be more horrible than anything we are likely to see here.'

'The mirror tells lies, that is all,' replied Callia, scornfully. 'If

I were you, I would not look in it again. I can tell you all you need to know about yourself. But I think we had better attend to getting away from here now. There seems to be a hole through the wall just where we are standing. It must lead into the next room.'

'Let us creep through then,' said Calladon. 'That flying creature will not be likely to follow us there; and as well as I can see, it looks more comfortable there than here. At all events, it is further from Abra, and that is reason enough for going.'

'Mind that the lamp doesn't go out, then,' said Callia, 'and come along!'

They crawled through the opening (which was, in reality, one of the five windows of Cada) and found themselves standing in something soft and slippery, like mud. The walls were covered with damp mould an inch thick; spotted toadstools grew in the crevices of the stones, and festoons of decaying weeds hung from the roof. There was a low crackling sound in the air, like the noise of burning wood, and hot puffs of steamy vapour were wafted into the children's faces, smelling like the inside of a pig-sty. Strange to say, however, neither Calladon nor Callia appeared to find this odour disagreeable, but quite the contrary; and they went onwards with evident gratification.

'The more I think about it, Callia,' said Calladon, 'the surer I am that this must be the real Abra. Could anything be more delightful than this thick air, that you can see as well as breathe; and this floor, all soft and sticky—not hard and dry like the other; and these beautiful walls, covered with that curious green stuff; and then the toadstools and the weeds? What a lucky thing that we thought of coming!'

'And how much wiser we are than we were before!' added Callia. 'When I was in that dreadful white place, I used to feel as if I knew almost nothing, and as if the great lamp were the only light in the world. But now that we have a light of our own, it is easy to see that we know almost everything, and by the time we have explored this place, there will be nothing we do not know.'

'This mud must be very valuable,' said Calladon, after a while; 'for I never saw anything like it before. Don't you think it would be a good thing if we were to smear ourselves all over with it, and then hang some of those lovely weeds round our necks?'

Callia was delighted with this idea, and the two forthwith sat themselves down in the softest mud-heap they could find, and began to cover themselves with mud very diligently. After this had gone on for some time, however, Callia suddenly gave a shriek.

'What is the matter?' asked Calladon.

'The snake! the snake!' cried Callia. 'It is winding itself all round me!'

'And round me too!' screamed Calladon. 'Oh, what shall we do!'

In fact, the mud with which they had covered themselves had

become alive, and was coiling itself tightly about them in the form of serpents. There were already scores of them, and more seemed to be coming to life every moment. They tried to run away, but the serpents twined about their limbs and tripped them up. There seemed to be no escape; and now, to make matters worse, Calladon's lamp flickered and went out.

'We shall die!' moaned the children. 'Oh, will no one help us?'

Then a sound was heard like an earthquake, and the walls that separated them from Abra were rent asunder, and a terrible white light streamed forth, and fell upon the unhappy children. In that light they looked at one another, and saw that they were deformed and hideous beyond the power of words to describe. The next instant the walls closed together again, but a faint illumination still remained, in which Calladon and Callia again seemed to themselves to resume their natural form. But even then, Calladon caught a glimpse of himself in the enchanted mirror; and there was once more the crook-backed, grisly-faced dwarf that had frightened him in Cada, now made more ugly yet by the serpent-mud of Bra.

'Oh, Callia, it is the truth!' groaned he. 'Our own eyes have deceived us, and our lamp has led us astray; but in the mirror is the light of the great lamp, and it shows me as I really am.'

'Yes, it is the truth!' answered Callia. 'It must be so!'

'It is well that you have found it out, even so late as this,' said a stern voice close behind them; and looking round, the children saw a tall, threatening figure, with angry eyes, and in his hand a heavy whip.

'Who is it?' faltered the children to each other, with trembling voices.

'I am he who built Abracadabra,' replied he of the angry eyes, brandishing his whip. 'I built it clean and wholesome, and you have made a place of mud and serpents, and all unclean things. This dirt in which you have wallowed is the evil that has come out of your own minds and hearts, and these snakes were called into life by the light of the lamp which you stole from the lamp of Abra. Therefore your doom is, to repair the mischief you have done. You shall cleanse these rooms that you have defiled, until they are as pure as they appeared when you looked on them through the alabaster wall. From this hour, too, you shall see each other no more until your work is done. As you were given to each other for happiness, so, since you have disobeyed the law by which alone your happiness could be everlasting, you shall be separated to do your penance. And I will stand over you with the whip; and every time you pause to breathe or rest, you shall be driven onwards with a blow.'

Scarcely had the tall man uttered these awful words, than Calladon saw Callia suddenly vanish from his side; and at the same moment he felt the heavy stroke of the whip across his shoulders, and heard the stern voice bidding him work. So to work he went with all his *might;* and with his bare hands—for no tools were given him—he

strove to scrape away the mud from the floor, and to clear the mould from the walls, and to pull down the decaying weeds that dangled from the roof. But, for a long time, he seemed to make no progress; the mud rose before him in mountains; the mould collected on the walls as fast as he swept it down, and the weeds hung from the roof in thicker masses. Nevertheless, if he stopped to take breath or rest, down came the heavy whip with relentless blows; his skin was cut and bleeding, his face was bruised, and the bones of his back were broken. With tears and groans he struggled on; and ever and anon in the darkness near him, his ear caught the sound of sobbing and piteous cries, and the voice that uttered them reminded him of the voice of Callia.

Thus he strove for many weary hours; and at last it seemed to him that he could strive no more, yet half his work was still undone. But the thought that, unless it were finished, he would see Callia no more, gave him new strength, and he fell to again, and worked like a whirlwind; and the mountains of mud gave way before him, and the mould fell from the walls in showers, and the dangling weeds were swept down in mighty heaps. And although the blows of the whip still fell, they no longer weakened him as before, but made his strength greater. Indeed, it seemed to him as if he were inspired with a strength not his own, and as if, when the work were done, it would be the achievement not of himself, but of a mightier than he. In the midst of these thoughts the gloom suddenly brightened, and he saw that his work was done.

'Well, Calladon, what do you think of yourself?' said the tall man, in a somewhat less stern tone than before; 'Are you as handsome as you once were?'

So Calladon looked at himself; and he saw that he was begrimed with dirt, and that his back had been broken by the whip, and one shoulder made higher than the other; and his face was bruised and covered with sores. There was nothing beautiful about him.

'I have become what the mirror has already showed me that I was,' he said humbly. 'But I would rather seem as ugly as I am, than seem beautiful when I am ugly.'

'Calladon,' said the tall man again, 'your work is done, and you deserve some reward. You may choose what it shall be; but I will tell you beforehand that, if you choose to be made beautiful again as you were before, it shall be done.'

'I would rather be made happy,' replied Calladon, 'and it would make me happy if I could see Callia once more.'

'So be it!' said the tall man, kindly. 'Come with me!'

He took Calladon by the hand, and instantly the light grew brighter; the dark walls grew white; there was a sound of music in the air, and a delicate perfume of flowers came to Calladon's nostrils. He looked up and saw that he was in Abra; and the great lamp burned in the centre as before.

'Oh, not here!' he exclaimed, shrinking back and hiding his face. 'I am not fit to be seen in the light of Abra!'

'Take courage,' said his guide. 'Callia is here. See, she is asleep. Go to her, Calladon, and look in the mirror on her bosom.'

So Calladon drew near, and looked into the magic mirror. But instead of a hideous and misshapen little dwarf, it showed him the image of a noble and beautiful boy, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. At the same moment Callia awoke; and seeing Calladon, she sprang up with a cry of joy and kissed him. She was as lovely as the day.

'The mirror tells you the truth now as always, Calladon,' said the Master's loving voice—for it was he, and he laid his hand upon him, and instantly the deformed shell in which Calladon was clothed fell from him, and he was more beautiful than ever. From that time forth there was no unhappiness for either Callia or Calladon any more, because they had learnt that the light of Abra was the only true light, and that their strength was not their own.

The Sequelæ of the General Election.

THE late General Election is reported by experts to have been the most costly on record. One million sterling used to be the figure at which the constituencies of Great Britain and Ireland were enabled to play their humble part in the constitutional system under which we live. But we have changed all that. The urgency of the questions at issue in the spring of 1880 was so great, that the election could not be done at less than double the money. The electorate required an expenditure of a couple of millions to enable them to exercise their constitutional functions; the candidates bled to that extent without a murmur. Where all the money came from it is impossible to state. Much of it, especially on the victorious side, was found by the candidates themselves and in the localities. But a good deal of it, especially on the side of the vanquished, if we may judge by the revelations of the Oxford petition, came out of what is called the Party fund, a fund apparently for election and party purposes, managed by the mysterious body called the 'Carlton Club.' But though we must remain in ignorance as to whence the money came, there is less room for doubt as to where it went. In the counties and the larger and more respectable constituencies the lion's share of the portion of the two millions expended in these places went into the pockets of the local lawyers, and in the smaller and less reputable constituencies into the pockets of the publicans and the lowest class of voters. The local lawyers, jobmasters, newspaper proprietors, publicans, printers, and corrupt electors, are richer by about a million and three-quarters sterling than they were at the beginning of the year, and some twelve hundred candidates for Parliamentary honours are proportionably poorer. So much the trials of the recent election petitions have disclosed. It will be more easy to gauge with accuracy the distribution of the money spent after the various Commissions, the appointment of which it will be the duty of the Attorney-General to move shortly, have reported their evidence to Parliament in the spring. But enough has been shown already to prove that the Corrupt Practices Acts, the Ballot Act, and the extension of the suffrage have done little, if anything, to check actual corruption in the old constituencies of England and Ireland, and that some of the new constituencies in England and Scotland are already tainted with the same disease.

Forty petitions were filed after the general election: two more were presented against the return of those gentlemen who had ousted the Home Secretary and the Lord Advocate when they went for re-election; one was presented against the successor to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen when he vacated Sandwich on his elevation to the peerage; second petitions have been filed in the cases of Evesham and Wal-

lingford; and one has just been presented against the return of Captain Milne Home at Berwick-upon-Tweed, on his election arising out of a vacancy which has occurred since the general election. The purity of forty-three constituencies has thus been challenged, and two of these have to go through the ordeal a second time. Any one who is conversant with electoral details could mention without a moment's hesitation another score or two of notorious places which might very well have been subjected to a similar visitation. Indeed, it is matter of certainty that, but for special and peculiar reasons connected with the individuality of certain constituencies, this goodly number of forty-three might have been doubled or even tripled without much harm being done, except the harm accruing to the constituencies from the exposure of the rottenness which is within them.

The general results of these petitions may be tabulated as follows, and, though the tables do not profess to be exhaustive, they are sufficiently suggestive even in this incomplete form to be worth a little attention:—

Table showing Result of Election Petitions which have been filed since the assembling of the New Parliament.

Withdrawn	Dismissed	Member Unseated
Bandon	Athlone	**Bewdley**
Bury St. Edmunds	Carrickfergus	**Boston**
Cheshire, West	Cheltenham	**Buteshire**
Colchester	Down County	**Canterbury**
Dumbartonshire	Harwich	**Chester**
Hereford	Louth	**Dungannon**
Horsham	Salisbury	**Evesham**
Leominster	Thirsk	**Gloucester**
Londonderry County	Westbury	**Gravesend**
Londonderry City	Worcester, West	**Knaresborough**
Nottingham		**Lichfield**
Stroud		**Macclesfield**
Wicklow		**Oxford**
Wilton		**Plymouth**
		Tewkesbury
		Sandwich
		Wallingford
		Wigton

Where Judges have reported that Corrupt Practices extensively prevail	Postponed	Pending
Boston	Worcester City	**Berwick-on-Tweed**
Canterbury		**Evesham (2nd Petition)**
Chester		**Wallingford (2nd Petition)**
Gloucester		
Knaresborough		
Macclesfield		
Oxford		
Sandwich		

The first thing that strikes one on looking at this black list is the number of Cathedral cities in which there is evidence of excessive corruption. In Canterbury, Gloucester, Chester, and Oxford, corrupt practices are reported by the judges to have prevailed extensively, and Commissions will, in the regular course of administrative business, be issued to inquire into the extent and character of this corruption. But these four venerable places are not the only cathedral cities on which suspicion has fallen. Hereford, Salisbury, Worcester, and Lichfield have also come under the ban. The petition at Hereford was withdrawn, and its withdrawal had a tranquillising effect upon the nerves of many who had suffered from excitement during the negotiations connected therewith. The petition at Salisbury was dismissed; and that at Worcester has been postponed, while at Lichfield the member who was returned has been unseated, but his opponent has not ventured to claim the seat. But though the transactions in two of those cloistered retreats have escaped disclosure on the present occasion, the traditions of the first and third at least do not point towards absolute electoral purity, and the trial at Salisbury, if it showed nothing else, made it apparent that it is possible to sail very near the wind and yet, through the astuteness of counsel and the obtuseness of witnesses, both moral and intellectual, to escape the penalty of the proceeding.

Another point of interest suggested by a consideration of this list is the fact that it is the old and not the new constituencies that are most corrupt. Of the new towns—that is, of the towns which have been enfranchised since the Reform Act of 1832, Macclesfield is the only one in which corrupt practices are reputed to prevail extensively. The Wigtown Burghs, though they have escaped the notoriety of Macclesfield and the four cathedral towns, and will not therefore be visited by a Commission, seem from the evidence to have passed a good preliminary examination in the lessons of corruption, and to be in a fair way to become apt scholars in the art of milking the suitors for their electoral favours, and this is all the more remarkable as there was a wholesome tradition that the constituencies of Scotland are above suspicion in these delicate transactions. We can only trust that the Wigtown Burghs form an excrescence, and if so it might be well worth consideration whether this excrescence might not be lopped off from the electoral system in Scotland when the matter of a redistribution of seats comes up for settlement.

There is yet one other matter which strikes the observer on looking critically at this black list, and that is, that all the constituencies in which corruption has been shown to prevail contain, comparatively speaking, a small number of electors. They range from Dungannon, with its teeming multitude of 288 registered electors, to Oxford with its 6,056. It would appear therefore from this consideration that the limits of what is bribable are reached when a constituency numbers as many as 7,000 electors, or, to put it generally, the corrupt element which undoubtedly exists in all borough constituencies is swamped

when you get into five figures, and this is a consideration which deserves the attention of those whose duty it will be to frame a new Reform Bill.

It has been currently said and very generally believed that the Liberal party was endowed with fabulous sums of money to fight the election of last spring. Lists of Liberal Montechristos and affluent Whig Peers, with their respective donations, were printed in some of the butterfly periodicals which appear once a week in London, and these imaginary sums have become stereotyped in people's minds, and are now regarded as trustworthy. The 'Saturday Review' even went the length of founding an argument on these fictitious figures, and made a statement to the effect that 'the amount of money actually forthcoming on the winning side at the last election was far larger than that forthcoming on the losing.' There is not one particle of evidence to bear out this statement, because the audacious conjectures of the society journals could hardly be regarded as evidence even by the staid contributors to the 'Saturday Review.' On the contrary, the only evidence that is available on this matter goes to prove the very reverse of this statement. That evidence consists of the published returns of expenses incurred by the respective candidates, and the disclosures of the election petition trials. From the first of these sources it seems patent that much more money was spent throughout the country by the Tory than by the Liberal candidates. If you run your eye down the columns in these returns you see at once that the Tory expenditure rises from 25 to 30 per cent. over that on the other side. And if you examine the figures more carefully, it will appear that where the expenditure of the Liberals exceeded that of the Tories in one case, the expenditure of the latter exceeded that of the former in two cases. If there are fifty cases on the whole catalogue in which the Liberals exceeded, there are a hundred cases in which the Tories exceeded. And looking at it from the second available source of evidence, the inference is even stronger. The funds out of which election expenses are paid, as has been already stated, come from two sources, the central or party fund and the local or candidate's fund, and while we have no suggestion even in the evidence elicited in the petitions of any contribution from a Liberal central fund, if there be such a thing, we have, on the other hand, that incriminating letter from the Chichele Professor of History at Oxford to the Public Orator, urging the necessity of some one subscribing 500*l.* towards Mr. Hall's expenses, in addition to the not inconsiderable sum of 3,000*l.* which the 'Carlton Club' had already granted for the purpose of preventing the unopposed return of the Home Secretary when he went for re-election on taking office. It is to be hoped that the Commission which will have to inquire into the irregularities of this constituency will investigate with rigour and impartiality the electioneering eccentricities of these two academic dignitaries.

But while there is no evidence of subsidies passing between

Liberal centres and Liberal candidates, there is evidence of activity, and it may have been misjudged activity, on the part of the managers of the victorious party in the circular from the Liberal Office, regarding the conveyance of onlookers in boroughs, to which Mr. Justice Lush directed attention in his judgment in the Harwich petition. This is a very different affair from the contribution of 3,000*l.* from the 'Carlton Club' to the expenses of a five days' election in a small constituency like Oxford;[1] yet we do not mean to defend it, and it may be open to challenge, although hardly deserving all the cruel things that have been said of it by learned judges on the bench and partisan lawyers in the House of Commons. The circular which we give below appears, from the date attached to it, to have been issued shortly before the dissolution of Parliament. If our recollection serves us right, it was at this time—that is, in the expiring days of the late Parliament—that the Government of the day were hurrying with indecent haste a bill through Parliament to enable candidates to use carriages and cabs in boroughs for the purpose of conveying voters to the poll. This hasty legislation was in progress during the time that candidates were engaged in their constituencies making preparations for the decisive struggle. The law was being changed from day to day, and no one out of London could tell the effect of the changes. It was known that it was lawful to employ conveyances in counties and in certain scheduled boroughs, and to pay the travelling expenses of non-resident voters. But it was not known what would be the effect of this new law, which was passing through its stages in Parliament. Was the effect of it to legalise the same payments in all boroughs, or what alterations was it intended to make? What were the penalties for the infringement of this new law, and what steps were to be taken if either side infringed the law? These questions were being mooted in every borough constituency in England, and it does not seem unnatural to the ordinary mind that an office, calling itself the Central Office, should be interrogated on the subject. It appears to have been so interrogated, and to have formulated its answer in the circular below. There seems nothing irregular either in the interrogatories or in the answer to them. The answer might have been more carefully worded, but it does seem to imply an undue amount of acumen, almost amounting to what might

[1] Some misapprehension prevails as to the effect of the new Parliamentary Elections and Corrupt Practices Act as regards the conveyance of Borough Voters. What the Act does, is to repeal the 36th Clause of 30 & 31 Vict., cap. 102, so far as it prohibits payment of any money on account of the conveyance of any voter *within* the borough, leaving the clause in full effect as prohibiting the payment of money on account of the conveyance of any borough voter who may chance to be residing *beyond* the limits of the borough. Be it observed that payment in the latter case is an illegal payment, subjecting the party making it to a fine of 40*s.* under section 7 of the 17 & 18 Vict., cap. 102, but, *if not accompanied* by any promise or condition, will *not* affect the validity of the vote or the return of the candidate for whom such vote is given. By Order.

Liberal Central Office, 41 and 42 Parliament Street,
London, *March*, 20, 1880.

be characterised as morbid, to scent out either a misdemeanour or anything approaching to a misdemeanour in this, to our minds, innocuous document. Professor Burrow's letter is a much more serious matter. From that letter it comes out as clear as daylight that the 'Carlton Club,' whatever that may be, has at its disposal very considerable sums of money, and, if so large a sum as 3,000*l.* could be given to a constituency of 6,000 electors, it is obvious that money was distributed with a lavish hand.

No one who has attended to this question can doubt the fact that there was a good deal of bribery on both sides during the electoral excitement of the spring. Seats were won by Liberals as well as by Tories, and by Tories as well as by Liberals, through corrupt practices. Twelve constituencies returning Liberals have lost the members elected by them in spring as against seven which returned Tories. And, taking into consideration the large majority of the constituencies which returned Liberals, the excess of unseated ones is not disproportionate. But there is another point to be considered in this calculation. If we look back upon the unpleasant sequelæ of former general elections, it appears that it has been more habitual, in recent times at least, for the Tory party than for their adversaries to invoke the aid of the law to settle their election differences. After the general election of this year, after that of 1874, and after that of 1868, more petitions have been filed by the Tory party than by the Liberals. Not that there were not cases in abundance against the successful candidates of the former party which might have been brought before the courts. But petitioning appears to have been discouraged on the Liberal side unless, as in the cases of Oxford and Boston at the present time, it was thought that an effort should be made to cleanse the constituency from widespread corruption. And in the interests of the party in any given locality this policy is not without merit. Putting it on the lowest ground, it does not pay to petition. It is an almost universal rule that after a petition the seat is regained by the party whose candidate was unseated. The voting on the second election follows the money expended on the first. To that extent at least there is some gratitude in politics. This being so, it is no gain to the party to unseat an opponent, and unless it is necessary to purge the constituency, even at the risk of a commission, or unless there are special grounds in any particular case, it is more worldly wise to take your defeat and save your money for another contest. But, however this may be, it must be admitted that neither side can throw stones at the other. The houses in which both parties live are made of glass, and it is impossible to say that one set of houses is more brittle than the other. The real matter to be considered is how this state of things can best be remedied. Next session it is to be hoped that the question will be taken up in earnest, and that the present House of Commons may have the credit of dealing with a great and increasing scandal in a thorough and serious spirit.

There will be no lack of advisers as to so serious an evil when the time comes, because electioneering, like education, is one of those subjects on which everyone regards himself as an authority, and there will be great diversity of advice. Some of the judges have already given their suggestions, but these amount merely to this, that only a limited number of agents are to be employed by any one candidate, and these agents are to be named to the returning officer. The learned judge who volunteers this advice has recently had some experience in this matter, and his opinion is consequently entitled to attention. But to the non-judicial mind it would appear that a definite limitation of the number of responsible agents increases the opportunities for irresponsible agency. If this suggestion were carried out, it is to be feared that the bribing of the future would not be done by the acnowledged agents, just as it is not done at present by the candidate. But it would be done by friends of the acknowledged agents, and the only effect of the limitation would be that agency could not be proved, and the candidate who through his unacknowledged agents had debauched his constituency would retain his seat. Something more effective will have to be devised if bribery is to become a thing of the past. But it becomes more difficult every day to say what is and what is not bribery. If the law is to be interpreted in the light of the judgment in the Boston case of 1874, it is bribery to give coals to the poor in the middle of a bitter winter. But if we are to follow the judgment in the recent Plymouth case, it is not bribery when a man sits himself down before a constituency, flaunting his wealth in the eyes of the electors, distributing lavish 'gifts' of food and clothing to the tune of several thousand pounds a year, and doing everything in his power to prevent a less wealthy candidate than himself from having a chance with the poorer and more needy portion of the constituency. He may do all this, and yet be declared to have done nothing to invalidate his election, but only to have acted the part of a charitable and benevolent friend of the poor. In the light of judgments given in other cases a candidate may employ any number of local lawyers, and buy their influence by preposterous fees, but he may not have a number of watchers at ten shillings a day, nor engage public houses at five guineas apiece. Nay, it is possible, as we know, in certain small and scattered constituencies to buy up beforehand all the usual agents of the sitting member, and to have everything secretly prepared by their help, even to the extent of forming local associations, in favour of a new candidate whose only recommendations are money and impudence. But what difference is there between bribing an active solicitor who has a number of voters under his thumb with a fee of some hundred guineas and bribing a publican with a five-pound note or a watcher with half a sovereign? It is notorious that in nine constituencies out of ten—and this applies to counties as well as boroughs—the candidate must employ one of the local solicitors and his partner or partners, and two or three subordinates, at enormous fees, or allow him and his influence to be

bought up on the other side. But this is not regarded as bribery. It is a commendable act, without which a candidate has little or no chance of winning his election. The fact is that the whole financial arrangements in accordance with which elections are carried on at present have been devised for the convenience of wealthy men to enable them to get into the House of Commons, to the exclusion of their less affluent brethren. The system has been contrived to promote disguised and undisguised bribery, and to fill the pockets of the local lawyers. A story is told of the recent election, which illustrates the system by which the candidates are bled, and how the local solicitor fattens on the system. The election agent for the candidate in a county election calls upon the manager of a printing establishment, to whom he has been introduced by a leading member of the committee—who is also a leading shareholder in the printing establishment. The agent opens the negotiations in the directest manner by the statement that he is going to give him some printing, but the amount will depend upon the commission which the printer allows. The printer innocently states that he is not accustomed to give commissions, but as the order promises to be a good one, he would like to know what the gentleman would consider adequate. 'It is not a question of adequate,' replied the solicitor; 'my terms are 31½ per cent. on every order which you execute, and if you agree to my terms you shall have a handsome account from my division, and I think I can promise that my friends, the agents in the other divisions, will give you their printing also on the same terms.' The printer, who was not accustomed to give commissions, could not consent to such a wholesale demand as this. He stood firm at 10 per cent., and struck a bargain on that understanding. The solicitor carried out his part of the undertaking, and ran up a bill to something over a thousand pounds, but the printer had the mortification to see the bills and placards of the other divisions of the county done by his rival on the other side of the street. It is obvious from this illustration that the system of bleeding wealthy candidates is so inveterate, so deeply set, and so thoroughly methodised, that any such proposal as that of the eminent judge to which we have referred would be futile.

Other suggestions have been made, which, in default of anything more radical, might tend to purity of election—such as the appointment of something of the character of the Queen's proctor for election cases; the prohibition of the employment of paid canvassers under penalty of the forfeiture of the seat, and a prohibition against the unseated candidate assisting at the subsequent election. These, and especially the last mentioned, might be valuable as checks. But they would only be checks; they would not be remedies. For a remedy we must look for something much more radical. Restrictions, limitations, and penalties in this as in other forms of national delinquency, are apt to drive the disease deeper into the social system, and to *suggest* to ingenious minds new forms of evasion. Something may

be done to purge the state of this pollution by the influence of local opinion among the leading citizens in a given constituency. Something has been done in one or two cases by this agency. Liverpool was at one time a grossly corrupt constituency. Some of the leading Liberals connected with the place determined that the disgrace should be wiped off. They worked at it for years, and succeeded in making it, on the whole, a fairly pure constituency. The same thing occurred in one of the smaller constituencies in the south of England. Some fifteen years ago it was a sink of electoral corruption. The leading townsfolk on the Liberal side of politics determined to purify it. They got the sitting members unseated, and then commenced their reformation on a system. They formed committees and passed stringent regulations for the conduct of their election business. Among these perhaps the most stringent was one to the effect that no lawyer should be employed in any capacity by the Liberal candidate, and that all the work of canvassing should be done gratuitously. It may seem impossible to carry this out as a general rule, but we are very much inclined to think that nothing short of it will meet the difficulties of the case. It is notorious that in not a few constituencies in Scotland as well as England the disposal of the seat is virtually in the hands of certain local lawyers, who are quite well known, and who manipulate the constituencies entirely for their own purposes, at once pleasantly filling their own pockets and gratifying their local spites and prejudices. Another regulation in the constituency referred to was that the candidate or member should not be bound to contribute anything to local objects, except through the intervention of the executive committee. He subscribed a small fixed annual sum for registration purposes, and another fixed sum for borough subscriptions to public and undenominational objects, and that was the full extent of his liabilities. All applications for subscriptions or charities were transmitted by the candidate or member to the chairman of the executive, and were dealt with by him. The candidate or member was by these means relieved of all trouble and annoyance caused by the countless applications from clergymen, ministers, benevolent women, and the like, for their churches and chapels and pet schemes of indiscriminate charity, which are the plague of a Parliamentary representative's existence. The advantages of these regulations and of this discipline are obvious. The cost of an election in such a constituency, conducted on these principles, is a mere bagatelle, and the subscriptions are trifling, and if they were enforced on both sides nothing could be better or more satisfactory. But when they are enforced on one side, and not on the other, one set of candidates starts at an obvious disadvantage. He has a clear conscience, and a knowledge that the small sum of money which he has been called upon to spend has not been spent improperly; but this satisfaction is somewhat damped by the strong probability that he will be at the bottom of the poll. Liverpool, since its reformation, has refused to return more than one member of

the reforming party, and at present is represented by three members of the opposite party. And in the other constituency to which reference has been made, although at the commencement of the reign of purity the Liberal candidates were successful, in the election of 1874 and in that of 1880 the heavy handicap of purity has been too much for the electors, and the Liberal party has failed to be represented.

This experiment, therefore, though it has everything to recommend it in theory, can hardly be said to have succeeded in practice. But there are other experiments which might be tried before the work is given up as hopeless. In some constituencies the custom is that the candidate should pay down a given sum towards the election fund, and that the party to which he belongs should find the rest. In that arrangement might be found the germ of a system which might at least be tried, and that is the suggestion which we would contribute towards the solution of the difficulty. Form large constituencies, we should say, of not less than 7,000 electors, and, with the exception of a given sum contributed by the candidates, let these enlarged constituencies bear the expense of the elections. If the bulk of the expenses fell upon the constituency the struggle between the candidates would be, not as to which should spend most money, but as to which should spend least money. The true, indeed the only road to the favour of the electors would be a frugal expenditure, and, in consequence of this frugality, an imperceptible rate wherewith to saddle the constituency.

Lux in Tenebris.

HOW sweet it was at dawn to float
Adown the silver rivulet;
Like Eden-bower above my boat
The wild red roses clustering met.

From tender dawn to fervent noon
Soft iris-colours paled and glowed
On rock and tree and flower-festoon,
Through which the widening river flowed.

From noon to eve raged hostile storms,
With shock and strife of heat and cold;
Cloud-chariots driven by spectral forms
Across the hissing waters rolled.

And now, at last, the air is free,
The eyeless depths of heaven are dark,
On every side a shoreless sea
Is stretched around my shattered bark.

No help have I from star or chart,
From beacon-fire or signal-bell,
And cold and bitter o'er my heart
The deadly waters rise and swell.

But lo! a light on ocean's verge
Shines tremulous through a rosy mist,
And flecks with red the throbbing surge,
And warms the clouds to amethyst.

Alas! so tempest-tost was I,
So blinded by the rain and spray,
While long, bewildered hours went by,
And fog and darkness hid my way,

That if yon light be eve or morn,
A brightening or a waning glow,
A smile of life, the newly-born,
Or torch of death, I may not know.

But ever towards that light I steer,
With steadfast gaze and yearning soul,
For life or death, through faith or fear,
My only hope, my only goal.

Charlotte Elliot.

Cabul, Candahar, and India.

THAT we have an Eastern question touching us far more nearly than that which relates to the condition of Macedonians and Thessalians under the tyranny of the Sultan, and that this question is fraught with the gravest difficulties, none will be inclined to dispute except those who are either unable or unwilling to go beneath the surface of things. All who are disinterestedly anxious to get at the truth of facts will soon convince themselves that we have reached a crisis in the administration of what we call our Indian Empire, and that it is impossible to regard our political schemes and military operations in Afghanistan apart from the material and moral welfare of all over whom we bear sway throughout the whole peninsula of India. Such inquirers will almost certainly find themselves forced into conclusions in the highest degree unwelcome and discouraging; but probably they will be less tempted than others to exaggerate the effects of the recent reverses which have stirred the fears or the indignation of those who allow their attention to be absorbed by the incidents of the passing moment. The defeat of General Burrows is important, chiefly as throwing light on the conditions under which our continued occupation of any part of Afghanistan must be maintained, if we are mad enough to resolve on a course as impolitic as it is wicked. There is no reason to fear that any Afghan chief will succeed in crushing British forces under wary leaders, or that a British army may not hold the land for an indefinite time, if we are determined to hold it at all costs. If we make up our minds that the resources of the whole Empire shall be staked in order to carry out schemes which were to make India invulnerable from without, and prosperous and happy within, there is no doubt that for some years at least Afghanistan may be kept as a British possession, and that the ensigns of British authority may be exhibited in Cabul, Candahar, and, if we please, in Herat, as they are in Delhi, Lucknow, or Calcutta.

But it may be asserted without hesitation and without fear of contradiction that the question of retaining Afghanistan or any part of it is one which the present Government is precluded even from considering. Whatever else may have been involved in the recent elections, this much is absolutely certain, that the nation expressed its will on certain subjects of supreme importance with unmistakable clearness. For some years it had been compelled to look on while a Ministry, which professed itself peculiarly zealous for the honour as well as the welfare of the country, presumed not merely to frame schemes of policy which formed no part of the business for which they were placed in power, but to carry them out without honestly

consulting either the people or their representatives. Its patience had been sorely tried by the tortuous dealings of Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, who upheld tyranny wherever a people were struggling to shake off the yoke, and moved heaven and earth to thwart and put down those who appeared as deliverers. The country saw how much Ministers, who extended to themselves the maxim that the King can do no wrong, could do by means of a Parliamentary majority, ready to support them at all costs in schemes never contemplated on their introduction into office. These schemes were such as no Minister had a right to form, far less to carry out, unless he had definite national sanction; and the great event of the last spring has proved conclusively that the people regarded them with profound abhorrence. Meanwhile, no other course was open to it than to protest in extra-Parliamentary assemblies against the new methods which were encroaching on the liberties of Englishmen and threatened to subvert them. Few probably doubt now that but for one such assembly Lord Beaconsfield would have committed the country to an offensive alliance with the Sultan under the nominal plea of advancing British interests, but practically for the purpose of upholding a despotism as iniquitous as any with which the world has ever been cursed. But although a war which must have thrown Europe into a blaze was thus prevented, the English nation had no opportunity of expressing its will, and was virtually unable to enforce it. The Septennial Act gave Lord Beaconsfield a long lease of power, which, with a party educated up to the necessary mark, meant little less than absolute licence; and the people had to look on while a series of surprises marked successive stages of arbitrary power. It was impossible to know what the next move might be; and it is but fair to admit that many whose judgment was less to be trusted than their motives, were for a time dazzled by plans which, while they still belonged to the future, were invested with something like the brilliancy of fireworks. The bestowal of the title of Empress of India on the Sovereign of Great Britain was to carry with it, we were told, an irresistible charm. The very assumption of imperial character was to convince the master of another Empire that the idea of rivalry on the plains shut in by the vast Himalayan barrier was an idle dream. India was from that day to be more peaceful, more prosperous, and more happy. The fears which had thus far disturbed from time to time the tranquillity of her rulers were henceforth to cease to trouble them. The military expenditure, which was already much too heavy, was to be reduced within limits which would involve little or no strain on the poverty-stricken ryots; and the Government would be able to devote its attention exclusively to the internal administration of the country.

The spell worked less rapidly than was expected. The impression made on the mind of the Russian Czar was not so deep as could be desired. Further action was needed to make the ministerial theory of empire a reality; but it was insisted that the task was perfectly

simple and easy. All that was needed was to have a scientific frontier, and this frontier lay within the borders of a savagely mountainous and barren country, interposed between our dominions and the still more dreary and desert wastes of Central Asia, across which it was supposed a Russian army would speedily find its way to the valleys of the Indus and the Ganges. It was implied, if not openly said, that the one indispensable task in India was that of providing against evils which might make themselves felt, perhaps a hundred years hence, perhaps sooner—but when, no man could say. The one object of fear was the successor of Peter the Great, whose supposed plan he was pledged to the utmost of his power to carry out; and this plan was one which involved not only the subjugation of Central Asia, but the conquest of Hindustan. It was not now for the first time that the spectre of Russian aggression seemed to lower darkly on the political horizon. Forty years ago the British Government, alarmed by the same portent, had set up their puppet on the throne of Cabul for the purpose of raising an impassable barrier between ourselves and the Russian Emperor; and a series of frightful disasters was the result. The lesson was taken to heart by most men; but some strenuously refused to be relieved of the nightmare which had led to that most deplorable enterprise. Among these men the most conspicuous are Sir Henry Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere. They had learnt nothing from the catastrophe of Shah Soojah, and they learnt nothing from the ominous speed with which the great Mutiny followed the annexations of Lord Dalhousie. For them the one thing to be done was to secure India against Russian aggression, and Sir H. Rawlinson's eyes looked longingly towards Candahar and Herat, while Sir Bartle Frere made up his mind that no considerations of forbearance, no regard for treaties, should be allowed to stand in the way of any course needed to avert an imaginary danger. So long as the administration of India was in the hands of men like Lord Lawrence and Lord Northbrook their dreams and theories did but little mischief; but it was easy to see that any attempt to realise them would kindle a fire which it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to put out: and such an attempt was rendered inevitable by the fatal exigences of a spirited foreign policy. This policy, as understood or expounded by Lord Beaconsfield, rested on the doctrine that British and Russian interests must be necessarily antagonistic; and that, in order to counteract the latter, all the resources of the British Empire must, if need be, be made available. The indignation of the Russian people was pressing the Czar to call the Sultan to account for intolerable wrongs done to peoples over whom he had no right to rule, but whose deliverance Lord Beaconsfield held to be incompatible with the interests of Great Britain. If a Russian army of many myriads should threaten Constantinople, it was indispensable to exhibit the Sovereign of England as a potentate capable of putting in motion forces not less formidable. The mountain heaved with labour; but the birth was a puny one. At a vast cost a handful of Sepoys was

brought to Malta, and after a short sojourn within the bounds of Europe was sent back again. They who felt tempted to laugh at the abortive issue of a very serious step, taken without the consent of the British people, might have been forgiven if the measure had not been laden with the seeds of future mischief. It was not merely that an attempt had been made to create throughout Europe an impression to which there was no corresponding reality. This was but a small part of the evil. Lord Beaconsfield had wished it to be understood that the few thousand Sepoys brought to Malta were little more than a troop taken from a mighty army, the whole of which might be made available for European warfare. The inference was false; but the step had nevertheless wrought a change which fatally affected the welfare of India and the security of our dominion.

As soon as the fine prospects of Imperial policy disappeared in one quarter, it was necessary to create serious diversion elsewhere. The expedition to Malta had failed; the war between the Russian and the Turk had not been averted, and the tyranny of the Sultan had not been upheld. The hour was come, and the dreams of Sir H. Rawlinson and Sir Bartle Frere now assumed the form of theories which no patriotic Englishman ought to call into question. They could not indeed be acted upon without dire injustice and gross breach of faith; but Sir Bartle Frere insisted that, in dealing with infidels or half savage tribes, such considerations were not worth a moment's thought. The die was cast; and the good effects, achieved by the moderate and wise statesmanship of nearly forty years, were undone at a stroke. During that long period we had been at peace with the ruler of Cabul. A native envoy had resided at his Court, and had obtained for the Government information such as no British officer had ever supplied, or could hope to supply. In the Afghans we had a people whom the slightest symptom of aggression on the part of Russia (if such aggression had been, as it was not, practicable) would have thrown into the arms of the English, and in Afghanistan, a country which would be an insurmountable barrier to any invader of India. We had, in short, a friendly, independent, and orderly Afghanistan; and we were as strictly pledged by the explicit declarations of treaties, as we were urged by material interests, to maintain a state of things from which we had derived nothing but benefit. But all such considerations must be thrust aside when the task in hand was to chastise and provoke the government of the Czar. The Emir of Cabul was a Moslem, and Lord Beaconsfield had taken the Mahometans of Europe and their master into his special grace and favour; but even the faith of Islam could win no indulgence for one with whom it had become necessary to break a solemn compact. He must be invited to receive a British Envoy as a resident at his Court, and British residents at other places within his dominions; and the mission must be made to present itself in all haste at his frontier ports, for fear that the Ameer's anxiety to retain our friendship should induce him to comply with a proposal, the effects of which he dreaded. With a

courtesy which Major Cavagnari and his companion studiously acknowledged, the Afghan officer signified his inability to let them pass without his master's sanction; and this courteous answer was represented to the world as a gross and deliberate insult to the British nation. The war was thus begun against a ruler, who, with the request that he should admit British residents within his territories, had received the gracious information that he was merely an earthen pipkin between two iron pots, and that any attempt to resist the will of the British Government must involve his utter destruction. But the physical conditions of Afghanistan were much what they had been in the days of Macnaghten, Burnes, and Elphinstone; and Lord Lytton soon learnt that dire difficulties, to say the least, intervened between his threats and their execution. The task taken in hand was nothing less than a march of 900 miles from Sukkur on the Indus to Herat, by way of the Bolan Pass and Candahar. The flood gates of military expenditure were spread wide, and the waters rushed in with furious force. Before they reached Candahar the loss of 20,000 camels on the road, with an aggregate value of nearly 1,000,000*l.*, formed an ominous item at the head of the future bill of costs. With this prodigious loss of transport power the army found itself in a country which had no wealth, which could furnish no food, and where we had made the people our bitter enemies. The greater part of the force was at once sent back to India, and 4,000 men remained to hold Candahar. The campaign was a miserable failure; but the stupendous difficulties still to be encountered compelled Lord Lytton to take such terms as he could get by the Treaty of Gundamuck. Before all things the knowledge of a miscarriage total and thorough must be withheld from the English people. The scientific frontier, which, we were told, would be secured to us if we would gain 'a commanding influence over the triangle of territory formed on the map by Cabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, together with power over the Hindoo Khosh,' was no more ours than are the mountains in the moon. But Lord Beaconsfield and his followers pretended that the frontier had been conceded by the treaty, although it gave us nothing beyond the right of garrisoning two useless Afghan valleys at a huge cost, to be defrayed out of the revenues of India. The attempt to parade this barren concession as the acquisition of the much-vaunted scientific frontier was, indeed, felt to be hopeless. The expenses already incurred were known, even to those who were not behind the scenes, to be appalling; and it was impossible for Lord Lytton to let the world know that these expenses had been incurred for nothing. He must show that he could really do as he pleased in Afghanistan: and he resolved therefore to act at once on the clause which allowed him to send a British Envoy to Cabul. Shere Ali had never disguised the danger of this course: and Lord Lytton had absolutely no means of knowing whether Yakoob, his son, had either the ability, the means, or the will to meet and overcome the peril. At all costs the risk must be encountered.

Cavagnari went to his post, being well assured, we cannot doubt, that he was going to his death. No prophetic foresight was needed to predict the result. The Envoy and his escort were murdered; and a British army again made its appearance at Cabul. It may or may not have exacted adequate vengeance for the massacre; but whatever it did, was done at a ruinous outlay. The delay of six months or a year might have enabled Lord Lytton to judge whether he could with safety venture to trust a British Envoy to the tender mercies of the people of Cabul; but it was better in his opinion to take the chance of Cavagnari escaping with his life than to confess to the English people that the enterprise had from first to last been an ignominious failure, and that the earthen pipkin had gone perilously near towards breaking the iron pot.

We have to mark that even to the last the nation was allowed to learn as little as possible of the true state of the case. It was not indeed pretended that these gigantic operations, however useless they may have been, had cost nothing; but it was distinctly asserted that they had cost very little, and that the revenues of India could safely meet the whole outlay of a war undertaken solely in the interests of the new-fangled thing called British imperialism. Parliaments last a long time, but they do not last for ever; and this happy discovery was made not very long before it would become necessary for Lord Beaconsfield to appeal to the people, unless he was prepared to allow his Parliament to die of old age. But even this was not enough. It could scarcely be expected that the nation would return the Tory majority to power, unless they could see that something was to be gained by doing so. In splendid consistency with all his policy Lord Beaconsfield held up before the people the spectre of another war which, as he affirmed, was about to wrap all Europe and the world in conflagration, and from which he, and he alone, could rescue the country. He can scarcely have been unconscious that the bait insufficiently concealed the hook attached to it; but probably he may have trusted still more to the jubilant cries which, at this most opportune of moments, announced that India could not only meet the costs of the Afghan war, but that, having met them, she would have a large surplus. This surplus, it might be inferred, was to be devoted to the benefit of the people of India; and so the English public might console itself with the thought that its servants still paid some regard to the welfare of those whom they were charged to rule. Of the condition of this subject population they knew nothing, or next to nothing. They did not know how the levying of the sums already demanded for the prosecution of this insane enterprise had affected the condition of the country generally; and they would have been overwhelmed with astonishment and horror if the whole truth could have been laid before them.

But although ignorant of many things with which, in strict justice, they should have been thoroughly acquainted, they yet knew enough to be in no doubt of the course which they were bound t

take. They had watched the pretentious and absurd drama of Imperialism, as it was exhibited to an admiring world simultaneously in Asia and in Africa. They had seen that during six weary years the Government had lavished on the country no better boon in the way of domestic legislation than a series of unfulfilled promises, while from first to last their foreign policy had been a monotonous failure. The Turkish despotism was tottering to its fall, just as though no efforts had been made to prop up the loathsome fabric; and the nations whom we ought to have set free from an unbearable yoke had been made to look on us with suspicion, if not with hatred. In Asia we had sacrificed hundreds or thousands of lives, and wasted, at the least, some millions of money. In the mad chase after an imaginary scientific frontier, we had invaded the barren and stony lands of mountaineers who had done us no wrong, destroyed their humble villages, burnt their scanty crops, and hung up or shot as rebels against English authority those who had simply fought, as we should fight, for their country and their home. In Africa Sir Bartle Frere had been allowed to carry out plans of which the Home Government affected to disapprove; and the result had been a war deliberately provoked by conduct utterly disingenuous on our part towards a chief whose careful moderation might well have put his enemies to the blush. Against the whole of this policy the nation, when called upon for the first time to speak for itself, raised its emphatic protest. The answer was as unequivocal as it would have been probably if the appeal to the constituencies had been made after the great representative assembly in St. James's Hall. The nation showed its thorough disapproval of the system followed by Lord Beaconsfield, as a whole, and in all its details; and it returned Mr. Gladstone to power in full faith that he would be true to the principles for which he had pleaded with such marvellous earnestness and power in his northern campaign.

The new Government was, therefore, both by the pledges of its members and by the solemn verdict of the country, bound to take the course which should soonest repair the mischief caused by their predecessors. There is not the least reason for supposing that they will be false to their duty and to their promises. Their whole conduct is straightforward and aboveboard. We have no longer the mysterious concealments, and need not fear the sudden surprises which characterised the administration of Lord Beaconsfield. They have shown no disposition to exceed their powers, and it must not be forgotten that the position in which they found themselves was one of special difficulty. The Government of Lord Lytton had admitted that the occupation of Cabul was impracticable or needless, and the mere declaration that they intended to leave the country was followed at once by a comparatively quiet and orderly state of things. It can scarcely be doubted that if Candahar had not been excepted from the territory which we intended to abandon, the troubles which have come upon us in that quarter would never have arisen. But the

making of this exception cannot be laid to the charge of the present Ministry. It was the last official act of Lord Lytton, carefully calculated to increase to the utmost the burdens of his successors, and to compel them, if it were possible, to continue in a path which they at least felt must end in ruin. With an astounding and almost incredible assurance, Lord Lytton, the late Viceroy, has informed his hearers at Knebworth that nothing more was needed than perseverance for a few years longer 'in that great system of polity which a series of great and wise statesmen have framed for the government of India, in order to give to that magnificent portion of Her Majesty's dominions all the strength, wealth, and influence of one of the great powers of the world.' His successor will act on this conviction, although he will have to admit that this system has been deliberately set aside by Lord Lytton and his associates. If the English nation, at the time of the late elections, could have known the disaster which has befallen General Burrows, and the consequent imprisonment of the British force in Candahar, they would have said that no means must be spared for their rescue, and for the effecting of an honourable retreat from the country. But in no other sense would they have countenanced that theory of continuity which in the mouths of Lord Beaconsfield's supporters means simply the condonation of all their mischievous policy. By the result of the election the nation declared that the principles on which Lord Beaconsfield had acted must be abandoned, and that amendment must be made for the wrongs which had been done.

The failure of the Cabul enterprise and the defeat of General Burrows may not prove unmixed evils. The former has shown to Englishmen the wild folly of the fears which led to it; the latter has removed the only hindrance to our immediate abandonment of the whole country, and to our return within the frontier which Lord Lytton's immediate predecessors rightly regarded as impregnable. The conduct of the soldiers of the Wali of Candahar has happily released us from all obligations to their master. We are no longer (if we ever were) bound in honour and good faith to maintain his authority over subjects who reject it, while all considerations of policy urge us to immediate retreat. Of the danger of a Russian invasion of India we shall hear no more. The spell of that evil dream has been broken for all but men, who, like Sir Henry Rawlinson, will probably dream it to the end. Simply to get a footing in a country where we had our own territories behind us, we have strained our resources to an extent altogether unjustifiable, and terribly impaired the stability of our power in India; and it is enough to say that the task of the Russian would be immeasurably harder, immeasurably more costly, and immeasurably more ruinous. A year, we may be confident, will not have passed before we shall have convinced the Afghan people that we are sincere and resolute in the resumption of the policy which called forth the gratitude of Dost Mohammed and insured h fidelity in the season of our sorest need. The real difficulties be

us lie within the frontiers of India, for the difficulties created by our invasion of Afghanistan we shall speedily leave behind us. The folly of the plea that we are bound to leave the country in good order is manifest. Our presence there is the cause of the anarchy; and the longer we remain the more troubled the land will be. The effect will go with the cause; and in any case our duty lies elsewhere. Large portions of our dominion in India are in a state of dire exhaustion, the result of exactions rendered necessary solely by the iniquitous schemes of Lord Beaconsfield and his Viceroy. The condition of many parts of the country called urgently for a temporary remission of the land tax. It was collected to the uttermost farthing, in order that Shere Ali might be punished for an offence which he had never committed. The result is a state of hopeless impoverishment, even in a province like Behar. A recent report from the magistrate of Patna speaks of the misery of the peasantry there as far exceeding anything which he could have believed, had he not actually seen it. The wretchedness of the Deccan ryot is fully matched elsewhere. It will take years to grapple with and overcome evils which, if neglected but a little while longer, will become overwhelming. We have to do justice to our own people, and it cannot be done by making unjust wars on pretences scarcely less absurd than fears of an invasion by inhabitants of the planet Jupiter.

G. C.

Results of the Session.

WE may forecast the results of the Session, and have done with politics for a month or two, although the weary hours of an unusual political year have not yet quite run out. Everybody is tired of the clang of the political machine, and none, we fancy, so tired as the Ministers themselves. They are worn out with the heat and pressure of Parliamentary business, and await with impatience the fresh air and healthy freedom which are still denied them. The great Minister himself has been borne down by the toil of the conflict, and forced to retire for a time from the field. It has been one of the pleasing features of an unpleasant political season that all parties have sincerely regretted his absence, and expressed the most kindly sympathy with him and his family in his sudden and, as it has happily proved, his brief illness.

The results of the Session, it was feared at one time, would prove very little. There was too much impatience on the part of the Government to undertake large tasks, and too little subordination and discipline in the House of Commons to enable it to gratify its laudable ambition. It would have been better on many accounts, as we formerly urged, if the Government had attempted less to begin with, and utilised a brief summer Session rather in preparation for the great legislative tasks before them than in grappling at once in a more or less hasty manner with some of the most difficult of these tasks. A Burials Bill was called for, and a new Budget; an Irish Relief Bill, a Census Bill, and a Ballot Continuance Bill; but other measures might have waited. The country would have been content to wait, although 'interests' were greedy for political movement. The fate of 'the more hurry the less speed' seemed at one time likely to overwhelm the Government, and leave the Session without even a Burials Bill, which claimed a paragraph for itself in the Queen's Speech on May 20. Matters, however, have improved during the lengthening weeks of the Session, and the Government will now apparently be able to reckon among its achievements all that it projected at that early date.

Among the chief obstacles to its success has undoubtedly been the restiveness and lack of subordination in the House of Commons. A new House, especially a House with so many new members as the present, is necessarily undisciplined. The new members have not fallen into their proper places: they are eager to distinguish themselves in the eyes of their constituencies and their fellow-members. Whatever the subject may be, they think they have something to contribute to its elucidation; and Mr. Mundella on the one and Sir W. Harcourt on the other, are made aware that th

those who know as much about education or game as they do. Even Mr. Gladstone must listen to lectures on his own Budget from 'able' members, who can hardly have recovered their amazement at finding themselves under the eye of the Speaker. This legislative impatience may be said to be particularly characteristic of a certain class of Liberal members. It is even said to be one of the blessings of the Liberal party. There is such an exuberance of vitality, and such a diffusion of political intellect, in its ranks, that it can never be brought into the strict subordination of the Conservative party. If this be so, we must not grumble. It is better to have vitality with diversity than unity with stupidity. But there are, possibly, other explanations of so much restiveness; and, at any rate, there can be no doubt that such sallies of independent legislative ambition do not contribute to progress in legislation. Certain young lions of the Conservative party have been very active in obstruction. Lord Hartington has summed up their offences in a trenchant and amusing manner, which we hope may do them good; but it is absurd to attribute the delays in the political machine entirely to them. There are those on the Liberal side who must share the responsibility; and it may be questioned whether what is called, with an approving complacency, the 'defiant' tone of certain ministerial speeches, has not borne its part in clogging, rather than expediting, the wheels of political progress. 'Defiance' is no doubt a potent attribute of oratory; but when we wish to gain an object, it is better not to assume too much the aspect of a pugilist.

The Irish Disturbance Bill, whose fate we deprecated in our last number, was speedily dismissed by the House of Lords. The extraordinary majority against it remains to witness to the strong feelings which it had excited not only in the Conservative, but no less in the upper ranks of the Liberal party. The Bill could have been thrown out by the votes of the Whig Peers alone. Before such a majority we of course bow respectfully. There is nothing more to be said in the meantime. We have seen no reason, however, to change our opinion as to the Bill, viewed as a measure of State exigency apart from which Government professed there would be difficulty in preserving the peace of Ireland. The event must show whether they were right or not. The condition of Ireland seems far from hopeful as we write, notwithstanding the prospect of a good harvest; and speeches like Mr. Dillon's indicate an audacious spirit of discontent, and even of sedition, in the country. The House of Lords would have acted more wisely in our opinion if it had acted with more hesitation, and recognised the true aspect of the measure. We are bound to believe that it was the offspring of grave political necessity. This was its professed justification in the mouths both of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster—and they were the best judges of all the circumstances of the case. The members of the House of Lords should have acknowledged with more faith than they did the honesty of the Government. They virtually cast discredit on this honesty by

their vote, and this, whatever may be said to the contrary, is something of a disaster both to the Government and to the House of Lords.

At the same time we do not feel called upon to indulge in any abuse of the House of Lords. It was the business of the Government to see to their better support there, and to make a more vigorous defence of the measure than they can be said to have done. A powerful Government is not defeated, even in the House of Lords by a majority of 282 to 51, without some mismanagement. Talk of landlordism and trades-unionism is very poor talk, unworthy of the intelligence of some who make use of it. It should be left to the refuse of Irish meetings. No politician worthy of the name can believe such an explanation to be satisfactory. Not a few of the Liberal Peers who voted in the majority—men like Lord Airlie, and others whose Liberalism is of a thoroughly genuine type—have explained the difficulties they felt as to the measure, and the seeds of political danger that seemed to them to lie in it. We believe them to have been mistaken, but we should never dream of accusing them of selfishness. It is a poor argument to call your adversary bad names because you have failed to convince him. Imagine the scorn of a man like Lord Sherbrooke, in whom the landlord instinct must be as yet in a very budding state, in being supposed to have acted like a trades-unionist in opposing the Bill. He and many other Peers were no doubt left unconvinced by the Government that so grave a measure was really called for; and the measure therefore may be said to have fallen as much from the want of due justification for it on the part of the Government, as from any unreasonable hostility on the part of the House of Lords.

It is consistent with this view to remember that the Irish Disturbance Bill formed no part of the original programme of the Government. As the Duke of Argyll candidly admitted, its 'introduction was undoubtedly sudden and without previous warning.' Its defeat, therefore, leaves that programme untouched. The Bill for the protection of the occupiers of land against injury from ground game —commonly known as the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Burials Bill already alluded to, apart from the Budget, and the more formal measures for the Census, and the continuance of the Ballot Bill, sum up the work of the Session as planned in May. The results of the Session will certainly not extend beyond these measures.

The two former may be already regarded as safe, and after all the criticism to which they have been subjected we certainly do not intend to weary our readers further regarding them. Both measures are of the nature of Protective legislation, and the justification for both is to be found in the existence of great and undeniable grievances, which for years have been calling for redress. But legislation of this kind does not excite enthusiasm, and is always perilously near to over-legislation. No one could have indicated this more

distinctly than Mr. Bright himself in his spirited defence of the rights of the farmer to be protected from ground game. Not only ground game, but all game, is the property of the occupier of land according to the common law of the country, said Mr. Bright. 'And it remains his property. He has a right to kill it in any mode he chooses, *unless he consents that during the period of his occupancy it should be in the hands of the landlord.*' But if this be the case, as we do not doubt it is,[1] is it not of the nature of over-legislation to pass a measure to protect the farmer from himself and the undue facility with which he yields to landlord-pressure in the matter of game? No doubt he is very much at the mercy of the landlord, who has only to refuse him occupancy unless he yields to the customary usages about game. There are others ready to take the land under the usual conditions. But if the present relations of landlord and tenant are outside the law, how is this to be effectually cured by additional law-making? The truth is that no law in the world can secure to people rights that they are willing to abandon; and no one can doubt that it will still be possible for landlords and tenants by private arrangement to evade the terms of the 'Hares and Rabbits' Bill. We do not object to the Bill because it interferes with freedom of contract. There are hundreds of cases in which it may be necessary for the Legislature to prevent people contracting to do what is injurious to the public good. The real objection to the Bill is that it interferes with freedom of contract without necessarily securing the object for which it interferes. It aims to protect interests which after all it does not effectually protect.

The same thing is more or less true of the Employers' Liability Bill; while this Bill is further open to the objection of raising by its terms many legal questions which it may take years and no end of money to settle definitely. Mr. Howard, in a letter to the 'Times,' calls attention to the extremely ambiguous wording of the Bill, so far as such terms as 'plant,' and 'stock,' or 'stock-in-trade' are concerned. Are these terms meant to include live stock? and is the farmer in this way to be made liable on injury to the servant not merely from 'defect' in the machinery or implements with which he works, which, of course, it is the farmer's duty to make or keep secure, but from any vice of temper or accidental irritability in a horse which no care on his part can possibly avoid, or which may be even directly provoked by the carelessness or cruelty of the servant himself? No amount of legislation can settle satisfactorily matters of this kind; and the more minute and abundant the legislation, often the less satisfactory will be the results. In any case all such legislation is of a very unheroic no less than of a doubtful character. It comes of the pressure of 'interests' from below, just as much as our past legislation unhappily came of

[1] This is only, we understand, the law of England—not of Scotland.—ED.

the pressure of 'interests' from above. The landlord and the employer have had their day. It is now the day of the farmer and the workman—and we are glad of the change; and glad moreover that we have a Government that is able to face the change. But the higher mode of doing this would undoubtedly be to remove all restrictions which prevent separate classes or interests from adjusting their own differences, and to leave them to settle their respective rights in the face of public opinion. Women and children need the special protection of the law, and deservedly receive it; but in the end the farmer and the workman will find that their only effectual protection is to be got in the strength of their own intelligence and independence, and, if necessary, their free combination to secure their own interests against all selfish or wanton injury.

The Burials Bill strikes a higher note in legislation, and seems to us, if not to some of our contemporaries, by far the most important Bill of the Session. It deserved its prominence in the Queen's speech, and after the prominence thus given to it, it would have been unworthy of the Government not to have urged it forward. It may be assumed that after the division on the second reading in the House of Commons, and the conciliatory and noble speech of Mr. Bright, that there is no doubt it will become law about the time these pages reach our readers. We still hope indeed that it may assume a more liberal shape, and not only be freed from the amendments introduced by the Archbishop of York in the House of Lords, but from the truly illiberal limit as to the character of the funeral services permitted by it, to which the Government is understood to cling, in the face of Mr. Illingworth's amendment. We can understand their reluctance to yield on this point; and Mr. Bright is to be honoured for the moderation and good feeling, if not for the logic and consistency, which he showed in his speech on this point. We echo most heartily his opinion that 'we are bound sometimes to pay respect to the past opinion of the country, and not to insist upon an extreme principle.' There can be no safer basis for ripe and well-timed Liberal legislation than the political canon thus simply and happily expressed; and we trust it may have its due effect not only on Mr. Bright, but on many of those who look to him for political guidance. But the application of such a rule in any case must be judged strictly according to the circumstances. If we reach an equitable and fairly lasting conclusion in falling short of an 'extreme principle,' then we are right in stopping short. No one deserves less consideration in politics than the mere theorist who will have all or nothing. But no one who is fully abreast of modern thought and feeling can believe that the professed limit as to funeral services in the Bill as it stands is either equitable according to the essential idea of the Bill, or likely to be lasting. The idea of the Bill must be held to be—it has no other adequate *raison d'être*—to give the right of burial in our churchyards to all who have the right of citi-

zenship. If our churchyards are not national, then the Bill has no justification. If they are national, as we believe they are, then all citizens have an equal right to burial. On any other principle the Church of England has an exclusive right to use them. For the only form of religion known to English law is that of the Church of England; and if there are to be limits at all in the character of the funeral services, the limits must be drawn at the Church of England service. This is the intelligible standing-ground of the Church party in the matter, and it appears to us, upon these principles, irrefragable in logic. According to these principles the churchyards are theirs, and do not belong to the nation. None therefore have right of burial except through them. But once take away that ground by declaring the right of burial a right of citizenship, and not of religion, and there is no room left for the restriction of the services by the terms 'Christian and orderly.' It is enough if they are required to be 'orderly,' without religious service at all at the grave—as is still the common custom in Scotland; or with such service as, being 'orderly,' has no right to offend anyone. The word 'Christian,' in the loose sense in which it is used in the Bill, is unknown to the law; and while the Nonconformist may be satisfied with it as meeting his own case, he ought not to be satisfied with it as an advocate of religious liberty. If the existing law which identifies Christianity and the Church of England is broken down, it is clear as day that there is no stopping short at absolute religious freedom, and allowing all citizens to bury their dead as they think fit, provided only they do it, as the law is bound to secure, in an orderly and inoffensive manner. This is the only equitable conclusion, and because it is so, every other conclusion must in the sure course of things prove temporary. The question, if not settled on this final basis now, is certain to be reopened, and the old battle fought over again, when everybody is tired of the subject, and would gladly have done with it. This consideration alone, in a political point of view, ought to make the Government seriously consider whether they cannot consistently with their promises make the Burials Bill a really liberal and permanent settlement of a question which in its nature is odious, and necessarily rouses in its discussion odious feelings.

In summing up the results of the Session, there is one special cause of regret in the abandonment of the Endowed Schools Bill for Scotland, which passed through the House of Lords weeks ago, and has waited in vain the consideration of the Commons. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of many Scotch members it has at length been withdrawn. This misfortune is directly attributed to the threatened opposition of the senior member for Edinburgh, who had intimated that he would have recourse to all the arts of obstruction in opposing the Bill of which his physical strength would admit. The withdrawal of the Bill, therefore, is not only a disappointment

but a humiliation, while it must be held to be a singular tribute to the prowess of Mr. McLaren. It is a marvellous fact that a Bill, carefully prepared by the chief legal and political functionary for Scotland, and presumably introduced by the Government because it was held to be of the utmost importance to Scotland, which had done so much to place it in its proud position, should, after passing through the House of Lords, collapse before the opposition of an octogenarian member with one or two worthy associates.

This is all the more deplorable because the Endowed Schools Bill is not only a legislative measure of the highest importance itself, but the only Scottish measure of the Session. It is the offspring, moreover, of pure legislative concern. It has no interests at its back, and no motive save to redress abuses and supply an educational want which all public men of the higher class have long recognised to exist in Scotland, and which successive Governments have definitely acknowledged. If ever legislation deserved the support of all Liberals this did. But, unhappily, like most legislation of this kind, it has powerful interests arrayed against it. Abuses do not give way before the most honest ambition to remove them, and no abuses, in our time at least, live so long as those which mask themselves in a guise of municipal liberality. It has come to be assumed somehow that our municipalities not only represent popular interests, but in all cases popular rights, and that the two are very much identical. There never was greater fallacy. Everyone who knows anything of the working of municipal government knows that it is liable to be controlled at times by the most selfish motives, and to be the tool of unscrupulous factions. The love of power which it engenders is often quite distinct from the popular rights which it professes to represent, and plainly inimical to a true interpretation of those rights. No Church and no hereditary body can defend with more unreasonable tenacity the most obvious wrongs.

That there are grave wrongs connected with Heriot's Hospital, as well as with other institutions of a similar character in Scotland, nobody doubts who is unconcerned, directly or indirectly, in the management of these hospitals. There never were such miserable educational results obtained at such a cost in the world. And it may be added there never was a grosser delusion than to suppose that the poor in any sense are interested in the maintenance of these institutions as they are, and that to apply a portion of their funds to secondary education is to deprive the poor of their rights in connection with them. Of all classes the industrious poor are the most interested in the establishment of a properly graded system of secondary instruction. It would open a door of social advancement for them which is meantime almost entirely closed, and which the social state of Scotland urgently demands.

It is to be hoped, therefore, that if the Endowed Schools for Scotland Bill is meantime postponed, it is only that it may be reintro-

duced next Session with a more successful result. The Government now, at least, can be in no doubt of the nature of the opposition which they have to encounter. It is an opposition with which no terms should be kept, because both unreasonable and selfish. While professing to represent popular rights, it is really only an abused authority desperate in its last struggles for life.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of Verses can be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1880.

EASY METHODS.

'A TRUE ARTIST,' said Edmund Burke, 'should put a generous deceit on the spectators, and effect the noblest designs by easy methods.' It is not in the department of the fine arts only that art or artifice is now employed to produce fine effects by easy methods, but it is not always so easy to draw the line between deceits that at least are not ungenerous, and such as Mr. Gladstone had in view when, in one of his Midlothian speeches, he called this an age of shams—sham butter, sham silver, sham glory, and sham statesmanship. It certainly is an age in which a striving after effect by short cuts and easy methods shows itself on every side of our civilisation —in our literature, science, commerce and politics, our books and our shops, in the measures of our statesmen as well as in the advertisements of our dealers, in the style of our writing as well as in the style of our architecture.

Style has been called an index to the man; it may with more truth be regarded as an index to the age. Phrases and forms of speech that are used by individuals without deliberate thought, and that are on the tongue or the pen because they have been unconsciously picked up by the ear or the eye, may have deep-seated causes in the spirit of an age, and the sort of methods to which its character, aims and dominant ideas dispose it. Many tricks of style in the present age betray a prevailing hankering after cheap and ephemeral effects. One of the methods in vogue is the employment of grand and sensational adjectives and adverbs, such as 'enormous,' 'tremendous,' 'terrible,' 'infinite,' and their adverbial forms, often in the oddest collocation, to give force, expressiveness, and emphasis to propositions and remarks beyond their intrinsic worth. A generation ago a shopkeeper might talk of selling off at a tremendous sacrifice; or an uneducated Irishman might describe a wit as terribly funny, a woman as tremendously beautiful, or the number of people at Donnybrook fair as terribly small. But such rhetoric was not admitted into the speech of polite society, still less into literature, and was seen to involve generally an incongruity approaching to a bull. Now not a few writers of eminence, quite capable of writing pure and classical

English, seem to think their language would be ineffective without such expletives, and employ them as freely and often with as little regard to their real significance as the schoolboy of the period does his two favourite words 'awfully' and 'jolly,' or as the navvy does a highly-coloured adjective formed from the substantive 'blood.' The author of 'Coningsby' says of Rigby's slashing articles, that when the writer thought he had made a point it was sure to be in italics, that last resort of Forcible Feebles. The adjectives and adverbs referred to belong to the 'forcible feeble' order. The consequence is that a number of excellent and useful words in their right places have lost their virtue and become insignificant. 'Enormous' has come to mean only 'large,' 'terribly' is almost synonymous with 'very,' and grandiloquence thus baffles itself. Our language is a great possession which has come down to us from our ancestors, and we are like prodigals dissipating the inheritance of their fathers, when, for the sake of finery or immediate effect, we render weak and worthless words that had a distinctive and forcible meaning. The word 'portion,' for instance, has properly a distinctive and distributive sense, as in 'Benjamin's portion;' but it came to be thought by some writers finer than 'part,' because bigger and not then so common; now it is regarded as merely synonymous with 'part,' and has, in a great measure, driven the latter, though a nicer and neater word, out of use. 'Expect,' again, was a serviceable word, and had a special meaning possessed by no other word in the language; but our kin beyond sea came to think it finer to say 'I expect' than 'I think,' or 'I dare say,' or 'I suppose,' and we ourselves have copied them so fast during the last four or five years that the word has already lost its proper signification in colloquial use for a great part of the nation, and contracted a sort of vulgarity into the bargain. It seems to be to medical bulletins that we owe the absurd phrase 'progressing favourably' in reference to a sick person of distinction or consequence. Great doctors are too grand, or think royal, noble, or right honourable patients too grand, to talk in the old-fashioned way of them as doing well, or getting better, or going on well. Such phrases as 'progressing favourably' are objectionable, not only as awkward and absurd innovations, but as setting a bad example of grandiloquence. An innovation much affected by members of Parliament, a class who are among the chief corruptors of our noble language, and who seem to possess an 'unerring instinct' for bad phraseology, is saying 'fail to see,' instead of simply 'don't see.' When a speaker or writer now says he 'fails to see' something, he means to be pointed, sarcastic, and effective, the innuendo being that there must be something unreasonable in anything that passes his powers of perception, when the words properly denote simply a failure of perception—often the real state of the case. M. de Tocqueville, deploring the changes in language which he ascribes to democracy, with its incessant movement and love of sensation and show, adds that he would rather see his own language

bristling with Chinese, Tartar, and Huron words than rendered uncertain by the misapplication of French words. M. de Tocqueville attributed to democracy or equality a good deal that may be traced, in great part, to other causes; but a depravation of speech is certainly one of the evils of the age, to be set off against the vast good of the rise of the mass of the people. The hurry after momentary effect of this noisy, feverish and self-advertising age is not, however, attributable to democratic movement alone. Steam, electricity, journalism, commercial competition, making haste after riches, huge capitals, production on a large scale, plutocracy rather than democracy, largely contribute to it. That democracy is compatible with noble simplicity and with steadfast adherence to ancient usage and forms may be seen at Uri and Appenzell.

The use of the word 'perhaps'—'a good word before it was ill sorted'—to qualify large assertions is another characteristic artifice of modern style. By the easy method of employing this adverb, a writer is enabled to lay down sweeping propositions without committing himself to any positive statement the error of which might be immediately detected and exposed; and to indulge a disposition to dogmatism while maintaining an appearance of moderation, caution and circumspection. He may be as round in his generalisations as Mr. Buckle, without Mr. Buckle's learning, which was wide if not deep, and yet protect himself from confutation, or even criticism, by a 'perhaps.' He may have the smallest smattering of knowledge with respect to a subject, and be wholly unfit to pronounce a judgment on the relative merits of its chief masters, and yet, without show of presumption, proceed to determine their rank. He may allude to Pericles as 'perhaps the greatest statesman of antiquity,' in complete ignorance of the claims alike of Pericles himself and of Julius Cæsar, or to Mr. Herbert Spencer as 'perhaps the first philosopher of the present day,' or Sir Henry Maine as 'perhaps the greatest jurist,' without having read any of the works of those two eminent authors, and even without attaching any definite meaning in his own mind to the term 'philosopher' or 'jurist.' It is enough that the phrase serves the purpose of laying down a proposition that sounds like intimate knowledge, while it does not commit the writer too much, and spares him the trouble of investigation, for which he is disinclined and possibly unfit. Were Mont Blanc described as 'perhaps the highest mountain in Switzerland,' it would be tolerably plain that the person using the expression was not well up in his Swiss mountains, and ought to climb higher before applying the superlative to any of them. When examined, the phrase about Pericles, for instance, comes to no more than saying that 'perhaps Pericles was the greatest statesman of antiquity, perhaps not,' a statement which would be true of any ancient whatever. One often meets with big generalisations, large maxims, and doctrines qualified in like manner, which, after all, amount simply to nothing. So the word 'certain' is often a cover for the fact that the writer's

or speaker's real frame of mind is one of utter uncertainty, as when something is said to be true 'to a certain extent.' Such formulas as both 'perhaps' and 'to a certain extent' are, doubtless, sometimes used in the manner adverted to by writers possessed of great stores of knowledge and remarkable capacity; but scholars set a bad example in giving way to the usage, and are themselves sometimes beguiled by it into easy and slipshod methods of disposing of difficulties. When, for instance, the most learned and accurate of English historians, of whose marvellous erudition Germany might be proud, says, in his 'Constitutional History,' that 'from 1381 onwards rural society in England began to work into its later forms, to be modified chiefly, and *perhaps only*, by the law of settlement and the poor laws,' he suffers himself to be led by this makeshift of a phrase into laxity and carelessness. The law of settlement and the poor laws were themselves only effects. Their causes—including the enclosures and evictions of the Tudor period, the dissolution of the monasteries, the disintegration of feudal society, the restrictions and monopolies of guilds and town corporations, the law of real property, the limitation of the rural franchise—directly affected rural society, as well as indirectly through the poor laws and the law of settlement. Yet the reader of the passage is likely to carry away the impression that these laws were the primary, and 'perhaps the only,' factors concerned, and the historian himself has evidently been betrayed into a statement which, at least, falls far short of the truth.

Another set of characteristic formulas are, 'on the other hand,' 'still,' 'yet,' and their congeners. It is a rule of logic that of two contradictory expressions both cannot be true; and when a writer is in doubt which of two assertions to make, the proper course evidently is to make neither. But the method in vogue is to make both, tacking them together with an 'on the other hand,' or a 'yet,' or some equivalent conjunction, and thus producing an impression of knowing all that can be said on both sides, and exhausting the subject. The great scholar just referred to is above artifices of this kind, but he has not always abstained from all appearance of evil. Thus, in one chapter of his 'Constitutional History,' after admitting the difficulty of tracing the career of the villein for several hundred years, Dr. Stubbs says, 'When he comes before us in the reign of Richard II., his condition is one which suggests that the three centuries that have elapsed since the Conquest have been for him centuries of continuous decline.' But in a later chapter we read, 'The English ceorl had had slaves of his own, and the Norman lawyer steadily depressed the ceorl himself to the same level; his Latin name *villanus* had been a symbol of freedom, but his privileges were bound to the land, and when the Norman lord took the land he took the villein with it. *Still* the villein retained *his* customary rights, his house and land, and rights of wood and hay. Law and custom, too, protected him in customs more than in

theory. The final definition of manors which resulted from the statute Quia Emptores may itself have helped the villein. . . . Since that statute the villein's spirit may well have risen; it was by a mere legal form that he was described as less than free.' So profound an investigator might surely have found a better method of dealing with some contradictory evidence. But the easiest method was to put together two opposite statements like the obverse and reverse faces of a coin, and leave the reader to take his change out of them. Another writer of eminent genius and striking literary power, who has been made a scapegoat for the sins of his age against accuracy and care, adds a later chapter to the history of the villein in which similar contradictions occur. Inferior artists who have neither Dr. Stubbs's erudition, sagacity, and capacity for taking trouble, nor Mr. Green's brilliancy, readily acquire the art of setting down conflicting statements, and producing by an easy method an impression of thoroughness at the cost of the poor reader, whose mind is left in a muddle.

The chief sinners of the age, however, in respect of the use of saving clauses, makeshifts, equivocal phrases, duplicity of speech, and such like 'shams,' to use Mr. Gladstone's expression, are unquestionably the writers on economic subjects. You consult, for example, in relation to the Bill respecting the liability of employers for accidents to their workmen, which has been the subject of so much recent discussion, a celebrated Report of the House of Commons, and you find it laid down that if the liability of employers be extended to the accidents in question, 'sooner or later the position will find its level by a readjustment of wages.' Prove to a class of workmen that a fall of wages must certainly before long follow the imposition of a new liability on capitalists, and you will produce a legitimate effect; but it is throwing dust in the air and darkening counsel to say that a fall will take place sooner or later. They may fairly answer that a contingency indefinitely postponed may never take place, and may be regarded as void for remoteness, as the lawyers say. Long before it happens, if ever, they may be dead and gone, or the trade may have passed through a revolution from other causes of which the effect may be to raise wages. The *à priori* economic method abounds in like lax and slipshod formulas, 'in the long run,' 'in the absence of disturbing causes,' 'tendency,' and so forth. It has the attraction of being an easy method, yielding apparently great results at small cost. A clever man in an arm-chair, without any investigation of history or inspection of the facts of life and business, and with his eyes shut to the real movements and conduct of mankind, is assumed to be capable of thinking out the laws of the economic world and their operation, from a few general assumptions. The tenacity with which so loose a method has been clung to reminds one of Boswell's account of a long argument between Dr. Johnson and a Mr. McAulay, who expatiated on the advantages of a loose system of religious belief, and 'could not be driven out of his track,' until the learned doctor wound up the

discussion with 'Sir, you are a bigot to laxness.' 'Orthodox' political economy makes men in like manner bigots to laxness. Curious evidence of the random and superficial mode in which its premisses have been obtained is afforded in reference to the assumption that wages are proportionate to risk. The staple argument against making employers liable for accidents to their workmen, is that wages in dangerous employments involve a proportionate compensation which makes it the interest of employers to reduce the risk to a minimum by careful superintendence and other precautions. The assumption forming the base of this reasoning is supposed to be derived from Adam Smith. At the beginning of his famous chapter on the variations of wages and profits in different employments, that philosopher doubtless includes 'the probability or unprobability of success' among the causes diversifying pecuniary remuneration; but he subsequently explains at considerable length that it is the notion men form of the probabilities and improbabilities in their own minds that influences the competition for employments, and that their notions are almost always astray. 'The chance of gain is by every man more or less overvalued, and the chance of loss is by most men undervalued.' The root of the matter, according to him, is the absurd presumption of men in their own good fortune and their overweening conceit of their abilities,' and he adds that 'the contempt of risk and the presumptuous hope of success are in no period of life more active than at the age at which young people choose their profession.' So that wages, instead of being proportionate to risk, vary commonly in the opposite direction, if there be at the same time a chance of drawing a prize in the lottery. Tocqueville traces to democracy the diffusion of a love for general propositions and formulas such as those on which *à priori* political economy is built. One of the distinctive characteristics, according to him, of democratic ages is the love which all men have for easy successes; and this characteristic he finds in their intellectual as well as their practical processes. Men in a democratic age, he argues, love general ideas because they dispense with the study of particular cases. They contain much in a small volume, and yield a great product in a short time. 'Lors donc qu'après un examen inattentif et court, ils croient apercevoir entre certains objets un rapport commun, ils ne poussent pas plus loin leur recherche, et sans examiner dans le détail comment ces divers objets se ressemblent ou diffèrent, ils se hâtent de les ranger tous sous la même formule, afin de passer outre.' As the present writer has already observed, however, we should hesitate to ascribe the tendency simply to democracy or the levelling of class distinctions. The generalisations of abstract political economy have found more favour with capitalists than with labourers, and are more congenial to plutocracy than to democracy. Yet the haste to arrive at great results at small cost of intellectual effort, which is so characteristic of the abstract economic method, is no mere peculiarity of a particular *school* of economists, but a vice of the age, which shows itself alike

in its philosophy, its trade and its statesmanship; in its short cuts to knowledge as its leaps in the dark in both legislation and commercial speculation. An ancestor of the present writer, Charles Leslie the Nonjuror, entitled one of his works 'A Short and Easy Method with the Deists;' but the Deists were not so easily disposed of, and survived the assault. Men of letters and science in our own day are much given to trying what might be called 'short and easy methods with the ignorant,' in the shape of 'primers.' It has been said that horsemanship is the only art a prince learns to perfection, because a horse is no flatterer, and will throw a prince as fast as a common man if he can't ride. Yet it is not altogether true that there is no royal road to learning. A prince usually learns several languages in his childhood without trouble; and in later life the best guides are always at hand to lead him on his way, the best sources of information are at his beck. It is nearer the truth to say there is no popular road to knowledge, such as the system of primers leads many to suppose. If attempts are to be made to condense whole sciences into a few easy pages, it is well that they should be made by the best masters, even if high scientific ability be diverted thereby from original research to the production of school books. The evil is that the tendency of the age being to short cuts and easy methods, a system of cramming is the result. The writer not long ago, on his way to examine candidates for some public appointments, saw before him a youth with a brand new copy of a little Primer of Political Economy in his hand. Half an hour afterwards the same youth came in for examination, and it became evident that he had trusted to cramming at the last moment a few score of very small pages of large print, and thereby mastering the elements of the subject. Such is really the sort of promise the modern primer is understood to hold out; and examination, as a test of ability, diligence, and knowledge, would be a mockery if the promise were kept. Short and easy methods in science and philosophy are 'a delusion, a mockery, and a snare.'

The most delusive and dangerous of short and easy methods are however some to which not young students but experienced politicians and veteran statesmen are becoming prone. The same eagerness for immediate results that leads the trader to seek his fortune by a few big speculations instead of by a lifetime of energetic and careful work, is seen in the policy that makes leaps in the dark in legislation. The excessive influence of oratory tends to make wise and permanently beneficial measures a secondary object. 'Results,' it used to be said, 'not processes, are for the public eye;' but the process rather than the result is the orator's chief concern. The haste too visible in every other phase of modern society, and often incompatible with speed, is nowhere more conspicuous than in Parliament. 'We are all in such a hurry here,' said an eminent legal member of the House of Commons to the writer, when it was discovered that a Bill which ought to have been watched and amended had slipped through the Commons and been read twice in the Lords, though containing a

clause artfully framed to affect a pending suit. The 'hurry' had been such that it was only the day before the one fixed for the third reading in the Upper House, and through the intervention of an outsider with the Lord Chancellor, that the mischief was detected and defeated.

The temptation to resort to short and easy methods with Irish difficulties seems to be found irresistible by statesmen of both parties. When a noble lord said of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill—'The sole reason of this Irish Bill is to buy off a block by the Home Rulers'—he described accurately the object of the Irish University Bill of the late Government, of which he had himself been a distinguished member. On Mr. Parnell's opposition to voting the estimates becoming troublesome, the successful and flourishing Queen's University was thrown over, and a new university founded on paper with no distinct plan, by a skeleton Act which left everything unsettled. It was predicted at the time that the precedent of legislation in blank, leaving the Legislature itself in the dark as to what was being done, and handing over the task of determining the real nature and operation of the enactment to an external and inferior authority, would be soon followed. The prediction was fulfilled by the provisions of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, which delegated to the County Court judge the solution of a problem the Government confessed itself unequal to. The results of seven centuries of misgovernment and misfortune on the character of the Irish people, as well as on the situation of things at the moment, are not to be so easily disposed of. The Irish Land Question began with Henry II., whose mode of relieving distress when he flung to a shivering beggar a cloak torn from the back of one of his own friends, seems to have furnished the model for Mr. Forster's Bill. The beggar, we may well believe, was little the better of the cheap charity, and was going about naked the next day on the look-out for another covering.

Two propositions ought to be conceded on all sides in relation to the Irish Land Question, and the method of its solution: first, that the history of the inhabitants of the distressed districts of Ireland gives them a strong claim on the English Legislature and nation; and, secondly, that the chief use of the soil of a country, and the main object of the State with respect to it, ought not to be to afford rent to a small number of landlords. The first of these propositions rests on the treatment the people of Ireland met with from England from the reign of Henry II. to that of Victoria. The invasion of the island, the repeated confiscations of the lands of the natives, the hard choice between 'hell or Connaught' offered by the Cromwellians, the penal laws against the Catholics, the withering law of real property, the statutes for the suppression of Irish manufactures and trade, make a dismal history of which one chapter had been told by Lord Dufferin as follows:—

From Queen Elizabeth's reign until within a few years of the Union the various commercial confraternities of Great Britain never for a moment relaxed their relentless grip on the trades of Ireland. One by one, each of our nascent industries was either strangled in its birth, or handed over,

gagged and bound, to the jealous custody of the rival interest in England, until at last every fountain of wealth was hermetically sealed, and even the traditions of commercial enterprise have perished through desuetude. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth Irish cattle were declared a 'nuisance,' and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the Channel, we killed them at home, and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second Act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep farming. The sheep breeders of England took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel and broadcloth in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen industry of Ireland was extinguished, and 20,000 manufacturers left the country. We next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless as the woolstapler. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker, and any other trade or interest that thought it worth while to petition [1] was received by Parliament with the same partial cordiality, until the most searching scrutiny failed to detect a single vent through which it was possible for the industry of Ireland to respire. But although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbours gave access to the sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II. the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. What has been the consequence of such a system, pursued with relentless pertinacity for 250 years? It is, that, debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself upon the land.' [2]

Such a history surely gives the Irish people a heavy claim; but the claim is on the Legislature and people of England, not on the landlords of Ireland, who have been placed in their present position by English policy and English law, and who in a more prosperous and orderly society would themselves be more prosperous and more secure. The relation in which many of them now stand to their lands and their tenants is, moreover, the result of positive recent engagements on the part of the English Legislature. The Acts establishing the Encumbered Estates Court and the Landed Estates Court have given to a considerable number of them parliamentary titles. Mr. Cardwell's Landlord and Tenant Act (33 and 34 Vict. c. 46) in 1860 began by enacting that 'the relations of the landlord and tenant shall be deemed to be founded on the express or implied contract of the parties and not upon tenure;' and all the subsequent dealings of landlords with tenants in Ireland have been based on the enactment. Finally, the Act of 1870 was passed as a final settlement of the Irish land question, and it recognised in the amplest manner and by careful provision an indefeasible claim

[1] In 1698 petitions were presented to the House of Commons from the fishermen of Folkestone and Aldborough, stating that they were injured 'by the Irish catching herrings at Waterford and Wexford, and sending them to the Straits, and thereby forestalling and ruining petitioners' markets.'

[2] Lord Dufferin on 'Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland,' pp. 129–132.

on the part of the landlord to the full payment of his rent according to contract. A phrase came into fashion some years ago that Ireland ought to be governed 'in accordance with Irish ideas,' and Lord Derby, in his speech on the second reading of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, in the House of Lords, thus described one of the ideas which Mr. Forster's Bill seems to have embodied: 'One eminent person is reported to have said that we owe a large measure of reparation to the Irish peasant for injustice in the past. That may or may not be; but it is a very Irish idea to repair the injury committed by Government hundreds of years ago at the cost of English, or Scotch, or Irish landowners of the present day, who have bought under the Encumbered Estates Act with the direct encouragement of the State.' The State ought not to regard the payment of rent as the supreme object and principal use of the national soil, but it is surely not thereby relieved from the duty of maintaining the existence of property and the observance of contract. And if for some paramount public advantage it sets them aside, it owes compensation to those whom it expropriates or deprives of the fruits of their property. In 1867 Mr. Mill proposed a plan for the solution of the Irish land question, at which politicians of all parties shook their heads as a gross violation of private property. Yet Mr. Mill never suggested that the landlords should be deprived of land or rent without full compensation. The strongest argument on behalf of Mr. Forster's Bill was Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's adroit reference to the French law which allows to tenants, half or more of whose crops have failed, an abatement of rent in proportion. But all dealings between owner and tenant in France have been framed accordingly; French tenants, too, can be trusted to do their best by the land, so that a failure of crops is never half their own fault; French tenancies, too, are short, seldom lasting beyond three years. No Government in France could stand for a month after proposing to add to the law a provision that the judge might give a compensation equivalent to seven years' rent to a defaulting tenant whom the owner refused to leave in possession of his farm. Harsh words about selfishness and injustice have been applied to landlords who assert a claim to rent from tenants in Ireland. 'Odisse quem læseris' is a natural feeling. But can it reasonably be called selfish or unjust on the part of landlords to endeavour to pay their own debts, meet their obligations, and maintain their families? Must not society be resolved into chaos, did any other system become general? 'Property in land,' said Lord Mansfield, 'is capital without income; property in the funds is income without capital; property in mortgages is both capital and income.' Mr. Forster's Bill seemed to embody the first clause of this dictum, but mortgagees would soon find that its legislative adoption made their property neither capital nor income, and the next thing would be a sponge to wipe out the debt from which income of the fundholders is derived.

If the main use of the soil of a country, as already said, is not to afford rent to landlords, neither is it to maintain, however miserably, the greatest number of tenants, but to do the maximum of good to the whole community, to the buyer as well as the producer, to the labourer as well as the tenant farmer, to the town as well as the country, and to all who desire national peace and prosperity. If the reader looks at the map showing the scheduled districts to which the provisions of Mr. Forster's Bill applied, he will observe that, hastily and inaccurately as the districts were scheduled, as, for instance, in including the whole county of Waterford, the region of distress is in the main one west of a line from Londonderry to Cork —that is to say, of a line drawn by ethnology, physical geography, and history. East of the line the population is mainly Teutonic—of Danish, Norman, English, and Lowland Scotch blood. 'There have been since that time'—the time of Henry II.—said Sir John Davis in the reign of James I., 'so many English colonies planted in Ireland, as that if the people were numbered at this day by the poll, such as are descended of English race would be more in number than the ancient nation.' Since then a succession of English and Scotch settlements have been made in the east of the island, while the natives have been driven to the west. The east of the island has, moreover, a drier climate; it is nearer the English market, and throughout history its connection with England has, in the main, been a friendly one. On the west of the line, on the other hand, the rainfall is heavier, the people are, and have always been, farther from commerce and civilisation; they have the most unmixed aboriginal blood; they are the people who were driven to the mountains and bogs by Danish and Norman invaders, who were bidden to choose between hell and Connaught by the Cromwellians, who have been throughout a thousand years the children of misfortune, whose husbandry is so unskilful and slothful that it could not prosper in the most genial clime, and whose habits are improvident and thriftless to a degree unknown to the cultivators of any civilised region. Mr. Forster himself spoke of the people of the West of Ireland as 'crowded together on mountain farms, on which they could scarcely exist even in good years.' And the future condition of such farms must be even worse than the present, because American competition and the surrounding progress of agriculture must break down altogether their rude, primitive system of husbandry. More than thirteen years ago, before the problem was complicated by a rapid extension of American agriculture and railways, the present writer, upholding the cause of the tenants and condemning the Irish land system, was compelled to argue against measures designed to perpetuate the smallest holdings in the West, or, according to a vulgar political phrase, 'to root their occupiers in the soil':—

The only mode of subsisting upon a few acres by which the tenant's very existence is not precarious, is by the Flemish system of spade husbandry, elaborate, minute and scientific. But that is in Ireland a new and difficult

art, irksome to learn, and not to be learned by peasants to whose customs traditions and habits of life it is foreign. In some parts of Ireland the land now occupied by the smallest holders is naturally too bad for the success of the Flemish system without great previous outlay of capital and labour; in others it is so exhausted that it would take years to restore it to fit condition. Even on the best soils Flemish husbandry would in Ireland be much stiffer work than in Flanders, because the soil is much stiffer. The very causes which have thrown the bulk of the population of Ireland upon agriculture for support have thrust into the smallest farms some who are naturally ill-adapted for such a business, though perhaps adapted for some other. If legislation could keep such men in their holdings, it would only keep them in privation, and keep men who might succeed out of them.'[3]

It is a wrong to the whole community, and even to the unfortunate tenants themselves in the West of Ireland, of whom Mr. Forster spoke as 'crowded together on farms on which they could scarcely subsist, even in good years,' to encourage them to cling to their holdings in the hope of escaping the payment of rent. To encourage, on the contrary, their emigration is the statesman's true policy. The state of Ireland is one calling for the utmost caution and foresight. *Festina lente* should be the statesman's maxim with respect to it. The son of an 'Irish' landlord, who had passed an examination respectably, so far as book-learning was concerned for a commission in the army, was recalled for re-examination of his eyesight, which was really defective. The youth urged to a general officer whom he saw on the subject that he was in the habit of riding to hounds without glasses. 'Well, sir,' said the general, 'and what does that prove, except that you are an Irishman? You Irishmen are such devil-may-care fellows that you would ride to hounds blindfold.' As a matter of fact, the youth was of pure English descent and had no Irish blood in his veins. Nor are blind and rash ventures made only by Irishmen. The most reckless traders in the world are Englishmen and Americans; and the last six years have not taught the world to regard English statesmen as the most farsighted and prudent. The general, however, was right that it is not always the best horseman that rides straightest across country, taking the shortest cuts and the most desperate leaps; but the rider who does not see what is before him, and who lets his horse have his head, however dangerous a brute he may be, as the easiest way out of a difficulty.

The truth is that we live in an age ambitious in politics, as well as in commerce, science, and letters, of producing great effects; but sparing of the care, perseverance, and honest work necessary to attain them. The 'deceits' thus practised are hardly entitled to Burke's epithet 'generous.'

T. E. C. Leslie.

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[3] *Land Systems of Ireland, England and the Continent.* By T. E. C. Leslie. Pp. 24, 25.

Rumpty-Dudget.

Chapter I.

THE PALACE AND THE TOWER.

IN the days before the sun caught fire, before the moon froze up, and before you were born, a great queen had three children, whose names were Hilda, Harold, and Hector. Princess Hilda, who was the eldest, had blue eyes and golden hair; Prince Hector, who was the youngest, had black eyes and black hair; and Prince Harold, who was neither the youngest nor the eldest, had, of course, brown eyes and brown hair. There was nothing else specially remarkable about them except that they were (at the time I write of) the best children in the world, as well as the prettiest and the cleverest for their age, that they lived in the most beautiful palace ever built, and that the garden they played in was the loveliest ever seen.

The palace stood on the borders of a mighty forest, on the further side of which lay Fairyland. But there was only one window in the palace that looked out upon this forest, and that was the round window of the room in which Hilda, Harold, and Hector slept. And since the round window was never open except at night, after the three children had been put to bed, they knew very little about how the forest looked, or what kind of flowers grew there, or what sort of birds sang in the dark branches of the lofty trees. Sometimes, however, as they lay with their three heads on their three pillows, and with all their eyes open, waiting for the Spirit of Forgetfulness to come and fasten down their eyelids, they would see stars, white, blue, and red, twinkling in the sky overhead; and below, amongst the gloomy shadows of the trees, other yellow stars which danced about and flitted to and fro. These flitting stars were supposed by grown-up people to be will-o'-the-wisps, jack-o'-lanterns, fire-flies, and glow-worms. But the three children knew them to be the torches borne by the elves, as they capered hither and thither about their affairs. For although the Forest of Mystery (as it was named) was not, strictly speaking, in Fairyland, but formed the boundary between that and the rest of the world, yet many fairies held nightly revels there. The children wished that a few of these tiny people would come in through the round window some evening, and pay them a visit. But if such a thing ever happened, it was not until after the children had fallen asleep; and then, when they woke up in the morning, they had forgotten all about it.

The garden was on the side of the palace opposite to the Forest of Mystery; it was called the Garden of Delight. It was full of

flowers, pink, white, and blue; and there were birds, and fountains, in the marble basins of which gold-fishes glowed and swam. In the centre of the garden was a round green lawn for the children to play on; but at the end of the garden was a tall thick hedge, on which no blossoms ever grew, and which was prickly with sharp-pointed leaves and thorns. This hedge also had a name, but the children did not know what it was. It was impossible either to get round the hedge, or to get over it, or to get through it—except in one place, where a small opening had been made. But through that opening no one might pass, for the land on the other side belonged to a dwarf, whose name was Rumpty-Dudget, and whose only pleasure lay in doing mischief. An ugly little dwarf he was, all grey from head to foot. He wore a broad-brimmed grey hat, a thick grey beard, and a grey cloak that was so much too long for him that it trailed on the ground like a grey tail as he walked. On his back was a grey hump, which made him look even shorter than he was—and he was not much over a foot high at his tallest. He lived in a large grey tower, whose battlements the three children could see rising above the hedge, as they played on the round lawn: and over the tower there hung, even in the brightest weather, a dull grey cloud.

Inside the tower was a vast room with a hundred and one corners to it: and in each of the corners stood a little child, with its face to the wall and its hands behind its back. Who were the children, and how came they there? They were children whom Rumpty-Dudget had caught trespassing on his grounds, and had therefore carried away with him to his tower. In this way he had filled up one corner after another, until only one corner was left unfilled; and that one, curiously enough, was the one hundred-and-first. Now, it was a well-known fact that if Rumpty-Dudget could but catch a child to put in that one empty corner he would become master of all the country round about. And since he loved nothing that was not of the same colour and temper as himself, the noble palace would in that case disappear, the garden would be changed into a desert covered with grey stones and brambles, and the dull grey cloud that now hung above the tower would sullenly spread itself over all the heavens. The mighty Forest of Mystery, too, would be cut down and sold for firewood; and the elves and fairies would fly westward in pursuit of the flying sun. You may be sure, therefore, that Rumpty-Dudget tried with all his might to get hold of a child to put into that hundred-and-first corner. But by this time the inhabitants of the country had begun to realise their danger; and all the mothers were so careful, and all the children were so obedient, that, for a long time, the hundred-and-first corner remained empty.

Chapter II.

THE AUNT, THE CAT, AND THE DWARF.

When Hilda, Harold, and Hector were still very young indeed, the Queen, their mother, was obliged to make a long journey to a far-off country, and to leave her children behind her. But before going she took them in her arms and said, 'My darlings, though I must leave you, you will not be left alone, either by night or by day. While you are awake you will be protected by a beautiful white cat that I shall send to you, named Tom, and while you are asleep your fairy aunt will keep watch over you; you will not see her, but you will know that she is with you by your pleasant dreams. Only at one hour of the day will you be left unguarded, and that is the hour before sunset. At that hour Tom will have to be away, and your fairy aunt will not yet have arrived, so you must be very careful of yourselves. You will, I hope, try always to be good children; but in the hour before sunset you must try twenty-four times harder than ever. Nobody knows what may happen when a little child does wrong; but there is great danger that the sun might catch fire and the moon freeze up. So, once more, my darlings, be very careful; for every hour is as long as it is short, but the hour before sunset is the longest and the shortest of all.'

The children promised to remember; and their mother kissed them and went away. The same day Tom the Cat arrived. A beautiful big cat he was, with deep soft fur, round yellow eyes, and a tail as thick as a feather duster. He was also the sweetest-tempered cat in the world, so that the children lived with him several years without even so much as suspecting that he had such a thing as a claw about him. He could purr as comfortably as the hopper of a windmill; and he took care of the children better than a dozen nurses would have done. But, an hour before sunset everyday he always disappeared, and only came back again when the last bit of the sun had gone out of sight. Then he put the children to bed, and purred outside their window until they fell asleep; and as soon as that happened, in floated the Fairy Aunt, to kiss their closed eyelids, and to hover beside their beds and whisper in their ears all manner of charming stories about Fairyland, and the wonderful things that were to be seen and done there. But early in the morning, just before they awoke, she would kiss their eyelids once more, and flit away out of the round window; and the white cat, with his yellow eyes and his thick tail, would come purring comfortably in at the door.

One day, however (the unluckiest day in the whole year), Hilda, Harold, and Hector went out to play as usual on the round lawn in the centre of the garden. It was Rumpty-Dudget's birthday—the only day in the whole year on which he had power to creep through the hole in the hedge and prowl about the Queen's grounds. Never-

theless, all went well until the last hour before sunset, when Tom the Cat was forced to be away. Before he went he warned the children to look out for the grey rat; but before he had time to explain what he meant by the grey rat the hour struck, and he could not help vanishing. The children were left to themselves; but they were not at all frightened. They had never heard of Rumpty-Dudget; and this is not so strange as it might at first seem; for it often happens in the world that our worst enemies live so close to us that we are not aware of them until after we have fallen into their power. Hilda, Harold, and Hector, at all events, went on playing together very kindly; for up to this time they had never had a quarrel. The only thing that troubled them was, that Tom the Cat was not there to play with them; they all longed to see his yellow eyes and his thick tail, and to stroke his soft back, and hear his comfortable purr. But it was now very near sunset, and he must soon return. The sun, like a great red ball, hung a little way above the edge of the world; though he had not caught fire as yet, he was evidently very hot, and it was quite time for him to be at rest.

All at once Princess Hilda, who had been gazing at the sun with her blue eyes wide open, heard a little croaking laugh, and looking down, she saw a strange little creature standing close beside her, all grey from head to foot. He wore a grey hat and beard, and a long grey cloak that dragged on the ground like a tail, and on his back was a grey hump that made him seem even shorter than he was, though at the most he was hardly over a foot high. Hilda was surprised, but not in the least frightened, for nobody had ever yet done her any harm; and besides, this odd little grey man, though he was as ugly as a rent in a new pinafore, grinned at her from one ear to the other, and seemed to be the most good-natured dwarf in the world. So Princess Hilda called to Prince Harold and Prince Hector, who, when they saw what had come to them, were no more frightened than Hilda, and a good deal more amused; and as the dwarf kept on grinning from one ear to the other, the three children began to smile back at him. Meanwhile the great red ball of the sun was slowly dropping downwards; and now his lower rim was just resting on the edge of the world.

Since you have already heard about Rumpty-Dudget, you will have guessed that this gay dwarf was none other than he, and that although he grinned so broadly from one ear to the other, he wished in reality to do the three children harm; and even (if he could manage it) to carry one of them off to his tower, to stand in the hundred-and-first corner, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. But Rumpty-Dudget had no power to do this so long as the children stayed on their side of the prickly hedge; he must first tempt them to creep through the opening, and then, when they were upon his own grounds, he could do with them what he pleased. Now the children had often been warned not to creep through the hedge, both by their Queen-mother, before she went away, and by

their Fairy Aunt in dreams, and by Tom the Cat in the daytime; and as they had never had reason to suppose that there was anything prettier on the other side of the hedge than on their own, they had never thought of going thither. Rumpty-Dudget knew this; and as he was even more cunning than he was ugly, he had made up his mind to profit by it.

'My dear young people,' he said, holding out his hands; 'I am very glad to meet you. It has grieved me to see you all playing here on this ugly lawn, when there is a garden so much more beautiful just on the other side of the hedge. I am very fond of children, and I make it my business to amuse them. If you will just give yourselves the trouble to step through that opening in the hedge, you shall see something that you never saw before.'

The three children thought this sounded very pleasant; but, after a pause, Princess Hilda, who generally took the lead, said,

'We were told not to go on the other side of the hedge.'

'Who could have been so unkind as to tell you that?' cried Rumpty-Dudget, as if he was very much shocked. 'Besides, one side of the hedge is just the same as another; and if it is wrong to go on the other side, how much more wrong it must be to stay on this.'

Hilda thought awhile before answering; for what Rumpty-Dudget had said certainly sounded reasonable. 'But why,' she asked at last, 'should there be any hedge at all?'

'It is all on account of the hole through it,' the dwarf replied with his most charming grin. 'There could have been no hole, you see, if there hadn't been a hedge; and that is why the hedge was planted.'

Princess Hilda could not deny that this was true; and, moreover, since she had begun to talk with the dwarf, she had felt a strong desire to see whether the garden on the other side of the hedge was so very much prettier than their own, as he declared. 'What do you say, boys?' she asked, turning to the two little princes; 'shall we take just one peep?'

'That is right! Come, my dears, at once!' put in Rumpty-Dudget eagerly, taking Hilda and Harold each by the hand, and letting little Hector trot on before; 'it is already late, and I want you to see my garden before the sun goes down.' So they all came to the opening in the hedge; and, if the truth must be told, the three children were almost as anxious to get through it as Rumpty-Dudget was to have them do so. And the great red ball of the sun kept going down further and further, and now all his lower half was out of sight beneath the edge of the world.

'Now, my dear,' said Rumpty-Dudget to Princess Hilda, 'will you step through first? Ladies always go first, you know.'

'Not through holes in the hedges,' replied Hilda, drawing back. 'It is always the men who go first then.'

All but the last quarter of the sun was now hidden behind the edge of the world, and there was no time to be lost, for (as Rumpty-

Dudget well knew) as soon as the sun was quite gone, Tom the Cat would appear. So he said, as amiably as he could, though in reality he felt very angry,

'Well, then, Prince Harold, my fine fellow, you are the next eldest; take my hand and in we go.'

'No,' said Prince Harold, drawing back; 'I think I am too big to get through that little hole. Somebody else must go first.'

Rumpty-Dudget trembled with rage and fear; and there was only the smallest bit of the sun yet visible. However, he managed to say in a tolerably smooth voice,

'Little Prince Hector, there, is my man after all! He will come through the hole, and see the pretty things, won't he?'

Now Prince Hector was a sturdy little fellow, and afraid of nothing; so he put his hand in Rumpty-Dudget's, and said boldly,

'Yes, I'll go; but if your garden isn't any prettier than you are, I shan't want to stay long.'

'Let me lift you in, my little hero,' said Rumpty-Dudget, taking Hector round the waist with his little bony hands; 'and I'll warrant you won't come back in a hurry. Now then—jump!'

But just at that moment the last scrap of the sun vanished beneath the edge of the world; and instantly, with a tremendous hissing and caterwauling, Tom the Cat came springing across the lawn like a white-hot snowball. His yellow eyes flashed, his back bristled, and every hair upon his tail stood out so straight, that the tail looked as thick as an old-fashioned muff. He flew straight at Rumpty-Dudget and leaped upon his hump, and bit and scratched him soundly. Rumpty-Dudget yelled with pain, and dropping Prince Hector, he vanished through the hole in the hedge like a hot chestnut into a hungry boy.

But from the other side of the hedge he flung at the three children a handful of black mud; a bit of it hit Princess Hilda on the forehead, and another bit fell upon Prince Harold's nose, and another upon little Prince Hector's chin. And there those three black spots stayed; and all the washing and scrubbing in the world would not make them go away. It is always so with the mud that Rumpty-Dudget throws; it seems to grow down into you until it fastens a root in your heart. And this, probably, was the reason why Princess Hilda (who had until then been the best little girl in the world) began from that time to wish to rule things; and Prince Harold (who had until then been one of the two best little boys in the world) began from that time to wish to have things; and little Prince Hector (who had until then been the other of the two best little boys in the world) began from that time to wish to do things which he was told not to do.

Such was the effect of Rumpty-Dudget's three mud spots.

Chapter III.

THE WAYS OF THE WIND.

But although Hilda, Harold, and Hector were no longer quite the best children in the world, they were pretty good children as the world goes, and if it had not been for the north wind they would have got on together very well. But whenever that wind blew, everything began to go wrong. Hilda wanted everything her own way; Harold wanted everything in his own pockets, and Hector wanted everything at cross purposes. Then, too, the spots on Hilda's forehead, on Harold's nose, and on Hector's chin, became blacker and blacker and hotter and hotter, until the children were ready to cry from pain and vexation. But tears could do no more than soap and water to wash the spots away.

As soon as the wind began to blow from the south, however, the spots began to lose their blackness, and the pricking to lessen, until at last the children almost forgot their trouble. Yet it never altogether disappeared; and neither Tom the Cat nor the Fairy Aunt had the power to cure it. But Tom used to say that, unless Hilda and her two brothers would agree always to make the wind blow from the south, the hundred-and-first corner in Rumpty-Dudget's tower would sooner or later be filled.

'How can we make the wind blow one way or the other?' Hilda would ask.

'It all depends upon you, nevertheless,' Tom would reply. 'Winds do not move of themselves, but people pull them.'

'Well, I don't understand it,' Hilda would answer, after a little thinking; 'and if I don't, of course the boys don't either.'

At night, when the Fairy Aunt came in through the round window, and sat on their bedside to whisper stories about Fairyland into their ears, the children would sometimes ask her to take them all three up in her arms, and carry them over the tops of the trees of the Forest of Mystery to her home far away on the other side. Then she would shake her head, and say,

'While those spots are on your faces you cannot come with me.'

'Why not?' the children asked in their dream.

'Because they are a sign that a part of each of you belongs to Rumpty-Dudget; and he will not let go of that part, in spite of all that I can do.'

'Shall we never be able to go with you, then?' dreamed the children piteously.

'Not until the wind blows from the south every day in the week. When that happens the spots will vanish, and I will take you all three in my arms, and fly with you over the tops of the trees to Fairyland.'

'And what shall we see there?' the children asked.

'You will see the Queen, your mother.'

'And shall we see you too?'

'Yes, I shall be with you.'

'And Tom the Cat, too?'

'What you have loved in Tom the Cat will be there too,' answered the fairy, smiling.

'But how shall we make the wind blow from the south every day in the week?'

At that the fairy smiled and shook her head, and touched each one of them on the heart; and no other answer would she give. So the children were no wiser on that point than before.

Thus time went on steadily, to-morrow always going before to-day, and yesterday invariably bringing up the rear, until a year was past; and what should come round again but Rumpty-Dudget's birthday, the most unlucky day of all the three hundred and sixty-five. An hour and twenty seconds before sunset Tom the Cat said to the children,

'Now you must be very careful, while I am away, to do as I tell you. Do not go out into the garden, do not touch the black ball that lies on the nursery table, and do not jump against the north wind; for if you do——'

But at this moment the hour struck, and Tom the Cat sprang into the air and disappeared.

For a while the three children remembered what had been said to them; they played quietly in the palace, and did not touch the black ball on the nursery table. But towards sunset it so happened that they were all leaning against the table, with their elbows resting on it, and their heads between their hands. There lay the black ball mysterious and quiet. The longer the children looked at it the more mysterious it appeared. At last Hilda said,

'I wonder where it came from?'

'I wonder what it's made of?' said Harold.

'I wonder why we mustn't touch it?' said Hector.

Then all three looked at it steadily for another minute. Then Hilda exclaimed suddenly,

'I believe it moved!'

'So do I!' cried Harold.

'I don't!' said Hector; 'but I can make it move.' And with that he gave the table a tip, and the black ball rolled off, bounced on to the floor, and jumped out of the window into the garden.

'You have disobeyed Tom the Cat,' said Hilda, after a pause.

'How shall we ever get it back again?' cried Harold, running to the window and looking out. 'Oh, I can see it! there in the middle of the lawn.'

'Yes, but we are not to go into the garden,' said Hilda.

'It is all Hector's fault,' said Harold.

'I am going into the garden to play with the ball,' said Hector boldly; and he walked off.

'What a naughty boy he is!' said Harold to Hilda.

'Yes; but the wind blows from the south,' she answered. 'You may stay here if you like; I think I shall go and play with Hector.' And she walked off.

'What naughty children they are!' said Harold to himself. 'But Hilda is older than I, and Hector is younger, so I think I will go out too.' So he ran after the others, and came up with them just as Hector had picked up the black ball, and was tossing it to Hilda.

'Let us play in a triangle,' said Harold. So they stood at the three corners, and tossed the ball from one to another.

But, strange to say, the wind, which had been blowing all day from the south, had suddenly changed to the north; and the spots on the children's faces began to get blacker than ink and hotter than pepper. And as they had to keep rubbing the spots first with one hand and then with another, they were continually missing the ball when it was thrown to them; and they did not notice that every time it fell to the ground, it struck nearer and nearer to the tall hedge which divided Rumpty-Dudget's land from the Queen's. At last Harold got the ball to himself, and kept tossing it up and down without letting the others have their turn. Hereupon Hilda and Hector began to run after him to take the ball away from him; but just as they caught up with him, he gave the ball a great throw, and it flew clear over the high hedge, and came down with a bounce in Rumpty-Dudget's garden. It wanted three minutes to sunset.

The three children were a good deal frightened at this, and looked at one another in dismay. But they did not yet know how much reason for fright there was.

'It is your fault!' said Hector to Harold.

'It is your fault!' said Harold to Hilda.

'It is your fault!' said Hilda to Hector.

'Let us look through the hole in the hedge,' said Hector, putting his finger on his chin, where the black spot was. Hilda put her finger upon the spot on her forehead, and followed him; and Harold followed them both, with his finger on his nose. They came to the hole in the hedge, and looked through it.

'I can see it,' exclaimed Hilda.

'It is not far off,' said Harold. 'If the north wind did not blow so hard through this hole, we might jump through and get it.'

'I don't mind jumping against the north wind,' said Hector boldly; and with that he jumped through the hole: and the sun set.

'It is too late!' said Tom the Cat, who appeared between Harold and Hilda at that moment. 'I cannot save him now. Look!'

Hector, after jumping through the hedge, had run up to the black ball and stooped to pick it up. But the ball moved, and unfolded itself, and a little cackling laugh came out of it, and it stood up on its legs. It was no other than Rumpty-Dudget himself.

'Now, my young prince, you will come with me and stand in my hundred-and-first corner!' said he, with a malignant grin.

'No, I wont!' said Hector.

At that Rumpty-Dudget took a piece of black string from his pocket and held one end of it to the black spot on Hector's chin: and it stuck to it so fast that all the pulling in the world could not pull it off. Then Rumpty-Dudget put the string over his shoulder, and so dragged Hector into his tower, and put him in the hundred-and-first corner.

As soon as this was done, the north wind increased to a hurricane; the beautiful palace was blown away, the Garden of Delight was destroyed, and nothing was left but a desert covered with grey stones and brambles. The dull grey cloud covered all the sky, and Rumpty-Dudget was master of the whole country.

Chapter IV.

NO TIME TO BE LOST.

Princess Hilda and Prince Harold sat down on a heap of rubbish that happened to be near them, and cried heartily. Tom the Cat sat before them, moving the end of his tail first one way and then the other, and looking very sorrowful out of his yellow eyes. But presently he said,

'Crying will not get poor Hector back again.'

'Can we ever get him back?' sobbed Harold.

'I would do anything!' whimpered Hilda.

'If our Fairy Aunt were only here,' said Harold, 'perhaps she could tell us what we ought to do.'

'You will not see the Fairy Aunt again,' Tom replied, 'until you have got Hector out of the grey tower, where he is at this moment standing with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back, in the one hundred-and-first corner.'

'But what can we do?' cried Hilda, beginning to weep afresh. 'We are nothing but little children.'

'Perhaps you may be able to do more than if you were grown up,' Tom replied. 'It depends a good deal upon how much you love Hector.'

'Oh!' exclaimed both the children at once; and as they could not think of anything big enough to compare their love for Hector to, they said nothing more.

'Listen to me then,' said Tom, 'and all may yet be well. But in the first place get on my back, so that I may take you out of this desert, and into the great forest, where we can lay our plans without being interrupted.'

So saying Tom rose and curved his back: the two children jumped upon it; off they all went, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, they were in the midst of that great Forest of Mystery which they had so often seen from the window of their chamber, but which,

until now, they had never entered. It was quite still, except a faint chopping noise that seemed to come from a long way off.

'What makes that noise?' Hilda asked.

'That is Rumpty-Dudget cutting down the trees,' Tom replied; 'and unless we can stop him he will cut down every one of them. However, he will hardly get so far as this to-night. Now, children, sit down and listen!'

The children accordingly seated themselves on a cushion of moss at the foot of one of the tallest pine trees in the forest, and the cat sat down in front of them with his thick tail curled round his toes.

'The first thing to be done,' said Tom, looking at the children with his yellow eyes, which burned as brightly as lamps in the gloom of the forest, 'the first thing to be done is, of course, to get the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Waterdrop. After that, the rest is easy.'

'And where are the Golden Ivy-seed and the Diamond Waterdrop to be found?' inquired the two children hopefully.

'The Golden Ivy-seed must be sought in the centre of the earth, where the King of the Gnomes reigns,' replied the cat; 'and the Diamond Waterdrop is to be asked for in the kingdom of the Air Spirits, above the clouds.'

'But how are we to get up to the Air Spirits and down to the Gnomes?' asked the children disconsolately.

'We will see about that,' replied the cat. 'But before starting we must build the enchanted bonfire.'

'What good will that do?' demanded the children.

'We could never get on without it,' replied Tom. 'For since Hector has been put into the one hundred-and-first corner, the sun has caught fire and the moon has frozen up, and this fire will be all we can have to warm and light us on our journey.'

'But what if it should go out while we are away?' said the children.

'In order to prevent that, one of you must stay by it, while the other goes with me on the journey,' said Tom. 'Harold, you shall be the one to stay. Be sure and not let the fire go out whatever happens; for if it does Rumpty-Dudget will take the blackened logs and rub Hector's face all over with them, and then we should never be able to get him out of the tower at all. Now do you two run about and pick up all the dried sticks you can find, and pile them together in a heap, while I get the touchwood ready.'

In a few minutes—so diligently did Hilda and Harold work—a heap of faggots had been gathered together as high as the top of Hilda's head. Meanwhile Tom the Cat had not been idle. He had drawn on the ground with the tip of his tail a large circle, in the centre of which was the heap of faggots. It had now become quite dark, and the children could not have seen their way about, had it not been for Tom's yellow eyes, which burned as brightly as two carriage-lamps.

'Come inside the circle, children,' said he at length. 'I am now going to light the touchwood.'

In they came accordingly, and sat down again on the moss cushion at the foot of the tall pine tree. The cat then put the touchwood on the ground and crouched down in front of it, with his nose resting against it; and he stared and stared at it with his flaming yellow eyes, and by-and-by it began to smoke and smoulder, and at last it caught fire and burned away famously.

'That will do nicely,' said the cat. 'Now put on some sticks.'

Hilda and Harold heaped on dry sticks in handfuls; and so the enchanted fire was fairly started, and it burned blue, red and yellow.

'And now there is no time to be lost,' said Tom the Cat. 'Harold, you will stay beside this fire, and keep it burning until I come back with Hilda from the kingdoms of the Air Spirits and of the Gnomes. Remember, that if you let the fire go out, it can never again be lighted, and then all will be lost. Nevertheless, you must on no account go outside the circle to gather more faggots, if those which are already inside get used up before we return. You may, perhaps, be tempted to do so; but if you yield to the temptation all will go wrong. Your brother Hector will then be in greater danger than ever, and the only way you can save him will be to get into the fire yourself, and burn!'

Prince Harold did not much like the idea of being left alone in the woods all night, with the sound of Rumpty-Dudget's axe coming ever nearer and nearer. Still, since it was for his little brother Hector's sake, he never dreamed of refusing. But he made up his mind to be particularly careful not to use up the faggots too fast, so that he would not be tempted to go outside the ring.

Hilda and Tom kissed him, and bade him farewell; then Hilda got on the cat's back, and nestled down amidst the warm white fur. Tom sprang on to the trunk of the tall pine tree, and away! straight upwards they went, and were out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Chapter V.

THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

After climbing upwards for a long time, they came at last to the very tip-top of the pine tree, which was just on a level with the upper surface of the clouds.

'We are now above the reach of the north wind,' remarked the cat; 'and this is the only tree in the forest tall enough for our purpose. All the clouds hereabouts, as you see, are blown by the south wind and by the west. If we rode on one blown by the north, we should be driven straight into Rumpty-Dudget's power.'

'Are we going to ride on a cloud, then?' asked Hilda, feeling a *little* nervous; for it was a terrible distance if they should fall.

'Hold tight to me, and you will be safe,' replied Tom. 'Here comes the cloud we want—it will pass within two yards of us. As we make the jump, do you look down to the foot of the tree, and see whether Harold is in his place, and the fire still burning.'

Hardly had Tom done speaking, when the cloud sailed by, passing, as he had said, within two yards of the top of the pine tree to which they were clinging. The cat jumped, and alighted very cleverly on the cloud's edge, and a moment's scramble brought them to the top. Meanwhile, Hilda had looked downward to the foot of the tree as they took their leap; and she had caught a glimpse of Harold sitting within the ring, beside the enchanted fire, and seeming rather disconsolate. But the fire was burning brightly, yellow, red and blue.

The cloud sailed away, and took them to a part of the sky which Hilda had never seen before. It was full of a strange white light, and no darkness ever came there. On went the cloud, moving slowly but steadily, like a great ship steering its way amidst the sky. The kingdom of the Air Spirits soon loomed in sight; rainbow bridges spanned its shining rivers; its forests were like the tracery of the Northern Lights; and the houses and palaces in which the people lived were stars of different sizes, along whose rays was the only path to get to them.

At length the cloud entered the harbour, and letting down an anchor of raindrops, its motion ceased.

'You must go the rest of the way alone, Hilda,' said the cat. 'I shall wait for you, and you will find me here on your return.'

'But which way am I to go, and what am I to do?' asked Hilda in a tremulous tone; for being so high above the earth almost took her breath away.

'You must ask the first Air Spirit you meet to show you the star where the Queen lives, and then you must get there the best way you can,' Tom replied. 'When you have found her, you must ask her for the Diamond Waterdrop. But be very careful not to sit down, however much you may be tempted to do so; for if you do, your little brother Hector never can be saved.'

Hilda did not much like the idea of making so perilous a journey as this promised to be, without even the cat to go with her; but, since it was for Hector's sake, she never dreamed of refusing: only she made up her mind on no account to sit down, no matter what happened. She bade Tom farewell, therefore, and walked off.

She had not gone far when she met an Air Spirit, carrying its nose in the air, as, of course, all Air Spirits do.

'Can you tell me which star the Queen sits in?' Hilda asked.

'What do you want of the Queen?' inquired the Air Spirit, superciliously.

'I want to ask her where the Diamond Waterdrop is,' answered Hilda.

'You will never get on in this country unless you carry your

nose more in the air than you do,' observed the Air Spirit. 'As for her Majesty, she sits in the large star up yonder, with the white ray. Mind you don't break your neck. Ta-ta!'

Hilda went onward very disconsolately. As to carrying her nose in the air, she had never in her life felt less inclined to do such a thing. By and by she came to the spot where the white ray of light from the Queen's star touched the solid air. A number of Air Spirits were walking up and down it like so many tight-rope dancers.

'Look at that absurd child!' they said to one another. 'See how she hangs her head! Why doesn't she put on airs? She will never come to anything!'

Hilda began to climb up the long white ray; and though at first she was very much frightened, by degrees she gained courage, and at last she was able to walk along tolerably fast. But it was a long distance to the top, and by the time she got there she was almost ready to drop with fatigue.

The star, when she entered it, was a glorious place indeed; and the Queen of the Air Spirits was dazzlingly beautiful, though Hilda fancied that she looked upon her rather haughtily. She was seated upon a throne of fretted sunshine; and as soon as Hilda was within hearing, she said,

'I have been expecting you. You have come a long way, and you look very tired. Come here and sit down.'

'No, your Majesty,' replied Hilda faintly, 'I have no time to sit down, or to stay. I have come to ask you for the Diamond Waterdrop.'

'For the Diamond Waterdrop, indeed!' exclaimed the Queen, laughing. 'And pray, what made you suppose that you would find the Diamond Waterdrop here? However, sit down here beside me, and let us talk about it. Such a question as you ask cannot be answered in a moment.'

But Hilda shook her head.

'Listen to me, my dear Princess,' said the Queen again, more courteously than she had yet spoken; 'I know that you like to have everything your own way; and, as you are perhaps aware, there is no one who can have things so entirely her own way as can the Queen of the Air Spirits. Now, Princess Hilda, if you will sit down here on my throne, I will let you be Queen of the Air Spirits instead of me. You shall have everything your own way, and you shall put on as many airs as you please. Come!'

When Hilda heard this, she certainly felt for a moment very much tempted to do as the Queen asked her. But the next moment the thought came to her of her poor little brother Hector, standing in the hundred-and-first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. So she answered, with tears in her eyes,

'Oh, Queen of the Air Spirits, I am so sorry for my little brother that I do not any longer care to have everything my own way, or to

put on airs, or to do anything except find the Diamond Waterdrop, so that Hector may be saved. Can you tell me where it is?'

But the Queen shook her beautiful head and frowned.

'I have no Diamond Waterdrop,' said she. 'Ask yourself where it is!'

Then poor Hilda felt as if her heart would break, and she sobbed out,

'Oh, what shall I do to save my poor little brother?'

There was no answer, and Hilda turned away. But, as she did so, the Queen suddenly said,

'I see the Diamond Waterdrop now, Hilda!'

'Oh, where?' cried Hilda, turning again eagerly.

The Queen was smiling upon her now, with a very kind expression.

'It is on your own cheek!' said she.

Hilda was so bewildered that, at first, she could only gaze at the Queen without moving or speaking.

'Yes,' the Queen continued, in a gentle tone, 'you might have searched through all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious Diamond, had you not loved your brother Hector more than you loved to be Queen. That tear upon your cheek, Hilda, which you shed for love of him, is the Diamond Waterdrop that you have sought. Keep it in this crystal phial; be prudent, patient and resolute, and sooner or later Hector will be free.'

As the Queen spoke, she held out a small crystal phial, and the tear from Hilda's cheek fell into it. Then the Queen hung the phial about Hilda's neck by a chain of moon-sparkles, and kissed her tenderly, and bade her farewell. And away went Hilda, light of foot, for the weariness had left her. But as she went, she kept fancying that she had somewhere heard a voice like this Queen's before; but where or when she could not tell.

She now reached the solid air again, and hastening her steps, she presently arrived at the harbour in which the cloud was anchored: and there she found Tom the Cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached; and when he saw the crystal phial hanging at her neck by its chain of moon-sparkles, he said,

'So far all has gone well. But the hardest part is yet to come; we have to find the Golden Ivy-seed. There is no time to be lost, so jump on my back, and let us be off!'

With that, he curved his back, Hilda put her arms round his neck and nestled down in the soft white fur, and Tom gave a great leap off the edge of the cloud, and away! down they went through the empty air like a live snowball, and it seemed to Hilda that they never would have done falling. At length, however, they alighted safely on the top of a haystack, and the next moment they were standing in the hayfield.

Chapter VI.

THE KING OF THE GNOMES.

[illegible] the haystack was a field-mouse's hole, or what looked like [illegible] something that looked like a little brown mouse, but which [illegible] something else for all Hilda could tell, was sitting [illegible] But when it saw the cat, it rose up on its [illegible] turned a complete summersault, and then darted away [illegible] and Hilda noticed that it had no tail.

'What a curious mouse!' she said to Tom.

'It was a gnome,' he replied: 'they are often mistaken for mice [illegible] appear on the surface of the ground.'

'Where has he gone to?' inquired Hilda.

'To the centre of the earth, to be sure,' said Tom, 'to tell [illegible] that we are coming.'

'But we can never get into such a little hole as that,' Hilda said.

'Get on my back, and hold fast!' was all Tom's answer: and [illegible] Hilda had nestled down in his soft white fur and clasped her [illegible] round his neck, he began scratching at the hole with both his [illegible] and throwing up the dirt in a mighty heap behind: till [illegible] wonderfully short time a large passage was made, opening to [illegible] the centre of the earth.

'Hold fast!' said Tom again, and into the passage they went.

[illegible] been for the cat's eyes, which shone like two yellow [illegible] they might more than once have missed their way, [illegible] was as dark as pitch during the first part of the journey. [illegible] as she clung close to the cat's back, could see that they were [illegible] through what seemed to be a series of caves, one [illegible] another, and growing always higher and broader as they [illegible] At first the air felt damp and cold; but as they sped [illegible] grew warmer and drier; and now the wall of the cavern [illegible] new back gleams of many-coloured light, as if from [illegible] sticking there; and presently the light increased [illegible] seeming to come from anywhere in particular; and the great [illegible] seemed to soar aloft, until only a misty brightness [illegible] the sky at sunset-time, when it is feathered with [illegible] It was a new and marvellous country, with gold [illegible] instead of foliage, and fields of emerald, and rivers [illegible] and distant mountains of amethyst. By-and-by the [illegible] lofty pillars of plain white alabaster, and there he [illegible]

'Now,' he said, 'you must go the rest of the way alone. [illegible] those pillars, and then you will be in the kingdom of [illegible] Ask the first Gnome you meet to show you the place [illegible] the King dwells; and when you have found him, ask him [illegible] Ivy-seed is. But be very careful to do everything

that he bids you, no matter how strange or disagreeable it may be; for, if you disobey him, your brother Hector cannot be saved.'

Though Hilda did not much like the idea of going on through this strange land all by herself, still, since it was for Hector's sake, she never dreamed of refusing: only she made up her mind to do everything the King bade her, whatever happened. So off she started, and after passing between the alabaster pillars, she came to a road on which the gold dust lay an inch thick; for it seldom rains in the centre of the earth. Pretty soon she met a little brown Gnome, running along on all fours, and turning summersaults, as all Gnomes do.

'Will you show me the place where the King ploughs?' asked Hilda.

'What do you want of him?' asked the Gnome.

'I want to ask him to tell me where the Golden Ivy-seed is,' Hilda replied.

'He ploughs in the emerald field on the other side of the mountain of amethyst,' said the Gnome; 'but unless you can go on all fours and turn summersaults better than you seem able to do, you will never get in this country.'

But Hilda had never walked on all fours, much less turned summersaults, since she was a baby a year old; so she trudged along the dusty golden road just as she was, and all the Gnomes who met her threw summersaults and said,

'See how upright she walks! She will never come to anything!'

The road was very long, the amethyst mountain was very far away, and Hilda was very tired by the time she arrived at the emerald field. But there was the field at last, and there was the King of the Gnomes on all fours in the midst of it. He was a strange little being, with piercing black eyes, immensely broad shoulders, and a beard of white asbestos woven together like a woman's braid. As soon as he caught sight of Hilda, he shouted out to her,

'Get down on all fours this instant! How dare you come into my kingdom walking upright?'

Hilda was a good deal frightened at the way the King spoke; but she answered resolutely, 'Your Majesty, I walked upright because there was no time to lose, and I have come to ask you for the Golden Ivy-seed.'

'The Golden Ivy-seed, forsooth!' exclaimed the King, with a deep laugh. 'What made you suppose, I should like to know, that there was any Golden Ivy-seed to be got here? The Golden Ivy-seed is not given to people with stiff necks, I can assure you; so get down on all fours at once, or else go about your business!'

Then Hilda remembered what Tom the Cat had told her, and down she dropped on all fours without a word.

'Now, listen to me,' said the King sternly. 'I shall harness you to that plough in the place of my horses, and you must drag it up

and down over this field until the whole of it is ploughed, while I follow behind with the whip. Hitch yourself on to the shaft immediately! Come!'

When Hilda heard this command, it seemed to her at first as if it was impossible that she could obey it. For she was weary with her long journey along the golden road and over the mountain of amethyst, and the King's plough looked very heavy, and his whip very long; and, besides, she thought it was much beneath the dignity of a princess such as she was to be driven on all fours through a ploughed field. But the next moment the thought came to her of her poor little brother Hector, standing in the hundred-and-first corner of Rumpty-Dudget's tower, with his face to the wall and his hands behind his back. So she said humbly,

'Oh, King of the Gnomes! I am so sorry for my brother Hector, that for his sake I will do as you bid me, in the hope that afterwards you will tell me where the Golden Ivy-seed is to be found, so that Hector may be saved from Rumpty-Dudget's tower.'

The King made no reply whatever, but he harnessed Hilda to the plough, and she dragged it back and forth across the emerald field until the whole of it was ploughed, while the King followed behind with the whip. At last he unharnessed her.

'Now begone about your business!' he said roughly.

'But you have not told me where the Golden Ivy-seed is,' said Hilda, with a piteous throb in her heart.

'I have no Golden Ivy-seed!' returned the King, with his deep laugh. 'Why don't you ask yourself where it is?'

At this poor Hilda's heart felt as if it were broken, and she sank down on the ground and sobbed out,

'Oh! what shall I do to save my little brother?'

But hereupon the King of the Gnomes smiled upon her, and he said, in a gentler voice than he had yet used,

'Put your hand to your heart, Hilda, and see what you find there.'

Hilda did not understand what he meant; but she had by this time got so used to obeying him, that she put her hand to her heart, and felt something fall into the palm of her hand; and when in astonishment she looked at it, behold, it was a tiny golden seed.

'Yes,' said the King kindly, 'you might have searched through all the kingdoms of the earth and air, and yet never have found that precious seed, had not your heart been broken like this field, with love of your brother Hector. Keep the Golden Ivy-seed in this hollow pearl; be humble, patient and gentle, and sooner or later Hector will be free.'

As he said these words, he fastened the pearl to her girdle with a jewelled clasp, and kissed her on the forehead and bade her farewell. And as Hilda trudged back along the golden road and over the mountain of amethyst, she kept thinking that somewhere she had heard a *voice* like this King's before; but where or when she could not tell.

In course of time she arrived at the alabaster pillars, and passing out between them, she found Tom the Cat awaiting her. He got up and stretched himself as she approached, and when he saw the hollow pearl at her girdle he said,

'So far all has gone well. But now we must see whether or not Harold has kept the enchanted fire going. There is no time to be lost; so jump on my back and hold fast, and let us be off.'

With that, he curved his back; Hilda clasped her arms round his neck as before, and away they went, through the gleaming caverns, and up the sombre passages, and through the cold damp tunnels, until at last out they popped beside the haystack in the field; and after they had come out, the little brown creature which had been sitting waiting at the entrance, threw a summersault into the great pit and disappeared. And immediately the whole heap of earth which Tom had dug up fell back into its place, and nothing was left but a small round crevice in the ground, like a field-mouse's hole.

Chapter VII.

THE ENCHANTED FIRE.

Now Harold—after he had seen Hilda and the cat vanish up the trunk of the tall pine tree—had sat himself down rather disconsolately beside the fire, which was blazing away famously, yellow, red and blue. He rested his back against the trunk of the tree, and fixed his eyes upon the fire; it made a slight rustling and crackling noise as it burned. There was also another noise, but that did not come from the fire; it was a chopping noise, sounding far away in the forest, and Harold knew that it was Rumpty-Dudget cutting down the trees. Each time he heard this sound it seemed to be a little nearer. Then he would wonder to himself what he should do if Rumpty-Dudget were suddenly to appear. He must not, at all events, let the fire go out; and every once in a while he took a faggot from the pile that he and Hilda had heaped up, and put it in the leaping flame; but he was very careful to avoid stepping outside the circle which Tom the Cat had drawn with the tip of his tail.

In this manner a very long time passed away, and Harold, who had never sat up so late before in his life, began to get uncommonly sleepy. But still Hilda and Tom did not return; and Harold knew that, if he were to lie down and take a nap, the enchanted fire might go out before he waked up again; and, as Tom had warned him, once out it could never be rekindled. Moreover, Rumpty-Dudget would then be able to steal the fire-blackened logs, and blacken poor Hector's face all over with them, so that he never could be saved. Therefore Harold kept himself awake, partly by sitting on a pine-needle which he had found stuck in the moss cushion, and partly by putting fresh faggots into the flame, which went on burning blue, yellow and red.

But another very long time passed away, and the sound of Rumpty-Dudget's axe sounded nearer, and the forest was dark and full of mystery, and there was no sign yet of Hilda and the cat. 'I never knew before,' said Harold to himself, 'that a night was so much longer than a day. I always thought they were a great deal shorter. But then, I have no Fairy Aunt now, to come and whisper pleasant stories into my ear. Heigho! well, I suppose I must put on another faggot.' And he got up to fetch one.

Much to his consternation, however, he found that there was now only a single faggot left of all those that he and Hilda had gathered together.

He was really frightened at this, and knew not what to do; for this last faggot would soon be burnt up, and then what was to be done to keep the enchanted fire going? He made a careful search inside the ring, and satisfied himself that there was not so much as another chip to be found there; and Tom had told him that if he went outside the ring all would be lost.

However, the last faggot was not gone yet, and in order to make it last as long as possible, Harold took it apart and put only one stick at a time on the fire; but it was alarming to see how quickly the flame ate up one after another, and seemed hungrier than ever. After a while all but the last stick was gone. A little while more, and that had to be put in too. And then Prince Harold sat down quite in despair, and cried with all his might. He was at the end of everything, and at his wits' end too.

At that moment he heard a voice calling to him; and looking up he saw an odd little man standing just outside the circle, carrying a great bundle of faggots on his shoulder. Harold's eyes were so full of tears that he did not see that this odd little man was Rumpty-Dudget himself; or else (what is quite as likely) the dwarf had some spell by means of which he could make himself appear different from what he was.

'What are you crying for, my poor dear little boy?' asked Rumpty-Dudget of Prince Harold, in his most coaxing voice.

'Because I have used up all my faggots,' he answered.

'Used them all up? But surely there are plenty more in the forest, where those came from?' the dwarf answered in pretended surprise. 'Besides, what harm if the fire does go out? It isn't a cold night, and the moon will be up presently.'

'But if the fire goes out,' said Harold, 'my poor little brother Hector cannot be saved.'

'Oh, that is the trouble, is it?' exclaimed the dwarf. 'Well now, it is lucky I happened to come along this way; you could not have met with a better adviser than I am. For I know all about this Rumpty-Dudget, with whom your brother Hector is staying; and I saw Hector myself not an hour ago.'

'Oh, did you?' cried Harold, in great excitement.

'To be sure I did; and very well he looked, I can tell you! He

has done nothing but eat sugar-candy and blow on a tin whistle ever since he went there; and he says he wants nothing better than to stay with Rumpty-Dudget all his life. And, by the way, he asked me to tell you if I saw you that he hoped you and your sister would come and join; for that Rumpty-Dudget is the pleasantest fellow in the world, and not at all like what you had been made to believe him.'

'Oh-h!' exclaimed Harold, staring at Rumpty-Dudget with wide open eyes. 'I don't see how that can be true. Who are you?'

'A friend,' replied Rumpty-Dudget. 'And to prove it I have brought over this bundle of faggots; and when these are used up I will get you some more.'

'Oh, thank you very much!' exclaimed Harold, jumping for joy, and going as near to the inside edge of the circle as he could. 'Give them to me quick! for there is no time to be lost; the fire is just going out.'

'I can't bring them inside the circle,' said the dwarf, suddenly putting the bundle on the ground, and pretending to be very much exhausted. 'I have carried them already all the way from the further side of the forest, and that is far enough. Surely you can come the rest of the way for them yourself.'

'But I must not come outside the circle, you know,' said Harold, dancing up and down with impatience.

'Why not?'

'Because Tom the Cat said that, if I did, all would go wrong.'

'Pshaw! what should a cat know about a thing like this?' demanded the dwarf, very scornfully. 'At all events, your fire will burn less than a minute longer; and you know what will happen when it goes out!'

At that, Harold became almost beside himself with anxiety and bewilderment, and what to do he could not tell. But at last he thought that anything would be better than to let the fire go out; so he put one foot outside the circle, and stretched forth his hand for the faggots.

'Just the least bit further!' said the dwarf coaxingly. 'I would save you the trouble if I could; but I am really too tired to stir.'

Harold saw that by stretching about six inches further, he could reach a faggot. But, in order to stretch six inches, he would be obliged to put the other foot outside the circle. 'After all, what can it matter?' he thought. And the next moment there he was, outside!

Immediately, with a loud laugh, the dwarf flung away the faggots far into the depths of the forest; and rushing into the circle, he began to stamp out with his feet what was left of the enchanted fire.

Then Harold recognised Rumpty-Dudget for the first time, for the spell was off him. And Harold remembered what Tom the Cat had said, and he leaped back into the circle, and as the last bit of flame flickered at the end of the stick, he laid himself down upon it.

Whereupon Rumpty-Dudget gave a hoarse cry and vanished; and the enchanted fire blazed up famously, red, blue and yellow, with poor Harold in the midst of it.

Chapter VIII.

THE GOLDEN IVY.

Now, or never, it was the time for Hilda and the cat to come back. And, sure enough, at this very instant, there was a sound like the whistling of a blast of wind through the forest, and a hurrying and a skurrying, and behold! there was Tom the Cat with Hilda on his back.

Tom said nothing, but he sprang into the circle, and without losing an instant he dug a little hole in the ground with his fore paws, throwing up the dirt in a heap behind him. When it was finished he said,

'Open the hollow pearl, Hilda, and put the Golden Ivy-seed in this hole; and make haste, for Harold is burning for Hector's sake!'

So Hilda made haste to open the hollow pearl, and to put the Golden Ivy-seed in the hole; and the cat spread the earth over it, and then said,

'Now take the crystal phial, Hilda, and pour half the Diamond Waterdrop upon the place where the seed is planted, and the other half upon the enchanted fire: and make haste, for Harold is burning for Hector's sake!'

So Hilda made haste, and did what the cat had told her to do.

When the half of the Diamond Waterdrop fell upon the fire in which Harold had all this while been burning, the fire was immediately put out. And there lay Harold, alive and well, amidst the embers; but the black spot upon his nose was all burned away, and his hair and eyes, which had until then been brown, were now quite black.

So up he jumped, and he and Hilda kissed each other heartily, for they felt as if they had been separated for a long time.

'What has become of the black spot on your forehead, Hilda?' asked Harold. 'It is not there any more.'

'Ah!' said Tom, 'that disappeared when the King of the Gnomes kissed her. But now make yourselves ready, children; for we are going to take a ride to Rumpty-Dudget's tower!'

On hearing this, the young prince and princess were greatly surprised, and looked about for the carriage in which they were to ride.

But behold! the Golden Ivy-seed, watered with the Diamond Waterdrop, was already growing and sprouting with marvellous vigour and rapidity. A strong stem, with leaves of glistening gold, has pushed itself out of the earth, and was creeping along the ground towards Rumpty-Dudget's tower—hardly creeping, either, for it moved faster than a man could run. The cat helped Hilda and

Harold to a seat on two of the largest leaves, while he himself clung to the stem; and so away they went through the forest merrily. As they advanced, the heavy grey cloud which had overcast all the heavens since Rumpty-Dudget's rule began was rolled back like a mighty scroll; and the pure sky, lit up with the fresh sunshine of the early dawn, smiled above the mysterious forest. Then the forest, too, awoke to life and joyousness; the birds sang in the branches, and fragrant flowers, sparkling with dew, glowed in the happy glades with mingled tints of white, blue and red. So on they went, carrying with them the freshness and perfume of the morning and of spring; and in a wonderfully short time the Golden Ivy had brought them to the gates of Rumpty-Dudget's tower.

'Jump down now,' said Tom, 'and leave the Golden Ivy to do the rest.'

Down they all jumped accordingly, and stood at one side, near the castle gates. But the Golden Ivy kept on, and threw itself across the moat, and clambered over the portcullis, and forced its way into the courtyard, and writhed along the passages and up the staircases, until (in less time than it takes to write about it) the Ivy had reached the room with the hundred and one corners. In the midst of this room stood Rumpty-Dudget, having fled to it for safety; for it was defended by enchantments which only the Golden Ivy could have overcome. There he stood, trembling in his shoes, as well he might; and in all the corners round about, with their faces to the wall and their hands behind their backs, stood the poor little children that Rumpty-Dudget had caught.

But they were not to stand there much longer, for Rumpty-Dudget's hour had come! He tried to run away, but the terrible Golden Ivy ran after him, and caught him, and bound down his arms, and tied together his legs, and clutched him around the throat, and squeezed him round the body, and fastened its coils upon him tighter and tighter, until all the mischief was squeezed out of him. But, since Rumpty-Dudget was entirely made of mischief, when all the mischief was squeezed out of him, of course there was no Rumpty-Dudget left—no, not so much as one of his shoe-buckles!

And when Rumpty-Dudget had ceased to exist, of course all the children who had been made prisoners by his spells became free, and they came racing and shouting out of the grey tower, with little Prince Hector at their head. But when Hector saw his brother and sister, and they saw him, they all three set up a cry of joy, and ran together and hugged and kissed each other heartily; for they felt as if they had been parted for a very long time.

At last Hilda said, 'Why, Hector, what has become of the black spot that used to be on your chin? It is not there any more.'

'It got rubbed off against the wall of the room with the hundred and one corners,' replied Hector demurely.

At that they all three laughed; but Hilda, at least, had tears in her eyes.

'And look at his hair and eyes!' exclaimed Harold; 'they are brown now, instead of black as they used to be. What is the reason of that?'

'It is the touch of the Golden Ivy,' said a voice behind them, which Hilda fancied she had heard somewhere before.

The three children looked round, and saw a lady standing beside them, dazzlingly beautiful, with a crown on her head and a smile in her eyes. They all knew her at once, though they had never seen her before except in their dreams. It was their Fairy Aunt.

'But you look very much like the Queen our mother,' said Hilda.

'And do I look like anyone besides her?' asked the lady, with a smile.

'Yes, you are like the Queen of the Air Spirits!' exclaimed Hilda; 'though you don't look so haughty as she did at first.'

'Anyone else?' asked the lady again, speaking in a very gruff tone, and drawing her eyebrows together.

'Dear me! that is the way the King of the Gnomes talked,' said Hilda, clasping her hands. 'Surely you couldn't have been him?'

'Yes, my darlings,' said the lady, sitting down and drawing the three children to her lap. 'I am the Queen, your mother; though, by Rumpty-Dudget's spells, I was obliged to leave you, and to be seen by you only in your dreams at night. And I was what seemed to you the Queen of the Air Spirits, Hilda, and the King of the Gnomes as well; because love shows itself in many forms, and works for you above and beneath, and both while you wake and while you sleep; but it is always the same love in the end, and if you love one another you will find it out at last.'

'After all,' said Hilda thoughtfully, 'I love you best as our own mamma. And you will always be our mamma, and be with us now, won't you?'

'Yes, my darlings,' answered the Queen, giving them all a hug and a kiss: 'there will be no more changes or partings, for Rumpty-Dudget and his tower are gone, and we are free.'

'But where is Tom the Cat?' cried Hector, all of a sudden, looking this way and that; 'we can never be happy anywhere without him!'

'Oh, Tom has done his work, and we shall not see him any more,' said the Queen, shaking her head mysteriously.

But at this all the children looked ready to cry.

'Well, then, you shall have one more look at him,' said the Queen. She wore on her shoulders a long hooded mantle of the finest white fur. By a sudden movement she drew this mantle round her, and pulled the hood over her head and face; and behold! there sat Tom the Cat, looking as natural as possible, only that between the folds of the fur the children could see their mother's eyes laughing.

'I have often looked out at you so before now,' she said, as she threw back the hood and mantle; 'and you would have seen me as

plainly as you do now, but that the spell prevented you. So, you see, we shall take what was really Tom the Cat along with us, after all.'

'Where are we going?' Harold asked.

'To our home in Fairyland,' answered the Queen.

'And are we never coming back here any more?' asked Hilda, glad to go, and yet with almost a sigh.

'No, we shall never see this land again,' the Queen replied. 'It was beautiful, but all its beauty lives again in the land whither we go. And there are no Rumpty-Dudgets in that land, and no grey towers full of corners, and no prickly hedges, nor winds from the north. And all the stars of the air and jewels of the earth are in that land, only more glorious and splendid than those that Hilda saw. But why should I tell you about it, when you are going to see it all for yourselves this very day? Are you ready?'

'Yes!' said all the children together.

Then she folded her arms about them, and they clung to her neck, and so they seemed to rise aloft in the warm air, and float towards the south. Far beneath them lay the tops of the tallest trees; but the children felt no fear. For they were going to their home in Fairyland; and they are all three living there, with the Queen their mother, to this very day.

But Hilda's hair is golden still, and her eyes are blue.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

An Historical Love Match.

At the Court of Henry VIII. there lived the sister of the King, a young girl of some seventeen years, and a universal favourite. Though slightly short for a Tudor, the Princess Mary is described by contemporaries as the greatest beauty of her day. 'This last Sunday in Lent,' writes an unknown correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, the clever daughter of the bankrupt Emperor Maximilian, 'the man of few pence,' as he was called, 'I saw the Princess Mary dressed in the Milanese fashion; and I think never man saw a more beautiful creature, or one possessed of so much grace and sweetness.' Similar testimony is borne by Gerard de Pleine, President of the Council of the Prince of Castile. 'I would not write to you about the Princess,' he says to Margaret, 'until I had seen her several times. I assure you that she is one of the most beautiful young women in the world. I think I never saw a more charming creature. She is very graceful. Her deportment in dancing and in conversation is as pleasing as you could desire. There is nothing gloomy or melancholy about her. I am certain if you had seen her you would never rest until you had her over. I assure you she has been well educated.' So charming a specimen of her sex was not allowed to remain long in the cold shade of spinsterhood. Scarcely had Mary passed the boundary when the girl bids farewell to the child, than she had been betrothed to Prince Charles, afterwards the famous Charles V. 'The sister of the King of England,' writes Peter Martyr, 'was betrothed to Prince Charles on condition that he should marry her when he had passed the age of fourteen.' In spite of the boyishness of her *fiancé* Mary appears then to have been far from averse to her future husband. 'It is certain, from everything I hear,' says De Pleine, 'that she is much attached to the prince, of whom she has a very bad picture. And never a day passes that she does not express a wish to see him, "plus de dix fois, comme l'on m'a affirmé." I had imagined that she would have been very tall, but she is of middling height, and, as I think, a much better match in age and person for the Prince than I had heard or could have believed before I saw her.' The love, however, if it ever existed, was all on one side. Charles was a delicate, sickly lad, and already showed signs of the cold calculating disposition which afterwards characterised him. He was unlike all other boys. In an age when skill in all athletic exercises was considered part of the education of a gentleman, Charles took little interest in active sports, and only saved himself in the eyes of the Emperor Maximilian from being considered a bastard by occasionally going out hunting. His mother's insanity had apparently cast its shadow over him, and caused his disposition to be singularly sedate and melancholy. A lad

in years, he was already a man. He attended closely to his studies; he watched, with the precocity of one whose mind has developed at the expense of the body, the details of public business; he never broke out into any of the escapades of youth, and severely took his attendants to task if they failed to follow his rigid example; he was always taciturn and absorbed in thought, and his reflections were seldom occupied with matters which did not tend to advance his own interests. At the age of fifteen, it is said, he was his own prime minister, and got out of bed at midnight to reply to the despatches of his ambassadors. Neither the Prince nor those who advised him were inclined to hasten the marriage. Charles was already of the age required, but it was not considered advisable, owing to his feeble constitution, for him to enter at present into the state of matrimony. His council, fearful that their authority would be undermined by the alliance with England, did all in their power to fence off the evil day. Both Maximilian and Ferdinand were doubtful as to the wisdom of the engagement with Mary; they had recently entered into a secret alliance with France, and one of the articles of the new treaty was the union of the Prince of Castile with a French princess; hence, not being off with the old love before they were on with the new, they pursued a course vacillating and disingenuous. Wolsey, with his eyes intent upon events across the Channel, was of opinion that the interests of England could be better served than by a union with the Low Countries. The handsome Mary was consoling herself at Windsor for all this postponement by flirting with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the most splendid subject of his day; whilst the boy-prince was far more occupied with his dreams of future power and wealth, than with the English beauty to whom his hand had been pledged. Henry VIII. was the only one anxious to see the contract fulfilled.

And now, whilst delays and excuses were waiting upon this ill-starred betrothal, an event occurred which was to turn the current of the past intrigues into another channel. Louis XII. of France became a widower, and scarcely had the body of Anne of Britanny been consigned to the tomb, than Wolsey was busy with his schemes for effecting an alliance between England and France. Negotiations were entered into between the astute prelate and the Duke of Longueville, who, since his captivity in England, after the Battle of Spurs, had lived much in the society of the Court, and had written to his master in glowing terms of the beauty of Mary. The matter was kept, on its first being broached, a profound secret. Henry gave his assent to the scheme. Lewis, though old enough to be Mary's father, was charmed with all he had heard of the princess, and soon became a far more ardent lover than the calculating boy of Castile. 'Le bon vielliard,' writes a correspondent to Margaret of Savoy, with the coarse frankness of his age, 'veult avoir la jeune garce, pour essayer s'il pourra encoires avoir ung fils.' Whether pressure was put upon

Mary to obtain her consent to the claims of this new suitor we know not. She may have thought that between a sickly boy of fourteen and a feeble man of fifty there was little to choose; what however chiefly induced her to accept the hand of the more elderly of her two lovers was the promise made to her by Henry, that if she would only comply with his wishes in this instance, on the next occasion of the kind she should be at liberty to act as she pleased. From what afterwards transpired, there can be no doubt that Mary at this time was deeply enamoured of the handsome Suffolk, and since she must bestow her hand either upon Charles or Lewis, the most welcome husband was the one from whom she would the most speedily be released. The Prince of Spain, though a delicate lad, might yet continue to live many years; whilst Lewis, ill and worn out, could not be expected to remain much longer upon the throne. Accordingly Mary listened to the wishes of her brother, and agreed to become Queen of France. She wrote politely to Lewis that 'for the honour which it has pleased you to do to me, I hold myself ever indebted and obliged to you, and thank you as cordially as I can,' and that she had 'the very singular desire' to see him and to be in his company. At the royal manor of Wanstead, in the presence of a large company, she signed a public declaration of her engagement to the most Christian King, and appointed Charles, Earl of Worcester, to act as her proxy in France. She was conducted across the Channel by a splendid retinue, and met Lewis at Abbeville. The marriage took place early in October, and the beauty of the young Queen—a beauty, as Peter Martyr remarks, without the adventitious aids of art—soon won the hearts of her new subjects.

> Noble dame, bien soit venue en France:
> Par toi vivons en plaisir et en joye,
> Francoys, Angloys, vivent a leur plaisance;
> Louange à Dieu du bien qu'il nous envoye!

The alliance dazzled all Europe, and it seemed as if the policy of Wolsey were to be crowned with success. The most cordial feelings subsisted between the two nations—Englishmen crowded the reception rooms at Versailles, Frenchmen were made welcome at Windsor and Whitehall; the once rival monarchs were now bosom friends, and there was nothing that Lewis would decline to perform for his 'deare brother.' From a second-rate kingdom under the dictation of Ferdinand of Aragon, England had at once risen to the highest rank in the family of nations. The vanity of the hour had silenced the dictates of the heart, and Mary, not yet accustomed to the lofty station of a queen, was an amused observer at tournaments and pageants, delighting in wearing her magnificent jewellery and her 'gowns after the French fashion,' her 'gowns after Milan fashion,' her 'gowns after the English fashion;' her bonnets, esquillettes, and manteaux and hoods. All was bright and merry and prosperous; but *only* for a brief period. Then the end came, and the schemes that

man had planned were dashed to the ground, at the very moment when the blossom was so full of promise. Lewis, after a brief period of some eighty days' domestic felicity, was suddenly called to his rest, and the English alliance was at an end.

A new order of things was ushered in. Instead of the valetudinarian Lewis, there was now seated on the throne of France a young ambitious sovereign, eager for conquest and ready to plunge all Europe into war. England had much to fear. She had made an enemy of Francis of Valois by imperilling his succession through the marriage between Mary and Lewis. She had offended Prince Charles by cavalierly repudiating his betrothal. She had been intriguing against Ferdinand to obtain Castile. The old Emperor was still her ally, but Maximilian was ever ready to sell himself to those who paid him best, and could not be trusted. 'War,' writes Mr. Brewer,[1] 'glomed in all directions and in all forms. Who was to ride the storm and manage the elements? That was the question which every man asked, and each one answered in his own way. And yet it might have been so different! Had Lewis but lived a little longer, had his widow but given birth to a son, had the designs of man not been foiled by the will of God, the policy of Wolsey might have been, instead of the triumph of an hour, one so lasting and enduring as to be inseparable from the annals of French history. To indulge in vain regrets was, however, now useless. The first step to be taken was to congratulate the French King on his accession, and to humour him, so that he might deal handsomely with the young Queen-Dowager. At the head of an imposing embassy the Duke of Suffolk was introduced to Francis at Noyon. His reception was most cordial. Francis inquired affectionately after the health of Henry and Catharine, and expressed his gratification at this renewal of the friendship between the two countries. According to the tedious etiquette on such occasions, West, afterwards Bishop of Ely, delivered a long Latin oration on the virtues and qualities of a good ruler, and concluded with the hope that the future conduct of the King of France would be in harmony with the promises he had made when Duke of Angoulême. In reply Francis thanked the deputation for their good wishes, and alluded in becoming terms to the death of his predecessor. They had good reason to be sorry, he said with courteous hypocrisy, 'forasmuch as the late King had married the Princess Mary, of which marriage he was a great cause, trusting that it should have long endured.' In the name of his master Suffolk then thanked the King for the kindness he had shown to Mary during the sad time of her bereavement, calling to his mind 'how lovingly he had written to Henry by his last letters, that he would neither do her wrong, nor suffer her to take wrong of any other person; but be to her as a loving son should be to his mother.' Francis answered that 'he

[1] *State Papers.* Henry VIII.—1515-1518. Edited by the Rev. J. S. Brewer. Preface.

could do no less for his honour, seeing that she was Henry's sister, a noble princess married to his predecessor,' and he hoped that she would write to England 'how lovingly he had behaved to her.'

With mutual compliments the public audience ended; all had passed smoothly, and beneath the formal courtesies there was a sincerity for which neither side had been prepared. Shortly after the dismissal of the embassy Francis sent privately for Suffolk. 'My Lord of Suffolk,' said the King, brusquely, as the Duke entered his bedchamber 'there is a bruit in this my realm that you are come to marry with the Queen, your master's sister?' Confused at this sudden announcement of his fondest hopes, and mindful of the difficulties that could be thrown across the path of his love, Suffolk stammered forth that the report was unfounded. He begged the King not to imagine for a moment that he would dare to come into a strange realm and there marry a queen without the permission of the sovereign. 'I assure your Grace,' said he, 'that I have no such purpose; nor was it ever intended on the King my master's behalf, nor on mine.' Francis, however, soon silenced the protestations of the enamoured Duke. 'Since you will not be plain with me,' said he to Suffolk, 'I must be plain with you. Her Majesty herself has informed me of your mutual attachment, and I have promised on my faith and truth and by the troth of a king to do my best to help her.' Then, to prove that he was no stranger to the flirtations of the past, the King smilingly alluded to certain secrets which had passed between the lovers, causing the detected Suffolk to blush crimson. 'The which I knew no man alive could tell them but she,' he writes to Wolsey; 'and when he told them I was abashed, and he saw it and said, "Be not disturbed, for you shall say that you have found a kind friend and a loving; and because you shall think no wrong of her, I give you in your hand my faith and troth, by the word of a king, that I shall never fail her or you; but to help and advance this matter betwixt her and you with as good a will as I would for mine own self."' Such generosity at once appealed to the heart of Suffolk. He was loud in his protestations of gratitude, and begged Francis to use his good offices with Henry, for 'that I was lyke to be undone if the matter schold coume to the knollag of the Kyng me masster,' he writes in his awful spelling. The French King, however, assured the anxious lover that he need have no fears as to the future; that he, his Majesty, would befriend him, and that on their arrival at Paris the Duke should see the Queen, and then both he, the King, and she would write letters with their own hands to Henry 'in the best manner that could be devised.' The Duke was enchanted that the man whom he had considered as the greatest opponent of his suit should have been transformed into his staunchest advocate. 'I find myself,' he writes thankfully to Wolsey, 'much bounden to God, considering he that I feared most is contented to be the doer of this act himself.'

That Suffolk was deeply smitten with the charms of Mary was

no secret to her royal brother, for between Henry and the Duke there existed the warmest friendship. From a simple commoner the King had raised Charles Brandon to the highest dignity in the peerage, had made him his constant companion, and had thus excited the jealousy of the Council and the old aristocracy against the favourite. Both men were of the same age, both were captivated by the same tastes, and both excelled in martial exercises. 'The Duke of Suffolk,' says Giustinian, 'is associated with his Majesty *tanquam intelligentiam assistentem orbi*, which governs, commands, and acts with authority scarcely inferior to the King himself.' Of the question of marriage between the Duke and his sister, Henry had neither openly approved nor disapproved. He was content to let matters take their course, but by placing no obstacle in the way he seems tacitly to have consented to the union; he was, however, sternly opposed to any steps being taken without his full knowledge. He had promised Mary when she left him 'at the water side,' that if, to oblige him, she would marry Lewis this time, she should be permitted on the next occasion to do 'as she list.' If therefore she now 'listed' to marry Suffolk in preference to a more brilliant suitor, he would not actually thwart her inclinations, though he would not as yet decidedly encourage them. Nor had he been displeased at the deferential conduct of the Duke in the matter. 'Joyous I am as any creature living,' writes Wolsey to Suffolk, whose suit he stoutly furthered at every opportunity,

to hear as well of your honourable entertainment with the French King, and of his loving mind towards you for your marriage with the French Queen, our Master's sister, as also of his kind offer made unto you, that both he and the said French Queen shall effectually write unto the King's grace for the obtaining of his goodwill and favour unto the same. The contents of which your letter I have at good leisure declared unto the King's highness, and his Grace marvellously rejoiced to hear of your good speed in the same, and how substantially and discreetly ye ordered and handled yourself in your words and your communication with the said French King, when he first secretly brake with you of the said marriage. And therefore, my Lord, *the King and I* think it good that ye procure and solicit the speedy sending unto his Grace of the letters from the said French King, touching this matter. *Assuring you that the King continueth firmly in his good mind and purpose towards you, for the accomplishment of the said marriage, albeit that there be daily on every side practices made to the let of the same, which I have withstanded hitherto, and doubt not so to do till ye shall have achieved your intended purpose; and ye shall say by that time that ye know all that ye have had of me, a fast friend.*[2]

On his arrival at Paris Suffolk at once hastened to the Hotel de Clugny, where Mary was then, according to the etiquette required of a Royal widow of France, mourning her loss, attired in white, and stretched upon a couch in a darkened chamber, illuminated only by

[2] A draft only of this letter is amongst the State Papers; the words in italics are inserted by Wolsey himself.

wax tapers—hence the epithet of *la Royne Blanche*, which was now attached to Mary. Suffolk was no stranger in the apartments of the young Queen. During the brief period between the marriage of Mary and her widowhood the handsome Duke had been constant in his attendance upon her. He had been her companion at pageants and tournaments; he was a frequent guest at the table of Lewis; his horses and splendid retinue were familiar objects to all the Parisians, whilst his society seems to have been as acceptable to the elderly king as it was to his youthful bride. 'And as to the reception and good cheer which my cousin of Suffolk tells you that I have given him,' writes Lewis in the last letter he was ever to send to Henry, 'and for which you thank me, it needs not, my good brother, cousin, and compeer, that you should render many thanks, for I beg you to believe that, independent of the place I know he holds with you and the love you bear him, his virtues, manners, politeness and good condition deserve that he should be received with even greater honour.' And yet, dangerous as this intimacy at first sight appears between a young married woman linked to a husband who, in the opinion of some, was only a husband in name,[8] and a man to whom it was known she was fondly attached, so loyal and discreet was their friendship that scandal was silenced, and the carping Parisians had to look elsewhere for a victim.

Suffolk had only returned to London a few days before the death of Lewis, and his appearance was now doubly welcome to the Queen after their brief separation and in her isolated state. He did not allow the interview to last many minutes before he asked the question which, during the hours of his journey from Noyon, had been much agitating him. With the hurt pride of a lover he desired to know how it was that Mary had permitted herself to divulge to Francis those little confidences which had passed between them, and which he had never expected a third person to share. The Queen hesitated, and then, on the question being repeated, confessed that Francis had been 'importunate with her in divers matters not to her honour,' which made her 'so weary and so afeard' he would endeavour to effect the ruin of Suffolk that, in order to be relieved of the annoyance of his suit, which was not to her honour, she had thought frankness the best policy, and had said to the King, 'Sir, I beseech you that you will let me alone, and speak no more of these matters, and if you will promise me, by your faith and truth, and as you are a true prince, that you will keep it counsel and help me, I will tell you all my whole mind.' On his promise of secrecy Mary avowed her attachment to Suffolk, that she considered herself as his betrothed, and that the objections which her brother, by the advice of his Council, might raise, were the only barrier to their union.

[8] 'King Lewis of France being dead advises that if the Queen of France be with child she be kept from danger. If she be a maid, "*as I think verily she is*," to obtain possession of her person.'—Sir Robert Wingfield to Henry VIII., January 14, *1515*. *State Papers*, Henry VIII.

Throughout the whole of this affair Henry was perfectly at his ease. He no more troubled himself with the designs of Francis than he did with the gossip that reached his ears from his agents and envoys. He had the fullest confidence in his sister and in Suffolk. Mary some weeks back had pledged herself in a letter to Wolsey that she would contract no alliance without the approval of her brother, whilst Suffolk on the eve of his starting at the head of the mission to France had sworn upon oath that he would not take advantage of his position to obtain any undue influence over the Queen-Dowager, nor tempt her to plight to him an unsanctioned troth. The King was perfectly content with these two solemn assertions, and watched with amusement the eagerness of the suitors for his sister's hand and fortune. The Duke of Savoy had been rejected. The same fate had befallen the Prince of Portugal and the Duke of Bavaria. Even the penniless and worn-out Maximilian had been tempted by the rich prize to enter the lists. He had declared, not long since, to his daughter Margaret that 'he would never marry again for beauty or money were he to die for it.' But heiresses so charming and with such prospective advantages (for as yet uncertainty was attached to Henry's issue), as *la Royne Blanche* were seldom in the market, and the stout resolve of the bankrupt Emperor was unable to withstand the temptation. He was struck by a portrait of Mary which was shown him, and 'kept his eyes fixed upon it for a full half-hour or more.' Satisfied as to the beauty of the young widow, his next step was to commission his daughter Margaret of Savoy 'to write to the King of England to get the lady into his own hands, urging his Majesty of England that if she be married in France and were to die without heirs, his kingdom would be exposed to great hazards.' He was, however, no more favoured than his predecessors. It was Suffolk and only Suffolk that Mary had resolved to wed. Again she wrote pressing her brother for his decision. She reminded him that she had consented at his request, and for the peace of Christendom, to marry Lewis of France 'though he was very aged and sickly,' on condition that if she survived him she should marry whom she liked. She declared that Suffolk had all her heart, and to none else would she be united; rather than give her hand to another she vowed she would seek the refuge of a convent. 'For if you will have me married,' she threatened 'in any place saving whereas my mind is, I will be there whereas your Grace nor none other shall have any joy of me; for I promise your Grace you shall hear that I will be in some religious house, the which I think your Grace would be very sorry of, and your realm also.'

In the then divided state of the Privy Council—the one party in favour of a union with Germany, the other in favour of a union with France—it had been sufficient for Wolsey to further the suit of Suffolk to cause the Duke of Norfolk and those who acted with him to warmly oppose the intended marriage. Mary was right when she wrote to Henry that her lover 'had many hinderers about his Grace.'

Not an opportunity was rejected by which these 'hinderers' could gain their ends. They employed all their arts to poison the ear of the King against the wishes of Suffolk. A princess of the blood royal, one who had been deemed worthy to wear the crown of France, a woman who was, perhaps, the richest heiress in Europe, and whose beauty was as remarkable as her wealth, would be a fitting consort for the proudest monarch; why then throw away all such charms and advantages to encourage the pride and ambition of an upstart? They even endeavoured to convince the Queen-Dowager herself that the man on whom she had lavished all the treasures of her heart was unworthy of her love. A friar named Langley was despatched to Paris to worm himself into the confidence of Mary. This worthy declared to the Queen that 'he would show her divers things which were of truth, and of the which he had perfect knowledge, desiring her to give him hearing, and to keep the same to herself.' He then bade her beware of Suffolk and Wolsey of all men, for that they had dealings with the devil, and 'by the puissance of the said devil' kept Henry subject to their wills. Nor was this all. Sir William Compton, one in high favour with the King, had been laid up with a bad leg; this, said the friar, was entirely due to the diabolical art of Suffolk, 'for he knew the premises well, and could not doubt it was the Duke's doing.' This strange envoy was, however, not very successful in his mission, for we are told that 'the Queen gave him small comfort, and he departed.' It soon became evident that, in spite of all opposition, Mary was resolved upon one of two courses—either to marry Suffolk or to take the veil. The latter alternative was distasteful to her brother, and he therefore now thought it wiser to give his consent to an arrangement which it seemed he was powerless to prevent. He accordingly sanctioned the union of his sister with the man of her choice, but accompanied this permission with a stipulation which proved that, in spite of his prodigality, 'bluff King Hal' was a true son of the grasping patron of Empson and Dudley.

On her marriage with Lewis, Mary had been presented by her husband with sets of jewels of dazzling magnificence. The elderly King had given them to his young wife gradually and in instalments, in the hope that his generosity might make amends for his age and debility, and be the means of inspiring something like affection for him in her heart. 'My wife shall not have all her jewels at once,' he said, laughing, 'for I wish to have many and at divers times kisses and thanks for them.' Never was bride adorned with such brilliants. The Earl of Worcester said they were 'the goodliest and richest sight of jewels that ever he saw.' These gems and Mary's service of gold plate, together with her dowry, became now the objects of much diplomatic haggling. Henry demanded their restoration, and entrusted the disagreeable task to Suffolk, with the price of Mary's hand as the reward of his success. Wolsey wrote to the Duke, advising him 'substantially to handle that matter, and to

stick thereunto; for I assure you the hope that the King hath to obtain the said plate and jewels is the thing that most stayeth his Grace constantly to assent that ye should marry his sister; the lack whereof, I fear me, might make him cold and remiss, and cause some alteration, whereof all men here, except his Grace and myself, would be right glad.' Into the details of this mean negotiation we need not enter. Each party tried to outwit the other. In reference to the dower there could be no dispute, but the question of the gems was more complicated. The English insisted on the delivery of all the jewels which Lewis had given and promised to give to Mary. The French, on the other hand, declared that the jewels had been presented to Mary, not as the wife of Lewis, but as Queen of France; she could use them if she stayed in the country, but they could not be removed from the realm. Suffolk, who was a gentleman, and whose lack of education made him no match for the sharp-witted Parisians in such a job, was heartily sick of the whole transaction. He thought certain of the demands of Henry unreasonable, and he did not scruple to express his opinion; he vowed that Paris was 'a stinking prison,' and he implored Henry 'to call him and the Queen his sister home.' But such entreaties were useless. Until 'hall Mary's stouf and jowyelles' had been placed in the King's hands, he would not think of the union of the lovers. Wolsey, who was the truest of friends to the amorous pair, and the most constant of correspondents, begged them still to have patience, and to persevere till the transaction had ended as the King desired. Weeks passed, and yet the negotiations appeared no nearer to a satisfactory issue than at their commencement. Mary was in despair. She wrote frequently to 'the Kynges grace me brodar,' stating that all her plate and jewels when she had gotten them should be at 'his commandment;' she besought him 'to write to the French King and all your ambassadors here, that they make all the speed possible,' and she expressed in the most affectionate terms her wish once again to meet him, 'for my singular desire and comfort is to see your Grace *above all things in this world.*' Henry replied kindly, but the gist of his letters was always the same: he would not send for her, nor would he sanction her alliance, until all that he demanded had been carried out. To the lovers, if their union depended upon the consent of the King, marriage seemed hopeless.

But was it absolutely necessary for the consent of Henry to be obtained? Mary was her own mistress, she was independent of all pecuniary aid from her brother, she had a perfect right to please herself; were she to dispose of her hand to a subject, it was not the first time that a princess of England had united herself to one beneath her in rank. Why then tarry for the permission that might never be given? Why let the heart grow sick with the hope that was ever deferred? These reasons, which appeared so sound and plausible whilst passion was clouding reflection, at last carried the day. Suffolk, mindful of his oath to the King, had hesitated, but

his scruples were speedily silenced when the imperious Mary told him that unless he agreed to be united with her in four days, she would never look upon his face again. The temptation was irresistible. At an early hour, and in the strictest privacy, before only a few witnesses—amongst whom, however, was Francis—in the chapel of the Hôtel de Clugny, Mary became the wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

And now that the deed was done, reflection once more exercised its sway, and the husband and wife stood aghast at their rashness. Suffolk at once took up his pen, and wrote in something more than his usual bad spelling a humble missive to the King, which he enclosed to Wolsey. He began by propitiating the avarice of Henry. He was aware that he had claimed his reward before his task had been performed, still he had done his best to obtain all the ex-Queen's stuff and jewels, and, though he failed in his effort for no fault of his, yet his wife 'is content to give your Grace what sum you shall be content to axe, to be paid on her jointure, and all that she has in this world.' He then stated the reasons which had induced him to marry without the royal permission. 'When I came to Paris,' he said, 'the Queen was in hand with me the first day I came, and said she must be short with me and open to me her pleasure and mind. And so she began and showed how good lady she was to me, and if I would be ordered by her she would never have none but me.' Her trouble, he continued, was great, for she had heard that she was to be taken to England to be married to Prince Charles in Flanders. She wept bitterly at the thought—'Sir, I never saw woman so weep'—and vowed that she would be torn in pieces rather than wed the Spaniard. Then she declared that unless he, Suffolk, married her at once, she would never give him the like proffer again. And so, rather than lose all, added the Duke, he thought it best to comply, and thus they were privately married. He concluded by humbly throwing himself upon the royal mercy, for it never had been wish of his 'to offend your Grace in word, deed, or thought.'

This appeal was supported by the following letter (also under cover to Wolsey) a few days afterwards, from the wife herself to the King 'me broder,' when she had been informed that he was furious at the step she had taken:—

Pleaseth your Grace [she wrote], to my greatest discomfort, sorrow and disconsolation, but lately I have been advertised of the great and high displeasure which your Highness beareth unto me and my lord of Suffolk for the marriage between us. Sir, I will not in any wise deny but that I have offended your Grace, for the which I do put myself most humbly in your clemency and mercy. Nevertheless to the intent that your Highness should not think that I had simply, carnally, and of my sensual appetite done the same, I, having no regard to fall in your Grace's displeasure, I assure your Grace that I had never done against your ordinance and consent, but by reason of the great despair wherein I was put by the two friars .... which hath certified me in case I came to England your Council would

never consent to the marriage between the said Lord and me, with many other sayings concerning the same marriage; so that I verily thought that the said friars would never have offered to have made me like overture unless they might have had charge from some of your Council; the which put me in such consternation, fear, and doubt of the obtaining of the thing which I desired most in this world, that I rather chose to put me in your mercy by accomplishing this marriage, than to put me in the order of your Council, knowing them to be otherwise minded. Whereupon, Sir, I put my lord of Suffolk in choice whether he would accomplish the marriage within four days, or else that he should never have enjoyed me; whereby I know well that I constrained him to break such promises he made your Grace, as well for fear of losing me, as also that I ascertained him that by their consent I would never come into England. And now that your Grace knoweth the both offences of the which I have been the only occasion I most humbly, and as your most sorrowful sister, requiring you to have compassion upon us both, and to pardon our offences, and that it will please your Grace to write to me and my Lord of Suffolk some comfortable words, for it shall be the greatest comfort for us both.

By your loving and most humble sister,

MARY.

The powerful aid of Wolsey was now earnestly invoked. Suffolk announced to him what he had done and, with something of the Adam-like meanness which gives all the blame to the woman for the act that has been committed, says, 'the Queen would never let me be in rest till I had granted her to be married, and so, to be plain with you, I have married her heartily.' He feared the King's displeasure, and begged the prelate to assist him. 'Let me not be undone now,' he entreats,' 'the which I fear me shall be without the help of you. Me Lor, think not that ever you shall make any friend that shall be more obliged to you.' The better to soften the King he forwarded Wolsey a diamond with a great pearl—'a dymond wyet a greth pryell'—which he desired him to give Henry.

Ryguyer hem [he writes in his awful orthography], 'to take et aworth, asuarryng hes Grace y^{t} whan soo ewar sche [Mary] schall have the possesseun of the resedeu y^{t} he schall have the chowse of them accordyng unto her formar wrettyng. Me Lord sche and I bowth rymyttys thes mattar holle to your dysskraseun, tresting y^{t} in hall hast possebbyll wye schall her from you some good tydynges tocheng howar afyeres.

But good tidings he did not hear. None knew better than Wolsey how sternly Henry resented any independence of action on the part of those who were subject to him, and the prelate did not attempt to conceal the anxiety which the conduct of the rash pair had occasioned him. It was with a sorrowful heart, he said to the Duke, that he wrote to him; for he had heard with 'no little discomfort and inward heaviness' how that 'you be secretly married unto the King's sister, and have accompanied together as man and wife.' He had felt it his duty to communicate this matter at once to the King,

who at the first hearing could scarcely believe the same to be true:

but after I had showed to his Grace that by your own writing I had knowledge thereof, his Grace, giving credence thereunto, took the same grievously and displeasantly, not only for that ye durst presume to marry his sister without his knowledge, but also for breaking of your promise made to his Grace, in his hand, I being present, at Eltham : having also such an assured affiance in your truth, that for all the world, and to have been torn with wild horses, ye would not have broken your oath, promise, and assurance, made to his Grace, who doth well perceive that he is deceived of the constant and assured trust that he thought to have found in you, and so his Grace would I should expressly write unto you.

As for Wolsey himself, he 'feels so encumbered therewith' that he cannot devise nor study the remedy thereof. 'Cursed be the blind affection and counsel,' he cries, 'that hath brought you hereunto! fearing that such sudden and unadvised dealing shall have sudden repentance.' He knows not what remedy to suggest whereby they can make their peace, but as what has been done cannot be undone, he thinks that perhaps the best course to pursue is to appeal to the avarice of the King. He therefore advises Mary to agree to pay yearly 4,000*l.* out of her dower to her brother, and also to hand over to him 'the plate of gold and jewels which the late French King had,' together with the whole of the dote that shall be restored to her by France.

This [he concludes] is the way to make your peace: whereat if ye deeply consider what danger ye be and shall be in, having the King's displeasure, I doubt not both the Queen and you will not stick, but with all effectual diligence endeavour yourselves to recover the King's favour, as well by this mean as by other substantial true ways which by mine advice ye shall use, and none other, towards his Grace, whom by corbobyll drifts and ways you cannot abuse. Now I have told you my opinion, hardily follow the same, and trust not too much to your own wit, nor follow not the counsel of them that hath not more deeply considered the dangers of this matter than they have hitherto done.

The position of Suffolk was one of extreme embarrassment. His marriage was still a secret, yet he felt from the natural condition into which his wife had fallen, that it was a secret that must soon be divulged. He had incurred the heavy displeasure of his sovereign, and the only measures that had been suggested to him whereby he could once more bask in the royal favour, he felt himself powerless to accomplish. Willingly would he have given the gems and fortune of his wife to Henry, but as yet in his negotiations with the French he had been unable to obtain either. He did not know, he wrote to Wolsey, though he had done his best in the matter, whether Mary 'had her right or had been outwitted by the subtlety of the French ministers.' The unhappy man knew not what plan to adopt to extricate himself from his dilemma. He begged 'some word of comfort from Henry,' but still the King maintained the sternest silence. When the marriage became known to the Council in England, the enemies of Suffolk loudly called for vengeance upon the man who had dared to unite himself to the sister of his sovereign without

first having obtained the royal consent. Affairs were now at a deadlock, Suffolk could neither treat with the King of England nor with the King of France. His position was intolerable. His intimacy with his wife whilst his marriage was as yet unknown greatly compromised Mary in the eyes of the Parisian world. The husband was most anxious that a second marriage ceremony should be gone through, and this time with all publicity. 'My Lord,' he implores Wolsey, 'at the reverence of God help that I may be married as I go out of France, openly, for many things of which I will advertise you by mine next letters. Give me your advice whether the French King and his mother shall write again to the King for this open marriage; seeing that this privy marriage is done, and that I think none otherwise but that she is with child.' It was, however, Lent, and no licence could be obtained without a dispensation, and such a course it was considered would offend many of the rigid Catholics in England. Foiled in this effort, both husband and wife now begged permission to return to England. For a whole month no notice was taken of their prayer; then early in the April of 1515 leave was given to the couple, whose honeymoon had been clouded with such anxieties, to depart.

The future that awaited the wedded pair was uncertain. How would Henry greet his sister? She was not returning empty-handed; but had she sufficient to purchase the affection of her money-grubbing brother? What would be the fate of her idolised husband? Would the King be mindful of the old friendship that had so warmly existed between him and the Duke, or would his anger and outraged authority gain the mastery over the Royal heart? Was the influence of Wolsey strong enough to defeat the animosity of the Council? These were the questions that were freely discussed by the agitated couple as they journeyed from Montreuil to Calais. Arrived at the seaport, they took up their quarters at 'the King of England's house.' Here Suffolk experienced a foretaste of the feeling that he had excited by his rash step, for we learn from a 'Paper of Intelligence' among the State Papers that 'the Duke of Suffolk did not dare leave the King of England's house, as he would have been killed by the people for marrying Queen Mary.' This incident awoke all the former fears of both husband and wife, and Mary, now in great terror and in deep humility, bethought herself of occupying the hours of her enforced seclusion by again appealing to the King.

My most dear and most entirely beloved Brother [she writes], in most *humble manner* I recommend me to your Grace. Dearest brother, I doubt not but ye have in your good remembrance, that whereas for the good of peace and for the furtherance of your affairs ye moved me to marry with my lord and late husband, King Lewis, of France, whose soul God pardon, though I understood that he was very aged and sickly, yet for the advancement of the said peace, and for the furtherance of your causes, I was contented to conform myself to your said motion, so that if I should fortune to survive the said late King, I might with your good will marry myself

at my liberty without your displeasure. Whereunto, good brother, ye condescended and granted, as ye well know promising unto me that in such case ye would never provoke or move me but as mine own heart and mind should be best pleased, and that wheresoever I should dispose myself ye would wholly be contented with the same. And upon that your good comfort and faithful promise I assented to the *said* marriage; else I would never have granted to, as at the same time I showed unto you more at large. Now that God hath called my said late husband to His mercy and that I am at my liberty, dearest brother, remembering the great virtues which I have seen and perceived heretofore in my Lord of Suffolk, to whom I have always been of good mind, as ye well know, I have affixed and clearly determined myself to marry with him; and the same I assure you hath proceeded only of mine own mind, without any request or labour of my said Lord of Suffolk, or of any other person. And to be plain with your Grace, I have so bound myself unto him, that for no cause earthly I will or may vary or change from the same. Wherefore my good and most kind brother I now beseech your Grace to take this matter in good part, and to give unto me and to my said Lord of Suffolk your goodwill herein; ascertaining you, that upon the trust and comfort which I have for that you have always honourably regarded your promise, I am now comen out of the realm of France, and have put myself within your jurisdiction, in this your. town of Calais, where I intend to remain till such time as I shall have answer from you of your good and loving mind herein; which I would not have done but upon the faithful trust that I have in your said promise. Humbly beseeching your Grace for the great and tender love, which ever hath been, and shall be between you and me, to bear your gracious mind and show yourself to be agreeable hereunto, and to certify me by your most loving letters of the same; till which time I will make mine abode here, and no further enter your realm.

She concludes by appealing to her brother's weak point:—

And to the intent [she continues], it may please you the rather to condescend to this my most hearty desire, I am contented, and expressly promise and bind me to you by these presents to give you all the whole dote which was delivered with me, and also all such plate of gold and jewels as I shall have of my said late husband's. Over and besides this I shall, rather than fail, give you as much yearly part of my dower to as great a sum as shall stand with your will and pleasure. And of all the premises I promise upon knowledge of your good mind, to make unto you sufficient bonds.

It would be difficult to find in the whole history of correspondence a letter in which sisterly affection, unblushing calculation, and unselfish devotion to a husband are more strangely blended.

Two days before the despatch of this appeal, Suffolk, whilst at Montreuil, had again written to the King to show him mercy, and not to let him fall into the hands of the enemy.

Most gracious Sovereign Lord [he begins], so it is that I am informed divers ways that all your whole Council, my Lord of York excepted, with many other, are clearly determined to 'tympe' your Grace, that I may either be put to death or be put in prison and so to be destroyed. Alas, Sir! I

may say that I have had a hard fortune seeing that there was never none of them in trouble but I was glad to help them to my power, and that your Grace knows best. And now that I am in this none little trouble and sorrow, now they are ready to help to destroy me. But, Sir, I can no more but God forgive them whatsoever comes on me: for I am determined. For Sir, your Grace is he that is my sovereign lord and master, and he that has brought me up out of nought; and I am your subject and servant, and he that has offended your Grace in breaking my promise that I made your Grace touching the Queen, your sister: for the which I, with most humble heart, I will yield myself unto your Grace's hands to do with my poor body your gracious pleasure, not fearing the malice of them; for I know your Grace of such nature that it cannot lie in their powers to cause you to destroy me for their malice. But what punishment I have I shall thank God and your Grace of it, and think that I have well deserved it, both to God and your Grace; as knows 'howar' Lord, who send your Grace your most honourable heart's desire with long life, and me most sorrowful wretch your gracious favour, what sorrows soever I endure therefore.

These appeals were not in vain. The anxious pair were informed that they had nothing further to fear, and on receiving the welcome news at once took their departure for England.

The end of this romantic love-match is soon told. The Queen and the Duke were publicly married at Greenwich amid much rejoicing. The story of their secret marriage in France was never divulged to the nation at large, but confined only to the few of the Council who had heard of it; whilst Sir William Sidney was despatched to Paris to beg Francis, in the name of the King of England, that 'for the honour of the French Queen and for avoiding all evil bruits' he would keep the fact of the private marriage at the Hôtel de Clugny 'hereafter secret to himself, without making any creature privy thereunto, like as the King shall do for his part.' Suffolk had, however, to pay pretty dearly for the honour of being brother-in-law to a sovereign. A formal document had been drawn up between Henry on the one side, and Mary and Suffolk on the other, in which it was stipulated that Mary was to pay over to her brother the sum of 24,000*l.* out of her French rents, by annual payments of 2,000*l.*, together with the dowry of 200,000 crowns which Francis pledged himself to return to her, and all the plate and jewels which she had received on her first marriage, as well as all those gems which Lewis 'at divers times,' for her 'kisses and thanks,' had enriched her with. By this generous and fraternal arrangement Henry avoided not only making any settlement upon his sister, but received instead a handsome addition to his income and to his regalia. Well might the old chronicler Hall write:—

> Against this marriage many men grudged, and said that it was a great loss to the realm that she was not married to the Prince of Castile: but the wisest sort was content, considering that if she had been married again out of the realm, she should have carried much riches with her; and now she brought every year into the realm 9,000 or 10,000 marks.

The 'wisest sort' had every reason to be content.

After their union the names of Mary and Suffolk cease to come prominently before the public. We read of them occasionally being present at some court banquet or other festivity, but their time was chiefly spent in happy seclusion at their country seat in Suffolk. Their marriage was blessed with two children—Henry, so named from his godfather, Henry VIII.; and Frances, the mother of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey. After a union of nearly eighteen years, Mary passed away, after a short illness, June 26, 1533. She was buried with all pomp in the abbey church of St. Edmondsbury. On the dissolution of the monasteries the abbey was condemned, and the remains of the Queen-duchess were removed to St. Mary's church in the same town and placed beneath the altar. A small tablet commemorates the fact:—

Sacred to the Memory of Mary Tudor, third daughter of Henry VII. of England, and Queen of France: who was married in 1514 to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She died in his lifetime, 1533, at the manor of Westhorpe in this county: and was interred in the same year in the monastery of St. Edmondsbury: and was removed into this church after the dissolution of the Abbey.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

THE name of Frances Ridley Havergal has become widely known within the last few years as a sacred lyrist, while her recent death, at a comparatively early age, has attracted attention beyond the circle of her special admirers. The cheap issue of one of her volumes is already in its thirtieth, and another, 'The Ministry of Song,' has reached its thirty-eighth edition. But her finer hymns and lyrics have been diffused in magazines and hymn collections far beyond the range of even such a circulation. Such a popularity is unprecedented in the history of English Hymnology, and is more than enough to awaken curiosity and justify a brief notice of the career of Miss Havergal, and the characteristics of her poetry.

Frances Ridley Havergal was born on December 14, 1836, at Astley Rectory, Worcestershire. Of a family of six, consisting of two sons and four daughters, she was the youngest. Her father was rector of Astley parish, and was a man of refined tastes and varied acquirements. To the general public he is chiefly known by his first published musical composition—a setting of Bishop Heber's hymn, 'From Greenland's icy mountains.' The piece brought him 180*l*., a sum which he gave to the Church Missionary Society. The same year in which his youngest child was born he won the Gresham prize medal for a 'Cathedral Service in A,' and five years later, for his famous anthem 'Give Thanks,' he was awarded a second gold medal. Astley Rectory was an old house, but its architectural decrepitudes were hid in a covering of greenery: ivy, and roses pink and china, clustered thickly on the walls, and vine and honeysuckle climbed the latticed porch. The grounds were filled with beautiful trees, and in the meadows behind there came forth every summer a wealth of buttercups and meadowsweet. The Rev. Mr. Havergal was in every respect a pattern clergyman, and the domestic influences of the Rectory were in complete keeping with its beautiful environment. Every day his children had solid nurture in things human and divine; and one of the poetess's sisters remembers what delight Frances, when a child, used to take in the Sunday evening hymn-singings, and how she astonished them all by the ease and facility with with she acquired the arts of reading and writing, gaining perfection in them even before they had been set her as stated tasks.

In 1842 the Rev. Mr. Havergal, on account of ill health, resigned the living of Astley, but in 1845 he was preferred by Bishop Pepys to the rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcestershire. After leaving Astley, the family had been staying at Henwick House, in the parish of

Hallow, and the removal from this quiet retreat was most unwelcome to the young poetess. In her 'Autobiography' we find her writing:—'This made a *great* difference to me, for I do think that the quiet everyday beauty of the trees and sunshine was *the* chief external influence upon my early childhood. Waving boughs and golden light always touched and quieted me and spoke to me and told me about God.' It is evident from all her poetry that early communion with rural objects had permanently impressed her poetic sensibilities, and some of her sweetest allusions are to the sights and sounds of country life. In the lore which nature brings instructor she had none, nor did she require any; she seems to have possessed a native talent for the interpretation of all natural phenomena. In all the 391 pages of her 'Memorials' the name of Wordsworth never occurs, and we have found nothing to show she ever studied his verse with any special appreciation. But there are many internal evidences which show that, whether a student of Wordsworth or not, she had in her somewhat of the genuine Wordsworthian spirit. The following stanzas might almost be taken as a loose leaf from the 'Poems of the Fancy':—

No more the flowers of spring are seen,
And silence fills the summer noon,
The woods have lost the fresh bright green
Of May and June.

But yesterday I found a flower,
Deep sheltered from the withering rays,
Which might have known the sun and shower
Of April days.

I did not think again to find
Such tender relic of the spring;
It thrilled such gladness through my mind,
I needs must sing.

. . . . . .

My heart is richer far to-day
Than when I came a week ago;
How near to me such treasure lay
I did not know!

In that beautiful interlude of her 'Autobiography Ode' beginning,

What if we went in the sweet May weather
To a wood that I know which hangs on a hill,

we have unmistakable suggestions of the 'Intimations of Immortality.' In her 'Lynton' poem, again, there are imaginative groupings and rhythmical harmonies suggestive of the *Yarrow lyrics*:—

Why does it seem familiar ground?
I was never here before;
I never saw this fairy dream
Of wood and wave, of rock and stream,
Nor watched the snowy foam-line gleam
On Devon's bay-loved shore.

It feels as weird and strange as though
My spirit had been here;
And in the mists of long ago
An outline wavers to and fro,
Now colourless, now all aglow,
Now faint, now wondrous clear.

The steep and dangerous way above,
The winding dell beneath;
The rushing Lyn, the shadowy trees,
The hills that breast the Channel breeze,
The white ships bound for western seas;
One shining marvel-wreath!

A little picture she had brought
Of Lynton's lovely vale:
I fastened it upon my wall,
Half deeming I had seen it all;
While colours came at fancy's call
To deck those outlines pale.

When she was twelve Frances Havergal lost her mother, and, although she confesses that this event 'did not make at first the impression upon me which might have been expected,' nevertheless, from this period we may roughly date the kindling of that intense religious enthusiasm which burns in all her life and poetry, and which remained unquenched to the last. The history of Miss Havergal's earlier religious experience would form a peculiar psychological study. Bred in the very lap of the Church of England, reflecting in herself her kindliest influences, and seeming a very living embodiment of her cultured spirit, it touches one to find beneath the surface of her life, a surface apparently so quiet and tranquil, so many conflicting currents of religious feeling. Her bright life of hopefulness and trust had in it many dark days of despondency and misgiving. 'I am quite sure,' she said, 'that *nothing* in the way of earthly and external trials could have been to me what the inner darkness and strife and utter weariness of spirit, through the greater part of these years, has been. Many have thought mine a comparatively thornless path; but often, when the path was smoothest, there were hidden thorns within, and wounds bleeding and rankling.' Approximating, as her life did, almost to purity itself, it is sad to think her heart was so frequently disquieted at the thought of multitudinous backslidings. Miss Havergal's was a phase of mind which on its religious side had its fuller development in Cowper. A deep longing

after a pure life, united to a remarkable delicacy of conscience, made her very early a partaker of that religious melancholy which so darkened the life of the great Olney hymn writer. She thought when her schooldays were done she had attained to a higher standard of spiritual excellency than ever before; 'yet,' she was soon to remark, 'the tide ebbed again before many months had passed, and I remember longing to be able to say, "Oh God, my heart is fixed," in bitter mourning over its weakness and wavering.' On another occasion, when the clouds had gathered thickly overhead, we find her writing, 'I often pray in the dark, as it were, and feel no response from above.'

Miss Havergal's education was entirely carried on at home until the year 1850, when she was sent to the school of a Mrs. Teed. There she passed six months, when she was transferred to Powick Court, near Worcester. At this school she continued until she was entered by her father a pupil of the Louisenschule, Düsseldorf, in 1852. Pastor Schulze-Berge, who was at the head of this establishment, says, 'She displayed such rare talent and such depth of comprehension, that he could only speak of her progress as extraordinary.' When Miss Havergal left Germany in 1853 she carried away with her a tolerable knowledge of Italian, and an ability to speak German and French fluently. It might have been thought that such acquirements would have proved sufficient to satisfy her studious ambition, but it was not so; on her arrival in England she set herself in thorough earnest to the acquiring of Greek and Latin and Hebrew! Miss Havergal being of a fragile constitution, peculiarly susceptible to pain, it is easy to understand how frequent illnesses were the results of her severe mental habits, and how from time to time all engrossing studies had to be positively abandoned. 'She must choose between writing and living, she can't do both,' was her medical man's ultimatum, and she had to bow to the verdict, exasperating as it was to her active spirit to see the door of the literary world standing open before her, and to be prevented from entering when she stood on its very threshold.

Whilst it is true that Miss Havergal learned in suffering what she taught in song, it is also true that she had made her poetic purpose a subject of much serious reflection. It was owing to the fact that she very early apprehended that her poetical efforts must be strictly commensurate with her poetical strength, and that she correctly gauged her poetical capabilities, that we have received at her hands those hymns which for the rich qualities of their music have not been surpassed; and which for chastity of thought, reverence of spirit, and piety of feeling, have not been excelled by any religious writer since the days of Keble. Her 'song chalice' might be frail, but not less sure was she that it was a work divine. Her lyre was an Æolian harp, but she knew its strings could be sweetly musical when touched by a Higher Breath, and so she beautifully resolved—

She would open now
Her window, like wise Daniel, and would set
Her little harp therein, and listening wait
The breath of heaven, the spirit of her God.

Neither would she attempt anything great, but whilst she would leave the building of the temple to others, she was still confident she could polish some little stone of it with care, or perchance help to work some rich mosaic on the pavement of its courts.

Master, to do great work for Thee, my hand
Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit—
Some little chips to cut with care minute,
Or tint or grave or polish. Others stand
Before their quarried marble fair and grand,
And make a life-work of the great design
Which thou hast traced; or, many-skilled, combine
To build vast temples, gloriously planned.
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,
Just one by one as they were given by Thee,
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thought.
Set each stone by Thy master-hand of grace,
Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
And in thy temple pavement give it place.

The work she found lying to her hand might be lowly work, under the surface and in obscure places, but still she would do it with care and spend on it her best energies. Her poetry might not be ambitious, but still she would put all her heart in it, and every time she wrote she would write her very best. 'Making Poetry' is a poem of importance, as it shows the sterling spirit she carried into all her literary work, and as it collects, in short compass, a great number of her ideas about poetry scattered loosely here and there throughout her volumes:—

Little one, what are you doing,
Sitting on the window seat?
Laughing to yourself, and writing,
Some merry thought inditing,
Balancing with swinging feet.

. . . . . .

Think you, darling, nought is needed
But the paper and the ink,
And a pen to trace so lightly,
While the eye is beaming brightly,
All the pretty things we think?

There's a secret—can you trust me?
Do not ask me what it is!
Perhaps some day you too will know it,
If you live to be a poet,
All its agony and bliss.

Poetry is not a trifle,
  Lightly thought and lightly made;
Not a fair and scentless flower,
Gaily cultured for an hour,
  Then as gaily left to fade.

'Tis the essence of existence,
  Rarely rising to the light;
And the songs that echo longest,
Deepest, fullest, truest, strongest,
  With your life-blood you will write.

There must be the slightest tension
  Ere the tone be full and true;
Shallow lakelets of emotion
Are not like the spirit ocean
  Which reflects the purest blue.

Every lesson you shall utter,
  If the charge indeed be yours,
First is gained by earnest learning
Carved in letters deep and burning
  On a heart that long endures.

Will you seek it? Will you brave it?
  'Tis a strange and solemn thing,
Learning long before your teaching,
Listening long before your preaching,
  Suffering before you sing.

The publication of the 'Ministry of Song,' in 1869, made it distinctly apparent that the days of the great English hymn-writers were not passed away without hope of recall, but that there was even then in the country a spirit capable of paying worthy contributions to the national religious antiphony, capable of translating into a language that could really help the devotions of educated men and women, the best and highest aspirations of their spiritual life. No task is more easily degraded than that of the hymn-writer, and no form of literature sinks so rapidly as the popular hymn of the day. It had begun to show not merely a marked want of literary power, but a frequent coarseness and vulgarity of conception. 'Moody and Sankey' helped to debase not merely popular theology but popular hymnology. In Miss Havergal's sacred lyrics a higher note reaches us everywhere, and we see how even an ardent theology and the most glowing spiritual enthusiasm may be combined with the most perfect taste and a fine, pure, and high-toned feeling.

The 'Ministry of Song,' however, showed that Miss Havergal was not merely a writer of devotional lyrics, but a close observer of human life and character. If the book made it apparent that a new lyrist had arisen, it made it also distinctly apparent that one was moving in society who, having meditated a great deal on various problems of

human life, was industriously taking notes of all she heard and saw therein. Her secular pieces bring us into direct contact with those subtle and hidden forces which go to the moulding and upbuilding of character; they also give language to those great unseen griefs and those terrible unuttered agonies that lie immediately below the surface of apparently tranquil lives. To this class of her writing belongs her fine poem 'Wounded.' Although it is only the record of a drawing-room experience, yet it is impossible not to be struck by its inimitable literary precision, its animated force, and its truthful picturing of a too common incident.

Only a look and a motion that nobody saw or heard,
Past in a moment and over, with never the sound of a word;
Streams of converse around me smoothly and cheerily flow,
But a terrible stab has been given, a silent and staggering blow.

Guesses the hand that gave it hardly a tithe of the smart,
Nothing at all of the anguish that fiercely leapt up in my heart,
Scorching and scathing its peace, while a tremulous nerve to the brain
Flashed up a telegram sudden, a message of quivering pain.

They must be merry without me, for how can I sing to-night?
They will only think I am tired, and thoughtfully shade the light;
Finger and voice would fail while the wound is open and sore;
Bleeding away the strength I had gathered for days before.

Only a look and a motion! yes, but we little know
How from each dwarf-like 'only' a giant of power may grow;
The thundering avalanche crushes, loosened by only a breath,
And only a colourless drop may be laden with sudden death.

. . . . . .

Only a word and a motion! Why was the wound so deep?
Were it no echo of sorrow, hushed for a while to sleep,
Were it no shadow of fear, far o'er the future thrown,
Slight were the suffering now, if it bore on the present alone.

Ah! I would smile it away, but 'tis all too fresh and too keen;
Perhaps I may some day recall it as if it had never been;
Now I can only be still and endure where I cannot cope,
Praying for meekness and patience, praying for faith and hope.

Is it an answer already that words to mind are brought,
Floating like shining lilies on waters of gloomiest thought?
Simple and short is the sentence, but oh! what it comprehends!
'*Those with which I was wounded, in the house of my friends.*'

Floating still on my heart, while I listen again and again,
Stilling the anxious throbbing, soothing the icy pain,
Proving its sacred mission healing and balm to bring.
'Coming?' Yes, if you want me! Yes, I am ready to sing.

In April 1870 Miss Havergal lost her father. On Easter Eve he

was unusually well, and after walking out he sat down to his h monium and played and sang a tune[1] which he had composed in morning. Next day being Easter Day, he rose early as was his w but being suddenly seized with apoplexy, after forty-eight hour unconsciousness he passed away. He had made himself an honour name as a composer of cathedral music; and his daughter's allusi both to his life and work are many and everywhere graceful tender. In one poem she says

> He sang of one who listened from above,
> He cast his songs at his belovëd feet;—
> Some said 'How strange.' And others felt 'How sweet.'

In another, again, she writes he sang

> Holy melodies,
> Enrobed in grand sweet harmonies
> Laid wholly on the altar of his God,
> Without one thought or care for this world's vain applaud.

Immediately after her father's death Miss Havergal betook her in earnest to the preparation of 'Havergal's Psalmody,' afterw largely used in connection with Snepp's 'Hymnal.' The work arduous and she missed much her father's advice; but musical c position being not the least remarkable of her many accomplishme she was able after considerable toil to bring her labour to a satisf tory termination. So great were her musical acquirements that seriously thought at one time of making music the exclusive st of her life. Before, however, taking such a serious step, she repai to Cologne and consulted Ferdinand Hiller, a Jew, and then c sidered by the Germans the greatest musical authority of the d Hiller subjected her to a severe musical examination, and enco aged her to devote herself exclusively to its study. How she did adopt the advice of the musical authority does not appear, but f ther than now and again writing an occasional tune, she did specially cultivate her gift of harmony. In all her poetry, howev there are to be found most distinct traces of her musical spi Her scanning is simply perfect, and never did dactyls and spond render to poet a more willing service than they did to her. T gift, strange to say, while it is the strength and most distinguishi feature of her poetry, is often also its peculiar weakness. The cri of her poetry has to remark here and there an almost fatal facility versification and passages that apart from their rhythmical caden are of trivial merit as regards the substance of their thought. An 'her whirlwinds of fancy and counter-gusts of thought,' there are a euroclydons of pure melody and zephyrs of sweetly sounding vocabl But, upon the whole, we may judge of such versification lightly, occasional composition of such a kind was only to be expected of

[1] No. 163 in *Havergal's Psalmody*.

who confessed that from time to time she was visited with 'curious musical visions in which she heard strange and very beautiful chords, generally full, slow, and grand, succeeding each other in most interesting sequences.' On one occasion, as she mused in a railway train, the musical fire burned; and in a letter to a friend, we find her thus describing her reverie: 'I seemed to hear depths and heights of sound beyond the scale which human ears can receive, keen, far-up octaves, like vividly twinkling *starlight* of music, and mighty slow vibrations of gigantic strings going down into grand thunders of depths, octaves below anything otherwise appreciable as musical notes. Then all at once it seemed as if my soul had got a new sense, and I could *see* this inner music as well as hear it; and then it was like gazing down into marvellous *abysses of sound*, and up into dazzling regions of what to the eye would have been light and colour, but to this new sense was *sound*. It lasted perhaps half an hour, but I don't know exactly, and it is very difficult to describe in words.'

In the last decade of her life Miss Havergal changed her residence frequently. Pyrmont Villa, Leamington, Oakhampton, and Winterdyne, were the places where, however, she spent the greater part of her concluding years. But her English life was frequently varied by continental journeys. It was during one of these excursions that she met the Countess Helga von Gramm. This was a most fortunate meeting for both poetess and artist, as the casual acquaintanceship ripened into a sincere and tender attachment. It must be said that although this meeting had produced nothing more than that beautiful illuminated edition of Miss Havergal's poems and hymns—a volume of which is now lying before us as we write—with its richly coloured plates, and the letterpress of every page looking out from frameworks of ivy and foxgloves, of passion-flowers and oak leaves, it would not have been without a result the most important. The friends both loved Alpine scenery very dearly, and what they both saw the one painted and the other sang. Miss Havergal has many casual references to the wild prospects of the continental highlands; but in the 'Mountain Maiden's Cantata' she gives her fullest representation of Alpine life and landscape. We should think a sunset on the Bernese Oberland was enough to test what stuff a poet was made of! A few verses from her 'Sunset Chorus,' however, will show how Miss Havergal's imagination could handle such a splendid theme—

It is coming, it is coming,
That marvellous up-summing
Of the loveliest and grandest all in one:
The great transfiguration
And the royal coronation
Of the monarch of the mountains by the priestly Sun.

. . . . . .

Then in radiant obedience,
A flush of bright allegiance

Lights up the vassal-summits and the proud peaks all around;
And a thrill of mystic glory
Quivers on the glaciers hoary,
As the ecstasy is full, and the mighty brow is crowned.

Crowned with ruby of resplendence,
In unspeakable transcendence,
'Neath a canopy of purple and of gold outspread,
With rock-sceptres upward pointing
While the glorious anointing
Of the consecrating sunlight is poured upon his head.

Then a swift and still transition
Falls upon the gorgeous vision,
And the ruby and the fire pass voicelessly away;
But the paling of the splendour
Leaves a rose-light, clear and tender,
And lovelier than the loveliest dream that melts before the day.

It is passing, it is passing!
While the softening glow is glassing
In the crystal of the heavens all the fairest of its rose.
Ever faintly and more faintly,
Ever saintly and more saintly,
Gleam the snowy heights around us in holiest repose.

O pure and perfect whiteness!
O mystery of brightness
Upon those still majestic brows shed solemnly abroad!
Like the calm and blessed sleeping
Of saints in Christ's own keeping,
When the smile of holy peace is left, last witness of their God!

In appreciating Miss Havergal's verse it is not to be forgotten that her life was even purer than her song, and that her existence was not merely a literary existence, but that it was infinitely diffusive and spent itself in many channels. With regard to her lyrics she expressed the dearest wish of her heart when she sang,

> Oh! be my verse a hidden stream which silently may flow
> Where drooping leaf and thirsty flower in lonely valleys grow.

And her life was like her poetry; it was a stream that made glad many waste places and carried the element of refreshment wherever it flowed. Not here and now can we speak of the Young Women's Christian Associations she formed, of the Temperance Societies she organised, or of the abiding success which seemed to wait on her every Christian effort to raise to higher levels the tone of life round about her. Suffice it to say, that hers was a soul filled to the brim with the spirit of philanthropy and self-sacrifice. It touches one to think how the first money she received for literary work—a cheque of ten guineas from Strahan—she spent wholly on benevolent objects.

But it is still more touching to remember that one of the last acts of her life was to send her jewellery box—filled with those things a woman likes least to part with—to the Church Missionary Society, to be disposed of in the interests of the association. Her good deeds may not be spoken of like her songs, they may not carry her name with them, but in their own way they will not the less surely survive and bear forward her pure influence.

It is satisfactory to know that the dark clouds which hung heavily in the sky of her early days eventually passed completely away. With maturer years she gained the sweeter mind and the humbler and more implicit trust in the providence of God. In the prelude to 'Under His Shadow'—a work not published till after her decease—we find this expressive stanza:—

> So now, I pray Thee, keep my hand in Thine,
> And guide it as Thou wilt. I do not ask
> To understand the 'wherefore' of each line;
> Mine is the sweeter, easier, happier task
> Just to look up to Thee for every word,
> Rest in Thy love, and trust, and know that I am heard.

In 1878 Miss Havergal took up her abode with a married sister at The Mumbles in Wales. Here she laid out definite plans for her future, and performed an amount of literary and benevolent work truly astonishing. Every morning she was in her study by seven, and not a day went in which she did not find time to read some part of her Hebrew Bible or Greek Testament. Such devotedness, however, was not to be long continued. On May 21 of the year following her settlement in Wales, whilst attending a temperance gathering, she received a chill, and on June 3, 1879, her gentle life came to a peaceful close. When she died she was thus only forty-two years of age. Her friends buried her in Astley churchyard, near the old rectory where she was born and the green meadows where as a child she had gathered buttercups and meadowsweet.

Miss Havergal's lyrics are such recent productions, and they have leapt into such a sudden popularity, that it is impossible as yet to speculate on what position they may come ultimately to occupy. No doubt, in many respects, they fall short of the hymns of Addison, and Cowper, and Keble, but still they have their distinctive merits. As a singer Miss Havergal has a note all her own, and her thorough mastery of all the subtleties of metre, united to the intensity and singular purity of her religious feeling, may warrant the conjecture that if many of her minor pieces fall into oblivion, the early popularity of her best productions may yet survive and hold their place in our sacred lyric literature.

P. Anton.

The Peace-at-any-Price Party.

(By a Member of the Peace Society.)

THERE is probably no catch-phrase in the political vocabulary respecting which so much has been said and so little thought, as that of Peace-at-any-price. The origin of the expression is an obscure and debatable point. One theory is, that it was evolved out of the inner consciousness of the late Lord Palmerston, as his *reductio ad absurdum* of that mind-your-own-business policy of the Manchester School which his soul so utterly abhorred. But, whatever its ancestry, the phrase has now taken its place as an accepted element in the political jargon of the day. It turns up everywhere, and multitudes believe that it represents a real fact, and that it fairly expresses the creed of a certain party in the English commonwealth.

A short time ago Lord Beaconsfield alarmed the House of Lords by declaring that 'the deleterious doctrine of the Peace-at-any-price party was haunting the people of this country in every form!' 'It has done more mischief,' he went on to say, 'than any I can recall that has been afloat in this century. It has occasioned more wars than the most ruthless conquerors. It has disturbed and destroyed the political equilibrium of the world. It has dimmed for a moment the majesty of England; and I call upon your lordships to brand these opinions with the reprobation of the Peers of England!'

If any German or Russian statesmen happened to read this violent invective, and were simple enough to credit it, they must have felt something of that mysterious comfort that is said to arise from a fellowship in trouble. Here, they must have said, is evidence on the highest authority, that even England, with all her boasted political advancement and her policy of Free Trade, is harassed equally with us by a ruthless but intangible spectre, and one apparently as terrible and unmanageable as German Communism and Russian Nihilism!

It is true that heated and grotesquely exaggerated language, such as we have quoted from the late Premier, is not often applied to so calm and pacific a subject as that of the effort to discourage and discountenance war. But in milder and more measured language, the denunciation and renunciation of this Peace-at-any-price policy are constantly to be met with. Orators during the recent general election, addressing excited multitudes on behalf of the maintenance of the national honour, and the ascendency of England in the councils of Europe, have made themselves merry over so convenient a catch-phrase; while even those who declaimed against the evils of a 'spirited foreign policy,' and declared their undying allegiance to the old watch-cry—'Peace, Retrenchment and Reform,' have been

careful to guard their own characters by announcing in solemn and precise terms that they had no sympathy with the doctrine of Peace-at-any-price.

The Duke of Argyll, when addressing a great Liberal demonstration at Leeds last November, thought it needful pointedly to deny all connection with this supposed policy. He said: 'It may be asked me, "Are you in favour of Peace-at-any-price?" And I answer at once, No! I see no streaks of that blessed dawn, when nations shall be able to hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more.' More recently, Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at Edinburgh, March 17, declared that 'the Peace party had fallen into great and serious error by springing prematurely to the conclusion that wars may be considered as having closed their melancholy and miserable history.' Even ministers of religion, both in sermons and in more general utterances on public platforms, have thought it necessary in a number of instances to announce, that though they loved peace and desired peace and prayed for peace, they were not for Peace-at-any-price, and were by no means to be considered as members of the Peace-at-any-price party!

Yet, strange to say, after all these brave words and spirited declarations, when we come to look calmly into the matter, this terrible and treacherous enemy, 'which has disturbed the equilibrium of the world,' is found to be a mere spectre with neither flesh nor bones nor substance. The military people, and the 'muscular Christians,' and those who seem to think that the true and manly way to show courage and to maintain honour is by shedding blood, have been

> Shaping a simple finger-post
> Into a gruesome evil ghost,

and have been scared accordingly. The truth is, there is no party in the country, no organisation to be found anywhere, that advocates a policy of Peace-at-any-price! Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, and a host of other notabilities, have been fighting an imaginary foe; and the reverend gentlemen who have protested so much might have trusted to their well-known bellicose reputation, and have spared themselves all this vehement assertion.

But, it will be said, if it be true that there is no party urging a Peace-at-any-price policy, no party that 'considers war to have closed its melancholy and miserable history,' or that sees streaks of the Duke of Argyll's 'blessed dawn,' what is there that has led to so wide-spread a delusion on the subject? What is the real character of the unpretending finger-post which scared or designing eyes have distorted into a hobgoblin, unmanly and contemptible, but nevertheless 'occasioning more wars than the most ruthless conqueror'?

In the first place, there is a small Christian church, quiet but active, and not without influence, whose name has been identified for more than two centuries with what may be called the Peace question.

Secondly, there is the Peace Society—a body consisting of per-

sons from various denominations and parties, 'who are united in the desire to promote peace on earth and good will to men.'

And, thirdly, there is that far larger and more influential class of men, who, though not specially organised, are sometimes called, in general terms, the Peace party. It may be well to say a few words as to the attitude of each of these bodies towards a policy of Peace-at-any-price.

The little church which calls itself the Society of Friends has from its rise in the seventeenth century placed on its unwritten creed an article of faith, which it has deduced—not from a few isolated texts, but from the plain teaching of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and of the New Testament generally—that war is in its very nature opposed to the spirit of Christianity.

However deeply men may feel the tremendous difficulties that lie in the way of working out the sacred principles of the New Testament into social and national life, there can be no question that the scope and tenour of those principles point unmistakeably to the duty of forgiveness, and forbearance, and self-sacrifice. 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;' 'Thou shalt do as thou wouldst be done by;' 'Thou shalt overcome evil, not by evil, but by good,' are the great characteristic precepts of the religion of Christ. It is equally plain that the design and tendency of the New Testament teaching is to break down the barriers of hostility and jealousy that have so long existed between nations, and to extend its benign and fraternal influences to communities as well as to individuals. Is it strange that under the pressure of such grand and unqualified injunctions there should still be one little church left in Christendom which proclaims its faith in these principles, and which testifies by its acts as well as by its declarations that it holds them to be eternally binding upon those who accept Christ as their Master? Surely the wonder is that there is only one Church which is thus protesting, and that the multitude of Christians, with the New Testament in their hands, leave this great barbarism of the war system to grow and develop itself, while they stand helplessly by in almost mute despair.

But the Society of Friends, like perhaps some other churches, is not an institution for the promulgation of schemes of policy or expediency, but for the upholding of great principles. Whilst steadfastly maintaining through two centuries what it felt to be the unequivocal teaching of Christ,—that for His followers war is forbidden, that human life is sacred, and that resistance to evil must be waged by righteous means; and often pressing these views upon other Christians as the true spirit of the Gospel—this little Church has never resorted to the platform of mere expediency in preaching these crucial questions. It has fully recognised that such a penetrating principle is what some might call a 'counsel of perfection,' out of the reach of all but really religious men, since it appeals to Christian allegiance and faith, and is only part of the outcome of a truly Christian life. It has therefore never urged its solemnly accepted

judgment on this matter as a mere policy to be adopted by States *only nominally Christian*: the condition undoubtedly of all the so-called Christian governments of the present day.

The great Apologist of Quakerism, Robert Barclay, writing in 1675, when the Society was in its greatest purity and vigour, expressly says on this subject, respecting governments 'which have not come to the pure dispensation of the Gospel,' that 'whilst they are in that condition we shall not say that war undertaken on a just occasion is altogether unlawful to them.' 'For,' he adds, 'they are not yet fitted for this form of Christianity, and therefore cannot be undefending themselves until they attain that perfection.' (Apol. prop. xv. p. 538).

But to those earnest men who felt they had 'come to the pure dispensation,' or rather had been brought to it by God's revealing spirit, and who recognised the obligation that belongs to Divine teaching, this principle of the unlawfulness of war to the Christian, was no mere counsel of perfection which might be relegated to the far distant future. On the contrary, they accepted it as a truth for immediate use, which they were called upon as practical men faithfully to work out for the welfare of mankind. They not only preached a great principle without compromise or dilution, but they felt called to put it into practice in the face of the world. At the very time that Barclay was writing his Defence of the Society of Friends and their principles, a great enterprise was being organised by these people, under the leadership of the celebrated William Penn. This movement had for its object the building up in the wilds of America of a free state, whose constitution, representing the convictions of the citizens, should be founded on New Testament principles, including among these principles the old doctrine of the Primitive Church, that war, in the ordinary blood-shedding sense of the word, was unlawful to the Christian.

The story of this unique experiment in statesmanship will be startling and mysterious to those who believe that the only way for even Christians to secure peace is to prepare for war. The Quaker statesmen of Pennsylvania had, in a certain elementary form, their foreign affairs and their foreign policy. The Indians were all round them, not, as now, the dwindling and feeble remnants of an ancient race, but swarming everywhere, subtle, suspicious, bloodthirsty, and at first intensely prejudiced against the white faces. But a just foreign policy, based upon Christian principle, and backed, not by bluster and threats, but by forbearance and conciliation and fair dealing, proved a perfect success. There was no attempt at intimidation, no cowardly truckling to unreasonable demands. Disputes and misunderstandings at times arose, but arrangements existed for disposing of them by impartial courts. Above all, there was one prevailing policy of good will, in the daily intercourse between Christian and savage, which slew enmity and disarmed suspicion. And so it came to pass that peace was maintained with honour by

the State of Pennsylvania, and under some specially unfavourab circumstances, for the long period of seventy years; until, in fa the principle was abjured, and the pacific policy which was its o some what fitful.

The sagacious men who achieved this and other remarkable wo through their loyalty and faith towards both God and man, as Peac at-any-price men,—to insinuate that they were spiritless timid fo who spoke for peace because they were afraid of war,—is to outra common sense. The early Quakers were essentially a brave, fearl fighting people, and the victories they won by their sturdy warf memorably widened and confirmed the liberties of England. for them accepting Peace-at-any-price, these men would accept pe at no price their tuned conscience, or which infringed their sense the requirements of righteousness and truth. And however degener the Society may have become in later time, we have occasio evidence that there is not a little warlike blood and resolute determination still to be found within its borders. The fact is, t the difference between these men of peace and the military people not one of courage or spirit, but of weapons.

One other point may be noted before passing away from t practical illustration of Quaker peace principles, the story of founders of Pennsylvania. Contrary to the popular conception their views on this subject, these peace-loving people believed physical force, rightly administered, and in its right place. T right place, they held, could only be maintained by such phys force being kept strictly as the servant of law. They recognised only the necessity, but the Christian rectitude and the beneficence all parties, of an effective system of police. In the earliest days Pennsylvania a police force was instituted, and the constable's ba was for many years the only weapon to be found in the State. T founders of the Quaker commonwealth saw a radical distinct between a policeman and a soldier, though both are undoubte exponents of physical force. A recent appeal from the Society Friends, issued in 1878, and addressed to Christians, takes the sa stand:—'We are conscious,' it says, 'of a specific difference betw a civil and a military force. The civil force, rightly administered used under strict legal restraint, and within very definite limits, *preserve* life and property. It is directed solely towards evil do and includes in its aims their reclamation and benefit. War, on t other hand, is the embodiment of lawlessness and violence.'

William Penn, in his essay on the 'Peace of Europe,' goes ev further. Writing possibly from the point of view of one 'who h not come to the pure dispensation of the Gospel,' he has been thou to hint approvingly, though somewhat obscurely, at the establi ment of an International police! These are his words:—'T princes of Europe should establish one sovereign assembly, bef which all international differences should be brought which cannot settled by the embassies, and the judgment of which should be

binding, that if any one Government offering its case for decision did not abide by it, *the rest shall compel it.*'

It may be difficult to see how such compulsion, carried out by physical force, would result in anything but war. But there are various forms of pressure available amongst nations besides that of cutting throats. To say nothing of diplomacy and friendly remonstrance, there are all the other powers of patience, moral influence, and

> the common sense of most,
> To keep a fretful realm in awe;

besides the full force of an enlightened self-interest, which would, in the long run, strive its utmost—when the nations had once entered on a pacific course—to avoid being again drawn into the mad and costly rivalries of war. There is, in fact, no evidence that even an International Police, however needful in other directions as a substitute for armies, would be required to induce dissatisfied nations to accept the verdict of a supreme tribunal, such as William Penn, in his essay, projects. The experience of the last fifty years in International Arbitration has been in this respect very encouraging. Instances have occurred again and again of high-spirited and powerful nations cheerfully accepting an adverse decision in their case. The feeling has been that they have thereby conformed to the requirements of justice and civilisation by appealing to a nobler arbitrament than that of the sword, and that, whatever the decision, they had maintained peace with honour, and were immeasurable gainers over those who resort to war. But the very suggestion of compulsion, in whatever form, from so great a Quaker authority as Penn, goes to strengthen the evidence already adduced, that the Society of Friends are not the propagandists of a Peace-at-any-price policy, as the phrase is commonly understood.

The Peace Society, while making the same urgent appeal as the Society of Friends, to Christian people to be faithful to a great Christian principle, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of duty, has also a strong case to present to those who do not accept such doctrine. It is in fact in this latter direction that the work of the Peace Society chiefly consists. On this subject, Mr. Richard, the eminent secretary of the society, in addressing a meeting of those who accepted the full Christian principle, used these words:—

> There are two aspects under which the Peace question may be regarded,—namely, the principle of Peace, and the policy of Peace. The former is the testimony we have to bear; the latter is the work we have to do. I believe that abstinence from violence, practised on Christian principle, in a Christian spirit, and from Christian motives, would often be safer for a man or a nation than the other course. But I do *not* say that it would be safe for an individual who has been acting all his life, or for a nation which has been acting for a thousand years, on the opposite principle—the principle of suspicion, of defiance, of hostility—suddenly to abandon their defence. And nobody, so far as I know, has proposed that England should adopt this course.

It is evident from these words of its leader that the Peace Society is not chargeable with the terrible crime upon which Lord Beaconsfield heaped his invective. Upon governments only nominally Christian, and upon that predominant majority of people to whom all the commands of Christ have not yet acquired the force of supreme law, it has never urged a Peace-at-any-price policy, in whatever way this phrase may be construed. It has never pleaded with anybody, Christian or non-Christian, for a policy that was either truckling or visionary. On the contrary, its teaching has been manly and practical, directed to questions prominently before the public, and having in view the condition and needs of the times.

The Peace Society has taken for its text the generally accepted truth that war at its best is a horrible barbarism, a cruel and discreditable expedient for the disposal of international disputes. It has sketched with truthful but unsparing hand the misery, the immorality, and the incalculable waste with which not only war, but the preparations for war, are inevitably associated. It has pointed out that the dread arbitrament of the sword is at best a kind of lynch law among the nations, and that its decisions have no reference to the justice or right of the point in dispute. It has proved from history that the victories gained on the battle-field have been, in a vast number of instances, of no permanent advantage to mankind; and that treaties written by the bloody finger of war are, in many cases, speedily torn up and set aside. It has steadily raised its voice against the inroads of suspicion and passion and panic that have so often engendered war. It has declared that whilst tyranny and injustice and unrighteous intermeddling are as certain to produce war as filth and bad drainage are to produce fever, it finds in this fact no defence for either fever or war, but a call in each case for the remedies of common sense.

On the other hand, recognising that 'peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war,' whilst they are far more enduring and beneficent in their results, the Peace Society has sought to widen the range of these victories. It has maintained that they consist not only in the appliances of civilisation, the achievements of science, the extension of commerce, and the spread of intellectual culture, but also in the development of international morality, in the steady replacement among nations, of law for violence, of amity for jealousy, of a just foreign policy for that which is blustering and aggressive.

Further, it has in effect said to the people—

> If you wish for peace, you must prepare for peace. You must abandon the policy of continual intermeddling. You must do your utmost to remove incentives to war, and to plant arrangements for the maintenance of peace. Great armaments, such as are now to be found everywhere, are not only ruinous to the finance of the nations, but they are admitted on all hands to be a constant provocative to war. Why not compel your Governments to enter into negotiations with other similarly burdened powers, with a view to the proportionate reduction of these bloated armaments by mutual agreement?

gigantic blunder,—which the historian tells us condemned a million of people to destruction, only one Christian Church came forward to remonstrate in the name of Christ, and to plead for peace!

As regards that unorganised body of politicians which is often called the Peace party, a section of which has come to be known as the Manchester School, but little need be said. It may, perhaps, be considered to include such men as the present Lord Derby, whose sympathies are undoubtedly on the side of a pacific policy, and who once said: 'When you attempt to set things right by war, you run the risk of producing a greater amount of misery than you came to remedy. You cannot in public, any more than in private, do violent and aggressive acts without inspiring distrust, and to inspire distrust is a source of weakness.' The Bishop of Manchester would surely be willing to rank himself in this party, since he once declared that 'he considered it nothing less than a monstrous anachronism that nations should still be found settling their quarrels, not before the tribunals of equity and reason, but by the brutal and irrational arbitrament of the sword.'

In the Peace party we may also probably include a considerable proportion of Liberal politicians, whose antagonism to the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield's Government has been largely based upon their discontent with all military doings that are not the outcome of stern necessity. But it needs no argument or lengthened quotations to show that these men are by no means for a Peace-at-any-price policy. Even the late Mr. Cobden, perhaps the most pronounced member of the party—who for his zeal in the cause has been sometimes called the Apostle of Peace—again and again asserted that it was the duty of the British Government to maintain its navy in supreme force, and to keep the army in sufficient strength for the defence of the empire.

After all, it must be admitted that there is one class of men in the world whose action constantly leads to the policy—nay, the necessity—of Peace-at-any-price. These are the extreme military people, the 'men of blood and iron,' who despise moral force, who are easily scared into panics, and whose only faith is in gunpowder. There is no disputing the fact that the policy and the doings of these people are almost certain to result at last in one of the contending parties, according to the fortune of war, being driven to accept,—not the decision of reason and equity,—but Peace-at-any-price! History is often little else than a record of events leading to these humiliating conclusions. At the end of our American War, in 1783, England, having adopted a 'spirited' and despotic policy towards her colonies, had, so far as the point in dispute was concerned, to accept Peace-at-any-price. During the course of the long French war which closed at Waterloo, Prussia and Austria, whose governments had precipitated that war by their shameful interference with the affairs of France, had to submit to the same penalty. At the close of the war, France, led astray by a military adventurer, was reduced to the same humiliating terms. An aggres-

knowledge as to the nature of the evil and its true remedy. This is surely not Peace-at-any-price, but practical good sense.

But a grave and definite charge has been laid against the Peace Society, which is considered to be unanswerable evidence of the mischievous tendency of its proceedings. The assertion is constantly made by persons who ought to be better informed, that a heavy responsibility lies at its door in connection with the Crimean War! Over and over again, during the late election contests, and on other occasions, the statement has been put forward in most unqualified terms, that but for a deputation which the Peace Society sent to St. Petersburg that war would probably never have broken out! Even so accurate and impartial a writer as Mr. Justin M'Carthy falls into this popular error, so far as regards the origin of the delegation, and gravely records it as if it were historic truth.

Now the fact is that the Peace Society never sent any deputation to Russia, and had nothing whatever to do with such an undertaking. The Society of Friends as a Christian Church—when the nation was on the brink of war, when statesmen had almost abandoned the helm, and surrendered the ship to the furious drift of a blind, unreasoning passion—did, as a forlorn hope, and as a religious duty, send three of its members to wait upon the Emperor of Russia, in the name of Christ, and in the interests of righteousness and truth. They had laboured in vain at home to stem the torrent of mad passion, and they now made a final appeal to the other side. But how utterly unfounded and absurd is the charge that their effort in this direction precipitated the war, will be seen by the following dates:—

Turkey declared war against Russia . .	Oct. 23, 1853.
First Turkish victory	Nov. 4, 1853.
Battle of Sinope	Nov. 30, 1853.
French and English fleets enter the Black Sea, (an act of war)	Dec. 3, 1853.
Russian Ambassador left Paris . . .	Feb. 6, 1854.
Ditto left London . .	Feb. 6, 1854.
Friends' deputation at St. Petersburg . .	Feb. 10, 1854.

It is plain from these figures that the Rubicon had been passed, and the war had practically begun, before these brave men, undismayed by the frantic scorn of excited multitudes, set out on their noble enterprise. And history will some day record how near they were to the attainment of their end; how eagerly the Emperor clutched at the chance unexpectedly presented, of withdrawing from the strife with honour, by accepting the appeals of religion and philanthropy; and how this growing resolve was frustrated by the arrival of the mail from England with full details of the defiant and warlike attitude of the English Parliament and press. And some day, perhaps, it will be felt by Christian people to be a wonder and a shame, that in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, when the nations of *Europe* were on the brink of a dreadful strife, which a few years afterwards men of all parties united in regarding as a ghastly and

gigantic blunder,—which the historian tells us condemned a million of people to destruction, only one Christian Church came forward to remonstrate in the name of Christ, and to plead for peace!

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sive policy in France, under another Napoleon, brought similarly disastrous results in 1871. In neither of these cases was there any dispute which, if rationally and fairly considered, need have brought in its settlement any humiliation.

The method of force often condemns those who are notoriously in the wrong. But the fortune of war has no regard for either justice or right, and smites the innocent and aggrieved at least equally with the guilty and the oppressor. Poland, Hungary, Denmark, China with her opium grievance, are as ruthlessly struck down, and brought to accept Peace-at-any-price, as the most lawless banditti. It must needs be so, of a system which is based upon nothing but brute force. The arbitrament of the sword leans unmistakably to the side, not of justice, but of the strongest battalions.

On this aspect of the subject it would be easy to enlarge, for everywhere it is practically the same story. The appeal to the sword compels the acceptance of humiliation, of Peace-at-any-price, by at least half the appellants. On the other hand, the appeal to reason honourably accepted, is found to result in the satisfactory removal of the cause of dispute without humiliation, and in the establishment of an *entente cordiale* between the disputants. As we estimate facts and weigh the evidence, we find that it is the Peace party which stands out as both courageous and moral in its policy, and practical in its aims. The believers in war, on the other hand, are the timid party, scared by imaginary terrors, and often blustering and overbearing in a policy which after all issues in the acceptance by one or other of the combatants of Peace-at-any-price.

Lord Beaconsfield has revived for us a grand watchword, which might be accepted as the motto of the party we have been seeking to defend—Peace with honour!—Peace springing from freedom and goodwill, and based on justice and law. The old Puritan poet tells us:—

> They err who count it glorious to subdue
> By conquest far and wide,—to overrun
> Large countries, and in field great battles win,
> Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
> But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave,
> And all the flourishing works of Peace destroy?
> But if there be in Glory aught of good,
> It may by means far different be attained,
> Without Ambition, War, or Violence:
> By deeds of Peace, by wisdom eminent,
> By patience, temperance.

The nineteenth century was ushered in amidst war and bloodshed, producing inconceivable misery for thousands. Let us hope that it will close in amity, and that the 'European Concert' may grow into a federation of reason and righteousness guarding the peace of the world!

WILLIAM POLLARD.

Inverawe and Ticonderoga.

It was in the dreary autumn of 1877 that in the dark woods of Roseneath I heard the following tale from the parish clergyman who ministers with so much ability to the inhabitants of that famous and beautiful spot. I repeat it in the first instance as it was repeated to me, reserving to a subsequent page the variations which further investigations have rendered necessary.

In the middle of the last century the chief of the Campbells of Inverawe had been giving an entertainment at his castle on the banks of the Awe. The party had broken up and Campbell was left alone. He was roused by a violent knocking at the gate, and was surprised at the appearance of one of his guests, with torn garments and dishevelled hair, demanding admission. 'I have killed a man, and I am pursued by enemies. I beseech you to let me in. Swear upon your dirk—upon the cruachan or hip where your dirk rests—swear by Ben Cruachan[1]—that you will not betray me.' Campbell swore, and placed the fugitive in a secret place in the house. Presently there was a second knocking at the gate. It was a party of his guests, who said, 'Your cousin Donald has been killed; where is the murderer?' At this announcement Campbell remembered the great oath which he had sworn, gave an evasive answer, and sent off the pursuers in a wrong direction. He then went to the fugitive and said, 'You have killed my cousin Donald. I cannot keep you here.' The murderer appealed to his oath, and persuaded Campbell to let him stay for the night. Campbell did so, and retired to rest. In the visions of that night the blood-stained Donald appeared to him with these words: '*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*' In the morning Campbell went to his guest, and told him that any further shelter was impossible. He took him, however, to a cave in Ben Cruachan, and there left him. The night again closed in, and Campbell again slept, and again the blood-stained Donald appeared. '*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed; shield not the murderer.*' On the morning he went to the cave on the mountain, and the murderer had fled. Again at night he slept, and again the blood-stained Donald rose before him and said, '*Inverawe, Inverawe, blood has been shed. We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga.*' He woke in the morning, and behold it was a dream. But the story of the triple apparition

[1] It was not clear whether the oath was by Ben Cruachan, or by 'cruachan,' the hip where the dirk rests. 'Cruachan' is the hip or haunch of a man.

remained by him, and he often told it amongst his kinsmen, asking always what the ghost could mean by this mysterious word of their final rendezvous.

In 1758 there broke out the French and English war in America, which after many rebuffs ended in the conquest of Quebec by General Wolfe. Campbell of Inverawe went out with the Black Watch, the 42nd Highland regiment, afterwards so famous. There, on the eve of an engagement, the general came to the officers and said, 'We had better not tell Campbell the name of the fortress which we are to attack to-morrow. It is Ticonderoga. Let us call it Fort George.' The assault took place in the morning. Campbell was mortally wounded. He sent for the general. These were his last words: 'General, you have deceived me; I have seen *him* again. This is Ticonderoga.'

The story, romantic in itself, was the more impressive from the fact that Ticonderoga was a name familiar to me from the monuments in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey to two officers killed in that disastrous affair. One is to Lord Howe, erected by 'the Province of Massachusetts Bay,' not yet the State of Massachusetts. The other is to Colonel Townsend, with the fortress carved on the monument, and two Red Indians underneath it.[2]

When in the following year, 1878, I visited America, I was resolved, if possible, to explore the place and discover any traces of Campbell of Inverawe. It was on a delightful evening spent at Hartford in Connecticut with that flower of the American Episcopate, Bishop Williams, who had made the lakes of those regions his especial study, that I repeated the story of Campbell of Inverawe, which he had never heard before. We arranged for a rendezvous on the spot at a later time of my journey. 'We shall not meet again till we meet at Ticonderoga.' It so happened that unexpected engagements prevented the good Bishop from keeping his appointment, and we were therefore compelled to visit the spot without the benefit of his guidance.

Ticonderoga is situated on the isthmus which unites Lake George with Lake Champlain. These two lakes, in connection with the Hudson which runs as it were to their feet, in those early days of American history, were the great thoroughfare of the country—the only means of penetrating through the dense masses of tangled forest which then as now overhung them from rock, and pinnacle, and hill. Lake George especially was the Loch Katrine of those highlands, and the natural features gave additional interest to the movements of English or French armies on the surface of its waters. I venture to give a brief memorandum supplied for our journey by Bishop Williams. It conveys much interesting information:—

Its Indian name was Canaderioit—meaning, the Tail of the Lake,

[2] The date on the monument is 1759, but this is probably a mistake for 1758.

because it bore somewhat the same relation to Lake Champlain as a beaver's tail 'does to the beaver.'

'Horican' is no Indian name at all. When Mr. Cooper was preparing to write 'The Last of the Mohicans,' and seeking for the Indian name, he found the real one awkward and not over poetical. Looking at an old French map, he found a tribe designated as 'Les Ouricains' put down as living near the lake. Out of this word he made up the name 'Horican,' which one is now often told means 'Holy Water!' The French word was a blunder for 'Les Iroquois.'

The French name 'St. Sacrament' was given at the time of its discovery in 1649. The lake was entered on the eve of Corpus Christi Day—*le jour du Saint Sacrement*—and hence the name. The story that the name was given because the waters of the lake were used, on account of their purity, in baptism, is untrue.

The English name was given in 1755, in honour of George II. It ought to be kept, and I fancy it will be. The lake was seen, I believe, by Samuel Champlain, in 1609. He joined an expedition of Canadian Indians that year (in the summer) against the Iroquois, and the first gun ever fired in the northern part of the United States was fired during this expedition on Lake Champlain. It was the herald of the coming wars, and fired against the Iroquois it set them against the French. In 1649, Father Jogues entered the lake on May 29, and gave it its French name. He also calls it *Andiatarocte*, which is said to mean 'where the lake closes.'

It came first into notice in 1755, at the beginning, in America, of the Seven Years' War, and its whole story is one of battles and sieges. There is, to my mind, a picturesqueness in these wars which is specific and peculiar. Most Indian battles are wearisomely monotonous; it is all dodging behind trees and making ambushes. Civilised battles are monotonous also. Armies move in them like machines. In these wars there is room for individual prowess, and yet with it mingles the order and manœuvring of trained troops. The white coats of France and the red coats of England, the Lily of the Bourbon, and the Cross of St. George, the tent of the soldier, and the wigwam or forest-fire of the Indian, the soldier in his uniform, the provincial in his hunting-shirt, the savage in his war-paint, are all mingled together in picturesque confusion in the virgin forest, on mountain and by lake.

That sudden uprising of the French soldiers in the boat on the waters of Lake George, and the discharge into the unsuspecting Indians, was the momentous shot[3] which, exasperating the whole of the great Iroquois tribe against the French, contributed in large measure to the ultimate decision of the preponderance of the English over the French cause in North America. The names of Colonel Williams, the founder of the Williams University, amidst the hills of the American Berkshire—of Fort William Henry from the Duke of Cumberland—the tragical story of Jane Macrea, which evidently furnished the basis of 'The Last of the Mohicans'—had already given a kind of celebrity to this romantic region when General Abercrombie led his expedition, on a flotilla, down the lake, including the Highland regi-

[3] So I remember it was graphically and forcibly described by Bishop Coxe, with whom we crossed the Atlantic.

ment, in 1758, against the fortress of Ticonderoga, which commanded the whole region. There was a Scottish lady,[4] then living as a girl in Albany. She watched the splendid array leave the town; she saw the dismal return. They advanced from Lake George across the neck of land which has to be crossed before the approach to the fortress. On that neck of land a preliminary skirmish occurred in which the young and gallant Lord Howe lost his life. He was beloved by Americans and English; he united the most austere sense of discipline with the most engaging attention to the wants of the soldiery and the most courteous attention to the society in which he so gracefully moved. It is he to whom the Province of Massachusetts Bay erected the monument, already mentioned, in Westminster Abbey, and to his memory, in these last few years, a memorial stone has been erected on the spot by the owner of the property:[5] 'Near this spot fell, July 6, 1758, in a skirmish preceding Abercrombie's defeat by Montcalm, Lord George Augustus Howe, aged 34. Massachusetts erected a monument to him in Westminster Abbey. Ticonderoga places here this monument, 1776.' The brook by which he fell, once called Northbrook, is now called Lord Howe Brook.[6]

The fortress stands in a commanding position, overhanging Lake Champlain. It is called by its Indian name Ticonderoga (abridged by modern Americans[7] into 'Ti'), meaning the sounding of the waters. Champlain, the discoverer of the lake, had given it the corresponding name of Carillon—'the chimes or melodies of the waters.' The river, in fact, forms a precipitous cascade as it falls from one lake to the other, and is traversed by more than one rude bridge.[8] It turns the wheels of 'The Old King's Saw-mill.' 'The Old King's Store' is on the promontory. It was taken by Judge Hay, a Scotsman. Local tradition maintains that his ancestor routed the English with his hickory club. Hence the King of Scotland[9] called out 'Hey! Hey! Hey!' This is not the only Scottish name connected with Ticonderoga. The whole property belonged till recently to Edward Ellice, of Invergarry. Two conspicuous mountains look down on Ticonderoga, both connected with its after history. One is Mount Independence, from the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence there on July 18, 1776. The other is Sugar Loaf Hill, where General Burgoyne took the fortress at sunrise in 1777, and gave it the name of Mount Defiance, which it still retains. The fortress itself is now a ruin,—it may be said about the only ruin in the United States. One can figure the passage by which the giant

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[4] Mrs. Grant, in her *Memoirs of an American Lady*, p. 204–208.

[5] The Rev. W. Cooke, a well-known lecturer in the United States.

[6] The American mistakes of the title are observable.

[7] The place got a bad name from the races on the ice. 'Ti' was synonymous with depravity. 'No God up there,' was a signboard on the lake.

[8] See the account further on.

[9] I saw this in a local history of Ticonderoga on the spot. It is needless to point out that this is an American version of the legend of the Battle of Luncarty.

Ethan Allen and the daring Arnold forced their way into the fort in 1776, and the window out of which appeared the surprised commander and his wife. But it is curious to see how short a time is needed to produce the venerable aspect of decay and age. Ticonderoga is as complete a ruin as Conway or Kenilworth. It was in the assault on this place that the great rout took place in which Campbell of Inverawe received his death-wound. Every officer of the 42nd was either killed or wounded.[10] I vainly sought for any indication of his sepulture. A mass of grassy hillocks at the foot of the hill alone marked the graves of the British officers.

> Thy green earth, Ticonderoga,
> Keeps their glory fresh as ever,[11]

but neither in tradition nor inscription was there anything to his memory. It was a wild and stormy evening in October on which we explored the scene. The intelligent keeper of the village inn gave me the point of a rusty bayonet, dug out from the hill-side, which I brought home and placed on the monument of Colonel Townsend, where it may still be seen, in Westminster Abbey. The Congregationalist minister called on me—Thomas Jones, son of Henry A. Jones, merchant in Bangor—and, also introduced by him, a younger and rougher type, Elijah Jones, a Baptist minister.

With these scanty reminiscences we left Ticonderoga, and reached Saratoga at midnight. Before retiring to rest, I was turning over the pages of Lossing's 'Revolutionary War,' when in the description of the burial of Jane Macrea at Fort Edward, my eye fell on these words: 'Her grave is near an old brown head-stone on which are inscribed the words—"*Here lyes the body of Duncan Campbell of Inversaw* (sic) *Esq., Major to the old Highland regiment, aged* 55 *years, who died the* 17*th July,* 1758, *of the wounds he received in the attack of the entrenchments of Ticonderoga or Carillon,* 8*th July,* 1758."' Here was the very grave we were in search of, recording the additional fact that he survived his mortal wound for nine days. The first impulse was to return to the spot. But we were already at Saratoga; Fort Edward was far in our rear, and we were due at Concord the following night. We were forced to abandon the actual visit; but that day I wrote to Bishop Williams, stating that we had found the grave, and asking whether any particulars could be procured of the reason or manner of his burial. In a few days, through him, I received the following reply from the Episcopalian clergyman residing on the spot. It is inserted at full length, as it is thought that it may interest other Campbells besides the chief of Inverawe, including the great head of the Argyle tribe.

Duncan Campbell was buried in the old cemetery, at Fort Edward, to which Jane Macrea's body was removed from a graveyard down the

[10] Mrs. Grant's *Memoirs of an American Lady*, p. 206.

[11] A Highland marching song by Alexander Nicholson (Sheriff-substitute of Wigtonshire).

river. Jane Macrea's remains were again removed, this time to Kingsbury, and finally to the modern cemetery lying between Fort Edward and Sandy Hill. A few years ago a family of Gilchrists of this place, in removing their dead from the old to the new graveyard, carried Duncan Campbell's remains with them, claiming him as a relation.

The claim can be traced now to a tradition only that he was of their family, and to the fact that their ancestor, Alexander Gilchrist, one of the original Scotch settlers in this vicinity, asked, when dying, to be laid 'by the side of Duncan Campbell, my nearest relative in America,' he said.

The old brown head-stone, in a good state of preservation, is now in the enclosure of the Gilchrists at the new cemetery. [The inscription is here given as above.]

Near by, in the same enclosure, and brought from the same old graveyard as was the former head-stone, are two small marble slabs, to the memory of two of the name of Campbell. On the one is written :—

'In memory of Mrs. Ann Campbell, of the Family of Balenabe, and Consort of Mr. Duncan Campbell, Who died Aug. the 10th, 1777, in the 74th year of her age.' On the other we find :—'Ann Campbell, daughter of Mr. Archibald and Mrs. *Floranee* Campbell, who died Aug. 11th, 1777.' It is said by the Gilchrists and others, that there were other Campbells buried in the old cemetery, but as their graves were without headstones, all knowledge of their names is lost.

Alexander Gilchrist daily attended Major Campbell at Fort Edward during the weeks he lingered there before his death, and it seems strange that more is not known among the Gilchrists of to-day of him who was so prominent in the land, and so nearly associated with their ancestors.

The old lady, Mrs. Mary Finn, whose grandfather was Archibald Campbell, the first husband of Mrs. McNeil, died in 1856. She is said to have remembered many interesting facts about the Campbells and others of importance in the early days of this country, and was often visited by persons who were gathering information about them. She has left several sons and a daughter, and grandchildren, but none of them knew anything more of the Campbells than the head-stones tell, except the fact of their relationship with Duncan Campbell.

Considerable interest has lately been aroused among these descendants, by one of their number, now travelling in Europe, writing home for all the facts about the descent from Duncan Campbell, and they are a little touched with the quite common mania about some vast inheritance to come from the old country to them. Their relative may only be looking up something to give him a claim at the heraldry office.

According to a history of this country just published, and carefully made up, there was a proclamation by the Governor of New York, in 1735, calling for 'loyal Protestant Highlanders,' to become settlers in this portion of the State, at first called 'Charlotte,' and now 'Washington county.' The purpose was to have a band of brave and trusted men to stand as a bulwark against the inroads of the French, from Canada, and the Indians. In response to this call Captain Laughlin Campbell, in 1737, came to America and bargained with the acting governor of New York for a grant of thirty thousand acres of land in the proposed section. Campbell then returned to Scotland, sold his property there, gathered a company of four hundred and twenty adults, besides children, and started for his new lands with a portion of his colony accompanying him. On his arrival and presenting himself for his grant, the Governor demanded fees, and a share in the lands. This

Campbell resisted. The assembly was called to his aid, but no relief was afforded him, and he and his company scattered to different places. The disappointed leader finally died in poverty.

In 1763, after the French war, in which the Scotch settlers had performed brave service, Donald, George, and James Campbell, sons of Captain Laughlin Campbell, petitioned the Governor for a grant of land, to the extent of one hundred thousand acres, in the place where their father expected to settle. Their large demand seemed to be made in recognition of their services, and perhaps as a provision for all the disappointed colonists and their descendants who followed their father.

The full amount of their request was not granted them, but they were given for themselves, the three brothers, and their three sisters, and four other persons, who were also called Campbell, ten thousand acres in the place now called Argyle.

Learning of the success of the children of Captain Campbell, descendants of the colonists he brought with him, and a few of the original adventurers, some of them living at the time in New Jersey, made application for a grant of land, in recognition of their services and early claims, and were allowed forty-seven thousand four hundred and fifty acres, in the same neighbourhood with the grant to the children of Captain Campbell, and with it forming the first town of Argyle. This grant was made out in conformity to the advice of the Council, by State authorities, to whom the necessary authority had been delegated, and not by a special act of the King, as many have supposed. The instrument was dated May 21, 1764, and in it the name of Argyle was given to the town, and offices were named. It is the common understanding that the name was given in honour of the 'Duke of Argyle.'

There is a list of names of the grantees, who were not of the immediate family of Laughlin Campbell, and in it occurs the following:—Mary, Elizabeth, Archibald, Duncan, Alexander, Elizabeth, Malcolm, Duncan, George, James, Duncan, junr., and John Campbell.

I now propose to resume the original story with the additional information which I have received since my return. I have frequently mentioned the tale, and I propose (without dwelling on the process by which I arrived at these details) to give them in the order in which they attached themselves to the narrative.[12]

I have first to relate the murder of Donald Campbell. It was apparently not in leaving, but in approaching Inverawe that the event occurred. It was at Barcaldine. Barcaldine Castle stands nearer to the shore of Loch Crieran, and is now, and has for a long time been a ruin. Barcaldine House was in great part in existence at the time of the story. It stands in the wild country enclosed

[12] My kind friends Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke put me into communication with Mr. Lillie, the friend of Mr. Campbell of Inverawe, who pointed out to me the story, as told with many embellishments, in the *Tales of the Highlands*, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Mr. Campbell is since dead, but Mrs. Cameron, his sister-in-law, still possesses Barcaldine House, and from the obliging hospitality of herself and her son I obtained on the spot most of the information which appears. Mr. Campbell of Inverawe before his death had already written a letter which I insert hereafter. Inverawe itself ('Old Inverawe' to distinguish it from 'New Inverawe,' a modern house built at some distance on Loch Awe) is now the possession of Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, who, with her daughter, kindly received us.

between Loch Crieran and Loch Etive. Down a steep romantic glen falls the river Deargan [13]—'the river of the red stain'—into Loch Crieran. High rocks rise on each side of the valley, whence streams descend broken into deep black pools. At the entrance of this valley is a ford over the Deargan, marked by four or five huge stepping-stones. It was when Donald Campbell [14] reached the second of these stones that he was overtaken by Stuart of Appin, with whom there had long been a mortal feud. Stuart caught him and slew him on the spot. The place is still called Murder Ford, and the deed goes by the name of the Murder of Loch Crieran. The tradition has no account to render of what became of Donald's body. It was never found, and it is conjectured that Stuart of Appin carried it up to the old burial ground which is on the bare hill top immediately above the ford, and there interred it. He then—whether as following his original intention,[15] or as endeavouring to throw himself on the protection of the murdered man's brother—followed the stream, which by a direct, but at that time almost trackless path, led straight to Inverawe. The glen is still unchanged; the wild deer 'desiring the water-brooks,' may still be seen rushing through the bracken and crossing the stream; the overhanging boughs still intertwine over the pass, until at last the glen becomes inaccessible, and the path mounts over the side of the hill. It is called Glen Saleach—'the dirty pass'—either from its associations with this deed of blood, or from the dark umbrageous character of the woods and rocks. We can imagine how, like James Fitzjames in the 'Lady of the Lake,'—

> The broom's tough roots his ladder made;
> The hazel saplings lent their aid,—

till the murderer had reached the top of the ascent, and then plunged down by Bunaw, the ford over Loch Etive, and thence rushing over the side of the hill reached the house of Duncan Campbell. Here we leave our informants at Barcaldine, and we find ourselves at the gates of Inverawe. Inverawe [16] is situated on a slight acclivity above the Awe—as its name implies, near enough to its discharge into the loch to deserve its name, 'the Awe's mouth.' It stands beneath a wooded hill; on one side is a craggy eminence, called the Quarry Hill, from quarries in its bosom; on the other side rises the magnificent pyramid of Ben Cruachan. Far behind it in the distance are the Three Herds of Etive. Much modernised, it yet still retains the ancient hall,

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[13] 'Deargan' means anything of the colour of red.

[14] According to the more authentic version in the family, he was not the cousin, but the brother. Another version represents him as a foster-brother of the name of M'Niven.

[15] The story as told by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has many amplifications. One which may possibly have some foundation, but which I have heard nowhere confirmed, is that Campbell of Inverawe had been under obligations to the murderer, whom he had encountered in a dangerous exploit some years before.

[16] My information about the house was obtained during a visit on which I ventured before reaching Barcaldine.

where we may suppose that Campbell reclined as the unexpected guest threw himself on his mercy. What passed between them has been sufficiently described. According to the version current in the Campbell family, he was taken at once to a cave in Ben Cruachan, whose lofty peak rises high above the whole scene. There is one chamber at Inverawe which bears the name of the Ghost Room, with oaken panels all round, and an oaken bedstead. Here it was that the apparition gave its threefold warning.[17]

There are three final touches to the fatal story added by the inheritors of the tradition. The first is a slight variation from the story as first communicated to me. On the night before the battle Campbell went out to explore the village, and traversed the bridge, or one of the bridges, that spans the rapids of the descending river. It was a storm,[18] and he wore in consequence a grey overcoat. On the bridge he saw a figure approaching him also in a grey surtout. The face was hidden or imperfectly seen, but on the breast he saw a wound, with blood streaming down over the grey coat. He approached it and extended his hand. The figure vanished away. He knew that by the laws of second sight it was the shadow of himself.[19] He inquired of the inhabitants of the village what they called it. They answered 'Carillon.' He asked again whether there was no other name. They answered 'Ticonderoga.'[20] On this he made his will, and he conjured the officers, if he fell, to search out his body. On the morrow took place the fatal conflict. They sought everywhere, and at length they found him wrapped in his overcoat, the wound in front, and the blood streaming over the grey coat, as he described the figure to his brother officers.

The next story must be told in the words of the actual inheritor of the name, Campbell of Inverawe, the grand-nephew[21] of Duncan Campbell. His tale is as follows:—

About forty-five years ago an old man was carrying a salmon for me up to the Inn at Taynuilt.[22] When I offered him money for his trouble he declined, saying, 'Na, na, mony a fish have my forbears carried for yours.' So

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[17] In another version that has reached me, it is stated that it was Campbell's custom to read for some time before retiring to rest, and that he observed the figure of a man coming betwixt him and the light. The figure held up his hand with a threatening and supplicating gesture, and then came the demand for the surrender of the murderer.

[18] In the story as told to me it was a 'snow-storm.' But snow in July on the American lakes is only to be paralleled by such a miracle as caused the erection of S. Maria Maggiore on the ground covered with snow in July in the streets of Rome.

[19] Compare *Waverley* and *The Legend of Montrose*.

[20] Perhaps in the story of General Abercrombie giving the wrong name, Carillon was the *alias*. Another version describes the false name as being Fort Hudson.

[21] He died suddenly in the course of this year 1880. It may be worth remarking that whereas Sir Thomas Dick Lauder represents Campbell's son as perishing in the battle, their kinsman states that 'his son Alexander was a captain in the same regiment and severely wounded,' but that 'he reached Scotland and died at Glasgow, where he was buried in the Greyfriars Cemetery.'

[22] Taynuilt is on the Awe, nearly opposite Inverawe.

of course we had a crack together about old times, and he told me that his ancestors had been in charge of the stall nets at the mouth of the Awe for generations—that his grandfather was foster-brother to Macdonnochie (the Gaelic patronymic of the Laird of Inverawe, 'the son of Duncan'). Then followed the story. His father, a young lad, was sleeping in the same room with his father, but in a separate bed, when he was awakened in the night by some unaccustomed sound, and behold there was a bright light in the room, and he saw a figure in full Highland regimentals cross over the room and stoop down over his father's bed, and gave him a kiss; he was too frightened to speak, but put his head under the coverlet, and went to sleep again. Once more he was roused again in like manner, and saw the same sight. In the morning he spoke to his father about it, who told him it was Macdonnochie he had seen, who came to tell him he had been killed in a great battle in America. And sure enough, said my informant, it was on the very day that the battle of Ticonderoga was fought, and the Laird was killed.

There was a third story told, something of the same kind:—

As two ladies, a Miss Campbell and a Miss Lindsay, were walking in the neighbourhood of Inverawe, they saw a battle in the sky, and recognised many of those who fell, amongst them their two kinsmen. They came home and told the marvel to their friends. A note of the event was taken, and it was found to correspond in every particular with the historical account of the attack on Ticonderoga, and to have been seen at, or nearly at, the same time as the battle took place.

Such is this singular Highland story, which needs a Walter Scott to adjust the proportions of the natural and preternatural which have so inextricably blended together. In the pathetic story of the 'Highland Widow' he has shown how beautifully the scenery which forms the framework of this tale can be lighted up,—the Bridge of Awe, the waters of Loch Awe, the heights of Ben Cruachan. The only title that I possess for the repetition of the tradition is that I am probably the only person now living who has seen the Murder Ford at Barcaldine in all its beauty, the haunted castle of Inverawe, the ruined fortress of Ticonderoga, and (almost) the old brown head-stone which marks the grave of Duncan Campbell.

A. P. Stanley.

A Greek Hamlet.

Of the many independent states which so long disputed between themselves the supremacy of Greece, Corinth is, after Athens and Sparta, the city of which we hear the most; indeed, in the years before the Ionian revolt, that is, before the time at which Greece began to take a prominent position in the ancient world, Corinth is as prominent in history as even either of these great states. This, however, is no wonder: the wonderful position of the city for commercial purposes ensured its greatness during times of peace, and in the years of which we would speak there appears to have been almost undisturbed peace throughout Greece, and Corinth with its two ports, one on either side of the isthmus, its commercial activity, and that genius for shipbuilding which, later on, made the Corinthians victorious in an important naval battle, occupied a prominent place, and had extended its victorious expeditions as far as the coast of Epirus, where it possessed the important island of Corcyra. Many an interesting story belongs to the development of the Corinthian rule. About Cypselus, their first tyrant, a beautiful tale is told. When his mother, Labda, was about to give birth to the future ruler, the then reigning family were warned by an oracle that this child was to overthrow their rule, and ten of them went accordingly to the house of the mother to slay the babe. After much debate, each of them refusing to undertake the task, it was decided that the first into whose hands Labda should deliver the babe should kill it. But here the natural feeling which no political schemes can destroy did its work; the child was, as was expected, put into the hands of one of the visitors, and smiled upon its destined murderer. The smile disarmed the man, and, unable to fulfil his vow, he transferred it into the arms of his neighbour. All in turn were subjected to the same test, and all failed. When they went out they fell, as was natural, to mutual reproaches, and, plucking up their courage, went back again, steeling themselves against the innocent enchantment. But the mother had taken fright, and the child was hidden—in the family meal-chest, we are told—from which he derived his name. Cypselus lived to fulfil the prophecy about him, and reigned in Corinth, and transmitted his throne to his son Periander, who, among other peccadilloes, killed his wife Melissa, and of whom the following tale is told.

Periander, tyrant of Corinth, had two sons: the elder, weak in mind and without intelligence; the younger, a high-spirited and vigorous youth, full of promise, the hope of his family. There is nothing in the story to lead us to suppose that the severe and stern despot was other than a tender father, or that, when the boys went

to Epidaurus to visit their uncle Procles, there existed any feelings between them but those of natural affection. Procles, who was the uncle of their mother, received the young princes with every kind of respect and honour, holding games and banquets for their entertainment, and offering them all the pleasures and enjoyments which his city could produce. But through all the feastings and the mirth a sombre purpose of revenge, perhaps a rankling of old sorrow, was in his mind. It was not, however, till the very moment of parting that he sowed the bitter seed which he had reserved to the last. Perhaps something in the aspect of young Lycophron, some hint of higher feeling, some indication of an impassioned nature, had pointed him out as the instrument of a terrible revenge; or perhaps it was only that inability to keep silence as to an appalling secret which has always been natural to humanity, that brought the irretrievable words to his lips: 'Have you ever heard, oh my sons, the history of your mother? Know ye how Melissa died?' It had happened long before, and the incident had been kept from their knowledge, as was natural. One of the young men gazed at the questioner with mere curiosity; the other, with an awakening of darker and stronger feeling. Then Melissa's kinsman saw his opportunity for such a vengeance as few have had within their reach: 'Periander killed her,' he said.

With these words like an arrow in their hearts, the two lads were escorted from the gates, and turned their steps towards home. The way was not long, yet long enough for thought. As the cavalcade went onward, encircled in clouds of dust, with the prancing of the horses, and the jingle of their furniture, and the bumping of the chariots, making a monotonous accompaniment to the voices and shouts of the horsemen, the elder youth soon forgot all that had been said, in the pleasure of detailing the entertainment they had received to his attendants and anticipating the reception which was to come. But for Lycophron life had suddenly stopped short. His mother was to him little more than a dream; but Periander had killed her. He had heard of her in her native city more than he had ever known in all his life before. The older people, from the nobles to the slaves and attendants, remembered Melissa, and their lips were opened by the sight of her children. She was to them the beautiful princess who had left their city long ago in her bridal pride, and whose face they saw reflected in the faces of her sons. Some of them had wept; some of them had grown darkly red and wroth when they heard her name. Why? Periander had killed her. He tried to cast out that haunting horror, but it came back and back. Melissa, who had left her city young and blooming and happy, amid songs, and shouts, and all the sounds of gladness—Periander had killed her. What confusion, what darkness, what cruel strife was in the heart of the youth as those slow leagues of way disappeared under his horse's hoofs, and the sweep of the cavalcade filled all the dusty and sultry air! Periander, his father, the man of all

men to whom Lycophron had looked, who had been his emblem of honour, the prop of the world, the greatest of rulers, the glory of his race—Periander had killed her; Periander!—he who was bound to protect the weak, to save those who were in danger, to avenge wrong and punish evil—he had killed her. Heaven and earth were shaken, and the foundations of life broken up, and existence itself arrested and brought face to face with dark crime and cruelty and murder. Soon the very wind blowing from the sea, and the echoes of the lengthened road, and every sound of the march, the footsteps and trampling of the horses, the clang and the jar of accoutrements, the heavy roll of the chariots, all sent it back in varying murmurs to the ears of the boy. It was Periander who killed Melissa. Periander killed her.

The white towers of Corinth, rising in a flush of sunset against the dazzling blue of the Ægean, bore a new and terrible aspect to Lycophron as the cavalcade drew near. The city was all astir, the gates thrown open, with music and shouts of welcome to the young princes on their return. And Periander himself came out to meet them, stately and terrible to the populace, who feared more than they loved him, but with all the love and pride of a father to receive home the sons of his bosom, the inheritors of his name. The elder advanced with happy alacrity to receive his father's salutation; but Lycophron stood still and said not a word. 'Oh my son,' said the King, 'welcome! But what ails you? Have you nothing to say to your father?' The youth stood as if he were rooted to the ground. His countenance was dull and pale, like a winter sky when the clouds are black with rain. His eyes gave but one look, and then were averted as if from a painful sight. The pain of that look lay in this, that it was the same Periander whom Lycophron saw. This new light upon him had not changed him. The same countenance, stern to all others, bright and tender to his children, gazed wondering upon the gloomy face of his son. Such as he had been in the unquestioning days of childhood such was he now; but the soul of Lycophron was hot within him. All these years the hand that caressed him had been red with his mother's blood, though he knew it not. He turned his head away, but from his heart he could not shut out that revelation. Periander killed her. After a moment of wonder and waiting, Periander turned with his elder son and went into the palace, Lycophron following among the whispers and questionings of all the courtiers and attendants. What had come between the father and son? No one knew. When the others assembled to the evening meal in all the pleasure of reunion, the youth was not to be seen. He had retired to his own corner of the palace, and resisted all calls and entreaties. 'My son,' said Periander to the elder, 'tell me what has happened to thy brother. Did you quarrel by the way? Is there anything unknown to me which has turned the countenance of Lycophron to stone?' 'Nothing, my father,' said the young man. Upon his mind the parting words of Procles had made but a

momentary impression. What was Melissa to him? He had never known her. It was but as a tale heard one moment, forgotten the next. 'He is tired, or he is out of temper,' said the easy-minded youth. 'He does not take life easily, as I do.' 'True,' said the father, 'he is not light-hearted like thee.' And so the meal went on, but shorn of half its pleasure.

That evening Lycophron spent alone, shut up in his apartment, sternly eating a scanty morsel of all the dainties set before him, admitting no one, listening to the voices in his own heart and to the strange echoes that seemed to have got into the air and whispered about him—Periander killed her. He had a sister younger than himself, of no great account in the house, yet dear to the youth as the companion of his childhood. If Melissa had been such a one as Labda, what monster could have lifted a cruel hand against her? When he threw himself upon his bed in the verandah, and saw the stars shining in the clear and far-off blue, and heard the sounds of the city rising up into the silence of the night, it was to Lycophron as a cry of pain rising up to the serene gods who took no heed. How sure and stable had been his home to him, and the tranquil and stately town reigning over the waters, and all the tranquillity of the skies above; but under that calm indifferent sky, and in those guarded chambers, safe from rebellion, safe from storm and external danger, Periander had killed her. Across his boys in their cradles, he had stepped to shed their mother's blood. Lycophron was like Prometheus in the story, chained hand and foot to that place of torture, while these recollections and imaginations, more cruel than the vultures, came and plunged their sharp beaks in his heart. His young soul, devoid of all experience, incapable of philosophy, was distraught with pain. He had not force of mind to reflect that after all it was but a woman whose blood had been shed, and that Periander had slain many another, without offence to God or man; or that, as the head of the family and state, his father had the right to chastise all offenders even to death. Nothing of all this could Lycophron think of to soften the force of his passionate sorrow. Periander had killed Melissa—nay more, and bitterer still, it was Periander himself whom Periander had slain.

Periander, meanwhile, was disturbed also: his pleasure taken away, his sleep gone from him. Cypselus, the elder of his sons, was commonplace and dull, awakening in him nothing more than the instinctive affection of nature. But Lycophron was his hope and pride, with his own features and his own form. What ailed the boy? He was not smooth and gentle like his brother. A jar upon his finer faculties would vibrate long. Was it some quarrel with his brother, some offence which the duller youth had not so much as perceived? or was it some disappointment, something which he had desired to have done, which had been left undone? some change which had been made contrary to the will of the imperious boy? Woe to the slave who had so acted if this was the cause of Lycophron's

gloom! Periander felt bitterly the rising of this cloud upon his sky, though he believed that it would pass away with to-morrow's sun. But when the morning sun rose, and life recommenced, and Lycophron issued out of his chamber with a countenance as darkly pale as ever, and eyes like those of the baleful Medusa that turned a man to stone, the father's mind too became the prey of the vultures. All the more that it was himself alone from whom his son thus sternly stood aloof. His youthful gaiety was over altogether, his pleasure in all the enjoyments of life: his comrades, his old instructors, the faithful servants who had nursed and trained him, were not to him as before; but still he would answer them with decorum, or give a regretful melancholy smile as he refused their invitations to sport or to feast. To his father alone he answered not a word; on his father alone he never raised his eyes. Periander loved the boy above all his possessions. Say not that the gods are indifferent, that Heaven is far off, and man unpunished. When he saw Lycophron moving across the marble floor like a gloomy shadow, when all the games and feasts became dreary, and the beautiful world itself as if an icy wind had blighted it, because of the absence of his boy, think ye there was no punishment accorded to Periander? He asked of his priests and of his soothsayers, and all the wise men of his court to find out and tell him what was the cause? And he took aside into a corner, one by one, the old comrades of Lycophron, and promised them rich rewards if they would discover the secret of his melancholy. And as one and another promised to use their endeavours, and undertook with foolish confidence that all should be well, Periander had intervals of elation and hope. For he did not connect his son's unkindness with his own crime. Had not he himself half forgotten that crime? Had he not renewed amity with the brothers of Melissa, his neighbours, who might have done him harm, had they remained revengeful? and even with tedious Procles, who had harped the longest on that string? For, after all, what was it? Nothing more than a woman—a wife, over whose life he had the fullest rights. He had half forgotten, or more than half forgotten, that he ever laid hand upon Melissa. Of all unlikely things, that was the last that would have occurred to him to explain his son's estrangement. No; it might be that the boy himself, with that fond folly of which boys are capable, considered his happiness involved in the possession of some woman; or he was displeased with the share he had in the wealth and luxuries of his father's house; or he 'lacked advancement.' Periander thought of everything but of the one thing which had made Lycophron's life bitter, and shaken to him the foundations of the earth.

When, however, all the ambassadors failed, and none could find out for him what the canker was which ravaged the young man's soul, and sent dangerous questionings and wonderings through all Corinth, Periander's hope began to turn into despair. To see his son, his heir and hope, living under his roof like a stranger, nay, like an enemy,

making no response, rejecting all advances, not even condescending to explain the cause of his silence, became day by day more intolerable. The father offended, yet full of love, as yet more pitying and annoyed than bitter, commanded the unyielding boy to leave the palace. 'Since you have not a word to say nor a look of affection to give to anyone around, O Lycophron,' he said, 'go forth; it is better that you seek another home, where you may find companions whom you may trust.' Lycophron bowed his head and went out; he obeyed, but made no reply.

And now comes another chapter of the tale, at which all Corinth wondered more and more. The young prince found refuge in the palace of a friend. Though he had thus estranged himself from his father, he was no less the only possible successor of that father, the object of hopes and jealousies innumerable, and he had no difficulty in finding a worthy shelter. Here he lived, in austere and visible self-restraint, but not the Lycophron of old. From an impetuous high-spirited boy, he had become in a moment a stern and serious man, after the fashion of his race, concealing in his heart a passion of gloomy wrath, which was all the more bitter because of his love for his father who was the object of it. Love is strong and rage is bitter, but what are love and wrath combined? Day by day the son watched the father's goings, and saw him pass in pomp about the city, and sit in judgment in its courts, and receive tribute, and send out embassies, and preside over all the solemn games, and award the victorious wreath. Wherever the great tyrant of Corinth was, there was his son with stern frowning eyes, which saw without looking, wrapt in silence and gloom and sorrow as in a cloak. What had life now for Lycophron? Not vengeance, for the criminal was his father; not forgiveness of injury, for the victim was his mother; not easy acceptance of the unchangeable, for it was not in his nature. Periander had not changed the situation by sending his son out of his house; he was still there, the spectator, the stern protestor against some unknown evil, distracting the mind of the monarch, who could bow everything to his will except the kindred will, like his own in force and vehemence, of his boy. For the hundredth time he questioned Cypselus, who cared for nothing, and took his brother's banishment as easily as all the other incidents that had preceded it. 'Think once again,' said the father; 'it is since your visit to Epidaurus, ill-omened city, and to Procles, never a lover of mine, that your brother is so changed. Think again, think what was said and done—think what Procles——'

With this a light came into the face of the weakling. 'Ah,' he said, 'I remember. Just as we were coming away, at the moment of departure, when we had made our farewells, and were mounting our horses, and——'

'Quick! quick! that is understood. What was it that Procles said?'

'Aha! aha! My father, he told us something strange, almost

incredible, now that I think of it. He said—but you will laugh, it is so absurd——'

Periander did not laugh; his countenance grew like that of Lycophron, black and pale, like the winter sky when the clouds pile up upon it in mountains, and are full of rain. But Cypselus gave vent to his merriment, throwing himself back in foolish laughter. 'My father, he told us—that you had killed Melissa: I remember.'

Periander spoke not a word; but even Cypselus himself, foolish as he was, was sobered by his father's face, and the courtiers who were round shrank aside and withdrew themselves out of the tyrant's path. Among them were men who knew far better than her children how Melissa had come by her death, and, divining what the talisman was that Procles must have employed, had attempted to stop the mouth of the foolish brother. They dispersed, as by a wind, from Periander's path as he turned round in awful silence, and flinging the end of his mantle over his shoulder, strode across the marble floor. The marble reflected dully his step and his shadow, as his memory reflected that deed of the past. So long ago, so covered over with the oblivion of years, half forgotten even by himself. But the gods, though they seem so indifferent, had after all not forgotten. They had awaited the hour and the man. Periander's thoughts, however, were not those of penitence. After the first shock there blazed up within him a sudden fire of rage against Procles and Lycophron, and all who knew his guilt, and dared to criticise his actions. Should he, the ruler of Corinth, be called upon to account to a boy for what he had done? What was it to Lycophron, a puling child, if the master of a princely house executed his pleasure upon his wife? A boy, not so old as his father's beard, less strong than his forefinger. Was he to place himself on the seat of justice and judge his sovereign? Periander's wrath blazed up into fury. He sent off a messenger to the Corinthian noble, with whom his son had found a home, commanding him to cast out Lycophron without a moment's delay. Periander was not a ruler with whom his subjects dared to trifle, and the mandate was sorrowfully obeyed. Another house opened its doors to the persecuted youth, with the same result. The enraged father followed him from house to house with angry vigilance, and from house after house Lycophron was driven, still silent, with perhaps a smile half of sorrow half of scorn, unyielding, unconquerable—saying not a word. At last, inflamed more and more by the stern disdain of this silence, by the pale countenance which he could still see about the streets, spectator of all his actions, remorseless judge and executioner in one, the tyrant launched his last and most terrible thunderbolt at the head of his son. Periander issued such an edict of excommunication as priests made use of in later ages—forbidding all and sundry to harbour Lycophron, or to comfort him, to give him food or drink, or even address a word of kindness to the outlaw. The penalty of the offence in such a case was to be a heavy fine to Apollo. Thus the legal condemnation was

strengthened, and religion brought in to confirm the penalty. The young prince and heir was henceforward a vagabond, given up to the infernal gods.

Lycophron bore this new change of circumstances with the same firmness and proud silence as before. He made no accusation, attempted no rebellion, but saw his friends cut off from him, and all the palliations of his pain removed without a word. All Corinth looked on pitying and excited at the desperate duel between the father and the son; but the young man took no advantage of the situation, raised no party, attempted no vengeance. No fury of revenge like that of Orestes moved him. Did he fear the Furies, those dark avengers who sooner or later find every sinner out, the pursuers from whose hands the slayer of Clytemnestra scarcely escaped? Lycophron was no Orestes. Neither the dagger of the assassin nor the craft of the conspirator was his. When the heart of the people was full of sympathy for his wrongs, and subdued indignation, and when it would have been according to all the traditions of his time that he should have taken advantage of that popular sympathy, and overthrown the tyrant who was the murderer of his mother, and taken possession of the throne, he confused all his enemies and his friends by the inaction of a modern dreamer, the attitude of one so sadly disenchanted with the earth and its treacheries as to scorn all the petty panaceas of personal success. What would it have been to him to wrest the throne from the murderer, to make himself that futile amends of vengeance which never restored the dead nor healed a mortal wound? Would that give back to him the beautiful world as it had been when Periander was his true father, and his home was pure of stain, and the foundations of the earth stood fast? Some men there are who find a satisfaction in revenge, and are reconciled with the world when crime is punished, but Lycophron was not one of these. The soil was cut away beneath his feet, and no forced junction of the two edges, no bridging over of the chasm, could make it solid ground as of old. Therefore it was that Corinth saw such a sight as the primæval world had never seen before. The son of its ruler lived in the city the life of an outcast, obeying and accepting with a proud disdain his father's judgment against him, maintaining himself as he could on furtive gifts and the gatherings of the streets, sleeping under the porticoes of the temples, under the stately colonnades through which a little while before he had swept with a courtly retinue, the observed of all observers. Not a complaint, not a petition fell from his lips. He passed the palaces of his former friends, the temples and Forum where no one dared address a word to him, silent himself, in proud possession of his soul, patient, with a lofty scorn of all that Fate could do — had not Fate done its worst? What was it to him to be homeless, penniless, in want and desolation, when first his soul had been beggared, his home desolated, his *affections* outraged, all trust and hope taken out of his life? He

who has borne the greater can smile at the lesser woe; and with many a bitter musing—but not of his outcast life, and many a sorrowful meditative questioning of heaven and earth—but not of how to get his comforts back, or his splendours of heirship, Lycophron stretched himself like other outcasts upon the white steps of the temple, or perhaps with a smile more wonderful still at that excess of circumstantial irony, under the marble archways of the palace, while his father, with sleepless eyes and passionate resentment, not less unhappy, watched within.

This sight, however, which filled all the city with wonder and awe, began to work upon the mind of Periander with an increasing force. When men love each other or hate each other intensely, the world becomes to each concentrated in the other all-important figure, whose doings, in admiration or disgust, fill up all their horizon. What must, then, the effect be when love and hate are combined? And if to Lycophron—who was young, and to whom, even in his misery, chance distractions, happier contemplations of the moment, would come in spite of himself—Periander was the chief object in Corinth, the one inhabitant there whom he could not forget, whose movements he followed, whose steps he watched with intense spectatorship; how much more to Periander was every interest concentrated in the proud, silent, resentful boy, whom nothing could subdue, who smiled at all the penalties that could be inflicted, and with the serenity of despair defied all efforts to bring him to his knees. Amid all the obsequious crowds about, this rebel's was the one face that Periander saw. He felt the boy's eye upon him in every ceremonial of state, and the stern inquiry of his looks when crime was being judged or sentence given, and the scorn with which he smiled when a criminal, less guilty than the judge, received his sentence. Periander read, as in a book, the meaning in his son's mind, and being of kindred soul comprehended it, and saw mirrored in his own the thoughts of this adversary, dearly beloved and deeply hated. What was Corinth but a stage upon which these two worked out a feud that was irreconcilable, a combat fierce as human passion could make it, yet interrupted and intensified by yearnings of natural affection, by wild gusts of pity and pride and admiration and insufferable pain? Where could the stern ruler see a successor so meet as the unconquerable youth whose eyes pursued him through all his triumphs with looks that never wavered, of condemnation as stern and unrelenting as his own? nay, less relenting, for had not every new severity been an appeal to the rebel? The tyrant watched his son, as proud in rags as any other in the purple, with pride, with admiration, with fierce determination to subdue him, with sudden meltings of pity. It was to the latter of these impulses that he yielded at last. One day, seeing this constantly thought of, cherished, outlawed, miserable, yet indomitable son, a prince in rags, proudly careless of what befell him, on the roadside as he passed, Periander was moved by one of those sudden outbursts of fatherly affection. 'My son,' he said, 'which is better, to wander

about in misery, or to be my heir, the son of the great ruler of Corinth? In my past life, hear me confess it, there happened a great misfortune—was it less to me than to you? You were a child and knew nothing till an enemy whispered it in your ear; but I—what did I lose? a companion, the sharer of my life—and think you my sorrow was less or my suffering, because I myself, insensate, was the wretched one who did it? Oh, Lycophron! listen to the words of your father. Know you whom it is that you oppose: a king who can destroy you, a father who can curse you? Is it wise thus to struggle in vain with those who are stronger than you? is it natural to set yourself against your father? Come back, oh, my son! come back, and let this misery be overpast!'

Lycophron looked at his father as he spoke, with eyes more stern, more lofty than ever. 'You forget,' he said, 'O Periander, that he you address is excommunicated. Have you forgotten the law that bids no man speak to Lycophron? Go, pay your fine to Apollo.' And while all the cavalcade trembled, and Periander stood thunder-struck like one deprived of reason, the outcast rose from the dust and turned away.

After this, as was natural, Periander's passion of baffled love and rage blazed up once more. He could neither endure this defiance, nor permit his people to see how he could be dared and defied. His next step was to banish his son to Corcyra, removing at least the daily spectacle of his resistance from his eyes. And wild with pain and wrath, he himself took an easier and less costly vengeance. He marched with an army against Epidaurus, where the fatal secret had been told, took the city, and seized Procles, the maker of strife. What was done to the old man whose interference had been so fatal, the story does not tell.

Thus Lycophron was banished out of sight, but not out of mind, as will be seen. He submitted to his father's sentence, as he had always done, making no attempt at resistance; and it may easily be supposed that it was to their mutual relief that these two adversaries found themselves delivered from the intense attraction of each other's presence—freed from that watch which neither could choose but keep upon the other. To the youth, at least, the liberation must have been salutary. The silence of the sea, the monotonous sweep of the oars, disturbed only by the bustle of setting sails to a favourable wind—and all the universe shut out, and existence limited to that one floating world of life in which every man had his work to do, and all were faithful to their duty at peril of destruction—soothed his soul. If his thoughts were no less bitter as the slow leagues of sea-water slid gliding under the keel, and the hum of the oarsmen made an atmosphere of sound around the boat, at least there were openings around him into the honest interests of a simple life; and when Lycophron reached the island of his banishment, his youth and sorrow and mysterious story made him friends. The Corcyræans loved not Periander, but for that very cause received into their sympathies

Periander's rebellious son. This, however, was not the kind of rebellion that was intelligible to that early world. Had he raised among them a fire of insurrection, and proclaimed his wrongs, and made himself the head of a faction, and wrested Corcyra from the hands of Periander, both Corinth and Corcyra would have understood Lycophron. But not even now did he form any party, or give any explanation of the gloom that had fallen upon his life. That gloom was too profound, and the severance too complete, to admit of measures of recovery. He lived on the island as he had lived in the city, separated by the horrible shadow of that crime from everything real and practical and true. It stood between him and mankind, it stood between him and all the joys of life, it paralysed all his youthful energies, and chilled his every feeling. But yet, though he had neither heart nor hope for action, the stern and thoughtful youth got friends. The Corcyræans pitied and wondered at him, so young, so cut off from all that was delightful in life; they looked at him with awe, as a being of another species, not being able to contemplate him, on the other hand, with contempt as a weakling unable to avenge terribly. Spite of this amazing self-control, which was past their comprehension, the exiled prince was not one to endure, or to permit contempt. If they could have understood him they would have loved him; but who in these early ages could understand the young man who struck no blow either for advancement or for revenge? No one; yet the islanders took his part blindly, without either wish or acceptance of his.

And the court of Corinth returned to its old ways. By turns there would be whispers of the absent heir, and heads shaken, and ominous forecasts made. More foolish than ever grew Cypselus, more clearly incapable of any sway, and Periander was virtually sonless, and the family of the Cypselides, so recently founded, so vigorous as it had seemed, on the verge of returning to the obscurity from whence it came. All this was present to the eyes of the ruler of Corinth with far more force than was perceived by his courtiers. He was old, and sooner or later he must die—and who was to come after him? He was old, and already his hands were less strong to wield either the sceptre or the sword: and who was to aid him in these imperial cares? Not Cypselus, for he was a fool; not Labda, for she was a woman. And Periander's heart cried out for his boy. Was it not boyish waywardness after all—perhaps a touch of madness, exaggeration, the overstrain and absolutism of youthful passion? He missed even that stern pale countenance, even the reproach of that poverty-stricken wanderer about the streets. While he was there, a pitiless spectator of all the contradictions of Periander's life, the sight of him had been insupportable; but now still more insupportable was the vacancy in which his father's imagination still beheld him, stern in that remorseless virtue of inexperience, making no excuses, incapable of forgetting. Neither could Periander forget. He had ban ed his son, he had subdued his enemy, he had cleared away all disa

proval, all his accusers from his path. And, lo! his own heart became his accuser. Melissa had won over the gods and her son to her side. Long had she lain unavenged in her grave: but let not men or kings think they are safe, so long as the circling years go on. The vengeance had been tardy. It had tarried long, and been as though it would never come; but at last, and with double bitterness for all the hours of her lingering, Nemesis was here.

This was what was working in the heart of Periander, while Lycophron in Corcyra turned his eyes across the great billows when they rose in storm, or over the calm blue where it deepened into purple, and the wind blew from Corinth, which was dear to him as his native city is to every Greek. Lycophron gazed with a longing in his eyes which his heart was too sick to acknowledge. What to him was one spot of the earth more than another? Did not men kill and betray in all the quarters of the world, in Corcyra as in Corinth, and amid all the distant islands of the sea? But Periander, on the other side, had no longer the confidence of youth, to whom at its darkest Nature still whispers, 'There will come a day;' and as time went on, he could endure the struggle no longer. Suddenly his resolution was taken; and soon it was whispered through Corinth that the expedition which was fitting out in all haste, with special care and splendour, was to bring home Lycophron from his banishment. The people crowded to the quays to see the vessels weigh their anchors, and the oars sweep out into the deep water; but few knew with what an offer the envoy was laden—no less an offer than that of Corinth itself and all its power and wealth, the sovereignty of the city. The ambassador was bidden to make no conditions, to exact no submission, to offer everything that Periander had to give. Not pardon but the throne, not the gates of his old home thrown open, but that home itself to be his own. Did any deceit lie under so magnificent a proposal, or had sorrow and age and an evil conscience so subdued the Corinthian tyrant? There was a time of long suspense while the vessels ploughed the sea, and all Corinth held its breath. What impatience of expectation stirred in the city when the time of the return drew near, and when it was told in the furthest corners, in the most silent chamber, that the sail on the horizon was the envoy coming back! Periander hardly awaited in the sea-town to hear the first burst of the flutes, the swelling pæan of the crew, bringing back so great a freight. But the ships stole into the harbour like men disappointed, bringing disappointment with them, with no sound of joyful music, no shouts of welcome. The envoys had sought the Prince in his solitude with congratulation and entreaty. They had laid before him his father's magnificent offer, his longing to see him again, and the expectation of all the people. They had told him how the hopes of the city and its wishes were set before him. Proudly they had gone, conscious of such a mission as few ambassadors have had to carry—sadly, confused and disconcerted, they had *come* home. Lycophron had heard them to the end, listening coldly

to all their overtures; then had turned away, not even deigning a reply.

Here the interest of the story changes, and we leave the stern youth mistrustful and remorseless on his island to enter into the wild sorrow and disappointment of the old king. Not the refusal alone, but the cause of it, struck him to the heart. His son had turned from him because of his crime, and the cause was just. He had acknowledged the sufficiency of Lycophron's reason by this very offer of reconciliation, but now he perceived how deep the wound had gone. His son could not trust him. He had treated the proposal with contempt, as an artifice to cheat him out of his stern purpose. He had not believed in it nor in his father. And it might be that Periander had not meant all he said. The offer was so great, and he himself not yet so old nor so much subdued as to contemplate with satisfaction a complete retirement from all the cherished toils of royalty. But whether the proposal was made in entire good faith, or with a reservation, the feelings of the father and of the head of a dynasty about to fail overcame the anger of rejection, and even the sharper sting with which he saw that his son did not believe him on his word. What other messenger could he send to whom Lycophron would listen? Casting about him what to do, the eye of the tyrant fell upon his young daughter Labda, still a maiden in her father's house. The expedient was strange, but the case was desperate. Lycophron had not outgrown his love for his sister, his playfellow, the companion of his childhood. And Melissa's daughter could speak when all other voices failed to Melissa's son and avenger. Once more the ships were prepared, the rowers sat at their posts, the quays crowded with eager gazers to see this unusual company set forth. The historian, with true Greek contempt for the inferior sex, gives us no hint as to the thoughts of Labda, or the mind with which she undertook her mission. She was her father's messenger, nothing more. Swiftly the white sails carried her over the sea, on white wings, the dove of peace. Nor is the meeting dwelt upon, nor the softening of the exile's heart when he saw approaching from the echoing shore and the sea-foam, no goddess ocean-born, but in the familiar aspect of old his sister with soft words and pleading looks—Nature's own advocate and persuader. The plea had been put into her mouth. Yet there is something of a loftier strain in Labda's argument, which might mark the entrance of another, more generous, exalted, enthusiast mind into the bitter controversy. 'Oh, brother!' she said, 'shall the State perish because we suffer by an irremediable crime? Shall the Cypselides sink into the dust, and Corinth pass into the hands of strangers, and all our glory be as a tale that is told, because Periander killed Melissa? Lo! all this downfall and ruin will not bring Melissa from her grave, or cleanse the hand of Periander from her blood. But thou who art pure of blood, thou who hast in thee the soul of a hero, return and reign and do glorious deeds, that Heaven may forget the stain upon our house. Oh, Lycophron, am not I as

thee, motherless, robbed by Periander of a maiden's shield and succour? Yet I bid thee return, for I too am one of the Cypselides, and the ruin of the race will be my ruin. Our father is old, our brother is naught—is it nothing to you that we perish? Shall it be by your consent that our wealth shall go to the spoiler, our name to the dust? Oh, brother, put your hand into mine and return with me. Shall Labda, the daughter of Melissa, plead with Lycophron in vain?'

Lycophron listened with his head averted, his face covered; but the pure vibration of the maiden's voice rang through and through him. If there was one object left in the world worthy a thought, was it not to redeem the race, to set honour and truth in the place of treachery and crime? Was not this more than Periander, more than revenge, a possibility still open to the disenchanted soul which scorned the vulgar uses of rebellion? He listened, he wavered; but he was still too proud to yield. 'While Periander lives I will never return to Corinth,' he said.

Then Labda returned sadly, silently, across the sea.

We ought to know something more of the condition of the state before we can understand the final step in this tragical conflict, but the terse historian vouchsafes no information as to whether Periander was pushed to extremity by any discontents or tumults in the city, or the pressure of counsellors upon him to fulfil his engagement and give them a more vigorous and popular ruler; or if mere feeling, worked to the heat of passion, dictated his next proposal. Again he sent an embassy to the exile, whose proceedings by this time must have kept his island in a ferment of expectation, offering briefly to change places with him—Lycophron to be tyrant in Corinth, while Periander came humbly to Corcyra an exile as his son had been. And whether it was that Labda's heroic appeal had been all this time echoing in her brother's heart notwithstanding his refusal, whether it had begun to appear to him in his solitude that Corinth was yet worth an effort, and life not wholly treacherous, cruel, and miserable; or if ambition and satisfied vengeance woke up at last in a sudden impulse to accept the humiliation of his father, and grasp at the final triumph, is not to be divined from the record. But tired of refusal, tired of importunity, or satisfied with the atonement which stripped Periander of all his honours, Lycophron suddenly roused himself and accepted this final proposal. The envoys, half alarmed at their own success, hurried back to announce with mingled sensations these sombre and strange good tidings. Lycophron had accepted this last proof of sincerity, Lycophron was to reign in his father's stead, Lycophron was coming. Was Periander satisfied too? He called out his royal barges, and furnished them with all the decorative paraphernalia that has always surrounded a king, and prepared himself for his voyage. He had got that at least for which he had been struggling. The conflict was over, and though the success was —hre. not joyful, yet it was success. With what curious and

breathless silence must Corinth have looked on, while the ships were prepared and all set in order! He had been a tyrant; but even a tyrant when familiar, when he has added glory to the city, greatness and honour and wealth, is not to be parted with like a log, like the old hulk of a stranded ship.

But in Corcyra there were other thoughts. The islanders had thrown themselves hotly into Lycophron's cause, though he asked or accepted no sympathy from them; and the sight of this exiled son, supposed victim of Periander's pride and cruelty, had increased tenfold their hatred of the tyrant who had conquered them. We may suppose, though we are not told, that they had first used all the expedients of impassioned remonstrance before, in their despair, they resorted to the last tragic resource which cut all complications. They must have entreated him to save them from the dreaded presence of the tyrant, to take upon himself the chief authority in the island, to be their king who had clung to him in his adversity. But we know that Lycophron's stern decision was not to be moved by entreaties. He stood fast, as he had stood against all the softnesses and severities of his father, impervious to all influence. Now, as ever, he stood alone against the world. No temptation would make him a traitor to the father whom he had defied, and whose self-extinction he was about to accept. His intense scorn and loathing of treachery, which had already brought him so many miseries, was to bring the end of all. While Periander was making ready his ship, and Corinth preparing for her new ruler, the Corcyræans rose in a sudden tumult and cut all these agitations short at one blow. Fit end of such a story! They killed Lycophron out of mingled love and hate, that he might stay with them for ever, and keep at a distance the tyrant whom they feared. Thus the long tragic story of Lycophron, son of Periander, came to an abrupt and hasty end.

Periander purposed and attempted a terrible vengeance on Corcyra. But his plans were successfully thwarted by the people of the island of Samos, and thus an enmity grew up between the Corinthians and Samians which, by the important changes it introduced at a critical period of Greek history, brought the fate of Lycophron into particular prominence, and preserved the details of his life and death. The reader will find the story in the early part of the third book of Herodotus.

We have called this austere and melancholy hero a Greek Hamlet. It is unnecessary to point out the remarkable resemblance between the early facts of the story and those which shape the career of Shakespeare's great creation, perhaps the most universally interesting of all poetical personages. The comparison cannot, any more than any other comparison, be carried out to the end; but if Hamlet's inaction has been the bewilderment of all modern critics, what must the still more extraordinary attitude of Lycophron have been to the mind of his contemporaries, all inexperienced in the philosophies?

His refusal of all intercourse with his guilty father; the strange spectatorship of his life at Corinth, first among his equals, then gradually degraded till he reached the lowest level of city vagabondage, without any change in his stern but speechless hostility; the presence of the prince-beggar at every public solemnity, at every law-giving and sentence, in every feast and rejoicing; the sight of the protracted vengeance which never struck a blow, and the reaction of the crime upon the innocent, blighting the life and paralysing the energies even of the avenger, must have been a sight to penetrate the contemporary mind. The same paralysis of action and despair of thought are in the later and sublimer sufferer, whose fate after all was not so terrible as that of Lycophron, since Hamlet's mother, though culpable, was not the murderess of her husband. And the Greek has none of the wild humour which makes Hamlet's sufferings more supportable yet more heartrending. He cannot laugh at himself or at the irony of fate; nay, even he is apt to overpass the bounds of our patience by that unvarying monotonous concentration of wrath and outraged affection, which in the other is varied by so many gusts of stormy or of softened feeling, and by all those sudden perceptions of his own position which makes Hamlet so completely human, so near to all our hearts. 'Oh, what a dolt and pleasant slave am I!' is an outcry of which the impassioned Greek, with no intermixture of Gothic sentiment, is incapable. It is not in his nature to see the thread of ridicule which is twisted in every web of pain, nor to take that momentary refuge from overwhelming evil. Nor could there be in the story of Lycophron, full of what the French would call the brutality of fact, any aid of that noble art which has left just enough uncertainty upon the motives of Hamlet as to keep all our minds in operation to seize the secret, as if we had been his contemporaries vaguely groping at the half-revealed truth, which is all we can ever see with our actual eyes. Lycophron's secret is known from the beginning, and is at once put beyond doubt even to the person most concerned; while until the latest scene not even the King of Denmark himself is wholly aware of the method, though he perceives it, of Hamlet's madness. Lycophron is never mad. There are no fluctuations in his stern purpose, no relentings, no sudden tendernesses bursting through, even no outbursts of fiery indignation. Scorn, calm and cold and terrible—as in the scene where he recalls to his father his own edict, and bids him go pay his fine to Apollo for his transgression of that ordinance—and unconquerable determination are his chief qualities. We forget the sin in the stern, persistent quarrel, until at last in a moment the whole complicated web is rent asunder, and the visionary vengeance and indignation and blighting horror are all swept away and brought to nothing, with no dramatic climax or blow of retribution. Such is real life, neglecting all climaxes, indifferent to an heroic conclusion, not careful to bring its stray threads together, or to keep any epic consistency of design. The King of Denmark dies by his own craft, and so in that last hecatomb, which

most likely the British public of his day forced upon Shakespeare, perish all who have crossed Hamlet's path; but Lycophron is the only victim of his own tragedy. His father lives and reigns as if that episode had never been. We are not permitted such a futile ending in story, or in those nobler strains of poetry which treat of human passions and struggles; but so life acts remorselessly without a thought of Art.

SONNET.

THE MARBLE FAUN OF PRAXITELES.

(ROME.)

THOU link between the gods that move apart
From all the ways of men, and youth that reels
With the wild fulness of its life, that feels
Each throb and quiver of the bounding heart.
There is no care or shadow on that brow,
Nor long slow-breathing year with dull sure tooth;
Thou still remainest to us even as now
The perfect type of ever-joyous youth.
Are we the fools of that which still deceives
Idolators of open-lidded dreams?
I know not. But we gaze until we hear
Pipings on reeds, and shady sounds of streams,
Laughter as if of gods asleep, and clear
Soft sympathetic symphonies of leaves.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

English Pauperism: its Wrong and Remedy.[1]

It is important to bear in mind that, in the sense in which we use the word, Pauperism is a very different thing from poverty. Poverty exists in every community upon the globe, but pauperism is the exclusive, and I will add, the entirely unchallenged monopoly of England. In no other country in the world can it be said that the man who will not provide for himself shall require his neighbour to provide for him. This, in passing, settles the question of the indispensability of pauperism. For there are people who will not take the trouble to think, and put aside this question by calmly pronouncing pauperism an inevitable thing; ignoring the fact that all the world, but England, does well without it, and that we, ourselves, have only indulged in the luxury during a brief fraction of our history. Across the Channel there is no Poor-law, and there are no paupers in our sense of the word; and though there may be poverty, and though charitable aid for poor persons may be, and is, organised there, the aided poverty of France can never be brought into comparison with the cultivated pauperism of England so long as the average voluntary assistance to each recipient costs the Société de Bienfaisance less than four shillings, while the average compulsory assistance to each pauper in England costs the nation more than 10*l.* in the year.

This represents an incredible waste and misery; and poor-rates, designed as a remedy, have only served to augment the evil. We have before our eyes from day to day heart-breaking evidence that the richest nation in the universe shows the ghastliest picture of social suffering; the brilliancy of our national prosperity deepens the shadow of our national penury, and the very contrast between the two fosters a daily growing bitterness which is the offspring of suspicion on the one hand and envy on the other.

What can be done with so great an evil? There are those who can still see no remedy but our Poor-law system; and men so enlightened as Dr. Neilson Hancock even advocate the extension of the English system[2] in its full-blown enormity to Ireland and Scotland. To us it appears not only bad in itself, but based on principles thoroughly bad. It operates injuriously all round, and hurts everyone concerned more or less.

1. It hurts the rich, who have to pay a large proportion of the cost of pauperism. And this is an unjust thing. On the other hand, however great the injustice to the rich, the injury to them is

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[1] Parts of this paper formed the substance of a lecture recently delivered before the Society of Arts.

[2] Paper read at the recent Trades Union Congress.

of the least. They can, just because they are rich, afford it best. The injustice of taking their money for people who have wasted their own, whether those wasteful ones have been rich or poor, is, though not less unfair, much more tolerable in the case of the rich than of the poor; the proof of which statement lies in the fact that, were an estate of 10,000*l.* a year offered to any one of us to-morrow, we should not indignantly refuse it as subjecting us to the injustice of paying a considerable poor-rate. Therefore, though to levy poor-rate from the rich be an unjust thing, and all injustice ought to be removed, I for one would never have troubled my head about assailing such a monster as our pauper system if all I had in view were to relieve the rich from a burden. The persons, and of course there are some, who accuse me of mooting this matter in the interests of the wealthy, know very little of my writings, and far less of my heart. And I am bound to say that the personal knowledge I have gained of rich men who support the measure of national insurance which I advocate makes me proud, for the honour of England, to believe that they would be nobly willing to bear far more than their present poor-rate burden if their doing so could be shown promotive of the real good and happiness of their fellow-men. This is no piece of polite clap-trap, but my own joyful glad conviction, and those who would rashly say that rich men join us for the sake of escaping poor-rates, I would ask to look at the list of names on the Council of our 'National Providence League.' For there they will find not the money-grubbers, not the golden youth of pleasure, not the gamblers who grasp, not the spendthrifts who waste, but the men and the women who have a hope, and a heart, and a prayer, and a thought for the poor. I would ask them to read the list down, as I have done in a working man's club meeting, and hear, as I have heard, the welcome of many an honoured name, and the outcry, 'Yes, we know him, and know he is our friend.' For these are the very representatives of British philanthropy, the men beloved and happy, who give their time and toil and sympathy to their suffering fellows; the very naming of whose names can satisfy the poor that this cause is advocated for the sake of what such rich men can give, not of what they can get.

2. Passing from the rich, we come to another class, whom our pauper system hurts far more deeply—I mean the thrifty working man. The injustice of poor-rates, which is chiefly matter of sentiment in its incidence upon the rich, is matter of suffering in its incidence upon him. The rich man, because he is rich, can spare the money; the poor, thrifty man cannot, and feels keenly the spoliation. Poor-rate to the rich man may be insurance against revolution, but poor-rate levied from the thrifty working man is punishment for providence, and, therefore, though to start an anti-pauperism crusade in the interests of the rich alone would be ridiculous; to wage it for the sake of the worthy, self-denying, thrifty working man should really be the duty of every true lover of justice, and of all who sympathise in the spirit of honest independence,

shown, as it is, under such hard conditions by so many thousands of our thrifty fellow-men.

3. There is a third class whom pauperism hurts most of all. It may harass the rich, it may punish the thrifty poor, but the one can afford and the other can endure the injustice; but no words can tell the utter ruin with which it overwhelms the pauper himself. It may limit the rich man's luxury, it may retard the thrifty man's progress, but it poisons the pauper's social nature, and takes, in his case, the very manhood out of man.

For the potential pauper, inexperienced, thoughtless, misled by multitudinous ill example, trusts in the beginning to a system which he hates in the end, and only sees his ruin when it has struck him down. But, nevertheless, it has kept him a pauper in spirit all his life, a dependent and degraded man. For it is not the succouring of a poor, infirm, afflicted greybeard at the end of life that we must blame, but the teaching, by his succour, of the strong, and vigorous, and young, at the beginning of life, that they shall be succoured if they choose to waste; that is the early poison that rots their very social blood; that is the hideous homœopathy-upside-down of our destructive system, which pays off one pauper by making another, and forgets that while its best effort, as a palliative, fails to cure like by like, it succeeds, as an infection, in causing like by like; it supplies an ever-growing horrible succession of social ruin to occupy the place of the social wrecks it sweeps away; it never pays a bill without giving a fresh and larger order, which would be bad enough if measured by the money of ratepayers, but is monstrous if measured, as it must be, by the misery of rate-consumers. In short, for every old pauper it relieves our system makes a young one, and may be well described in words familiar to us all, 'that privily in its lurking dens doth it murder the innocent; *its eyes are set against the poor.*'

This, then, is the class which our system hurts most—the class for whose raising, the class for whose saving, all should be zealous; the class who, from beginning to end, are the most wretched, the most hopeless, the most helpless, the class for whose sake, and in whose interest, most of all, I—if I know myself at all—have set out upon my present line of labour.

I have next to touch on existing means of counteracting our mistaken system. Who do most towards this? Unquestionably, the thrifty wage-earners. They hate pauperism and poor-rate more than we, for they live closer to it, and do not love its associations. In the first place, they see they have to pay poor-rates for people who are wasting in self-indulgence means as large as (or larger than) those from which they themselves are laying by their savings. It is not in human nature to think this fair or right. And they see, secondly, that our system, keeping as it does all the spendthrifts at the verge of destitution as a qualification for relief, keeps down all wages by a hungry competition, and that thus they pay a second burden; and

they see, thirdly, that rate relief at best is a poor provision and a miserable substitute for comfort, liberty, and personal independence. For this reason the thrifty wage-earners make stupendous efforts to secure themselves against pauperism. Apart from what they save in actual money, they pay enormous sums of their own accord in insurances to provide them with support in time of sickness; and such exertions, considering the direct discouragement which our Poor-law system gives to independence, are beyond all praise. And yet multitudes of these men fail in their efforts at independence, and become paupers at the last, because the best they can purchase, even at the huge overcost to which they are willing to go, cannot, under present conditions, *secure them absolutely* against the possibility of destitution in sickness or old age.

And as to the small extent and huge and deplorable overcost of modern friendly societies' provision something must be said here, based upon Mr. Randell's 'eye-opening' article on Friendly Societies in the 'Fortnightly Review' for last August. It is quite impossible that any philanthropist, at all new to the subject, can read that remarkable and outspoken article without a shock.

I will not attempt to summarise it for my readers, but will give one or two statements from it which will speak for themselves.

Assuming, reasonably enough, that the societies which do send in returns to the Registrar of Friendly Societies are sounder than those which keep their accounts dark, we gather the following facts:—The returns given by less than half in number of the friendly societies in England and Wales show an aggregate membership of four and a half million persons, with an average provision of only 2*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.* per member. Of half this number of members, again, the average provision is only to be counted in shillings, namely, 16*s.* 8½*d.*—let us say roughly, *one single week's wages*! The aggregate membership of the six largest collecting societies amounts to 1,687,070, and their aggregate provision to 807,913*l.*, only a fraction above 10*s.* a member; and one of these, a life assurance and sick benefit society with 111,000 members, has only an aggregate fund of 7,000*l.*, or about fifteen pence laid by for every member!

So much for the insufficiency of the provision made, I will not say by the best, but by the average friendly societies at the present time. It may be left to reasonable men to say whether any such amounts (which would be ridiculous were they not deplorable) can be called provision against pauperism at all, by way of proving a National Insurance to be a work of supererogation.

Now for the overcost of such small provision as these poor men are taught to think they are securing from month to month by such self-denial as they spontaneously exercise. The Registrar-General's Returns, as quoted by Mr. Randell, show that of twenty-seven collecting friendly societies, which received for the year 620,000*l.*, the amount disbursed in benefits was only 283,694*l.*, as against 245,533*l.* expended in management; that one of the largest collect-

ing societies in England, according to its own reports, paid away in '*expenses*' 681,000*l.* (or over forty-eight per cent.) of its premium income of 1,407,000*l.*[3] The same society informs its shareholders, as explanatory of the vast profits realised, that no less than forty-two per cent. of their industrial policies *lapse altogether*, on the average, in five years! A *naïve* announcement which, though it may be rare sport to shareholders who receive the profits, is utter death to the attempted providence of forty-two per cent. of the poor people who contribute and lose the premiums.

I will now proceed, first to illustrate and then to prove the statement I have been bold to make, that no such efforts as are now made by our working classes can, under present conditions, absolutely secure them against eventual pauperism as National Insurance would.

Some years ago I was travelling in a third-class carriage in the South of England. I was alone in my compartment, while the other one became nearly quite filled up at one of the stations where we stopped by a number of builders' men. One of these, who seemed not too sober, shortly began to utter a volley of the most horribly foul language. I called over to him in a quiet way: 'Neighbour, will you be kind enough to use language a little more decent? for yours is distressing for other people to hear.'

He turned round to 'tackle' his interlocutor, very indignant indeed that I should venture to take him to task; and his companions seemed to prick up their ears in an amused and sympathetic interest. 'I should like to know,' he said, 'what the whatty what business the likes of you has to find fault with the likes of me. I'm a free-born Englishman, and I'll say just what I choose.'

'Well, but,' I rejoined, 'I'm a free-born Englishman too, and I'm not bound to listen to the foul language you use, and I won't.'

'Well, if you don't like my language, what business have you here? I don't see what right a gentleman has in a third-class carriage.'

'If you come to rights,' I rejoined, 'you'll allow that if you choose to take a first-class ticket, you would have a right in a first-class carriage? You wouldn't stand my telling the guard to put you out, would you?'

'Certainly not,' he replied; 'I'd just like to see him try.'

'Then, surely, if I choose to spend my money in a third-class ticket, I have a right in a third-class carriage.'

'Well, may be so; but then you must take your chance of the conversation. You're a gentleman, I suppose; and I say again a gentleman has no business in a third-class carriage.'

A hum of applause followed this piece of logic.

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[3] To meet the alleged necessity of large management expenses, Mr. Randell gives the particulars of a prosperous society 'whose management expenses are covered by less than 4½*d.* in the pound on the benefits paid; while other societies including between one and two million members spend from 17*s.* 3*d.* to over 20*s.* to pay a benefit of 20*s.*

'My good fellow,' I said, 'you have no right to call names.'

'I didn't call you no names,' he rejoined.

'You did,' I said; 'you called me a gentleman. How dared you do it?'

'Well,' said he, quite taken aback, 'you're a parson, I suppose?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'but you called me a gentleman. What do you know about me—you, who have never seen me in your life before—to have the impudence to call me such a name? But,' I added, 'fair is fair. You have called me a name that you can show no reason for. Now, I will call you a name, and give a reason for it. And your mates shall judge between us. And, if they say I'm wrong, I'll beg your pardon.'

'All right, master, that's fair enough,' said one or two of his companions, and the rest sat watching us with pricked-up ears.

'Well,' I continued, 'my free-born Englishman, the name I call you is a Pauper!'

He jumped up, as if to scramble over and strike me, and his comrades began to look very furious. I jumped up, too, to meet him, with a studied alacrity, which, I rightly judged, would tend to check his ardour, and crying out 'Fair play; I'm coming over to prove my words,' I sprang across into the one vacant seat of the partition, amongst them all, and faced my opponent.

'My lad,' I said to the man on my right, 'are you in a club?'

'Yes,' he said; 'the Foresters.'

'Are you?' I went on, to the man on my left.

'Yes; I'm in the Amalgamated Engineers.'

'And you,' I asked a third; 'what club are you in?'

'The Hand-in-Hand.'

The fourth and fifth were Odd Fellows, and so on. As I happened to have heard and noted their conversation when they entered the carriage, and had gathered that they were all about to make payments to their clubs, except my rhetorical friend, who had mentioned having dropped off from his club two years before, I came to him last.

'What club are you in?' I asked.

'I'm not in any,' he replied.

'I suppose you've got some pounds in the bank?'

The rest laughed, for they had heard (as I had heard) him asking to borrow from two or three of his companions.

'Not I,' he answered gruffly; 'I've enough to do with all I earns.'

'And if you break your leg as you get out of this train to-day,' I asked, 'where shall you be in a week's time?'

He hesitated.

'Come, my lads,' I said, 'where will he be?'

'In the workhouse, of course,' they answered.

'Then, am I right or wrong?' I rejoined; 'is he a pauper or not? You are all providing yourselves against sickness, and you are independent; but he—he is depending on the rates, upon me and upon

you, and he is a pauper, nothing more nor less; it is a mere toss-up from hour to hour whether he has to go into the workhouse or no; and some day or other he must find his way there, unless he drop down dead or be killed. Need I beg his pardon for calling him by a wrong name?'

They agreed, as I knew they would, that I was justified in my epithet, and the little encounter gave me an opportunity of a very pleasant conversation with these worthy fellows as to their clubs. I was full of details of the subject, and warned them, as I felt, very profitably against the risk of insurance in unsound clubs. They clustered round me like bees, and began to question me very busily and anxiously about their own insurances.

'Sir,' says one, 'I'm an Ancient Woodman; is that a good club?'

'Well,' I replied, 'it may last for a while, but it has only 35*s.* a man laid by, and it's an old club; you ought to have nearer 10*l.* a man.'

'Sir,' said another, 'I'm one of the Queer Creatures; what about my club?'

'It has only 42*s.* a man laid by,' I said; 'and, besides, not one of you can say he is in a club whose rates are certified by an actuary.'

And so we conversed till we drew near to their destination; and as the poor fellows shook my hand (for they each did, my friend the pauper and all), and thanked me for my warnings, my heart was full of sympathy for them, as I reflected what a wonderful victory a little knowledge of their concerns had enabled me to win over what had been at first coarseness, distrust, and ill-will.

But there was a Parthian dart waiting for myself.

'Sir,' said one poor fellow, as he shook my hand, 'I'm sure we're all thankful that it *was* a gentleman in our third-class carriage that wasn't ashamed to talk to us poor fellows for our good; and you've told us a lot to make us think about; and God knows none of us wants to be a pauper. Now, can you tell a hard-working man, who wants to be independent, what club he *is* to put into, no matter what it costs, that can make him *quite* safe, and certain never to have to beg for parish pay, or be obliged to go into the workhouse when he is old?'

'No, my poor fellow, I cannot; I wish I could,' was the only answer I had to give to a question so serious; for I knew no friendly society then, and, I will go further and say, I know no friendly society now, which could give to that poor man, and to such as him, *a perfect security* against eventual pauperism, such as he was longing to be able to procure.

I dare say there may be someone making a mental or material note, as he reads these words, to the effect that I have herein uttered a sweeping condemnation of all friendly societies, declaring that there is not one good one to be found, but that, so to speak, from Dan to Beersheba, all is barren. That is a false note; I have said nothing of the kind. It is true enough that a multitude of falsely called

friendly societies are insolvent, as being based on dishonesty and swindling; that many more are insolvent, as being carried on honestly, perhaps, but ignorantly; and that a number more are insolvent, because the money contributed for sick pay has been lumped together with money contributed for other objects, and been spent and lost beyond recovery. All this may be, and indeed is, perfectly true. But the statement I have made does not touch these points for a moment. If every friendly society in England were solvent at this moment, I still know of none which can do what my poor bricklayer, and hundreds of thousands of good fellows like himself, asked for, viz. absolutely and perfectly secure a man against personal pauperism, with all its wretched prospects, its haunting shadow, and its hopeless end. I go further, and say that it is a cruel thing that the thrifty men of England cannot secure even their own independence, though they spend enough to do it twice over in efforts only too often vain.

The question is natural: Why can no societies at present, however good, secure this to a poor man? Firstly, because very few make provision for pensions in old age. Secondly, because a vast number of members of such societies are afraid to pay in for pensions in such societies, not necessarily from the fear of the society's, but of their own insolvency, and consequent loss of their whole provision. Thirdly, that to make such provision under common circumstances is really too costly, for the lower class of wage-earner at least. The result of which consideration is that a vast majority of poor men, who call themselves independent because they are members of a friendly society, are, in general, only partially independent, and at best only precariously independent.

1. They are only partially independent, because some of them are only so far provided as to be contributing a trifle to pay for their funeral, their claim for which benefit they will have to forfeit, with all they have contributed for the object, if they become paupers, and prove unable to keep up the payment of their weekly contribution.

Others, provided not only for cost of funeral, but cost of sickness, are still only partially independent, knowing, as they perfectly well do, that dependence on poor-rate is with them only a question of time, since, when past work and unable to earn wages, they must go to the workhouse.

Now, if we strike off from the aggregate membership of the so-called friendly societies in England all who are only partially insured against pauperism, and, *pro tanto*, dependent on poor-rates, we shall be amazed how very small a percentage of the whole number making some provision against possible necessities remain who are making any provision whatever against pauperism in old age.[4] Let us have

[4] 'For the past two years a column has been set apart in the Abstract of Returns for the statement made as to provision for old age—the result of which has been to show how *very small a proportion of the societies even profess to make such a provision, and how trifling it is when made.*'—Chief Registrar's Preliminary Return for 1878, p. 6.

no dust thrown in our eyes on this point. Many a so-called good club has had its merits flaunted before meetings of poor workmen as vastly superior to national insurance, because its managers have paid off all a paralysed member's future claims upon it with a munificent donation of 20*l.*, 30*l.*, or even 50*l.*; as if any such sum, which might keep the sick man and family from six to fifteen months, really made him independent of poor-rates or safe from the workhouse, once that dole, which could not be saved, and could not be increased, had vanished away. In a word, nothing but a weekly or monthly pension in old age can possibly secure a wage-earner from eventual pauperism; and, instead of being the universal rule, the purchase of such pension, in present friendly societies, is the rare exception. Thus, I think it will be admitted that I have shown the present independence of our working men to be only a partial independence.

2. I have said also that it is precarious. And this needs very little proof. For though the society may be a solvent and honest one which undertakes to secure a man's sick pay, it only undertakes this task on one condition, that the member keeps his payments up monthly during his lifetime. And how often, even apart from occasions where the means of doing this are lost by vice and self-indulgence, the task becomes impossible. Long-continued slackness of work, hard times, family sickness, disaster, or misfortune of one kind or another, only too frequently leave a man absolutely unable to gather together the few shillings which will pay up the arrears of his contributions, and the distress of one year compels him to relinquish the provision he may have been paying for during twenty. All interested in the administration of our Poor-laws know only too well what a vast proportion of fathers of families who are applicants for rate relief have been members, at one time or other, of friendly societies of one sort or another, and have found their membership not only precarious, but utterly vain at last, either because their society has not secured to them its covenanted provision, or because they themselves have not secured to it their covenanted contribution.

I dare say this will be accepted as sufficient evidence of the precariousness even of the best of friendly societies. And having shown that present efforts at securing independence are ineffectual, because such efforts generally aim at only partial independence, and because such efforts universally are precarious, I offer a challenge which I shall be very glad if any opponent of national insurance will take up, and I ask to be told the name, and shown the rules of any existing friendly society in England which can undertake to give complete and perfect security against pauperism to any independent-minded working man who, like the poor bricklayer I have been speaking of, is anxious to obtain it.

Till we have the name, the rules, and the actuarially certified tables of such a society put into our hands, I will be bold to say that no society exists at the present moment whereby a thrifty man can make himself absolutely secure from pauperism. Why, it may be

asked, do I lay so much stress upon this? Because, until the nation lays this truth to heart, there will be always persons to be found to assure the public that the proposition and advocacy of national insurance as a means of giving the thrifty man a blessed and perfect security against pauperism is quite a work of supererogation, inasmuch as the existence of present friendly societies, which do the work already, makes it unnecessary; and I wish to prevent this being said for ever by insisting, with all my force, that not only do present societies not do the work, but that, under present conditions, the work is impossible for them, with the best will, to accomplish. I speak as a member myself of an important friendly society, as founder and president of one of its branches, as one who, all my clerical life through, has persistently and urgently pressed upon men the duty and the dignity of joining a friendly society; I speak in admiration of all the friendly societies have done and are doing, and in hearty sympathy for the difficulties which lie in poor men's way who try to raise themselves. I readily grant that good friendly societies are good things, and that, however incomplete their operations, such operations are better than none. I will go perhaps further than any one else in this direction, and call it at least fairly debateable, whether in the case of a man who has paid into a friendly society for fifty years, and found it fail him in the end, his aggregate of happiness and self-respect have not been vastly greater than that of the pauper by his side in the workhouse, who has been depending on beggary all his life long without ever laying by a shilling; but, conceding all this, and granting that, in some possible ways, there have lately been some possible improvements introduced into some exceptional friendly societies, I still contend that when national insurance undertakes what they could never undertake—namely, to secure all men against pauperism—there is no more sense in opposing it on behalf of any or all the friendly societies, than there would have been in opposing railways because wheelbarrows were already in existence, and more especially because a few wheelbarrows were constructed on more scientific principles than the rest.

I trust that this may be sufficient to keep out of our discussion everyone who, up to the present time, has supported or said that even the best friendly societies are generally doing, or professing to do, anything at all commensurate with what national insurance would do in keeping men above the possibility of pauperism. Their alleged success in saving some men from some pauperism can no more be advanced as a reason against saving all men from all pauperism, than the existence of a railway between London and Willesden should have been urged as a good argument against making a railway from London to Liverpool. So much for the argument that friendly societies are doing the work of national insurance, and, therefore, that the latter is unnecessary.

Now, there is quite another objection to meet—That national insurance would compete injuriously with present friendly societies;

and, therefore, should not be permitted. I answer, firstly, that if it did it would be right. For does not every friendly society now compete with every other friendly society? And must not each one try to present features of special advantage in order to raise its head above its fellows? Why, if a good society be better than a bad one, and should, therefore, be recommended, shall the best conceivable one be forbidden to exist lest it should be supposed to interfere with others demonstrably less useful than itself? And, secondly, I go on to say that national insurance cannot injuriously affect a friendly society formed on proper principles, and to which each member has contributed the proper cost of the benefits he is supposed to have assured. A club that has been speculating on a perennial supply of young insurers to make up the deficiency of payment by old ones has never been formed on proper principles, and is bound to die out of itself, whether national insurance be introduced a few years hence or no. Such are some of the unsurmountable difficulties which beset present voluntary efforts, however self-denying and noble, in the way of independence.

Let me add, if these were all perfectly successful, instead of proving, in too many cases, altogether ineffective, they are efforts made by the thrifty classes only; and supplying these with perfection of security would not necessarily unteach in time the practical lesson of dependence and improvidence which our Poor-law system has been teaching to our thriftless poor.

Then we must alter the system. And, I think, everyone will agree that this should be done, if possible. But some, of course, rejoin, 'What! We have had it for 300 years; it can't be altered now.' I reply that that is the very reason. It has had 300 years to grow worse on, and, as each day it is growing more destructive, its alteration becomes, by the very antiquity of the abuse, the more necessary. Should we then abolish it? Shall we cut off to-morrow, from everyone not now in a workhouse, every claim to relief? Well, this has been suggested, and I believe myself that were it done, even the potential paupers now would not be left to starve, and the nation for all time to come would be the better for its abolition. This may be true in theory, but I, for one, should be very sorry to advocate its practice. If I did, the two or three who possibly sneer at me now for being sanguine, would have a right to scoff at me then for being silly. No! we cannot abolish our Poor-law. That is altogether a mistaken line. But if we can supersede the Poor-law, as I believe we can, by a system of national insurance, which, taking every unit of the nation in youth, shall compel him, as nature meant him, to make provision for himself against want in sickness and old age; and if, instead of teaching him a wrong reliance on the spoliation of his fellow men, it be possible to take away from everyone the possibility of pauperism, by making each man too rich to claim a farthing from the rates; if, I say, this thing be possible, surely my hearers will admit that the change it would work would be of such benefit to

every class in our nation as should entitle the proposal to their study its advocates to their sympathy, and its advancement to their aid.

This then, in the fewest words I can put it, is my position in advocating national insurance. Every man ought to provide for himself. The young, while single and earning good wages, can do this with ease. It is more just that the law should compel them to do this for themselves, than that it should compel others (as at present) to do it for them. And this is the plan itself—that everyone, rich and poor alike, should be compelled, by the time they reach the age of twenty-one, to complete a contribution in a national friendly society, sufficient to secure them against destitution in sickness or old age. The contributions of the rich, who (unless reduced to the necessity of wage-earning) would never draw from the fund, aiding the contributions of the poor who would, the cost to each person of such a self-made provision would not, probably, exceed a single sum of 10*l.*

The fund would be collected and distributed through the Post-office; the law requiring employers to deduct and pay in a fixed proportion of their young workmen's wages, the State running no risk whatever, as the requisite money would all be paid in advance, and the members, on the other hand, being secured from failure by receiving a national guarantee for their investment. The money to be paid either in one sum, or by instalments, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one.

The machinery of the Poor-law would remain, while, if everyone were provided against sickness and infirmity, the greatest part of our poor-rates would vanish altogether. So that, while the rich would save the greatest part of the present enormous impost, the really thrifty working men could secure their independence vastly more cheaply, and infinitely more safely, than at present; and, in addition, the huge class of the thriftless, who in the present course of things must become paupers, would in the outset of life have made their own inalienable provision, which would leave them, in spite of themselves, independent of rate relief for ever. Such a measure, in course of time, would, with very few exceptions, abolish pauperism, almost entirely extinguish poor-rates, and give to every unit of our nation an independent provision made with his own money.

I cannot conclude the present article without a few words in reference to the rapid growth of this subject in public interest. Apart from the essay in this magazine on National Thrift, in April last, and the discussion on National Insurance, last June, in the House of Lords, several leading organs of public thought have from time to time devoted large portions of their space to its consideration. Mr. Randell's remarkable article on Friendly Societies in the 'Fortnightly' I have already referred to, while the subject has been favourably treated by three different writers in three successive issues of the 'Nineteenth Century.' The second of these, Mr. Tremenheere—though in his interesting essay venturing to propose a modification of my plan, by limiting the proposed compulsion to the industrial classes only, instead

of to the whole population, and though failing to see that such a modification would deprive the proposal at once of its logic and its justice—has fully adopted every principle I advanced as necessary to the carrying out of the reform in view. And Lord Carnarvon's essay in the 'Nineteenth Century' for September cannot fail, by the solid form and quiet tone of its conclusions, to add vast force to the advocacy of a cause already strong in itself. Such an essay, by a statesman of such eminence for thought and judgment as Lord Carnarvon, must satisfy even the most superficial of readers that there is at least, in the suggestion made, matter of very grave importance to the individual and general well-being of our race; it will render it hard for any man of earnest thought to dismiss this subject from his mind as either unreasonable or impossible, before seriously weighing the vast mass of evidence which can be adduced in its favour against the mere fraction of tenable objections which have been, or can be, formulated against its ultimate acceptance. It will not surprise persons who have taken some little trouble to examine this important subject, so much as it may surprise the merely superficial reader here and there, to note that all the writers and all the writing cited are in favour of the proposal.[5] The only yet formulated adverse suggestions seem to have been long ago answered; and if, here and there, on platform or in meetings, someone still be found reiterating the same old stock objections which have been already a hundred times publicly confuted, the explanation is very obvious; for it is a great deal easier to assert vague objections in an occasional speech than to formulate and justify them in a deliberate treatise; and those who may be boldest in the generalities of a verbal discussion are apt to find a pen in their fingers affect their logical valour much in the same way as a pistol did the physical valour of Bob Acres in the play.

WILLIAM LEWERY BLACKLEY.

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[5] Besides these, so far as my knowledge goes, no single effort of any weight has been made to refute my statements or to controvert my positions, except by one writer, the Rev. W. W. Edwards, in an article contributed by him to the *Nineteenth Century* of November 1879. It has been a source of great regret to me that a singular *contretemps* prevented my reply to that particular article appearing in the same magazine. I mention this fact, not so much on account of the importance of the article itself, as on account of the importance of being able to say that every adverse criticism has been fully met. The reply to Mr. Edwards's criticism is published, along with five others, in the shilling volume of *Essays on the Prevention of Pauperism*, put forth by the National Providence League, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co.

Dax.

'A CEUX qui souffrent Acqs,' is the motto of the 'Thermes de Dax,' where I found myself, on April 1, 1880, in compliance with an urgent telegram which had reached me a few hours before at Biarritz. A leisurely run of a little over an hour carried me thither from Bayonne. There was neither cab nor omnibus at the quiet little station, which stands about quarter of a mile from the town; and as it was beginning to drizzle, I accepted a seat from the driver of the mail gig, who set me down at the door of the 'Hôtel de France'—the chief inn of Dax. The people here could tell me nothing of the friend whom I was in search of; and the aspect of the house and of the table laid for dinner was so uninviting, that I pushed on to 'Les Thermes'—an establishment regarded with some perceptible jealousy by the landlord of the 'France.' Dax is bisected by the Adour, which flows between green and wooded banks—if not with the 'incredibili lenitate' of Cæsar's Arar, yet with a very smooth silent current, that does little more than keep the boats moored in it with their heads to the stream. Across the bridge, to the right, is a massive old cluster of barracks; and beyond these, separated from them by an open place and a small garden, stand 'Les Thermes,' a large and airy building with a central pavilion four storeys high, and two long wings of half the elevation. Here I found my poor friend, for whom the healing waters had possessed no solace; and who, in his painful passage to the 'dim kingdoms,' had received from many of those around him, differing from him in race, language and religion, a kindness and sympathy which deserved grateful acknowledgment. As the friend of a patient I was at once admitted, although I did not intend to undergo the usual baths and medical treatment,—and for the few days of my stay I was made a welcome guest. There was a large and agreeable party at table, entirely foreigners, with the exception of one rheumatic Irishman. The accommodation, attendance and fare were excellent. We had déjeuner at 10.30, and dinner at six—each a substantial meal, with a bottle of good wine, and with more variety in the *menu* than is now generally found in the large Anglified hotels of the south of France. The tariff was remarkable. The charge for board and lodging, for an invalid, is in summer 9 francs per day, in winter 10 francs; for an officer, clergyman, or professor, 8 francs; for the friend of a patient, 7½ francs; for a child under ten years, 3½ francs. This includes everything, except lights, and such extras as one chooses to order—which are extraordinarily cheap. The *bougie*, which is frequently charged a franc, costs 25 centimes; the glass of cognac, which I never got elsewhere under 60 c., costs 30 c.; café-au-lait and a roll, 60 c.; an

excellent bottle of Barsac, from their own cellars, 2 francs. The baths are free to all the boarders; if you require medical attendance besides the baths, the charge is, in summer, 15 francs per month—in winter 20 francs. One can live here, in short, in the greatest comfort—amidst pleasant society—enjoying daily baths, and, if necessary, the best medical advice, for about (allowing for all extras) 70 francs, or 2*l.* 16*s.* per week. Without medical advice or extras it would not exceed 55 francs, or 2*l.* 2*s.* One naturally asks how comes this generous and beneficent establishment to exist, 'unhonoured and unsung,' at this little town of the Landes?

When Crassus, Cæsar's lieutenant, waged successful war in Aquitania, among the tribes which surrendered to his arms were the Tarbelli, whose chief town was Aquæ Tarbellicæ, on the Aturus. The tradition of the town alleges that Augustus brought thither his daughter Julia, to bathe in the hot mud, for the cure of some childish malady, and so saved the life which, many a year afterwards, he called, in bitter anger, the 'ulcer' of his own. The tradition may be held to account for one of the gates being called the 'Porta Julia,' and the expansion of the name of the town into Aquæ Augustæ Tarbellicæ. Traces of the Roman occupation yet remain, in two ancient gateways, and a fragment of massive wall. Dax followed the fortunes of its province, Gascony, during the period between the lapse of the Roman dominion, and the final settlement of the French monarchy. Before the Revolution it held the rank of capital of the Landes. Since 1790, it has been simply the 'chef-lieu d'arrondissement' of Dax; its population about 10,000, and its solitary historical distinction that conferred on it by its place in the campaign of 1813–14. Soult, retiring before the inevitable advance of Wellington, chose Dax, in the rear of his position at Bayonne, and commanding the road to Bordeaux, as the grand depôt of his supplies and reserves, and carefully entrenched it. The victory of Orthès drove him eastwards upon Tarbes and Toulouse, and left Dax untenable. The garrison quitted the town, and joined his retreating army the day after the battle; and Beresford advanced unopposed to Bordeaux, while the Duke followed up his success by pursuing Soult.

During these ages of historical obscurity, Dax had never lost the local fame bestowed by its gracious waters. The name degenerated from Aquæ Augustæ Tarbellicæ to Civitas Aquentium, to Aquen, Acqs, and finally Dax—but its springs bubbled and steamed, without diminution of volume or temperature, from the days when the great Augustus brought his only daughter to seek their healing aid. It was not till early in this century, however, that art and science began to interest themselves in the waters, and to take a methodical charge of them. In 1804 the great fountain was surrounded with a handsome wall, surmounted by an iron *grille*; and the boiling waters were gathered within the basin it enclosed to the depth of from 4 to 12 feet. Nine outlets were provided in the front of the wall, which dispense the water at the rate of 6,000 cubic feet per day. Its tem-

perature at the surface is 172° Fahr. Vast clouds of steam rise above it, and drift away over the roofs of the town, dissolving into thinnest mist. One was conscious, while one watched them, of the same impression of the presence of a great and inscrutable natural force, with which one had looked at the pall of mist that droops above Niagara, and the smoke that hangs over the cone of Vesuvius. But here the force is only beneficent, from whatever Plutonic depths of Phlegethon it may ascend. It lends itself not only to the dignified task of healing the diseased, but ministers to the humblest daily necessities of mankind. The house-mothers from the adjacent streets (the basin occupying an open space of about 1,200 square yards, in the very middle of the town) run out and fill their kettles with water ready boiled. The baker bakes his bread with it; the public washing-troughs are close by, and the overflow of the fountain supplies them, before it empties itself into the Adour. The water is clear and sparkling; without any peculiarity of taste and smell; and is soft, almost oily, to the touch. Its analysis gives the following results:—

	Gas in Solution
Carbonic acid	4·60
Oxygen	3·55
Azote	11·45
	19·60
Carbonic acid of carbonates	0·04585
Sulphuric acid	0·34382
Silicic „	0·02800
Phosphoric „	traces
Chlorine	0·17465
Potash	traces
Soda	0·27478
Lime	0·19983
Magnesia	0·06454
	1·03147

And traces, also, of manganese, iodine, bromine, and organic matter. The same analysis applies to the waters of two other springs, contiguous to the Great Fountain, the 'Bastion' and the 'Port.' Both of these are utilised for 'Les Thermes.' The source of the waters of the 'Port' was formerly called the 'Trou des Pauvres,' and was renowned through the Landes for its cures of rheumatism.

Another and similar group of springs is found further down the riverside, at the 'Baignots,' a small bathing establishment. The largest of these discharges at the rate of about 12,000 gallons per day.

These waters—warm, soft, and soothing—are not the only therapeutic agencies of Dax. Like the dust of Zion, its very mud is precious. The deposits of mud, which are found in the vicinity of the hot springs, and in some instances mixed up with them, are supposed to have been formed in the course of ages, by the slimy

débris left after the floods of the Adour. The mud is dark in colour, softly glutinous to the touch, without being sticky, and stains linen, &c., deeply. Mons. Serres, an analyst of repute at Dax, has detected much greater chemical varieties in the muds than in the waters; and has divided them into four separate classes, differing substantially from each other in the degree of their sulphuration, and the proportion of carbonates and organic matter.

In sinking a pit in one of the mineral salt mines of Dax, the engineer traversed a bed of mud lying some 65 feet below the surface, and a mile and three quarters from the Adour, and which was identical in character with the beds of comparatively recent formation. Analysis of the latter resulted in showing:—

Silica	796·51
Alumin	76·21
Proto-sulphide of iron	29·31
Magnesia	24·68
Chloride of sodium	16·32
Combustible organic matter	1·29
Iodine, bromine, potash	4·71
	1,000·00

No mud of the same kind has ever been found in France, or elsewhere, except at the little village of Prechacq, also on the banks of the Adour.

Generation after generation of rheumatic and ague-stricken Gascons had been content to roll themselves in the muddy and steaming ditches, and to bathe in the waters, under such simple shelter as was procurable, and with such rude appliances as the genius of the local Sangrado, or their own, suggested; but it was reserved for the originators of 'Les Thermes' to concentrate under one roof all the therapeutic forces of the place, and to organise in connection with these a complete system of medical treatment.

The great establishment of 'Les Thermes' owes its existence to the foresight and energy of two French doctors, Dr. Delmas and Dr. Larauza, who, after the most elaborate scientific investigation, recognised in Dax the promise of a beneficent and popular future as a health resort.

The great volume of the waters, the rare qualities of the mud, the singularly calm and equable atmosphere, the easy accessibility of the place, and its many resources for exercise and amusement, convinced them that Dax needed only a capable administration to become 'un grand succès.' The large mansion was built; the grounds were tastefully laid out; and every device of science and skill was employed for the comfort of the inmates and the utilization of the waters. The house is erected over the spring known as the 'Bastion,' which spouts out inexhaustibly below, at 172 degrees of heat, and producing an enormous volume of steam, which, conducted to every gallery and chamber in the establishment, keeps each at an

even temperature, by day and night, of from 58° to 64°. Two lofty glazed galleries surround the inner court, and afford an ample promenade for those who do not go out. Billiard rooms, reading rooms, *salons*, and a cheerful hall adjoining the front door, allow plenty of choice of occupation, outlook and society. The view from the dining-room windows which overlook the Adour—

Sulphureis gelidus qua serpit leniter undis—

is particularly pleasant. Two large staircases lead to the regions of the baths, which occupy the whole of the lower storey. The bath-rooms are conspicuous for their airy freshness and cheerfulness, and have none of that damp sepulchral gloom, which I have noticed, with a shiver, in certain hydropathic establishments nearer home. To give a scientific enumeration or description of them all is beyond my power. Let it suffice to say there are bath rooms for the hot mineral waters; for the hot muds; for stove baths; vapour baths; for local applications of the mud; for medicated vapours; for different kinds of baths of the mineral waters; for sitz-baths; for special douches, *vaginales*, *périnéales*, &c.; for cold baths of the mineral water, and of ordinary fresh water; and a large swimming bath, fed by a constant current of fresh water. All the appurtenances are excellent; the baths made of slabs of grey marble; and the pipes, jets, and appliances for localising and adjusting the stream of water or vapour, most ingeniously dexterous. Among the most curious are the chamber for medicated vapour baths, with its adaptations for administering to the body an envelope of vapour charged with the prescribed medicinal agent, while the head of the patient dozes dreamily in perfectly fresh and unadulterated air. The 'Succursale des Thermes,' containing a similar admirable assortment of baths, is intended for those who do not reside in the establishment; and close at hand is a like provision for the poor. Near Dax, by-the-by, is shown the house which was the birthplace of that kind friend of the poor, St. Vincent de Paul.

The immediate effect of a bath, whether of water or mud, is seen in the rubefaction of the surface bathed—the heightened temperature, quickened pulse, and more or less profuse perspiration. The consecutive results are an increase of appetite, gentle and healthy perspirations, a feeling of supple and buoyant energy and capacity for exertion. Of course the extent to which these effects are realised will depend, in a great degree, upon the previous condition of the bather. Dax does not pretend to work miracles, and to heal all manner of sickness and disease; but it performs undoubted cures in certain disorders, and soothes and alleviates much suffering in others. The treatment, whether in the form of water or mud, is sovereign in all kinds of rheumatism; in cases of loss of m ular power; in neuralgia, which if it had reached its present predomi e in Burns's days, would have earned, instead of toothache, the d tion of being

dubbed 'the hell of all diseases'; in nervous ailments, hysteria and hypochondria; in certain cutaneous and bronchial affections. In all these the treatment has proved itself efficacious. In some cases of disease of the liver, and other internal organs, drinking the water is prescribed as well as bathing and inhaling.

There is one fatal kind of malady, that year by year sends hundreds of pilgrims from our northern shores in search of relief and respite from 'the blight of slow decline.' Can Dax do anything for the consumptive? This question is freely discussed in the little treatise which I carried away with me from 'Les Thermes,' to correct and supplement my memories of the place—'Titres Médicaux des Thermes de Dax, comme Station Hivernale.' I infer from the various opinions adduced that although hydropathy is not practised here in pulmonary cases, and the baths are therefore of no account in these, great benefit has been derived from residence at 'Les Thermes,' attributable to the invariably even temperature and the mild and sedative properties of the air within the establishment; while without, the atmosphere is gently flavoured with two ingredients most wholesome to the lungs, the resinous odours from the neighbouring pine forests, and the saline particles from the more distant Gulf of Gascony. At Pau, Cannes, or Mentone, or at that most breezy and bright of all the health haunts of the Riviera, Bordighera, the pulmonary exiles do not adopt any course of treatment. They resort to these places for the climate, and let it work its silent charm on them. The climate of Dax is as well worth trying as any of these: but it ought not to be tried by every class of invalid. Great pine forests shelter Dax from the north wind, and on the west stretch their protecting arms between it and the sea, which rolls upon the sandy shores of the Landes about fifteen miles away. The lofty Pyrenees, which line the southern horizon, break the force and cool the temper of the 'fierce Siroc.' The east wind, unlike our 'hard north-easters,' is a fresh and moderate wind that almost always accompanies good weather. This protection from wind, combined with its low situation, and the local warmth of its springs, imparts to the climate a remarkable stillness and soft humidity. The vicinity of the sea and the pine forests contributes to the air enough of saline and resinous emanations to prevent this moist and peaceful calm becoming too sedative. There are none of the extremes of heat and cold here from which one suffers at Pau, or Cannes, where ice lies in the shade and dust in the sunshine, and 'le devant brûle—le dos gêle' is a proverb. The equableness of the temperature is a notable characteristic of the climate. Invalids who need a stimulating climate should seek the Riviera. Those who wish a climate equable, lenitive, and tranquillising, should go to Dax.

Apart from its sanitary conditions altogether, the little town is by no means unattractive. There are Roman remains to be explored; one or two old churches, and several quaint old winding streets.

The British tourist and the 'personally conducted tour' have not

yet rubbed all the Gallic angles of the place and population down. An entertaining market is held, weekly, in the Place near 'Les Thermes,' where one may study the industries, the dialect, and the costume, of the Landes. There are capital roads for riding and driving, and many pretty walks by the riverside. The river is navigable from Bayonne; and abounds with fish—among which shad and salmon probably offer most sport to the fisher. The royal sturgeon is occasionally caught. No pleasanter stream could be embarked on for boating. Indeed the Adour, from Tarbes to Bayonne, offers a most charming canoe track, through a smiling country of corn and wine and flowers.

Ripas Aturi, qua littore curvo
Molliter admissum claudit Tarbellicus æquor.

Sportsmen whose ideas of 'la chasse' soar above the small birds which the Frenchman does not disdain to persecute, will find among the forests the fox, the wild boar, and roe and fallow deer. The vegetation is superb: the magnolia and camellia flourish in the open air; the fruits, especially the peaches, are unrivalled. A native chronicler sums up his commendations of his favourite resort with 'Les femmes Dacquoises sont renommées pour leur beauté et leur coquetterie.'

Within easy reach of Bayonne, which is only twenty miles from Dax, lie Biarritz, Hendaye, Fontarabia, the fatal pass of Roncesvalles, and the historic heights of San Sebastian.

The lines from Bayonne and Pau meet at Dax; and little more than two hours will carry you to the capital of Bearn, where the chateau of 'our Henry,' as the peasantry still fondly call the hero of Ivry, overlooks the Gave.

In three hours from Dax you can get to Arcachon, where you may bathe in the sea, eat oysters, and inhale pine resin to your heart's content; and the same time will convey you to stately Bordeaux, whence a railway journey of nine hours will carry you past Tours and Orleans to Paris; or one of the many steamers that plough the waters of the Gironde will transport you to the Thames, the Clyde, or the Mersey, should you be homeward bound.

In these days it is so hard to light upon a spot within easy reach of Britain that still retains any picturesque individuality, where life is simple and cheap, and where the foreign element in society is not engulfed in the British, that it becomes a duty to impart the happy discovery when it is achieved. It is still more a duty when such a spot possesses also the exceptional hygienic characteristics which distinguish Dax. Let this sketch discharge—though imperfectly—my debt to the ancient town, with its kindly society, its placid river, and its benignant springs.

R. Herbert Story.

Economical Reform at Oxford.

By an Oxford Tutor.

THE hand of reform is pressing heavily even on those most conservative of our national institutions—the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Changes are rife in both places: changes of names, localities, and system, and perhaps even more so at Oxford than at the sister University. The Oxonian of thirty years ago, were he to-morrow to revisit the scenes of his college life, might chance to find himself equally bewildered in the mazes of the modern labyrinth of necessary University examinations, and lost—not in amazement only—among the various streets and by-roads of the new town which is springing up in the northern suburbs of the city. Even the 'Parks,' which have themselves had no long existence, and which were once held to be a quiet place of recreation for the hard-worked professor, and a safe nursery-garden for his children to disport in, are shortly destined to become in summer, as they have been for some few years in winter, an arena for athletic display—the Campus Martius of young Oxford. Another twelve months, rumour tells us, may find a line of tramways running down the Corn Market, High Street, and other sacred localities. But it is not our present purpose to enumerate changes that are, after all, at once merely topical and unimportant.

Whether, again, the system of education has sensibly altered for the better, whether the class of men turned out by the Universities in these modern days are wiser or more fitted to fight the battle of the world than their forefathers—on such matters we do not venture to pronounce any opinion. Suffice it to say that the 'powers that be' have doubtless been actuated by the best intentions in accommodating the spirit of their education to the spirit of the times, and we may well leave the question of ultimate results for a future generation to decide.

Nor do we propose meantime to discuss still more radical changes demanded by some. The time has come, so we are told, when the privilege of becoming students of Oxford and Cambridge should no longer be confined to the few, and when these doors of intellectual development should be opened to receive all who care to enter. The establishment of Keble College at Oxford, of Girton at Cambridge,

the admission of 'unattached students' to either University, are, they assure us, only so many introductory scenes of a play which is far from being completed. We are frank to confess that these agitators of change have many good and sufficient reasons on their side for advocating the extension of University education as well to the poorer classes of society as to the weaker sex. As Oxonians we should be unwilling to play the sorry part of dogs in the manger by growling at the admission of outsiders to share our advantages. Still we would venture to ask that abuses existent in Oxford should be first remedied, and that justice to present members of our University should precede generosity to these future ones. Charity should, in all such cases, begin at home, even if there be no necessity for its ending there.

If an itching after reform has taken possession of the brains of some of our authorities, there is, we beg to suggest, plenty of scope for exercising their ingenuity close at hand. There are sundry points on which reforms would be cordially welcomed by all members of the University. We allude more especially to economic legislation, or, to speak more correctly, the lack of economic legislation, in sundry of our colleges.

That young men of the present day have a tendency to spend money on luxuries is true enough, unfortunately for themselves and their friends. But there surely exists no sufficient reason why the necessary expenditure of the undergraduate should be so heavy as it now is, while the fact that such necessary expenditure varies in degree in different colleges naturally tends to the conclusion that the fault lies very close to the doors of the more expensive ones. If the terminal battels at Jesus and Lincoln may, without undue self-denial on the part of the undergraduate, be kept at the comparatively low average of 30*l.*, it is hard to conceive why the average at Exeter and University, given an equal amount of individual economy, should range as high as 40*l.* or 45*l.*

It was certainly thought some twenty years ago that it was within the bounds of possibility—we say no more—for the annual expenditure of an undergraduate at Oxford not to exceed 100*l.* The estimated personal expenditure for clothes and pocket-money being 25*l.*, this left 75*l.* for necessary college expenses. There are, we know, parents who are still labouring under the impression that 100*l.* ought to be a sufficient allowance for a young man at Oxford, and their belief is, up to a certain point, justified by the fact that some of the unattached students do actually live for considerably less than that sum.

To the confiding paterfamilias, however, who fancies that with such an allowance his son can be sent up to Balliol—we take Balliol as the recognised centre of intellectual development—the following figures may present an interesting study:—

Balliol College—General Account.

	Quarterly		Annually
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Common room:—University dues	0 5 0	=	1 0 0
College dues	0 2 0	=	0 8 0
	Terminally		
Room rent	5 6 8	=	16 0 0
Tuition	8 6 8	=	25 0 0
Library	0 6 8	=	1 0 0
College dues	1 10 10	=	4 12 6
Bed-maker	1 6 8	=	4 0 0
General expenses, including gas, water, salaries of servants (other than bed-makers), part of bed-makers' salaries, waiting in hall, junior bursar's salary, &c.	4 0 0	=	12 0 0
Cleaning windows and dusting carpets	0 12 6	=	1 17 6
Interest for use of furniture	1 0 0	=	3 0 0
Local Government rate	1 0 4	=	3 1 0
Poor-rate	0 11 0	=	1 13 0
Tax on servants and house-tax			1 0 0
Depreciation of furniture upon vacating rooms			3 0 0
Valuer's fee and stamp			0 5 0
			77 17 6

Speaking roughly, therefore, the privilege of being a Balliol man costs an undergraduate resident in the college nearly 80*l.* a year in addition to his weekly battels, and it is beyond his power to lessen that sum by any process of personal economy. The weekly battels, which may average some 55*l.* a year, the individual undergraduate may, if he will, keep within moderate bounds; but the college levies its pound of flesh—that matter of 80*l.*—with rigid exactness as it 'is nominated in the bond.'

Some of the items in this 'General Account' it may be worth while to examine more particularly.

1. Tuition, 25*l.*—At first sight this charge would seem reasonable enough. The Balliol man has little cause to complain of the efficiency of his instructors. Such lectures as the college may provide for him are sure to be good of their kind. But it is not unfrequently the case that, as matters now stand, a man may choose to take his degree in a *school* for which no provision has been made by the college in its scheme of lectures. Be that as it may, there are Balliol men who since passing their first public examination have only enjoyed the benefit of college tuition for one hour a week on the average; and for this privilege they pay at the rate of 1*l.* per hour. College tutors —Balliol College tutors more especially—are presumably clever men; but their service is rated at a high figure.

2. College dues. This item, for some reason best known to the framer of the table given above, appears twice; and the annual charge *is* about 5*l.* What is exactly meant to be included under the head-

ing, history does not record. We presume it to be an annual fee paid by the undergraduates for the privilege of membership in such a well-organised community.

3. Bed-maker, 4*l.*—Taken by itself, 4*l.* does not seem to be a very formidable charge for bedroom service. Let us investigate the matter a little more closely. We were informed not long since by a Balliol undergraduate that on his particular staircase one bed-maker, with the assistance of his wife, attended to the wants of nine men. Now, taking the period of residence during the year at the extreme limit of twenty-six weeks, we arrive at the result that this hardworking couple are remunerated for their exertions at the rate of about 1*l.* 7*s.* per week. But it must be remembered that in addition to this salary each undergraduate in college annually pays 4*l.* 10*s.* to the same fund, so that 2*l.* 17*s.* may be taken as the weekly pay of Mr. and Mrs. bed-maker. This latter fee varies in amount at different colleges, but we are justified in stating that it averages throughout the University at least as much as 4*l.* And it is a mistake to imagine that these private donations to the bed-maker are voluntary on the part of the giver. There have been, it is true, isolated instances of a strong-minded undergraduate so far exercising his free-will in the matter of fees as to refuse or curtail the terminal *tip* to his scout, if that functionary has been notoriously neglectful of his duties. But that the custom of 'feeing' is distinctly recognised by the college authorities, anyone may see for himself who will take the trouble to examine the rules and regulations of, we will say, New College. There it is suggested that at the end of each term not more than a certain sum should be given both to the head scout and his assistant. The same law, written or unwritten, holds good in nearly all, if not quite all, the other colleges.

But this sum of 2*l.* 17*s.* by no means represents a bed-maker's weekly earnings. In actual money it may be all that he will receive, probably more than he will receive, as we have our doubts as to whether the 4*l.* annually charged in the 'General Account' does actually find its way to the bed-maker's pocket: in money's worth he is paid, or he pays himself, at a considerably higher rate. A scout's place, we have heard a retired scout say, would be nothing without the perquisites. Under this head of 'perquisites' a college scout holds himself entitled to commit a daily series of what in a private household would be entitled petty larcenies. The remains of a meat breakfast, a luncheon, or a supper—including, we will say, a couple of untouched chickens, a wild duck or two, without counting such perishable goods as bread and butter, cheese and pastry—are quietly appropriated by the scout, and carried off to be devoured at leisure, or sold, as the case may be. We have to this day a vivid recollection of the air of virtuous surprise, not to say indignation, with which our own scout in years gone by listened to our modest request that one out of three birds untouched at breakfast might be allowed to remain for our own consumption. They were his property

by the right of custom, and the fact that we had to pay for them was a very minor consideration. The remnants of a dessert, if an uncut cake may be termed a remnant, the contents of the decanters after a large wine party—these too, in many cases, are claimed by the scout. In fact, large baskets of provisions are almost daily carried out of the colleges at Oxford—provisions which are paid for by undergraduates, eaten by scouts and their families.

In some colleges the line of ownership between master and servant seems to be traced in exceptionally faint characters. A Merton undergraduate at the commencement of one term invested in a peculiar patent corkscrew. This article he used for a day or two; then it disappeared for a week and again reappeared. This vanishing process was repeated at intervals. Finally, much to the owner's indignation, on his inquiring for a corkscrew, his scout offered to sell him his own property at a considerable reduction. Indignation gave place to amusement when he discovered that the identical corkscrew had already been sold to four other men on the same staircase. Again, crockery of all sorts, and many small articles of furniture pass from their legal owner's possession when at the end of his second or third year he is relegated to lodgings, and are sold by the scout to the incoming proprietor; and this process is repeated from generation to generation.

Such, then, are the bed-maker's recognised perquisites. They are not always the sole ones. While we should be sorry to take away any man's character for honesty, personal experience would lead us to doubt whether all scouts are content with committing these legitimate or legitimatised depredations. The amount of coal and faggots annually charged for in battels to the undergraduate world points to one of two conclusions. Either a college grate at Oxford consumes three times as much fuel as any other grate in any known part of the world, or—and this seems the more probable interpretation—the fuel is not always consumed in the college.

One word more on this subject. It is very rarely that money is stolen out of an undergraduate's rooms, and, if money is missing, in nine cases out of ten the scout is not the thief. Apart from all other considerations, it is not worth a scout's while to run the risk of illegal pilfering when he has so many chances thrown in his way of enriching himself at his master's expense legally.

4. General expenses, including gas, water, salaries of servants other than bed-makers, part of bed-makers' salaries, waiting in hall, junior bursar's salary, etc., 12*l.*—This comprehensive category reads well enough on paper—looks, in fact, as if a great deal of accommodation was provided at a very small cost. To our somewhat dull comprehension, two only of the seven items appear in any way justly chargeable—viz. gas and 'etc.'

Gas, we know by our experiences of Oxford lodgings, is a very costly article. 'Etc.,' we are willing to believe, implies something that requires paying for. Let us take the other items singly.

Water.—Inasmuch as men who live in lodgings pay nothing at all for water, and inasmuch as they do pay for every conceivable thing that the ingenuity of the landlord can suggest, we have fair cause to expect that the price of water in Oxford must be very trivial. Ten pounds a year, we should imagine, would about cover the expenditure of an ordinary college on this head; and the item therefore hardly deserves the prominence it receives. *Salaries of servants other than bed-makers.*—We presume that by these extra servants are meant the porters and the messenger. Are the undergraduates of Balliol charged nothing for each message which they send? Have they no such thing as a gate bill? Both of the questions would, we fancy, be answered in the affirmative, and in that case we can see no reason for an extra charge. There are plenty of respectable men in Oxford who would be glad enough to fill the posts of porter and messenger, and make no charge at all to the college, provided they were allowed to pocket the proceeds of the gate bill and messenger's fees. *Part of bed-maker's salary.*—We should say that the 'parts of the bed-maker's salary' which we have already discussed are or ought to be more than ample to satisfy the requirements of the most avaricious scout in Oxford. *Waiting in hall.*—This again reads well enough. But for the benefit of the uninitiated we will simply say that the 'waiting in hall' is performed by the 'bed-makers' and 'servants other than bed-makers.' *Junior bursar's salary.*—It would be well if an analysis could be made of the junior bursar's precise duties. A junior bursar, we should have thought, would be a kind of supervisor of the economical arrangements of a college. The junior bursarship at Balliol College in the absence of any economical arrangements would seem to be somewhat of a sinecure.

5. Cleaning windows and dusting carpets, 1*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*—That windows must be cleaned and carpets dusted we are perfectly ready to admit. Why about 150*l.* should annually go into the capacious pockets of the college under this head, we fail to see. In the first place, as neither of the above-mentioned occupations would exactly come under the head of skilled labour, we should have imagined that the work might be done at a somewhat less costly rate. In the second place, never having heard of professional carpet-beaters or window-cleaners, we have some reason to believe that these offices are performed by the 'bed-makers' and 'servants other than bed-makers.' In the latter case further comment is unnecessary.

6. Interest for use of furniture, 3*l.*; and furniture, depreciation of, 3*l.*—While we fully recognise the fact that furniture is liable to be depreciated by usage—more particularly by undergraduate usage—we plead guilty to a weak desire on our own part to become farmers of the Balliol College furniture on the specified terms. A capitalist might find many worse investments for his money.

7. Local government rate, 3*l.* 1*s.*; and poor-rate, 1*l.* 13*s.*—If these figures represent at all a fair charge, the city of Oxford ought to be congratulated on the perfection of her local government,

condoled with on the pauperism of her population. Painfully conscious as we are that we are exposing ourselves to the charge of being at once sceptical and uncharitable, we venture to doubt whether any large university town can be very poor, and to hint that the system of local government does not err on the side of economy. If, on the other hand, the figures do not represent a fair charge, it remains that either the townspeople of Oxford are fattened at the expense of the university, or that certain colleges are fattened at the expense of their undergraduate members. A story was told to us not so very long ago by an undergraduate—not of Balliol, but of a popular college in the High Street—which may bear repetition. The enormous proportion which the poor-rate, or the local government rate—we forget exactly which of the two it was—bore to his room rent, struck him as being somewhat peculiar. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he calculated what would be the total amount at this rate paid annually by the college under this heading, and arrived at the result that it amounted to some 350*l.* So he went to a banker in the town and inquired how it was that a building which occupied so limited an area of ground should be so highly rated. And the banker, smiling at his interrogator's simplicity, made answer in the words of a popular song, 'They all do it.'

They all do it. Not very high-sounding words those, but pregnant with much meaning. What is this *it* that they—the colleges—all do? Is it that they annually mulct their undergraduate members of some hundreds of pounds under the specious heading of 'Local Government Rate' and 'Poor Rate'? We profess our own inability to supply an answer to our question. We prefer to leave it to the framers of 'General Accounts' in the several colleges. We have already stated that there is a considerable variation in the sum to which the terminal battels at different colleges ordinarily amounts. Having to a certain extent discussed that part of collegiate expenditure which comes under the heading of 'General Account,' we will dismiss this subject with the following statements. We have lying on our table before us the 'General Accounts' charged to undergraduates of two colleges, Balliol and Brasenose. In the one case the sum total is 78*l.*, in the other it is 56*l.* We believe that we are further justified in remarking that the cases selected are not extreme ones, either way.

It remains to examine other items in college expenditure—items which are supposed to be more or less under the individual undergraduate's control. We use the term 'more or less' designedly; there are few expenses indeed, except those incurred in the way of luxury, which an undergraduate has the absolute control of. We are at once struck by the great variation in the prices of the hall dinner as supplied in different colleges. In some cases as little as 1*s.* 6*d.* is charged, in others almost double the amount. It cannot be supposed that the Magdalen man is *ipso facto* a more voracious *being* than his fellow undergraduate of Jesus, or that the Christ-

church man devours more butcher's meat than his brethren of Brasenose. The existence of such a difference in the price of dinners must be accounted for in some other way. There remain the following possible reasons:—Either the dinners supplied at Christchurch and Magdalen are superior in quality to those supplied at Brasenose and Jesus, or the supervision of the kitchen arrangements at the last-named colleges is stricter than at the former.

If the first of these hypotheses be correct, we have but little to say, and that little must be said very plainly. Either the dinners at these more expensive colleges are too good, or those of the less expensive ones are not good enough. It would be an absurd—we may use a still stronger expression, a disgraceful—encouragement of invidious distinctions to imagine that the undergraduates of one college can require more delicate nurture than those of another. The very idea of such a thing would be scouted at once in the undergraduate world. But—and here we can speak from personal experience as having dined, at some period of our existence, in almost every college hall—there does not exist, at any rate since the system of *commons* has gone out, any marked difference in the quality of the food. The cookery is indifferent enough in some cases, superior in a few, and the waiting likewise varies; the food, we repeat, is substantially of the same quality. It remains then that the variation in price—a by no means insignificant variation—must be the result of defective supervision on the part of the authorities of certain colleges.

Now the college cook is in some cases a responsible official with a fixed salary; a salary only accidentally affected by his performances in the cooking line. He is told by the bursar or one of the college authorities to supply a moderately good dinner at a certain price, which it is his business to cook, and his interest to cook decently well. Dismissal might, we believe that it occasionally does, punish repeated carelessness or want of skill. On the other hand, the typical undergraduate, acting on a theory that 'tipping' is in the long run economical, may chance to *remember* the cook at the end of the term if the cravings of the inner man have been properly attended to. And it is under this system, we take it, that the more economical dinners, &c., are provided.

But, again, there are cases where the cook is not, in the strict sense of the term, a servant of the college at all. He is not paid a fixed salary by the college, but he pays himself by what he can make out of the confiding and comparatively helpless undergraduates. And here, we opine, it will be his interest to supply as little for the money as he conveniently can. This he has every encouragement and every facility for doing. He stands in the position of a tradesman with a monopoly and something more besides. The undergraduates have either to eat whatever dinner he may provide, and to pay the price which he charges them, or they get no dinner in hall of any sort. But, the uninitiated may well ask, why not dine elsewhere? Simply because there is no option in the matter. An undergraduate

in college may not be actually compelled to eat the dinner supplied in hall, any more than the proverbial horse can be made to drink the water; but he is obliged to pay for a certain amount of dinners in the week. Even in colleges where a man is allowed to *take his name off hall* as often as he likes, there is often a fine attached to the privilege. And in most colleges the rule is, that five dinners in the week are charged for at the full price. Moreover, it is only quite recently that undergraduates have been permitted by the University authorities to dine at their own expense anywhere except in hall, or in the case of *out-college* men at their lodgings. In addition to the ordinary or, to use a truer term, the extraordinary charges made for dinners at Oxford hotels, there is always for the undergraduate world a pleasing risk of being called upon to contribute a sovereign to the University chest for infringing the statutes. No doubt the original intention of this statute was to check the needless expense incurred by dining out of college, now practically nullified by the increased expense of the college dinner. It is only quite latterly that owing to a wise system of tolerance on the part of the authorities, one or two of the clubs have taken the initiative in supplying dinners at a moderate price. And here we may remark *en passant* that we have never yet heard of a case in which this liberty has been abused. We may even go further and say, that the presence of such competition has had a decidedly salutary effect in the way of improving the dinners and reducing the charges both of college cooks and of licensed lodging-house keepers. To return to our subject. These cooks—or, to give them their proper title, these kitchen farmers—are wise men enough in their generation. In one case which we happen to know of, and probably in others, they forestall complaint by serving up a really excellent dinner at a very moderate price—to the *high table*. The undergraduates have to be content with a very inferior *table-d'hôte* at about the same price. Common-room life is, we regret to say, apt to engender a certain amount of animal selfishness, and, provided that his own table be sufficiently furnished with royal dainties, the college fellow will often turn a deaf ear to the complaint of the undergraduate on the subject of the food supplied to him. Impunity in this as in other cases leads to audacity, and so it comes to pass that during the summer term, when cold dinners and late suppers are in vogue, the kitchen farmer does not hesitate to charge such prices as 1*l.* 4*s.* for a leg of elderly lamb, and 10*s.* a couple for doubtful fowls. From four to five shillings is about the ordinary charge at a college in the High Street for a plain, very plain, cold supper.

'I always seem to run it up to 8*s.*' This we have a distinct recollection of hearing an undergraduate say. Complaint is made, and it is decided by the official supervisor of the kitchen arrangements that the cook's charge is not excessive. 'The man must make his fair profit,' argues this gentleman, 'and the fellows are perfectly satisfied with the food and the price. It is a very minor considera-

tion what the undergraduate may feel on such subjects. We have heard it stated that an eminent firm of contractors once declared that they would be willing to supply the ordinary hall dinners at less than one shilling per head, on the understanding that they were also to provide the college servants. We quite believe that they would make a fair profit out of the transaction. It is certain, at all events, that sundry of these kitchen farmers have made fortunes at the expense of the British parents who send their sons to the dearer colleges at Oxford.

It remains to make a few remarks on the subject of Oxford lodging-houses, which are nominally under the supervision of the University. Now, when we use the expression 'nominally under the supervision of the University,' we do not wish for an instant to imply that they are under anybody else's supervision. But we do plead guilty to a doubt as to their being *really* under any supervision at all. Certain delegates are appointed who, rumour says, sit for certain days in every week. And this statement we are quite willing to accept. In fact, so far as we know to the contrary, these gentlemen may sit every day and every hour of their lives; they certainly do not move much when their charge is concerned. Occasionally some new besom commences to sweep with some freedom at first. Raids have been made on lodgings, the story goes, where a servant girl, somewhat cleaner and better-looking than most of her class, was suspected of being likely to captivate the affections or undermine the morality of some over-susceptible youth. And the general result of these occasional fits of anxiety has been that the Oxford 'slavey' is conspicuous beyond her fellows for slovenliness and generally unhealthy and unprepossessing exterior. But the really obnoxious character—the lodging-house keeper himself—retains his vantage-ground unsuspected and triumphant. We are far from wishing to imply that there are no thoroughly honest and respectable lodging-house keepers in Oxford. We might even go so far as to say that, according to their own lights, they are honest as a class. As a class they are also unreasonably extortionate. Nor can we altogether blame them. Custom is a rigid master. It is too much the custom among the citizens of Oxford to imagine that the ordinary undergraduate has either the purse of Fortunatus, or is at any rate a bird who can stand being plucked. So long as the University or the individual colleges take no active steps to put the lodging-houses on a more satisfactory footing, so long will the undergraduates in lodgings be at the mercy of their landlords. Let us examine a little more closely the present system.

An authorised list is issued by the delegates of licensed lodgings, and the price of each lodging is duly registered. They range from 10*s*. to 60*s*. a week. But let not the confiding undergraduate, who, fresh from school, flies to neither extreme, but takes fairly good rooms at from 20*s*. to 30*s*.—let him not, we say, lay to his soul the flattering unction that the higher or lower sum represents anything like

the real cost of his apartments. The 'extras' he will find to be in an Oxford lodging a very important consideration. These extras vary not a little in amount at different houses. We will give an instance of what extras may amount to from personal experience. We took lodgings in Oxford not very long ago, not as a freshman but as having had some experience of lodgings in other towns. While we were actuated by motives of economy, we had our own private ideas of comfort, and we aspired to lodgings at 25*s.* a week; comfortable rooms enough, but by no means luxuriously furnished. We were content with very plain food, and for some days imagined we were living well within the margin of a modest income. At the end of the first week we wished to settle our account. Our landlord seemed to be quite hurt at the notion. Ready money was apparently no object to him. In fact he said so in almost as many words.

'My gentlemen,' he was pleased to remark, 'usually pay at the end of the term. We never care about being paid before.' The extreme affability of the man awoke our suspicions, and we persisted in our request. In the course of the day our bill was brought. When we caught sight of the list of 'extras' we were no longer surprised that the production of the bill should have been delayed.

We give the charges as we found them:—

	s.	*d.*	
Coals	4	6	per week
Gas	4	6	„
Kitchen fire	2	0	„
Use of plate and linen	4	6	„
Passage gas	1	0	„
Attendance	3	0	„
Boots	1	0	„
Bath	1	0	„

These were the 'extras.' The following was the scale of the ordinary charges:—

	s.	*d.*	
Breakfast, consisting of tea, dry toast and butter, with a couple of eggs	2	0	per diem
Luncheon, consisting of bread and cheese (our own cheese), with a pint of beer	1	0	„
Plain dinner	3*s.* 6*d.* to 5	0	„
A cup of tea (our own tea)	0	6	„

In addition to this, a pound each of coffee, tea and sugar, had been purchased for our use.

In plain words, the Oxford lodging-house keeper considers himself justified in charging hotel prices for the meals which he supplies, and at the same time making his victims pay twice over for many separate items in the collective account. To live in lodgings at Oxford on the same footing as one would live in lodgings elsewhere, providing one's own food and paying one's own bills, is out of the question. The lodging-house keeper, like the kitchen farmer, enjoys a monopoly, and the demand for lodgings in the more central parts of the town is always at least equal to the supply.

'If you don't like the rooms, Sir, I've plenty of applications for them. Only, of course, you must pay for the term.' Such is the answer given to the undergraduate who may happen to discover at the end of his first week that he is expected to pay 50*s.* for accommodation which he had contracted to receive at 25*s.* In the majority of cases the discovery is made at the end of the first term. The Oxford freshman is of an unsuspicious turn of mind, and can see no reason why his own conduct in respect of looking at his weekly account should vary from 'my other gentlemen,' who prefer to have their bill sent in at the end of term.

It has been urged in extenuation of these preposterous charges that lodging-house keepers at Oxford have only six months in the year during which to make their living. But the fact must not be lost sight of that the occupation of the lodgings at Oxford is during term-time almost a certainty, even under existing circumstances, and would be quite a certainty were some of the charges modified. Moreover the period of residence in Oxford constitutes a longer and a more certain season than that in London or sea-side places; and, after all, the cry of 'short seasons' is in every instance a mere excuse for extortionate prices. And we may remark that very few of the Oxford lodging-house keepers are entirely dependent on their lodgings for support. Most of them have some further definite occupation; many keep shops, and in some cases the production of the regular bill at the end of term is supplemented by an ingenious and unassailable 'shop account.'

Complaint to the delegates is generally ineffectual. The landlord is careful to keep within the letter, though he may violate the spirit, of the agreement signed at the beginning of each term. Yes, and there are cases where no complaint is made from prudential motives. What Jugurtha said of Rome holds good, we fear, of Oxford, 'Omnia sunt venalia,' and that especially in the matter of the lodging-house system. The boy-lodger is willing to overlook the landlord's excessive charges; the landlord—for there is a *quid pro quo* for everything—is equally ready to doctor the gate bill which is sent in every week to the college authorities. This is true of many lodging-houses, duly licensed by the University delegates, and therefore liable to be let to boys fresh from school.

That such a state of things should exist is as discreditable to University management as it is impossible that there should be no remedy for it. Neither the University as a body nor the individual colleges can be considered poor. The larger colleges, at any rate, with such a system of general accounts as we have given a specimen of, *ought* to be very rich, and these are the colleges which send most men into lodgings. What is there to prevent them from gradually getting into their own hands eligible lodging-houses, and putting in occupation as landlords superannuated servants, or other pensioners, whose charges should be fixed and payable through the college bursar. The new buildings which we see annually rising around us seem to be

insufficient to accommodate present members of the University. It will be a very doubtful act of charity to admit those talked of Oxonians of the future, with their limited incomes, for the purpose of enriching the lodging-house keepers of the present type. First let the house be set in order, and then it will be time enough to invite additional tenants.

But, a college bursar once told us, even on the present system of charges a college loses by each undergraduate. We should be rather inclined to say that the colleges lose by their present system of management. An inordinate amount of money is spent in many colleges. Where does it go to? When we are informed in one quarter that the college cook or kitchen farmer receives an annual fixed salary of 300*l*., in addition to a considerable percentage of the profits of the kitchen; in another, that a butler resigned his situation in order to become a college shoe-black, on the ground that the latter was the more lucrative situation; and when, in addition to this, we see college servants and petty tradesmen at Oxford rapidly acquiring fortunes, the question is easily answered. Our own impression is that twenty years hence the economical arrangements of many of our colleges will have had to undergo some very sweeping reforms, or the majority of Oxford undergraduates will figure in the calendar as *non-ascripti*, and will resist the encroachments of the licensed lodging-house keepers by associations formed on the principle of the present St. Catharine's Club. It is for the powers that be in Oxford to decide whether such a state of things be at all desirable.

The spirit of Reform is, as we have said said, breathing over the University of Oxford, and amongst its partisans are to be found the names of many of Alma Mater's most distinguished sons. There is every reason to hope that the changes in the matter of the 'Schools,' &c., which are being gradually introduced, will, under their guidance, prove to be changes for the better. And if a University education has, as no doubt it has, a beneficial effect on those who receive it, by all means let the privilege be extended as widely as possible. But the first and the most essential step towards opening the universities to the poorer classes of society must consist in giving the means of economising to such of the present class of undergraduates as have the will, and that can only be done by a considerable reduction of academical expenses.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 *Paternoster Row, E.C.*

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of verses can be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1880.

POLITICAL LEADERS AND THE POLITICAL FUTURE.

SHORT as has been our experience of the present Parliament, and the character of its legislation, it may be possible to infer the political material of which it is made, and how far it contains elements of strength or hope for the political future. No question can be so important for the United Kingdom as the quality of its forthcoming statesmanship; and it is impossible for anyone who takes a large and enlightened view of the prospects of the country to say that this prospect was, during the last Parliament, an encouraging one. It was not only that the statesmen then in charge of the Government could not, on the most flattering hypothesis, be regarded as approaching any ideal of greatness; no men would be more astonished at being supposed to have any claims to such a title than some of the most sensible of the late Ministry; but it was that not a few members of the Ministry before them had become discredited, both by failure of political effort and lack of mutual understanding and sympathy. No Ministry ever fell more helplessly than the Ministry of Mr. Gladstone in 1874. The blow which displaced them literally knocked them to pieces, and they parted as the dissevered members of an ill-jointed column which not merely lies overthrown, but splintered into numerous fragments. How far the great leader may have been responsible for the result it is not our present purpose to inquire. No one, certainly—not even the most indiscriminate admirer of Mr. Gladstone—can maintain that he acted a great or heroic part in the emergency which ensued, and which, while it carried Mr. Disraeli to power with a Cabinet of respectable country gentlemen and business officials, shattered and dispersed, as if by rout, the great Liberal party. In the moment of its recent exaltation this dismal rout has been forgotten, and it is perhaps well that it should be so. But it is the part of the journalist, who writes not merely for the hour, and who believes that politics form a great art as well as a clever game, to look both before and after, and to study political forces not merely as they emerge into sight, but as they live and grow with a past as well as a future before his eyes.

No Liberal who loves his country more than his party can be proud of the Liberal party during the first years of the late Administration; and if it were vain to look for statesmanship in a Ministry which hardly made the pretence of being formed of statesmen, it was hardly less vain to look for it in the dispirited and broken ranks of what had been the great Gladstonian Cabinet of 1869. It is marvellous how little greatness of intellect or character has sometimes gone to the government of England; but hardly ever was the absence of greatness more conspicuous in our public men than in 1874. Neither Government nor Opposition (in so far as there was any Opposition) was such as the country could be proud of. With a brilliant but bizarre and false genius at the head of the former, an astute lawyer at the woolsack, and two names besides of great but unsatisfactory ability, there was nothing else but a combination of mediocrities, of which no official experience or expertness could make statesmen; while, with one or two exceptions, the most prominent and powerful of the former Administration had gone their several ways unmindful of the State and its exigencies. The results of such a political collapse, which seemed to many for the time a state of much needed repose by the country, proved ere long to be so disastrous that we trust, whatever fate may await the great Liberal party in the future, it may never again so much neglect its duty of vigilance and discipline as it then did. Providence has no doubt been kind to England in many an emergency: it has grown great and powerful with very little brain sometimes at its head; but the experiment is a dangerous one in times like these, and our last trial of a Cabinet of mediocrities, even with a dazzling figure-head, is not an encouraging one. We must be saved in the future, if possible, from the quarter sessions type of political mind, which, like clay in the hands of a clever potter, can be moulded to any shape or purpose which a scheming but unsound genius may suggest.

The late House of Commons, apart from the political leaders on either side, showed no special capacity of any kind. It was a dull and ill-organised body, the majority of which faithfully obeyed the Conservative whips; but it developed no political genius, and hardly developed any power at all save a clever and ingenious policy of obstruction. It is unfortunately possible now for a public man in the House of Commons, or out of it, to make himself conspicuous by simply standing in other people's way, and becoming as much as possible a nuisance in the social or political world. Some of our modern Parliamentary heroes have no further claim to notice save what comes from conduct of this kind. By sheer insistance in ways of their own they obtain notoriety, and gradually, by the help of the newspapers, rise to be something of the nature of Parliamentary forces that must be reckoned with. The last Parliament was sufficiently fruitful in this sort of development, and the late election time brought not a few of the same calibre to the front whom the course of our

political progress will yet declare more fully. We are not likely soon to fail in leaders of this kind.

But the great question for the country is, Have we gained in the new Parliament in a higher kind of leaders, men of thoughtful and vigorous statesmanship, whose work will be an honour to the State, and whose name it will not 'willingly let die'?

There is good reason to believe that we have gained substantially in this direction. One distinct and obvious gain we have made in the reunion and expansion of the Liberal party. This union, indeed, had been largely effected before the elections. However honestly Mr. Gladstone may have intended to retire from public life in 1874, it soon became evident that he could not carry out his intention. Neither his own temperament nor the circumstances admitted of this; and as the unhappy foreign policy of the late Government showed itself more plainly in its true colours, and the peace-loving and righteous instincts of the country rose against this policy more decidedly, he became, as he could not fail to become, the eloquent and powerful voice which at once interpreted the feeling of the country, and intensified it by giving back its indignation with redoubled heat. One by one the old leaders returned to the standard; one of them especially, as we shall see, having grown largely both in comprehension and capacity of statecraft.

With a single exception, it may be said that the political leaders who encircled Mr. Gladstone in 1874 again surround him. The exception, indeed, is a conspicuous one; and the elevation of Mr. Robert Lowe to the peerage and a seat in the House of Lords is unquestionably a loss to the political intelligence of the House of Commons. No clearer, firmer, or more incisive mind ever helped to rule the deliberations of that assembly; no mind more straight, if sometimes narrow in its impulses, and more really free and generous and large-thoughted, if yet frequently—as if under some strange and uncontrollable perversion—doing injustice to its higher instincts. Scorn, which is always more or less near to a straight vision of the facts of life and the tangled aspect of public affairs, was the fatal flaw in the use of Mr. Lowe's great powers. He could not accommodate himself to opposing interests, and talk tenderly with those 'in the gate.' He liked to tear the veil from pretences of all kinds, and, having got hold by strength of insight of a true side of things, he could see for the time no other side, and delighted to pour his merciless contempt over what seemed to him unreal or merely conventional. While full of political enlightenment and manly conviction, Mr. Lowe was in consequence always more or less dangerous in political harness. He was apt to bolt, or to drive the knife of his keen wit or the blunt hammer of his logic through some fence that he need not have touched, and which was perhaps quietly sheltering his party from assault. He knew very well of this tendency himself, and latterly was on his guard against it. But this effort to go straight in harness was too awkward for him. It would have been

better for him to have preserved his originality to the last. His recantations on the eve of the elections of his old principles about the extension of the franchise, and his hesitancy to say all that he really thought, and still thinks, about Ireland and the evil of weak concession to Irish clamour, became him far less than his natural fearlessness in saying what he thought, and taking his own line. A man who has not practised the graces of condescension in his vigorous prime is not likely to be an adept at them in his declining years. It was impossible for anyone who knew Mr. Lowe and his public career, and what a reserve of individualism there was behind all his political adaptations, to suppose that he could be once more harnessed to the Liberal team, or act as one of a Cabinet destined to assimilate the borough and county franchise, and to bring in within two months of its accession to office the Irish Compensation Bill. There was only one fate possible for him—the House of Lords, if he cared to go there. After his special recantation about the franchise he cannot well assert his individuality on that point, even within the cover of that dignified retirement; but the old spirit asserted itself without stint in his vote against the Irish Bill. Of all the Liberal votes given against that Bill, there was probably none of them more heartily and joyously given than that of Lord Sherbrooke.

Mr. Gladstone is in the present Parliament, as he was in the elected in '69, the foremost of our contemporary statesmen. Call once more to the head of affairs by the national voice, he continu notwithstanding his recent illness, in the possession of all his natu strength unabated. Even if his physical endurance be unequal what it once was, his mental power and grasp, his fertility of pl ject and mastery of details, his energy in driving the politi machine, his success not only in conceiving but carrying into execu great reforms—remain all that they were. There is no name w the whole can be placed alongside of his; and even those who h him most truly—and there are many whose feeling towards Gladstone cannot be expressed in any milder language—do not ture to deny his greatness. They may heap opprobrium upon political character and conduct, but his personality overshadows t They cannot put him out of sight.

Whatever may be Mr. Gladstone's faults—and it is no part o business as journalists to ascribe to him perfections that he do possess, or to echo the servile adulation which is the too co response in Radical newspapers to Tory abuse—it has been one undeniable distinctions as a politician that he has always brou statesmanlike range of knowledge and largeness of thought upon public affairs. Even when his prejudices, or such intensi feeling as practically amount to prejudice, have most influence no one has been able to say of him that he did not really kn subject on which he ventured to speak or legislate. He ha failed to take a 'grip' of any question which has engaged hi Minister or as a leader of Opposition, and to bring to its di

not merely full information, but a grasp both wide and searching. This is so notorious in the discussion of those great commercial and financial topics which he has so peculiarly made his own that it is unnecessary to do more than to allude to them. As one said of him and his late Budget speech—which showed all his great powers of inventive conception and systematic mastery of details still in their utmost vigour—he spoke of the malt tax 'as if he had been a brewer all his life.' But the same is more or less true of all his speeches or legislative efforts. Although possibly not responsible directly for the Irish Compensation Bill, his defence of its principles was at once more largely informed and more comprehensive than that of Mr. Forster or of anyone else. He not only seemed to know more of Ireland, but far more of Irish legislation and all its special difficulties during the last forty years than any member in the Ministry or apparently in the House of Commons. The marvellous retentiveness of his political memory, and the systematic ease and fitness with which he can lay hold of the unnumbered treasures of his Parliamentary experience, constitute one of his greatest gifts, as they make one of the most powerful attributes of his success. Anything that has interested him—facts the accurate bearing of which may have quite escaped the memory of those whose special business it was, far more than his own, to remember them, are unfolded from the repositories of his thought with singular precision. It may be that the facts when looked at do not bear all the significance he is inclined to attribute to them; they may admit to the specialist, who had well-nigh forgotten them, of an explanation which destroys or qualifies the supposed value for which they have been hoarded in the statesman's memory. But this unequalled capacity of bringing forth from his treasury 'things new and old,' stamps not merely the largeness of his mind, but its immense utility as a practical organ in the sphere of politics. It is very difficult to encounter one who knows so much, and who can make such an effective use of his knowledge.

This large and well-informed capacity distinguishes Mr. Gladstone conspicuously from his great rival, whose peculiar powers are of a quite different order. Not even the warmest admirer of Lord Beaconsfield could claim for him fulness or accuracy of political knowledge. He moves brilliantly, but he carries light weight. Sometimes he carries no weight of knowledge in his highest flights. Statements have been made by him on grave public questions which had no relation to reality, but were the mere playthings—sarcastic or otherwise—of a reckless fancy. His well-known utterances about the Scotch United Presbyterians and their papal origin were of this nature; and anybody who heard the two men speak on a question which may be supposed to have been beyond the special sphere of the knowledge of either—the Scotch Patronage question, which was debated in the summer of 1874—would have seen the difference between the two men brought into marked contrast. Mr. Gladstone,

as he always does on Church questions, spoke with more or less prejudice, but with the most ample knowledge and keen perception of the peculiar difficulties which had come to encircle the subject, of which probably not half a dozen members of the House of Commons had any understanding. Mr. Disraeli spoke in evident ignorance of anything but the merest commonplaces about the Scotch Church, and stumbled hither and thither in his argument, making as he always can some good personal points, but not attempting for a moment to grip the more complicated points at issue. The ecclesiastical entanglements which had grown round the question were to his mind, no doubt, mere political moonshine, not worth any effort at understanding. He could look at them afar off, at once with the disdain of a Hebrew whose race had given two revelations to the world, and the contempt of an Englishman for what he does not understand; but it never entered into his head that in carrying out what some of his party, if not himself, thought a clever stratagem for the revival of Conservatism in Scotland, it was at least necessary that he should take pains to comprehend the subject and some of the practical as well as intellectual subtleties it involved. Neither the one leader nor the other appeared in his best attitude on this occasion; but an occasion of this kind is often more instructive as to complexion of individual character than a greater one; and the contrast which the two men then presented was highly significant—the Conservative chief studied, artificial and ill-informed amidst his brilliant sallies; the Liberal champion intelligent and powerful, and cutting to the point through all the redundancies with which ecclesiastical passion, always easily kindled in him, had overlaid the subject.

Mr. Gladstone will now remain what he is and has long been in the political world. He is not likely to develop any qualities other than those by which he is now well known. He may still, however, do great things, although we do not venture to forecast any of them. Our present business is not with measures, but with men—the personal forces at work in our present Parliament. Whatever legislative reforms Mr. Gladstone may yet undertake, the country has at least this security with him, that nothing will be done in ignorance or concealment. Discussion is the breath of his nostrils as a statesman. He may concoct schemes which do not see the daylight; an imagination so vivid with political ideas as his must be constantly forecasting recombinations of our national life; but whatever he may design he will bring to the light of debate before he attempts to clothe it with any reality. He cannot help doing this any more than Lord Beaconsfield can help keeping his schemes in shadow, and walking in the higher mystery of a political craft which is natural to him, and that love of obscure effects to which everything he has ever written bears witness.

There are many who only see, or profess to see, a destructive side in Mr. Gladstone's political activity. He has no doubt the faculty of destruction as to what he considers wrong or evil strongly de-

veloped. He enjoys felling 'upas-trees;' and it may be doubtful if he always sufficiently considers whether the tree is really poisonous before he begins to cut it down, and whether it might not possibly be pruned even to a healthy luxuriance. He is lacking in the love for ancient institutions which comes of a beautiful and tender as well as a strong imagination, and a certain generosity of historic insight in which so many modern politicians are deficient. But he is far more conservative in instinct than is commonly supposed. He destroys in order to save, we believe, even when he misses the mark. His Liberalism is certainly not destructive and radical in the coarser sense of the word. It is far too large-minded for this. A large-minded man capable of taking a sweep of human life and history can never be a Radical in this sense. Radicalism is the disease of political immaturity or essential narrowness of mind. There may be Radicals of this kind in the Cabinet, but Mr. Gladstone is not one. With the necessary growth of new political forces in a time like ours, and the intensities of social and moral enthusiasm working with volcanic impulse in so many directions, it is well to have a great political intelligence like his at the head of affairs. And the good result is seen in the willing homage which is paid to his power, if not always to his guidance.

But who is to come after him? For, whatever may be Mr. Gladstone's powers, a statesman of seventy is after all a statesman of the past rather than of the present. When Mr. Gladstone in 1874 abdicated the Liberal throne, there were two names for a time placed in supposed competition for the Liberal leadership. Many people thought then that an unhappy selection was made when Lord Hartington came to the front, and Mr. Forster with the simplicity and right feeling which have always characterised him retired in his favour. None were less satisfied than a certain class of Radical newspapers which have greatly grown in recent years, and whose password is that the bourgeois element which they themselves represent should become the governing power in the country. We do not suppose that there are any now who doubt the wisdom of the choice that was then made. If there is any politician can be called the Minister of the future, it is Lord Hartington. It is not that he is distinguished above his fellows by political knowledge or insight —although of both we believe he has a larger share than he has often been credited with—but that he has shown a capacity of political sense and growth—and of that wisdom which only comes from growth—in which no prominent member of the Liberal party can be said to have equalled him. He has unrivalled patience, tenacity and determination, without the slightest approach to bluster, violence or ill-nature. He has made mistakes—in one instance, at least, a great mistake—through ignorance and the bad advice of those who ought to have known better than to advise what they did; but he has never shown weakness; and he is inca ble, as we honestly believe, of being moved save by public co ations.

This is the very highest merit we could accord to him, as it is unhappily far from being a conspicuous merit of certain members of the extreme Liberal party. In old days it was the Tories who never hesitated to make themselves the organs of sectarian interests and passions, if only they could make them subservient to their political ends. There are no doubt those among them capable of such a line again if they thought they could play it successfully. But there are certain modern 'Liberals' who are well disposed to take up the same *rôle* and play it with more or less effect. Apparently they have no idea that Liberalism in the genuine sense is not necessarily attached to any 'interest,' however popular it may claim to be, or whatever number of votes it may help to secure at a general election. To follow blindly the impulses of any democratic or sectarian movement is just as essentially Tory in spirit as to follow in the same manner the impulses of any aristocratic or ecclesiastical movement. Men of this stamp do not understand the meaning of Liberalism. It is mere accident that they are where they are. A turn of the wheel would place them in the opposite scale. All genuine Liberalism implies the handling of public questions in a Liberal spirit with no *arrière pensée* of serving, behind the cloak of political profession, the interests of a sect or the designs of any clique clamorous for domination. There is no worthy guide in public life save a public spirit which is at once enlightened and courageous, and which will not bend to base or interested passions working behind the scenes.

It is because we believe that Lord Hartington has more of this public spirit probably than any Liberal leader that we look to him above all as the coming statesman of the time. Removed by birth, education and breeding above the clash of lower interests, and untainted by the passions which fester at the roots of all sects—we use the word in the most general sense, as applying to all sectional organisations—he is naturally fitted to look calmly on this baser atmosphere of political contention; and not only to look calmly on it, but to judge clearly and advise righteously. These are the higher qualities of statesmanship which secure confidence as they give strength; and it is a good account of the Liberal party that they have known how to honour these qualities and place them in the front. Important as are the gifts of public speech and the fire of enthusiasm that is needed at times to kindle the public heart, such gifts are really inferior to the clear vision, the manly and upright thought, and the tenacious if unspoken earnestness which at once understands its way and holds it undeterred by restlessness on the one hand or jibes on the other. Lord Hartington may never be a great speaker; but he has all the makings in him of a great statesman, which is of far more importance to the country at present; while the chastisement, both lively and powerful, which he administered towards the close of the Session to Sir H. D. Wolff, Mr. Balfour, and others, is enough to show that he has undeveloped powers as a speaker no less than as a Minister. At the age of forty-seven he

is of all men the man to lead the Liberals in a right and hopeful course during the coming generation.

Mr. Forster is fifteen years older, and this of itself is a great make-weight in the political race. Our respect for Mr. Forster is great, nor do his recent errors, as they must be called, affect this respect. His hitherto unlucky career as Irish Chief Secretary has shown, no doubt, unexpected weakness. This must be admitted even by those who have defended his proposed Irish legislation. The manner of it was bad, even if the legislation itself had been less doubtful than it was. It was born of haste and inconsideration. Quite plainly, even if it had been successful, it would not have staunched, nor probably helped to staunch, the miseries of that unhappy country. His words about the House of Lords, too, although they were mischievously misconstrued, were not words of wisdom. If there is anything a statesman of the higher type is bound to avoid in times like this, it is the slightest encouragement to what may be called the professional Radicalism abroad—the Radicalism which trades on agitation, and from the bosom of unknown clubs whose folly is only equalled by their insignificance—when their members at any time emerge into public notice—send forth manifestos of the 'Rowdy Journal' kind, ablaze with homage to a national patriotism, the very idea of which they do not understand. It was a real offence on the part of a politician of such standing as Mr. Forster to seem for a moment to encourage the flagrant nonsense of Mr. T. P. O'Connor and men of his class. No momentary irritation can be held to excuse such an offence, however it may explain it. But even this unlucky utterance, as well as all Mr. Forster's tactics as Chief Secretary of Ireland, have, we believe, proceeded from the very excess of honesty and plain dealing for which he has always been characterised. He was disposed, on his accession to office, to credit others, even the Irish, with the same downright and direct intentions as himself, and he could see no reason why Irish questions should not yield to the same honest treatment as he had found serviceable in other cases. But this merely showed that he did not fully understand the Irish or Irish questions either. The last thing an Irishman, or a Celt anywhere, thinks of is the direct settlement of a difficulty on any terms of reason such as would satisfy other mortals. All his grievances are masked grievances. They mean something else than they appear to mean, and before Mr. Forster is done with Ireland he will have learned this to his heart's content. We still cherish good hopes of him as the responsible Minister for Ireland, but he has still a great deal to learn, and his colleagues too, before they can touch its miseries with any happy legislation. In the first instance, it is hoped that he will learn that, whether or not he is destined to contribute by further legislation to a pacific settlement of a country always, it may be said, 'within measurable distance of civil war,' he and his colleagues are bound, as an absolute condition of doing any good, to enforce the law, and, if necessary,

with this view to lay an arrest on the leaders of an agitation which is both mad in itself and too plainly the cause of murderous outrage. A Government that is not able to secure life or property in Ireland is not likely, with the best intentions, to secure any other good to it.

Of the remaining Liberal leaders there are at least three in the House of Commons and two in the Lords that deserve notice. We may begin with the Peers, as standing both officially and personally in advance of the others. Both Lord Granville and the Duke of Argyll must be pronounced in the front rank of statesmen, although the latter occupies a comparatively unimportant position in the present Cabinet. Lord Granville reached the maturity of his political fame and ability years ago; and it is only those who fail to recognise the firm determination—the steel glove, polished it may be—beneath the persuasive pat of his eloquence, who would be disposed to doubt his power as a leader. Like most men of his class, his power has been so mellowed both by natural *bonhomie* and ripened experience, that it is no longer obtrusive. He may give the impression of a courtly and refined gentleman of the old school, rather than of one fitted to represent the modern democracy. But English statesmanship owes much even to the school to which Lord Granville belongs—a school in which all the best traditions of Liberalism were combined with large knowledge of the world as well as the mere *data* of political science, and the eloquence of which was always touched with dignity and ease, never with violence. But Lord Granville himself is more than the mere product of any school. He is not only a persuasive speaker, who can on a fitting occasion unsheathe a barbed sarcasm from the most velvety sentence, but to far-ranging and most genuine Liberal instincts he unites a rare knowledge of foreign affairs, and the most righteous and noble impulses in their guidance. There can be no doubt that the country has perfect confidence in his motives and judgment, and that whatever may be the solution of the present complications, it will not be from any lack of wisdom on his part if the issue is not both wise and right.

The Duke of Argyll is beyond question one of the ablest men in the present Cabinet. In mere penetration and power of brain we do not know that there is any before him, even Mr. Gladstone himself. It is impossible to read what the Duke has written, or to listen to his speeches in the House of Lords, without recognising how strong and clear an intellect lies behind all his speech and writing. He has also the special virtue of being true to his convictions in circumstances which must have greatly tried them, and in the face of adverse influences fashionable both in the world of science and politics. He is in short, both as a politician and a writer, of a sturdy and independent type by no means common, and his sturdiness is never, as some incline to think, mere *brusquerie*. It has an element of *brusquerie*, as his manner notoriously has; but his independence as a politician is always more than mere self-assertion or a disinclination to fall in with the opinions of others. It has a true vein of

manliness, and it is always marked by broad sense and intelligence. His Presbyterianism, resting, as he has shown so repeatedly, on a basis of enlightened as well as traditionary thought, is an evidence of steady loyalty to principle. Within his own religious sphere he is quite as great an enthusiast as Mr. Gladstone; he is equally faithful to an inherited system, differing as it greatly does from that of his political master; but he moves in a higher rational light on religious questions, and is less weighted by a mass of mere tradition. He carries into political discussion the same rational and luminous intellect which he shows in handling the problems of science or theology, and adds to a masterly comprehension the fire of political passion. There is no speaker in the House of Lords that can be said now to equal him, or who is capable of rising to the same heights of sweeping yet dignified eloquence. It may be asked, then, Why is the Duke of Argyll not a greater figure in contemporary politics, and why should he have been relegated to a comparatively unimportant post in the new Cabinet, especially after holding a foremost post in the former Liberal Administration? These are questions that would occupy us needlessly, and on which we are probably not competent to throw any satisfactory light. It is understood that the state of the Duke's health rendered harder work than what is attached to the office of Lord Privy Seal undesirable to him on the formation of the present Cabinet. Such things can never be but partially known to outsiders, and are often least of all accurately known to those who pretend to know most about them. But the Duke of Argyll's political career has no doubt suffered from special causes that lie upon the surface, and which are just as patent as his great abilities—nay, to a large proportion of the political world far more patent. He has still, and has had from the first, an unhappily didactic manner—the manner of a Scotch professor or lecturer rather than of a man of the world. He lacks cordiality, ease, and apparent kindliness. He is a man to do his duty in all things according his light, but not more. The spontaneity, effusiveness, or generous amplitude of courtesy which have often marked our great public men are not his; and he has probably never realised the lack of them. But these are far more telling qualities with the mass of English people, and English society, than any measure of talent or devotion to duty. From the lack of them in some degree the Prince Consort, with all his truly noble gifts, never was a popular man, and hardly is so even now when all his patiently heroic virtues are so well known. There is something no doubt that is right in the popular instinct, and we do not challenge its verdict. We offer it only in explanation.

Of the remaining Ministers in the House of Lords there are the Lord Chancellor and the head of the Admiralty who may both claim also to stand in the front rank as statesmen. But neither of them can be said to be popular leaders. The clear, incisive, orderly intellect of Lord Selborne, and the sterling candour, knowledge,

and calm unaffected sense of Lord Northbrook are both invaluable adjuncts in the Liberal Cabinet. No one probably knows India and all the difficulties of its administration so well as the latter; and there was no clearer evidence of the folly of the late Viceroyship, and the bad principles which guided it, than the decided if unostentatious disapproval of Lord Northbrook. The deliberations of the present Cabinet would lose greatly if it lost the presence of either him or the Lord Chancellor, whose Conservative interests, both in reference to Church and land, are not at all incompatible with the most genuine and enlightened Liberalism. In the best sense of the word there is no greater Gladstonian in the Government than Lord Selborne. Both men are therefore true elements of Liberal strength, although neither will ever probably become distinct powers in the Constitution.

The three statesmen in the House of Commons who still claim prominent mention are of course Mr. Bright, the Home Secretary, and the head of the War Office: men so unlike each other, and the possibilities of whose influence and career are to be measured so differently, that it is hardly possible to speak of them together. Mr. Bright stands apart from the other two not merely on account of his exceptional powers as an orator, but because his age places him in advance of the others. He may be said to be a generation older in political life. There is no man deserves better of his country than John Bright. If others did more to guide and direct the great agitation associated with his name and that of his friend Mr. Cobden, no one did so much to give it motive power, and by the kindling life of a rarely felicitous and effective eloquence, to bring triumph to a beneficent cause. He has hardly lost any of his power as an orator. He has no living match as a speaker in his happier moments, as in the discussion on the Burials Bill in last Parliament, when he rose above all the miserable entanglements of the question, and by the simplicity of his language, the pathos and beauty of his allusions, and the sweet yet manly tenderness of his tone, touched every heart that heard him. But undoubtedly Mr. Bright's political thought moves now more in the past than in the present or future world of politics. We do not mean that his political interests are of the past. On the contrary, he is warmly interested in all present questions, and no man probably anticipates the political future with a more glowing faith and enthusiasm. It is, nevertheless, true that his modes of thought belong to the past. He has never forgotten or quite outlived the comparatively narrow range of ideas which were a gospel and all the gospel of politics to him from 1840 to 1850. He has never left the things that are behind that he might reach forth unto those that are before. It is impossible not to notice the narrow sharpness with which he still often draws distinctions as to classes and interests which may have had force then, but which have largely lost all meaning or, at least, the same meaning, since. Not only so, but his career as an agitator—it is the penalty

of every career of agitation—has left with him a certain tinge of asperity and exaggeration in speaking of classes of his countrymen, opposed to him in politics, which is not only at times painful, but which always marks a note of descent in the political scale. The highest political intelligence may yield to this class-tone in moments of political passion, but never without regret, and it instinctively rises above it in all better moments. It would seem sometimes as if Mr. Bright nursed the tone and rejoiced in it rather than repelled it; and it breeds that air of defiance of saying by his looks as well as by his words, 'if you don't take that, you will by-and-by get something worse,' which is so very offensive to classes of his countrymen. It may be said that Mr. Bright knows, if possible, less of these classes than they know of him. His heart is large and his sympathies are not confined, but the country gentlemen of England do not come within the embrace of either. He will never be anything to them but a somewhat coarse agitator, and they are to him creatures of political imagination rather than the manly and reasonable creatures they often are. Mr. Bright, with all his powers and that charm of noble speech which still is his in all better moods, is no longer a political leader towards the gates of the future. Even as to Ireland he has declared all his mind long ago; and whatever solution may await the difficulties of that country, it will hardly be found within the compass of the well-known Bright clauses. He is a dogmatist—and has always been one—on all questions of Church and State, and there is no kind of political mind from which less can be hoped in the future than that which is represented by the dogmatic Dissenter. The whole struggles of the seventeenth century are a still living commentary upon the wisdom of their political designs and accomplishments. They may be destined to triumph once again as they did then, but their triumph, should it come, will not be that of enlightened statesmanship.

Mr. Childers as a statesman can hardly be said to have made his mark as yet; but he has shown great administrative aptitude, and a wisdom of reticence as well as of speech which betokens latent capacity. With no mean gifts as a speaker, he has never been forward in political utterance—speaking, as is the habit of some, in season and out of season, and necessarily saying much that had better have been left unsaid. While a strong Liberal, Mr. Childers is neither on the one hand a Whig of an old school, nor a Neo-Liberal with extreme tendencies in one direction nor another. He has identified himself with no social or political nostrums, and plainly does not believe in advancing the well-being of the country by any ready-made legislative panaceas. He is, in short, a man of good sense, of large intelligence, and of ripened knowledge on many important questions; a man of business, yet with a special political education and the instincts of statesmanship guiding all his commercial experience. He is far more than the mere *bureaucrate*, and knows well that no amount of mere business aptitude or departmental

capacity can ever make a statesman, without the higher thoughtfulness that comes from the study of national questions on a great scale.

Of Sir William Vernon Harcourt it is more difficult to speak than of any other who occupies a prominent position in the present Cabinet. He is a force still to be revealed. Of his powers as a speaker, and even as a political thinker, there can be no question. His mind ranges freely over the world of politics. He has knowledge, energy, openness of mind. He is capable of infinite pains, at least in the preparation of his speeches, which no doubt was one of the weapons which overthrew the late Administration. His elaborate criticisms, studded with sarcasm and set off with a most effective rhetoric, did much to lay bare the imposture of a sinister foreign policy. His confidence in himself and in his cause gave a sweep to his oratory which made it deadly, and no one, save Mr. Gladstone himself, contributed so much to the results of the late election. He received therefore only what was due in his promotion to the high office which he now holds. He has still to prove that he possesses the higher qualities which can make him successful in such a post, or as a political leader. His mannerism has considerably softened during four months of official parliamentary life, he has learned some due consideration for the feelings of others, and has even at times been humble with a courtesy which suggests the diminution of a self-consciousness which must have otherwise proved a formidable inconvenience in the House of Commons. As there is no doubt of his capacity, so there is good hope that his political convictions are deeper and more steadfast than they once seemed to be, and that no mere love of asserting his own will, but a grave sense of the evils, not merely of boy-imprisonment, but of many other details of our domestic legislation, may stimulate him to an active and enlightened course of home policy. No mere cleverness, however intellectual and well-informed, can secure success in such an important career as that on which Sir William has entered. No one knows this better than he does himself, and the growth of steadfast, pure, and earnest public principles will no doubt mark prominently the future of that career.

Of lesser men we cannot now speak, and it is the less necessary to do so that, able as many of these men are—like Mr. Fawcett, Dr. Playfair, Mr. Grant Duff, and others—they are none of them powers likely to influence the future much. Mr. Fawcett is a man of undoubted ability, and has earned for himself a highly honourable position as a politician, as he has well deserved the official promotion which he has reached; but, however valuable his guidance on special questions may be, he can never be either a popular or official leader. It is different with men like Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, the latter of whom especially may yet prove a power in the country. Both of these men have shown high capacities of parliamentary rule; both are men of clear political insight, and possess that determination of judgment which, ripened by experience, and chastened by a wider

and more diversified range of sympathy, may yet lead them to success in statesmanship. But both have still much to learn, and perhaps more to unlearn. A certain rawness and even offensiveness characterised their earlier utterances, and in the case of Mr. Chamberlain was accompanied by a dogmatism and self-assumption essentially Tory in spirit, surprising as the accusation may seem. His complacent and superficial generalisations, when he was busy writing himself into notice in the 'Fortnightly Review' and elsewhere, might just as readily have developed into a species of Toryism as anything else. His love of domination as the apostle of the Caucus, and his blind resolution to compass political ends by compulsory majorities, rather than by the free and varied expressions of all shades of opinion, showed how imperfectly he understood the genuine principles of Liberalism, and that he cared far more for the triumph of his own ideas than for the education of a free people in ideas of political truth and righteousness. But this headiness belongs to political boyhood in every form. And now that Mr. Chamberlain has fairly reached the stage of political adolescence, there is reason to think that he has put away those things of his youth. Both the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the head of the Local Government Board are doubtless destined to exercise no inconsiderable influence upon the course of the political future.

There are other younger men on the Liberal side, like Mr. Courtney and Mr. Trevelyan, who are capable of becoming factors in the political world, and influencing its destinies. The latter, we hope, may not be altogether seduced into the fascinating paths of literature, for which he has shown such rare fitness. There can be no better school for the study of political problems than sympathetic fellowship with two minds of such marvellous political fertility and largeness of temper as those of Lord Macaulay and Charles James Fox; but we trust that Mr. Trevelyan may return from such charming researches into the less pleasing but still more useful walks of legislative ambition. He and Mr. Grant Duff, whose rare political knowledge gives a statesmanlike flavour to all his work, along with Dr. Playfair, constitute the only contingent of political intelligence which Scotland, with all its dominant Liberalism, can be said to send to the House of Commons; and neither Scotland nor the House can afford to want the services of an intelligence like that of Mr. Trevelyan. It might be wished that Scotland did more to enrich the higher elements of the House of Commons, and to contribute to the healthy growth of the political future. But such a result does not seem likely at present. It has even lost lately some wise and good names, prominent for parliamentary knowledge and varied political experience; and their places have not been refilled. It is all the more necessary that such names as remain should not hide their light.

It is young, rising, and generously intelligent politicians that are needed on both sides—men who are willing to wait, and to give

much study to political problems before they venture upon their solution—men of catholic rather than of provincial or sectarian sympathies, of reforming rather than of radical zeal. All that can be well said is that there are more elements of promise in the present Parliament than the last, if there are also grounds of distrust. The least thoughtful must be struck by the extent to which the government of the country is in the hands of men who are past middle life, and how the note of younger politicians on both sides is that of lawless individualism rather than of broad, well-educated capacity. There is a lack of subordination, and too little realisation of the need of training and discipline as a prime condition of all political usefulness. The new member is hardly fledged when he begins to try his wings, and soars in forward and aimless rhetoric for the delighted amazement of his constituency afar off; or, still worse, in some active line of his own by which the whole world may see what a clever fellow he is. The old idea of education under a political chief, which was still the governing one in Mr. Gladstone's political youth, and in conformity with which he acquired his enormous range of political knowledge, has well-nigh passed away, and men pass from the country house, or the newspaper office, or from the army, or from doing nothing, to the senate, and believe that they are full-grown politicians, capable of handling all the weapons of one of the most difficult of arts. In the present House of Commons, and not least on the Conservative side, there has been already abundant evidence of this lack of subordination, and of the forwardness of younger and less competent politicians to take the reins out of the hands of their betters. There are really rising men on the Conservative side, men both of knowledge and competency to rule; but they are not to be found, or at least the best are not to be found, among the so-called fourth party, which probably annoyed Sir Stafford Northcote during the last session far more than they disturbed Lord Hartington. Such men must come to heel if they are to do any good, and learn to serve before they try to rule. And the lesson is in some respects as much needed on the other side. There were extreme Liberal members who ventured to address Lord Hartington in an utterly unbecoming manner during a well-remembered discussion towards the beginning of last session. This lack of *tone* on either side is fatal to a high growth of political intelligence. And intelligence—brain power qualified and governed by moral instinct—is what is needed above all in the political sphere, as in every other sphere of activity in this world. With a high range of intelligence there will always be largeness of comprehension, patience in the solution of political problems, a Liberalism sanguine for the future, while conservative of all that is good in the past, eager for the amelioration of our social and religious state without fanaticism, or any thought that the gravest political changes can work changes in the opinions, feelings, and tendencies which—far more than any legislative framework—constitute the real national life of this old empire. A Radicalism which

ignores this, and, in deference to new-spun theories, would break down national institutions at many points, under the idea that class distinctions and religious and social jealousies would disappear with them, is ignorant alike of history and of political science. Nothing can be more unlike true Liberalism than such democratic dogmatism. The fate of Liberalism and of the country—for that the fate of Liberalism and the country is indissolubly united appears to us certain—will depend on its resistance to impulses so really alien to it as some that now run alongside of it. It is because our present leaders, and especially he who is clearly the heir of the supremacy of the Liberal party, are men of large intelligence and of varied and enlightened experience—willing to be taught by the popular instinct, while also striving to guide it—that we believe that the destinies of the country are safe in their hands, and that not merely the present difficulties in Ireland and the East, but many coming difficulties, will reach under their hands a beneficent issue.

An Early Celtic College.

On the wide space of sea between the south-east coast of Mull and the mainland of Lorne, to the west of Scarba and Jura, there is a group of six small islands called the 'Garveloch Islands.' They lie out of the steamboat track of tourists to Oban and the Hebrides, and are therefore rarely visited. In the magnificent archipelago which bursts upon the gaze of the traveller as he emerges from the Crinan Canal and passes out through the wide portals of the Dorus Mohr, this group of islands may escape notice altogether, and yet when sailing close to them they exhibit some of the finest sea-cliffs on the west coast of Scotland. Rising two or three hundred feet sheer from deep water, they form for nearly three miles, a sublime rampart, on which the elements have carved their grand runes in many a fissure and rugged ledge. Here and there they have crystallised into splendid basaltic columns not unworthy of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway; and at short intervals enormous trap-dykes run up through them, some of which have been excavated by the action of the waves, forming caves and clefts into which the sea dashes with a sullen roar. The natural brown of the basalt is deepened in some places by the beating upon it of incessant tempests into a kind of black bloom, giving to the cliffs a peculiarly stern iron look, repellent of all life; in other places they are brightened by the most brilliant mural vegetation; lichens giving them a golden or hoary appearance, and mosses softening their haggard features with a tinge of verdure. Myriads of sea-fowl have made their nests in the ledges of the precipices; and their white forms may be seen clearly relieved against the dark background, as they rise in clouds frightened by the shouts of the boatmen, and fill the air with their deafening cries. While on some projecting point a scart or green-crested cormorant sits, and stretching forth its long neck, looks down at the spectator sailing past with its wild uncanny eye, seeming the very demon of the solitude.

It is hard to realise, what the signs around emphatically indicate, that this region, so peaceful now, was once the scene of the wildest convulsions. These lofty cliffs were upheaved by subterranean fires, and those mountains of Mull which look so quiet and cold in the serenity of heaven flared as active volcanoes upon the lurid horizon. Soundings here show in one place a sudden abyss six or seven hundred feet deep, and in another a shallow tableland that comes within a few fathoms of the surface, indicating violent plutonic disturbance. The mountains of Mull are supposed to have been no less than 14,000 feet high, excelling Etna in sublimity; and their reduction to their present low level, the highest point having an elevation of

less than 3,000 feet, shows to what a tremendous process of denudation they have since been subjected. Judging from the evidence of the curious leaf-beds of Ardtun in the neighbourhood, this great volcanic outburst took place at a comparatively recent period of geological history. The fossils found in these remarkably-preserved beds, intercalated between thick deposits of volcanic ashes, are analogous with the existing flora of the eastern sea-board of North America from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Carolina; and they tell us that islands now utterly bare and destitute of wood were at this period covered with luxuriant forests of deciduous trees, ere they were overwhelmed like the neighbourhood of Naples with a succession of fiery deluges. If we wish to form some idea how these ancient geological forests looked, we have only to go to any part of eastern North America, where the aboriginal woods have not been cut down. The Puritan fathers saw the very same kind of vegetation when they landed on the shores of New England two centuries ago. Immeasurably older than this volcanic region are Iona and the outer Hebrides with their Laurentian rocks. They are fragments of a lost country, against whose iron shores the unbroken force of the Atlantic dashed at a time when Skye and Mull and the Garveloch Islands lay as mud at the bottom of a wide sound, and the Alps, Himalayas, and Andes, the highest but youngest mountains of the earth, had not yet reared their snowy crests to heaven.

It is most interesting to compare the geological with the civil and ecclesiastical history of this region, and to trace the striking points of resemblance between them. The inconceivable antiquity of the rocks of Iona formed a fitting scene for those primitive Christian missions which go so far back in our short human history, that they seem almost lost in the mists of fable. The later fiery eruptions which played so important a part in the formation of Mull and the Garveloch group were paralleled by the wild scenes of human strife which those places witnessed from the sixth to the fourteenth century. During the time of St. Columba they formed the battle-ground between the Scots of Dalriada and the heathen Picts, when sanguinary fights between the two rival nations were continually taking place and no human life or possession was safe. Pictish pirates infested the surrounding seas, and ravaged the coasts with fire and sword. On the highest point of one of the Garveloch Islands, called Dunchonnel, perched on the edge of a basaltic cliff, are the scanty ruins of a rude fort, where dwelt a noted sea-robber of the name of Johan, son of royal Conall, who descended from his eyrie at frequent intervals and plundered the island of Mull and the mainland of Ardnamurchan. Then came the Danish and Norwegian invasions, which proved even more disastrous to the inhabitants, and resulted in the subjugation of all the Western Isles to the rule of the Northmen. The whole region is a land of romance, to whose exciting story Sir Walter Scott has given charming poetic expression in his 'Lord of the Isles.' On almost every projecting trap-rock and prominent headland on this

intricate coast, are the remains of strongly fortified castles, erected after the expulsion of the Scandinavians by the fierce Celtic chieftains, whose grim effigies with sword and helmet and coat of mail, we see carved on the tombstones of Iona.

But it is not of fiery eruptions and lawless human passions only that this region witnesses. At the present day the visitor in bright summer weather sees only a paradise of surpassing loveliness reflected in the mirror of a sea as blue as the sky above; and the beauty and tranquillity of nature seem a fit background to that enchanting story of piety and devotion that belonged in the far-off ages to those lonely isles. As out of the faint morning mists that lightly envelope them in July when touched by the rising sun, the islands and coasts emerge, and with a subtle witchery of shyness and boldness reveal their hidden charms, so out of the dim misty ecclesiastical legends that hover around them, shine before the eye of the student of church history the heavenly lives of saints and hermits, who helped by their faith and zeal almost to perpetuate into uninspired times the apostolic age. It is of an episode in this romantic half-fabulous period, which has a charm to the imagination that never palls, that I have now to write.

At the western extremity of the Garveloch group there is a small island separated from its larger neighbour by a narrow strait. Its cliffs are lower, more broken and rugged; and far down over their beetling brows appear patches of grass and wild flowers, which give them a softer appearance. Fronting the mainland, the island rises abruptly in a wall-like face, but at the back it slopes gradually down to the level of the sea. In some places its trap-dykes have been isolated by the action of the tides, and project from the rocks like Cyclopean walls; while at the south end there are deep caves mantled with ivy and huge arches like the fantastic rock scenery of Carisaig, on the opposite shore of Mull. A fringe of rugged rocks, with sharp teeth-like projections, standing out in the water, guards it on the western side; with tortuous channels, running in among them to the shore like the reef around a coral island. By the natives of the district this island is called 'Eilean na Naomh,' or the 'Isle of Saints.' It has been identified almost beyond doubt as the 'Insula Hinba' or 'Hinbina,' to which Adamnan refers in his 'Life of St. Columba,' as one of the islands on which the great Celtic apostle had founded his earliest monasteries. From time immemorial it has enjoyed a sacred reputation, a 'religio loci.' Before the time of St. Columba it was probably, like Iona, the seat of so-called Druidic worship, or whatever kind of nature-cult the primitive inhabitants had favoured. St. Brendan, whose name is still commemorated in that of the neighbouring parish of Kilbrandon, had placed upon it a Christian establishment, supposed to have been a college for training preachers of the gospel, previous to its occupation by the monastery of St. Columba; and this establishment was in all likelihood swept away in the severe struggle between the Picts

and the Dalriadic Scots in the year 560, which ended in the defeat of the latter. The old Gaelic word for college, viz., *Aileach*, is still preserved in the name of Elachnave, by which the island is best known in our guide-books. Between it and Oronsay there was once a close ecclesiastical connection; its parsonage and vicarage teinds having, previous to 1630, belonged to the celebrated priory of that island, which in its turn was an appanage of Holyrood Abbey near Edinburgh. Latterly it has been included in the parish of Jura. For many centuries it has been uninhabited; and with the exception of shepherds who pay an occasional visit to it to look after their sheep, and a few zealous antiquaries who land on its shores at long intervals—its stern silence is never disturbed by the presence of man.

Owing to this seclusion the island has almost entirely escaped the notice of the world; but next to Iona it is one of the most interesting places in Scotland to the student of sacred archæology. Having heard incidentally of its wonderful ecclesiastical ruins, I determined to see them for myself. Happening to be staying two summers ago at Easdale with Mr. Whyte, the hospitable and intelligent manager of the famous slate quarries there, he placed one of the company's steamers at my disposal. We went first to Oronsay, and spent the day in inspecting the interesting remains of the priory there, with its well-preserved cloisters, grand cross, and richly sculptured tombstones, not much inferior to those in the famous churchyard of Reilig Oran. Returning late in the afternoon to Elachnave, the steamer lay at the back of the island, at a safe distance from the jagged outer rocks, over which the swell of the sea broke in foam. Descending into a small boat, we rowed a long way to shore, entering in between the rocks by a narrow lane of water which shallowed gradually, and was paved at the bottom with white pebbles. The primitive wicker boats covered with hides, in which the early Scottish saints went from island to island to carry on their missionary work, could land here without running any risk from the surf of the Atlantic. Landing on the soft turf, we saw before us looming vaguely through the evening shadows that were beginning to fall, the objects of our quest. In a wide hollow, between two parallel ridges of rock that stretched across the middle of the island, formed by the erosion of several closely contiguous trap-dykes, when the island was at a lower level and the sea broke over it, we saw a series of grey walls ascending one beyond the other up the slope. One could tell at a glance that this spot had been long inhabited, for the grass on the terraces was green as an emerald and smooth as velvet, contrasting strikingly with the bare rocks that everywhere came to the surface. The nettle and the dock, too, grew in the sheltered places, those strange social plants that follow everywhere in the footsteps of man, and indicate even in the loneliest wilderness where his home had been. Close to the shore, at the foot of the slope, we came upon the well, to which the reverence of ages has given the name of *Tobhair Columkill*, the well of St. Columba. It was just beyond the reach of the tide; but

the winter storms doubtless often dashed the salt spray into it. Around its margin, almost touching the clive seaweeds, the products of another element, grew the wild thyme, crimsoning the turfy bank with its blossoms, and the little euphrasy with its mystic associations; and in the very baptism of the water was a bed of wild cress and a tuft of blue-eyed forget-me-nots, keeping alive at the same time the memory of the azure sky from whence their beautiful tints had come, and of the saintly men whose devoted lives had consecrated the spot. Like the patriarchs who encamped around a well in the desert, the Celtic hermits had built their monastery near this well, the only fresh water on the island. Still and quiet, deep and cool as that well was their own life here; like the margin of flowery verdure which its waters nourished was the influence which that monastery exercised amid the dreary pagan waste. All around had changed; but this silver link with the remote generations remained the same. We could drink from its clear refreshing cup to-day, as St. Columba had done thirteen centuries ago.

Above this well in a sheltered nook we found a cluster of ruins, which looked at first sight like the wrecks of a long-neglected sheep-fold, or a rude farm-steading. But a closer inspection revealed their true character. They were evidently ecclesiastical remains of great antiquity. Nearest us was the largest and most perfect building, beyond doubt a primitive chapel or oratory. The walls were roofless and destitute of gables, but were otherwise almost entire. They measured twenty-five feet by fifteen, and were fringed at the top with large hanging tufts of sea spleenwort and polypody, and shaggy with masses of grey filamentous lichen, such as grows upon rocks at the sea-shore. They were built without mortar, in the most compact and admirable manner, of squared pieces of slate, procured from one of the neighbouring islands. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of the structure, presenting no architectural detail except a square-headed doorway in the west end, a small window, splayed on both sides, in the east end, and on the south side a projecting shelf, which probably indicated the site of an altar. To the east of the chapel were several square enclosures, communicating with each other, which formed in all probability the domestic part of the establishment. A little way beyond, on the rising ground, we found a very curious building in a good state of preservation, with one end semicircular and the other square and gabled. It had a doorway on each side, but no traces of windows. In the inside the floor of the semicircular part was considerably raised above the rest; another had a round hole in the centre communicating with a small chamber below. This has been identified as a kiln for drying corn. Below the chapel in the middle of the greensward we nearly stumbled into what seemed an underground cell of irregular oval shape and very small dimensions. Its roof was formed by heavy slabs of stone laid across the walls and covered with turf, and the entrance was by a hole almost level with the ground. In rainy weather it is often half full of water.

We examined this little group of buildings with profound interest; for there is every reason to believe that they are the very ruins of the first monastery which St. Columba himself founded after that of Iona. Upwards of thirteen hundred years have passed quietly over them in this forgotten ocean solitude. They are among the very oldest ecclesiastical remains in Scotland; and their preservation is owing not only to the seclusion and loneliness of their situation, but also to the fact that, contrary to the custom of the time, they were constructed of stone. The religious edifices which St. Columba and his followers had erected in Iona were built of oaken planks, or consisted of strong wooden stakes driven into the ground, intertwined with wands, and plastered on the outside and inside with clay. The monastery was called by an old writer 'gloriosum cœnobium;' but its glory certainly did not lie in its architecture. The church was simply a log house, and the dwellings of the saints clustered around it were mere wigwams. Adamnan speaks of St. Columba sending forth his disciples on one occasion to gather bundles of twigs, and to cut down stakes to build his hospice. St. Ninian had, indeed, a hundred and sixty years earlier constructed at Whithorn in Galloway, by the aid of masons whom he obtained from St. Martin of Tours on his way home from Rome, a little church and monastery of stone, called *Candida Casa* from the whiteness of its walls. It was built twenty-three years before the final departure of the Romans from Britain, and could not therefore have been the first stone building erected in this country, for the houses and temples of the Romans were all constructed of solid stone or brick. But it was in all likelihood the first native structure built of stone, and must have been a great wonder in those days of wattled huts and wooden stockades. St. Kentigern originated the cathedral of St. Asaph in Wales in the sixth century as a wooden church, after the manner of the Celts. And even the missionaries who went abroad carried with them this custom of building churches of wood. In the wooden oratory of Bobbio, afterwards famous for its collection of ancient manuscripts, St. Columbanus, early in the seventh century, reproduced in classic Italy the rude type of Scottish and Irish ecclesiastical architecture. The Celts were woodlanders, finding in the extensive forests that covered the country their houses and their food. Occupied with the chase, and supported by the spontaneous produce of the earth, they never dreamed of stone edifices or felt the want of them. The first Christian missionaries therefore endeavoured to estrange the minds of the natives from their old idolatry by building wooden churches after the model of the native dwellings, differing from them only in being larger and more substantial. And when afterwards the fashion of building them of stone came in, the innovation was resented by a large conservative party. Constructed of such perishable materials, the primitive ecclesiastical buildings speedily disappeared, being set on fire in those troublous times, or yielding to the natural process of decay. No trace can now be seen in Iona of the original monastic buildings which St. Columba had

founded; their very site can only with the greatest difficulty and uncertainty be made out, and the grand cathedral ruins which now dignify the spot are the remains of stone buildings, constructed at a much later date and specially adapted to the Romish ritual. The ecclesiastical remains on Elachnave which have survived to our own day are therefore important as indicating what must have been the nature and relative position of the parent institution at Iona, upon the plan of which they were modelled.

To the west of the oratory there are two large square enclosures covered with long coarse grass. The walls that surround them in most places are embedded in the turf, and only rise a foot or two above the ground. The one nearest the church was evidently an old garden where the monks cultivated the few simple herbs which they required for food. The fact that there was a kiln for drying corn in connection with the buildings indicated that the brethren cultivated this grain, a task which must have been attended with considerable difficulty, considering how scanty was the arable soil on the island, and how rainy and boisterous the climate. Agriculture and the tending of cattle were the principal out-door pursuits with which they diversified their sacred exercises. With the labour of their own hands they procured their food—which was very simple, consisting of oaten or barley bread, milk, eggs, and fish, enriched on festal days, or on the arrival of special guests, by an addition of mutton or beef to the principal meal. The enclosure beyond was undoubtedly an ancient churchyard. This was an essential feature in the monastic establishments of St. Columba. Every one of them, like the original one at Iona, had its cemetery adjoining the church. And while all else belonging to the primitive Celtic church has disappeared, the numerous old burying-grounds throughout the country which it had consecrated beside the cells of its saints remain to this day hallowed by the memories and affections of many generations. Some of these burying-grounds, however, have a history of their own, and an antiquity far more venerable than that of the saint's cell or the church connected with them. They were hypæthral temples consecrated to pagan mythology long before the introduction of Christianity; and in Christian times they were open-air sanctuaries in which our forefathers worshipped centuries before any of our parish churches were built. The oldest architectural erection upon them was the cross of wood or stone, which the wandering preacher set up as a rally-point for the people, and to hallow the place of their meeting. If Elachnave, as we have every reason to believe, was a primitive seat of pagan worship long before the time of St. Brendan or St. Columba, then the burying-ground beside the oratory must have been the consecrated part of the island. And in all likelihood the Celtic saints erected their own structures on it because of its immemorial sacredness, displacing the original dark superstitions by the blessed rites of Christianity. Only a few rude stones covered with grey lichens, without date or inscription, now mark the spot

where some unknown dust reposes. The cross is carved on some of them; and its simple shape, contrasting so strikingly with the elaborate sculptures of the Iona tombstones and the sepulchral monuments in the priory of Oronsay, shows that this graveyard is of far more ancient date than anything that can now be seen in those famous haunts. On a subsequent occasion we took with us a pick and shovel and excavated some of the most promising graves, when we came between two and three feet below the surface upon more ornate headstones of slate of a later date, some of which had the Celtic cross and the other well-known Iona sculptures. There is one large massive slab of slate lying near the oratory, unfortunately broken in two, with the tree of life and some other elaborate patterns carved upon it, which must have been taken from the burying-ground, where it doubtless covered the grave of some prominent dignitary of the church. Macculloch mentions that when he visited the island there were numerous richly sculptured stones standing in the place. These must either have been removed or have sunk out of sight in the soil during the interval, for there are now none above ground. Rank grass mixed with luxuriant bracken and the common weeds of the waste cover the enclosure, which is indeed God's acre, for it has long passed out of the keeping of man, and no human hand for ages has tended the graves of the forgotten dead. We can hardly suppose that the use of the cemetery was restricted to the members of the monastic institution on the island. It is filled from end to end with graves, and it seems improbable that so many interments could have been furnished by the monastery alone during the comparatively short period of its history. The holy reputation of the place would make it widely attractive; and it would be eagerly sought as a burying-place by the inhabitants of the mainland and of the surrounding islands, just as Iona was sought. Island-churchyards besides were always favourite burying-places, originating doubtless in the greater security from the ravages of wolves which they afforded; the mainland in primitive times being covered with impenetrable forests and swamps, in which roamed wild beasts from which no grave could be secure. Layman and cleric, saint and serf, may therefore have here mingled their dust together; and over them all alike the lonely wind, as it sweeps through the blades of the long grass, sings its requiem. There is nothing mournful, however, in such a cemetery. The breath of the ages has winnowed away all the sadness; the wounds which death inflicted have long ago been healed by his own hand; and the weepers for many centuries have been with the wept. Human sorrows here are but as the inarticulate sounds of the desert; human affections but as the fleeting tints on a sunset cloud; human memories but as the lights and shadows that flit over a mountain slope. We can think of man's death here as we think of the decay of nature; and the life that has been lived so long ago that it is to us but a bodiless dream, seems like the herbs of the field that grow out of its dust,

which flourish in the morning and in the evening are cut down and withered. Human remains and the relics of past summers seem here to have the same value; and in vain is the enclosure separated from the common hillside. Nature has trodden down its walls, obliterated its suggestive mounds, effaced its carvings with her lichens and mosses, and brought all that was human in it back to the level of her own universal bosom; and over all, her own life and man's death, she breathes her benison of changeless peace. It is the cross alone that distinguishes the unconsciousness of human life from the unconsciousness of nature. And what a trophy of everlasting victory is that! Nature cannot keep for ever in her embrace, though she has done so for many ages, the life for which Jesus died. While we muse here upon the decease which was accomplished at Jerusalem, we feel indeed that none who fall asleep beneath the shadow of the cross can perish; for the shadow of the cross is the shadow of God.

At the top of a green grassy hillock in the neighbourhood, overlooking the shore, there is a heap of loose stones, in the midst of which a square slab of stone projects, marked with a simple incised cross. Local tradition points out this spot as the grave of Eithne, the mother of St. Columba. This remarkable woman was the daughter of Dima, son of Ner, descended from Cathaeir Mor, King of Leinster, and afterwards of all Ireland. Her family for several generations seem to have been distinguished for their piety and talents, and shone in that rude remote age like lights in a dark place. Her brothers, Ernan and Virgnous, were among the most devoted supporters of their illustrious nephew in his missionary enterprise. Her nephew, St. Conan, was also a distinguished pupil of St. Columba, and his name still appears on the cross at Campbeltown, and is connected with the church of Kilchonan in the Rhinns of Islay. Like Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, Eithne, the mother of St. Columba, had a powerful influence in determining the bent of her son's inclination towards the Church. Indeed, as we learn from the interesting book called the 'Felire of Aengus the Culdee Saint,' written in the ninth century, nearly all the Scotch and Irish saints were indebted to their mothers for their training for a holy life. Before her child was born Eithne made him the subject of constant prayer. She dreamed one night that an angel presented to her a garment of the most beautiful texture and varied hues. This gift, however, he afterwards took away; and as it flew through the sky it continued to unfold and extend itself over mountains and plains, until at length it covered a space which her eye could not measure. Finding what she had once possessed thus gone out of her reach, she was grieved exceedingly at her loss, but the angel comforted her by saying that the expanding garment was a symbol of the teaching of the child that should be born to her, which would spread over all Ireland and Scotland and be the means of bringing an innumerable company of souls to heaven. Like Hannah of old, she dedicated her little Samuel to the Lord from his

very infancy; and one can imagine with what tender solicitude such a mother would watch over and mark the early indications of piety and talent in a child, whose birth was heralded by such wonderful auguries. We know nothing regarding her subsequent career except that she lived to see her son fulfilling the promise of his childhood, and fully justifying all the predictions concerning his future greatness.

It must not be forgotten that the brethren at Elachnave were not monks in the sense in which the word is usually understood. They were not associated together for the express purpose of observing a certain monastic rule; but they imposed special regulations upon themselves for the promotion of order; and their chief object for living in fellowship was to impart instruction and prepare candidates for the post of the ministry. The institution was therefore, properly speaking, not a monastery, but a seminary of sacred learning, a centre of missionary enterprise. From time to time suitably qualified men were sent out from this island in all directions to preach the gospel, to baptize converts, to visit and heal the sick, and to instruct the ignorant. Theirs was not the idle life of mere recluses who had abandoned the duties of society for the sake of selfish ease. Not for purposes that terminated in themselves did they cultivate in seclusion their natural gifts and spiritual powers. Like a streamlet that diffuses to the populous dwellers on its banks far down in the valley the blessings it has gathered from the clouds in the lonely places among the hills, so these monks retired from the world that they might communicate to men in their own busy haunts the high thoughts that had come to them from the inspiration of the desert. But this use of solitude as a preparation for an active missionary life in the crowd soon gave place to the love of it for its own sake as a means of personal holiness. An increasing asceticism was regarded as a high type of Christian virtue, and this influence gradually led the brethren to sever themselves from the common or cœnobitical life of the fraternity, and either to build for themselves solitary cells near the monastery, or to retire altogether into the wilderness. At first many ecclesiastics were married men, although partially separated from their wives by their religious duties; but at the close of the age of St. Columba and subsequently, a more pretentious morality made its appearance, and complete celibacy was practised by those who aspired to the highest degree of perfection. In the sixth and seventh centuries the old monastic church had become almost entirely eremitical in Scotland. No other type of excellence save that which was developed in complete solitude was prized, or even existed, and to become religious in those days simply meant to become a recluse or hermit. The teaching and example of the first great hermits—St. Paul of Thebes and St. Anthony—had reached the Western Isles, and had there awakened an enthusiastic response. We read of Cormac na Leathan and other disciples of St. Columba sailing forth over the northern ocean to find in some far-away island a desert spot

where there might be no trace or recollection of man, and failing in the attempt—so widely had the eremitic fever spread and taken possession of every available place. The famous legend of St. Brendan and his seven years' voyage in search of 'the land promised to the saints,' which stirred up many an adventurous spirit to navigate the western seas, and perhaps filled the mind of Columbus, long afterwards, with the hopes which led to the discovery of America, was, as Kingsley well observes, but a dream of the hermit's cell—of the ideal of an earthly paradise where no echo of man's life ever intruded. It was this intense craving for solitude that induced the disciples of St. Columba to forsake the parent institution at Iona and build an establishment in the deeper seclusion of Elachnave. But, as Dr. Skene has remarked, even the little society immured on that desert island was too large a world for some of the more meditative and ascetic spirits of the fraternity. While still living in the island, and retaining their connection with the monastery, they sought frequent opportunities of retiring for a time to a separate building for solitary prayer or for penitential exercises, during which they held no intercourse with their brethren.

Of this curious mode of life there is a very interesting relic still preserved in the island. A short distance below the cluster of monastic ruins, on a grassy slope not far from the shore, are the remains of two circular, dome-shaped buildings joined together. They are built of loose stones, without any cement, overlapping each other and coming to a point in the roof. The walls are very thick and strong, and have been so firmly and artistically constructed that part of the beehive-roof of the smaller one still suspends its curve in the air, having defied the storms of centuries. On the outside it is covered with mould and sods, and blends almost insensibly with the turfy hill-side. The larger structure, which is half demolished, is internally fourteen feet in diameter, and opens upon the outside by means of a square-shaped doorway facing south-west, another similar doorway communicating between the two buildings at the point of junction. So low was the entrance, that one required to creep on all fours in order to gain admission. The walls were blackened with the smoke of fires kindled by fishermen, who from time to time were forced to take refuge in this place by stress of weather. By them these beehive cells are well known as 'The Ovens,' to which, indeed, they bear a considerable resemblance. The place in which this curious building is situated seems, according to Adamnan, to have been anciently called Muirbulcmar; and in one of the cells, as we learn from the same authority, St. Feargne, or Virgnous, the maternal uncle of St. Columba, led a hermit's life for twelve years, 'as a victorious soldier of Jesus Christ,' after having lived for many years previously 'without reproach in obedience' among the brethren at Iona. Similar eremitical remains, belonging to the same or to a subsequent age, still exist among the Hebrides, in the islands of St. Kilda and Rona, in the Flannan Islands to the west of Lewis, and in Inchcolm in the

Firth of Forth. Lord Dunraven, in his magnificent work entitled 'Notes on Irish Architecture,' exhibits most interesting photographs of those which have been found in Ireland. These singular dwellings are called by the modern Irish 'clochans;' in ancient times they were known as *carcair*, a word identical with the Latin *carcer*, a prison. In some places only one cell is found, where the lonely inmate lived a life 'by heaven too much opprest.' In other places two or more cells were built beside each other. In the island of Ardoillean, off the west coast of Ireland, several separate cells are seen enclosed by a circular uncemented stone wall, in which a number of hermits lived an individual recluse life, as distinct from the cœnobitical life of the monastery. The two cells joined together at Elachnave are a striking example of the transition between the solitary abode of the hermit and what may be called the social eremitical establishment. We are reminded by the social life of these 'solitaries' of the parallel instance in the romance of King Arthur, where Sir Bedevere and Sir Launcelot, after they lost their lord, lived with seven other noble knights for six years in great penance in a hermitage between two hills. To the single cell of the solitary and the clustered cells of the congregated hermits, the common name of *disert* was given, a name which survives in Dysart, a small town in Fifeshire, so called because of the eremitical cell of St. Serf in its neighbourhood. At Iona there is a small burying-place, south of the ruins of the cathedral, still called 'Cladh an Diseart,' near which is a harbour called 'Port an Diseart.' These local names preserve the memory of a hermitage which once existed in this place, to which some of the brethren of the monastery retired for a time into a deeper solitude. In after ages cells were built against the wall of a church, called *reclusoria* or *anchorholds*, where the devotee immured himself for life. Traces of such living tombs, in which women as well as men spent their whole life in prayer and meditation, may still be seen in connection with many of the old parish churches of England and Ireland, such as Rittendon in Essex, Clifton Campville in Staffordshire, Chipping Norton, Oxon, and Warrington in Warwickshire. The position of such anchorholds as have entirely vanished is often indicated by little curious windows which occur in many old churches in various situations and at various heights, called 'low side windows.' Some of these windows are simple square openings, which were never glazed, and were closed only by shutters; others have a stone transom across, the upper part of which is glazed and the lower closed by a shutter. The hermit who lived inside the church could have light from the glazed portion of the window, while through the unglazed part he could receive his food from those appointed to wait upon him and hold communication with the outer world. Others of these low side windows would enable an anchorite living outside the church to watch the worship of the sanctuary within, and to receive the holy communion through the opening. It is some window of this kind that is alluded to in the romance of 'Prince Arthur.' 'Then Sir

Launcelot armed him, and took his horse, and as he rode that day he saw a chapel where was a recluse which had a window that she might see up to the altar; and all aloud she called Sir Launcelot, because he seemed a knight errant.' Rules were laid down for the construction of such anchorholds. Bishop Poore describes in his 'Ancren Riewle' the kind of life that was lived in these cells; and a special liturgical service was appointed in connection with the immuring of the occupants, as we find in the 'Salisbury Manual,' and in the Pontifical of Lacy, bishop of Exeter.

The two beehive cells at Elachnave remind us of a curious custom in connection with the discipline of the St. Columban Church. When any one of the brethren was guilty of some grave offence, he was obliged to seclude himself, with a member of the fraternity distinguished for his piety, whom he made his *anumchard* or soul-friend, and implicitly obeyed in the performance of the special exercises prescribed for his restoration. Perhaps these cells were made use of for this penitential purpose, as well as for the practice of extreme asceticism on the part of those who led blameless lives. Another punishment often inflicted for light offences was the recitation of the whole or part of the Psalter, with the body entirely immersed in water. This penance may have been carried out in the curious underground cell near the oratory, which, as I have said, is often half filled with water during rainy weather. I was informed by some of the old people at Easdale that thirty or forty years ago, a curious stone was found near these beehive cells with a narrow aperture in it, which was used in the administration of justice. The accused was required to put his hand through it, when if innocent he could withdraw it easily, but if guilty his hand became swollen to such an extent that he was held fast. This Celtic ordeal recalls the similar one in connection with the famous marble mask, known as the 'Bocca della Verità,' in the portico of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin in Rome. Doubtless both were derived from the same primitive source, and belonged to the original pagan symbolism which underlay alike the Christianity of Rome and of this remote island of the Hebrides. We searched diligently for this interesting relic among the cairns of loose grey stones lying around, but were unsuccessful.

Besides the performance of their religious duties, two other occupations diversified the monotonous existence of the brethren of Elachnave. One was the practice of the healing art. And just as the heads of monasteries in the St. Columban Church, like the Aaronic priesthood, were descended from the same family, and attained to their office by hereditary succession, being known for several hundred years as 'the Coärbs of Columcille,' so those who practised medicine among them perpetuated a family of doctors, in which medical skill was an inheritance of birth. Certain families in Islay and Mull, the 'Olla Ileach' and 'Olla Muileach,' produced famous physicians up to the end of last century. The other occupation alluded to was the copying of manuscripts. St. Columba had inspired

all his followers with his own ardent love of books. No labour in the monastic institutions was regarded with greater honour than the writing of service-books for the use of the various churches which rapidly sprang up throughout the land. To the elaborate ornamentation of copies of the Gospels and Psalters, many years were devoted by the skilful and patient transcribers. At Elachnave there was doubtless a library of such classic and Christian literature as existed in those days. Possibly some of the manuscripts in this island and at Iona, rescued from destruction at the Reformation, found their way to the Colleges of Douay and Ratisbon, or even to the vast literary storehouse of the Vatican, where they may still lie hid along with the unknown spoils of the Celtic monastery of Bobbio in Italy, waiting for some future Cardinal Mai to discover them. A few of the manuscripts of the St. Columban monasteries of the sixth and seventh centuries survive to this day. The famous Psalter called the 'Cathack' or Book of Battle, which St. Columba copied without permission from the original, in the possession of Finnian of Moyville, and which was the cause of the battle that led to his expulsion from Ireland, is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, enclosed in its silver reliquary. The copy of the Evangelists called the 'Book of Durrow,' which belonged to St. Columba's principal Irish monastery of that name, in the county of Meath, and the 'Book of Kells,' traditionally known as the 'Great Gospel of Columcille,' are preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, where I had lately the pleasure of carefully examining them, through the kindness of the accomplished librarian. Both these manuscripts are remarkable specimens of the vast skill and labour bestowed by the St. Columban transcribers upon the embellishment of the Scriptures. But the 'Book of Kells' is by far the more wonderful of the two. The elaborate beauty and extraordinary richness and intricacy of its illuminations, transcend all previous ideas of such work, and fill everyone who examines them with astonishment and admiration. It is worthy of the veneration which it has received for nearly thirteen hundred years, as one of the principal Christian relics of the western world.

The loss of the manuscripts, chartularies, and treasured records of a remote antiquity at Iona, during the destructive storm of the Reformation, is deeply to be regretted on many grounds. Had they survived they would doubtless have thrown much light upon the history of the institution at Elachnave. As it is, we know very little indeed of the events that transpired in this secluded place, or of its subsequent fate when the Culdees, persecuted by their inexorable enemies of the Romish Church, and expelled from the outposts in the surrounding isles, were finally driven away from their last stronghold in Iona. Of its early history a few dim traces may be incidentally found in Adamnan's life of St. Columba. This author mentions that St. Columba sent Ernan, his uncle, to preside over the monastery he had founded in this island. Being an aged man, however, he did not long exercise this office. Feeling himself seriously ill, he desired to

be taken back to Iona, that he might die within the hallowed precincts of the institution he loved so well. St. Columba set out from his cell to the landing-place to meet his aged relative, as he feebly attempted to walk the short intervening distance. But when there were only twenty-four paces between them, Ernan suddenly fell down to the ground, and breathed his last before St. Columba could see his face; and on the fatal spot a cross was raised to commemorate his death. St. Columba frequently visited the monastery at Elachnave, and exercised over its affairs a paternal surveillance. Adamnan speaks of the church where he ministered, and of the house which he occupied on such occasions, which may be identified with the existing remains. It was while living here at one time that he was raised into a rapt ecstatic state like St. John in Patmos, and for three days and nights he neither ate nor drank, nor suffered anyone to approach him. The house in which he dwelt was filled with heavenly brightness, and through the chinks of the doors and keyholes rays of surpassing brilliancy were seen to issue during the night. Certain spiritual songs also, which had never been heard before, he was heard to sing. He came to see, as he allowed in the presence of a very few afterwards, many secrets hidden from men since the beginning of the world fully revealed. Here too he received a deputation of four holy founders of monasteries, who had come from Ireland to visit him. Comgall of Bangor, and Cainneach of Achaboe, the two who had accompanied him in his first visit to King Brude, Brendan of Clonfert, and that Cormac, who, as I have said, undertook in vain a perilous voyage in the North Sea in search of a solitary island in which he might place a hermitage. Here too occurred a picturesque incident, told by Adamnan, and poetically adorned by Montalembert in his 'Monks of the West.' When about to excommunicate the sons of Connal, notorious freebooters and persecutors of the Church, one of their associates rushed upon St. Columba to kill him with his spear. A monk called Finlugan, clothed in the saint's cowl, stepped in between the intending murderer and his victim. The spear failed to pierce the cowl, as if it had been a coat of mail, and the monk remained unhurt. Lambh-des, the assassin, fancying that he had slain his victim, fled immediately. Exactly one year after this St. Columba, in Iona, said: 'This day twelve months ago, Lambh-des did his best to slay Finlugan when he took my place; to-day he himself is slain.' And so it turned out. That very day Lambh-des was slain by one Cronan, who, it is said, discharged his weapon in the name of the saint.

A spot more lonely, more secluded from the ordinary associations of human life, from the common sights and sounds of nature itself, than the site of these ruins, it is impossible to imagine. The landscape is reduced to its simplest elements. It is a mere sketch or outline of that which in other places has been filled up. No streamlet animates the scene with its bright sparkle and cheery murmur; no tree or bush makes a sanctuary of shadow and mystery in the naked

waste; nothing but the bare rock with its infrequent patches of verdure meets the eye, over which the wind wails with almost human plaintiveness. Everything speaks only of eternal endurance—the rocks around, the sky overhead, the sea beyond. On the shore the wave beats unweariedly in its ceaseless ebb and flow, as it has done for untold ages. It is the throb of nature's great pulse that counts no minutes in its everlasting youth. No conspicuous foliage indicates the passage of the seasons by its kindling buds in spring, and its fading tints in autumn; and the weeds and wild flowers are too small and hidden to register to the eye the changes of the year. Save by a tenderer tinge that comes upon the herbage in the early year, and a sadder brown that overshadows it at the close—save by the wilder or softer voice of wind and wave, by the darker or brighter aspect of sea and sky, by the longer or shorter light, the seasons are indistinguishable, and one perpetual autumn broods over the place. Man's life here becomes a part of the eternal monotony of nature. The repose of body and spirit, the conformity of the order of human life with the beautiful order of God's works, which weary hearts out of monasteries consider the ideal blessedness, could here be enjoyed in fullest measure. The life of the lichen on the rock could not be more impassive. The great world comes only to the verge of the mainland; and the larger islands loom so faintly in the distance, that they bring no suggestions of human tears and strife to disturb the solitude. The toiling generations that in long succession sow, and reap, and struggle are forgotten. Only with God's sea and sky, on which man can make no impression and leave no trace, is the wide horizon filled. The sunrise opens up every day its mystic visions of the apocalyptic city; the sunset flecks its path of gold over the placid waters leading to the gates of the west, where human vision ends in the blinding glory; and the far mountains flushed with the dying daylight awaken thoughts of the everlasting hills 'beyond which God's divinest secrets lie.'

It may be that the Celtic monks had no power of admiring natural scenery. They lived long before that faculty, which is a product of modern times, was developed. The solemn purpose of their lives might have put into the background all thoughts of beauty either in the works of nature or of man. But still they could not be altogether unconscious of the romantic surroundings of their retreat. St. Columba selected Iona for its convenient position, and the special advantages which it offered for carrying on his mission; but we have reason to believe that he who was in other things so far before his time, was not insensible to the picturesqueness of the spot itself, and the incomparable views of the archipelago of islands of which it formed the centre. And something of the same mind must have possessed the disciples of this gifted seer who lived in the monastery of Elachnave. Dreary and monotonous as was their narrow home, it had a grand outlook. Following the broad rift occasioned by the erosion of the trap-dyke, in which the ruins are situated, to the summit, a

great window opens up there between stupendous walls of rock that plunge sheer down into the sea. This window frames, for one half the horizon, one of the grandest views in Scotland. But from the height above it the eye can see all around the horizon—and nothing can exceed the magnificent sweep of sea and shore which it embraces. Eastwards Ben Cruachan and the shoulder of Ben Nevis appear in view. In the south-west the rocky ramparts of Scarba and the twin Paps of Jura alternately appear and disappear through their wreaths of clouds. Due west the dark blue line of Colonsay breaks the monotony of the Atlantic billows at their utmost verge. And northwards the shores of Mull, with their near basaltic cliffs and distant far-extending headlands, slope up to the lofty cone of Ben More in the interior. That wide horizon to the monks of old must have been a transfiguration scene in which the most varied effects of light and shade, peace and storm, would be constantly displayed. Every sound would be in harmony with the transcendent vision; and after the still small voices of the wind on the height and the wave on the shore would come at intervals through the solemn silence thus accentuated the thunder roar of the vexed whirlpool of Corryvreckan; and the spectator would be irresistibly urged—like Elijah at Horeb—to cover his face with his mantle before the greatness of God.

Mr. Sempill's Settlement.

I.

It was a great relief to the congregation at Kirjath-jearim Chapel when they saw Mr. Sempill at last settled in its pulpit. The difficulties which they had experienced in filling up the place of Mr. Glendinning, their late pastor, had not only damped the enthusiasm of their members, but had bred party divisions that threatened to break up the flock altogether. So long as Mr. Glendinning lived there had been no congregation in the whole connection more compact and harmonious than that of Kirjath. The worthy man was its first pastor. Half a century before, he had commenced services in a wooden barn by the wayside for those who thirsted after more evangelical doctrine than that preached by the Established Church of the day. The few who at first gathered round him were not of much social account in the district; and Mr. Stickler of St. Simonie's, the minister of the parish, cracked many jokes at the poor appearance of the dissenters and their place of worship. 'The Cave of Adullam,' the 'City of Refuge,' were epithets by which Mr. Stickler was wont to speak of Mr. Glendinning's meeting-house, and following up the latter idea he dubbed the chapel 'Kirjath-jearim,' a name which ever afterwards continued to cling to it. Mr. Glendinning's sermons, however, were more successful than Mr. Stickler's jokes, and before long a considerable congregation collected at Kirjath, comprising not a few well-to-do farmers and tradesmen from the neighbouring town of Simonie. By and by the timber tabernacle gave place to a substantial stone and lime building, while a comfortable two-storied manse supplanted the little thatched cottage that had been the first home of the pastor and his family. And when the railway passed through the district, and the engineers laid down a station close to the chapel, the prosperity of Kirjath was completed and a considerable village soon sprang up, which from the lack of any other local designation called itself after the name of the chapel.

Mr. Glendinning's death was a great event in the annals of Kirjath. While he lived, both office-bearers and congregation had been kept in strict subjection to his will, whether in matters of doctrine or of discipline. Men like Deacon Lundie, the lawyer in Simonie, who liked to take the lead in church matters, sometimes thought that Mr. Glendinning arrogated too much power to himself, and that more deference should be shown to the opinions of the office-bearers; but in the end the minister had it all his own way, for the mass of the congregation was ready to subscribe to whatever views he chose to put before them. And every one admitted that Mr. Glendinning had a good right to rule in Kirjath; and that if he was

occasionally inclined to be dictatorial, it was nothing more than was to be expected. He it was who had gathered together the congregation, who had received every member into the Church, who had raised the money for building the chapel and manse, and who had procured endowments from various denominational funds. And yet there were people in Kirjath who grudged Mr. Glendinning his authority, and who would fain have delivered the church from his assumptions, had not the majority stood loyally by their pastor whenever controversy arose.

When the grave closed over Mr. Glendinning and his funeral sermon had been duly preached by Brother Dudgeon of Drywells, the deacons of Kirjath began to feel the importance of the responsibility that now devolved upon them. This was the first opportunity that Kirjath had enjoyed of choosing a minister, and every office-bearer was determined that their choice should be such as would do credit to Kirjath in the eyes of the connection. Equally resolved was each that he himself should have the leading voice in the selection, and that Mr. Glendinning's successor should be a man imbued with his own individual ideas of doctrine and Church government. It was not long, therefore, before symptoms of discord manifested themselves; and hot blood was raised even at the first meeting.

'I'm all for deliberation,' said Mr. Lundie, the lawyer. 'We can give a good salary, and we ought to get a good man. We're twenty pounds better than Drywells, and our manse is the best in the Church any way round about. I am not a man that sets more by gifts than grace, but I think we might get a college man for the money.'

'What signifies carnal learning unless a pastor has got the spirit?' snuffled Mr. Sandison, the chemist, who professed a greater degree of evangelical fervour than his fellows, and who was always denouncing the worldly wisdom of Deacon Lundie's counsels. 'It was not upon college men that the Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost. Give me a man with the Spirit, who can read the word of God, and I don't care though he had never been inside a school or college all his days. Knowledge only puffeth up, and makes a pastor give himself airs.'

'What we want is a man which understands the congregation,' put in Mr. Teape, the clothier from Simonie, who had a nephew newly licensed as a preacher. 'It takes a stranger months before he gets at the souls of his flock, and then there is always people which lays their hands upon him, and makes him cliquish. In my opinion a local connection would be a qualification.'

'At any rate let us look about us,' urged Mr. Dickson, the corn-merchant; 'let us invite probationers to come and preach—we can get 'em for a guinea a head, and their railway fares won't come to much. As for feeding and putting them up, I don't mind taking that upon myself; my house is handy for the station.'

'Umph!' retorted Mr. Lundie, who thought he detected in the corn-merchant's proposal a scheme for bringing candidates under his own influence. 'There will be no difficulty about showing hospitality.

But I've been thinking that it would be perhaps better if any qualified member of the congregation were asked to cast about him and select a candidate or two. I am going up to Glasgow in a week or so, and will be happy to be of any service that lies within my poor ability.'

'And in the meantime let's give Mr. Glendinning's widow the minister's salary,' said bluff Mr. Lyon, the farmer of Broomknowes, who had been elected a member of the deacons' court rather because he was the most liberal subscriber to the funds of Kirjath than that his spiritual aptitude for the office was at all conspicuous. 'The Kirjath folk need not be shabby—when the plate is empty we can fill it again; and if we don't show our Christianity by providing for the widow and orphan, it don't matter much what sort of a minister we get.'

'There are objections in the way of Brother Lyon's proposals,' interposed Mr. Lundie. 'We have not only ourselves but the rest of the Church to consider, and though we might afford to be liberal in the case of Mr. Glendinning's widow, we must pause before we set up a precedent that less able congregations might find it difficult to follow. Am I to understand, then, that it is the pleasure of the meeting that I make inquiries during my absence for a suitable minister?'

Mr. Teape would have urged the expediency of preferring a pastor who 'knew the souls of the Kirjath folk,' and Mr. Dickson again remarked that candidates could be most conveniently put up at his house, it was so handy for the station; but as Mr. Lundie's proposal was ostensibly a less selfish one, it was formally carried, and the writer was deputed by the congregation to look around him for a man of parts and piety to fill the vacant pulpit of Kirjath.

Then began the troubles of Kirjath-jearim. Mr. Lundie brought back with him Mr. Prosser, a gifted young graduate of Glasgow University, who had won prizes without number, and who would have been content to accept Kirjath as a perch upon which he might fledge his wings for soaring to a higher summit. But this young divine's theology was of too advanced a type for the sober believers of Kirjath. Some other rival for the vacant pastorate obligingly sent to each of the office-bearers an essay which Mr. Prosser had published to demonstrate that Moses was not responsible for all the writings that have been handed down to history under his name. An attempt might have been made to get over this scepticism about the authorship of the Pentateuch, as relating to a matter under the old dispensation, but Mr. Prosser in his first sermon to the Kirjath flock unluckily let drop some doubts regarding the personality of the Devil, a being who occupied too prominent a place in the creed of the congregation to be thus slighted with impunity. Mr. Prosser's chances were consequently lost, and though Mr. Lundie had as good as promised him the charge of Kirjath, the young preacher departed in disgust out of their coasts.

Then Mr. Dickson, the corn-merchant, brought forward Mr.

Laidle, whose chief claim to the consideration of the congregation was the success which he had achieved in raising money for the various schemes of the Church, and who brought with him many testimonials from eminent divines to the effects which his preaching had produced upon the pockets of his hearers.

Mr. Lundie, however, in revenge for the defeat of his own candidate, formed a party and drove him from the field; and the purse-strings of the Kirjath congregation were saved from the relaxing influence of Mr. Laidle's oratory.

Next Mr. Teape's nephew was allowed a chance, and party feeling soon ran higher than ever. Mr. Lundie and Mr. Dickson having each failed to put in his own man, of course did their best to oppose young Mr. Teape's candidature; but there was a large number of members who by friendship and family connections were disposed to give him a trial. The contest between the Teapites and the anti-Teapites soon became too bitter to be confined within the narrow limits of Kirjath. The doctrine and morals of Mr. Teape were warmly assailed by the one side, and as stoutly defended by the other, not merely in the penny weekly paper of the district, but in the columns of the 'Evangelical Record,' the chief organ of the denomination. If a 'Lover of Truth' lauded Mr. Teape's eloquence and orthodoxy the one week, a 'Hater of Humbug' was sure to come to the front on the following Saturday with a cutting criticism upon the candidate's latest discourse. One week 'Querist' asks the editor of the 'Record' whether it was or was not the case that the person who aspired to take charge of the souls of the Kirjath congregation had been flogged when a boy by Mr. Licklittle, the pedagogue of St. Simonie's, for using the name of the d—l in a light and irreverent manner, and whether at the same period of his career he was not in the habit of employing such expressions as 'confound it' and 'blast it' in his conversation. In the next issue of the same journal 'Vindex' tells the editor that it is of no consequence to 'Querist' whether the reports mentioned be true or not, as he was not a member of the Kirjath congregation, and never would be admitted to that body until he had given proofs of an intention to abandon his profligate and irreligious ways. When the Teapites threatened to prevail, the anti-Teapites, with Deacon Lundie at their head, spoke of establishing a rival meeting to Kirjath in the Freemasons' Hall at Simonie; when the balance of power inclined to the anti-Teapites, the others declared that if any other pastor were forced upon them they would go over to the Free Kirk, or would walk the half-score and odd miles that lay between them and Drywells. Whichever faction prevailed, schism seemed inevitable, and the connection was threatened with the disruption of one of its most prosperous congregations. It was in vain that the neighbouring brethren sought to interpose their good offices; such interposition only ended in their taking one or other of the contending sides and spreading the quarrel to their own charges. It seemed equally in vain that Brother Dudgeon of Drywells prayed

every Sabbath that the Lord would turn again the captivity of Kirjath, which the worthy man thought could be best effected by his own translation to the contested seat, for Kirjath was worth a good twenty pounds a year more than his own pulpit. At last, when the Teape party seemed on the point of carrying their candidate, and the opposition were about to declare open revolt by 'lifting' their Bibles and hymn-books from their pews in Kirjath, the leaders of the sect interfered and made a last effort for peace. Through their influence a call was addressed to young Mr. Teape from a wealthy dissenting congregation in an English manufacturing town, which he was only too glad to accept; and the congregation of Kirjath received a hint that if they placed any value upon the goodwill of the Church, they would make choice of Mr. Sempill for their minister. All parties were now well tired of squabbling, and the advent of Mr. Sempill, a candidate from a neutral quarter, was as oil cast upon the troubled waters. And so on the motion of Mr. Lundie, seconded by Mr. Teape, Mr. Sempill was harmoniously elected to the pastoral charge of the congregation of Kirjath.

II.

THE new pastor of Kirjath was of a very different stamp from the majority of his class. He had entered the ministry rather late in life, and though he was now upwards of five-and-thirty he had never before held the charge of a congregation. No one knew very well how the previous part of his life had been spent, for Dr. Brodie, of the Theological College, who had sent him down to Kirjath, had given no details of his antecedents, except that he had had much experience of the world before he received a 'call,' and that he was well connected and had a small income of his own. He was evidently a man of superior education, who had travelled much, and knew both men and books; so that when Brother Dudgeon, of Drywells, who had prepared himself for the ministry behind a draper's counter, called to offer the right hand of fellowship to the new minister, he was somewhat overawed by Mr. Sempill's manner, and felt constrained to address him as 'Sir' more frequently than was consistent with a notion of perfect equality.

Not the least interested portion of the congregation in Mr. Sempill's settlement were the young ladies of the flock. Handsome ministers with private incomes, and with a snug manse and comfortable salary, were not so common in the connection that a man of Mr. Sempill's appearance and prospects could be treated with indifference. The new minister of Kirjath was pronounced by Miss Lundie to be *distangwee*, and by Miss Powrie to be 'just like an officer;' and as these ladies set themselves up for the social oracles of Simonie, all the rest of the sex readily accepted Mr. Sempill as a legitimate object of adoration. Long before the day appointed for the new minister's induction, Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie had con-

stituted themselves a committee for canvassing the congregation and collecting funds to present Mr. Sempill with a pulpit gown and Bible, although his predecessor, Mr. Glendinning, had been quite content to preach in his threadbare frock. The fair promoters would have fain made their gift take the form of a silver tea-service, but then the new pastor was a bachelor, and uncharitable persons like Miss Dickson or Miss Teape would be ready to hint that they were scheming to get themselves one day advanced to preside over the plate, and so Miss Dickson and Miss Teape were not called upon to aid in the collection; but as two ladies could hardly claim to represent the female portion of the congregation, Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie called to their counsels Daisy Lyon, whom all the parish looked upon as a child, and who might be expected to let them have their own way.

It was a great day in the annals of Kirjath when Mr. Sempill was installed into its pulpit. The famous Dr. Brodie, of the Theological College, himself came down to introduce the minister to his flock. Then there was a procession of the Sunday scholars, who marched in proud array from Simonie to Kirjath, with Brother Dudgeon, of Drywells, at their head, with flags and banners displayed, and chanting the Sankey hymn, 'See the mighty host advancing, Satan leading on,' without, however, intending to impute any diabolical attributes to the reverend gentleman who preceded them. The induction sermon was preached by Brother Dudgeon, who, in his exultation at the accession of strength which the Church had gained, forgot, it is to be hoped, that Kirjath was worth twenty pounds more than Drywells; and after the new pastor had shaken hands with the office-bearers and members, Mr. Lundie led in the deputation from the ladies of Kirjath, and announced in his most pompous tones the pleasant mission with which they had been charged. Mr. Sempill did not look like a nervous man, but probably in his previous experience he had never been exposed to such a battery of charms as that now brought to bear upon him. There was Miss Lundie, tall and dark, with bold black eyes and bright red cheeks, who had evidently left her teens a good many years behind, and who looked like a lady not to be trifled with. Next came Miss Powrie, a gushing girl of thirty, who clung to her companion's arm with a great affectation of shyness, and who kept her eyes modestly fixed upon the ground, as if she feared to encounter the gaze of the new pastor. Miss Powrie had limp, jute-coloured hair, and a face wreathed into stereotyped smiles, and as she was the cousin of a Radical member of Parliament, and had been jilted by a Major of Native Infantry, advantages of which no other lady in Simonie could boast, Miss Lundie could not refuse to divide with her the social empire of the town. Mr. Sempill accepted the black robe which these two ladies held out to him with a polite expression of gratitude for their kindness; but when Mr. Lundie brought forward Daisy Lyon, who was to present the pulpit Bible, the new minis-

ter could not help betraying a warmer interest in the ceremony. Miss Powrie had been anxious that this office should be entrusted to her, but the deacons of Kirjath, remembering that Mrs. Lyon had contributed shekels for Miss Powrie's mite, determined that Daisy should have the preference. And what young unmarried minister could have looked with indifference upon the shrinking, slight-made form which clung nervously to the portly side of Mr. Lundie? Mr. Sempill had too much experience of the world to allow his composure to be shaken by the bold assurance of Miss Lundie or the simpering affectation of her companion, but there was something in the fair fresh young face, now suffused with bashful blushes; the limpid hazel eyes which, having failed in an attempt to look saucy, now seemed on the point of melting into tears; the bright, smooth temples upon which honesty and frankness had set their stamp, and from which heavy masses of dark brown hair, pushed back in rippling clusters, fell in thick curls over her slender curved neck and sloping shoulders—there was something, we say, about Daisy Lyon that a man more insensible to female charms than the new minister of Kirjath could not have gazed upon unmoved. His hand lingered upon that of the girl as he took the sacred book from her, and while he essayed a few incoherent remarks about the preciousness of the gift, and the need he would have for its guidance, he was conscious only of the sweet young face cast down before his earnest gaze, and of the shy, trembling figure that clung still closer to Deacon Lundie as the minister addressed her.

'There!' said Deacon Lundie, with a sigh of relief, when, the blessing pronounced and the congregation dispersed, the office-bearers met in the vestry; 'that is a good business well over. If we had you married next, Mr. Sempill, we would feel as if you were fairly settled among us.'

'Ay, ay,' laughed Mr. Lyon, in his loud hearty tones. 'All the young women in Kirjath will be pulling caps for you. But don't you be taken in by them, Mr. Sempill. I warrant a handsome man like you has a lass of your own to put at the head of the manse table, and she'll be heartily welcome among us. Goodness' sakes alive'—this was the nearest approach to swearing that the farmer of Broomknowes was permitted to make since his wife had compelled him to enter the communion of Kirjath—'goodness' sakes alive, ministers are but men as well as other folk.'

'A wife who knows the flock, and can enter into pastoral work, is often of great assistance to a young minister,' said Mr. Lundie decisively. 'We are plain people here in Kirjath, Mr. Sempill, but I trust that you will give me the pleasure of your company to dinner on an early day. It is my misfortune to be a widower; but my daughter—you saw her to-day—will be delighted to receive you.'

'We are but poor tradesfolk, and don't afford to give dinners,' put in Mr. Teape, the clothier, with a covert sneer at Mr. Lundie, who was by far the poorer of the two, and who was always giving

himself superior airs as a 'professional' man; 'but we hope Mr. Sempill will often give us the honour of his company at tea. I am a busy man, myself, but you will always find my wife and daughter in the house, which will be proud to welcome you, though they do not push theirselves forward in the congregation.'

'I don't deal in invitations; there is no ceremony about me,' cried Mr. Dickson, the corn-factor, with great affectation of heartiness. 'My house is handy for the station, and look in whenever you pass. A glass of dry sherry used for the stomach's sake is not such a bad thing when you are travelling, and that at any rate I can always promise you, Mr. Sempill.'

While acknowledging the hospitable proffers of his office-bearers, Mr. Sempill could not help wondering why Mr. Lyon had not joined in them; and indeed as the recollection of Daisy passed across his mind, he felt that an invitation to Broomknowes would be more to his taste than any of the inducements held out by the others. But Mr. Lyon had turned away, and was gazing abstractedly through the vestry window, while his hands, plunged deep into his trousers pocket, kept jingling loose money, as if he heard nothing of what was passing.

'You must not mind Brother Lyon,' said Mr. Lundie, who had turned back after the others had taken their leave, to have the last word with the minister. 'He is but a weak vessel, poor man! Between ourselves, Mrs. Lyon has a will of her own, and her husband gets but little of his own way. And yet she is a worthy woman, and takes a great interest in Christian work; much more so than her husband, for he would never have come to Kirjath if it had not been for her. And that girl, too, will give him a deal of trouble unless I am much mistaken.'

'How trouble?' demanded the minister, suddenly aroused to interest in Mr. Lundie's conversation. 'She seemed to be a mere child.'

'Yes, she is a child, and a spoiled child too,' retorted the deacon. 'You see, Mr. Sempill, the Lyons have no more family but herself, and she has always been allowed to have her own way from the cradle. And what's the consequence? I have seen her myself smiling to the young men in church, and she gallops about the country on her pony with her hair flying behind her in the wind in a way that is a scandal to the congregation. And that young rascal Nesbitt, who has just come back from college, has been running about with her. Her mother was talking to me the other day about getting her admitted as a member of Kirjath, but we shall have to deal with her first, Mr. Sempill, we shall have to deal with her.'

'And who is young Nesbitt?' asked the minister gloomily, as he felt the bright impressions left by the vision of the morning rapidly vanishing before the disparaging remarks of his deacon.

'Oh, he is the scapegrace son of that drunken old blackguard Nesbitt, of Westermains, who is now on his last legs with debt,'

returned Mr. Lundie. 'He don't belong to Kirjath, though his son has been coming to our meetings lately for the chance of escorting Daisy Lyon home. There has been far too much promiscuousness about our meetings, thanks to the hold that Teape and Dickson had on old Mr. Glendinning. But you'll soon see your way among us, and for my part I would only open the meetings to people who are really anxious.'

Their arrival at the manse gate gave Mr. Sempill an excuse for escaping from his deacon's exposition of the evil influences which Messrs. Teape and Dickson had exerted on the interests of Kirjath, and his counsels to be firm and take his own way—which meant his, Mr. Lundie's, advice—whatever opposition these troublers of Israel might be disposed to offer.

Somehow Mr. Sempill's thoughts, as he sat over his solitary dinner, turned much more towards the maiden of Broomknowes than upon the solemn obligations which he had that day taken upon himself to fulfil. Mr. Sempill had seen much of the world, and was not unused to the influence of female fascinations, but his mind could not be restrained from weaving threads of romance around Daisy Lyon. And this entanglement with young Nesbitt of which his deacon had spoken only served as an excuse for letting his thoughts stray in the direction of the girl. Was he not her pastor, responsible for her spiritual welfare, and was he not accordingly bound to save her, if possible, from the intrigues of a bad, designing character, such as he did not doubt young Nesbitt to be? This ministerial duty at least Mr. Sempill determined resolutely to fulfil, and it is to be feared that his mind was more occupied with this subject during the afternoon of his induction than with topics of a more purely clerical character.

Meanwhile Mr. Lyon, with his wife and daughter, were driving smartly home from Kirjath to Broomknowes; and Daisy, who was making up for her shyness in church by an exuberant outburst of spirits, kept her father chuckling the whole way by her wild sallies, while Mrs. Lyon, loth to check her darling, only evinced displeasure at her levity by bending her eyebrows and pursing her lips. The solemnity of Mr. Sempill, the stiffness of Miss Lundie, and the affected artlessness of Miss Powrie all came in for a dash of Daisy's mocking humour, and the girl could hardly sit still in the dogcart while she mimicked the airs of her two spinster colleagues. But as they drove past the corner where the Simonie road joins the county turnpike she suddenly sat still and became silent, while a crimson flush came over her face, very different from the rosy blushes which had covered it while she stood before Mr. Sempill in the Kirjath chapel. Mr. Lyon also gave his horse a cut with the whip, as if to urge the animal on faster, and his wife straightened herself up on her seat, and folded her hands and squared her arms, as if she anticipated being brought into contact with an unpleasant object; and indeed a *rencontre* was at hand which they would all have gla-

avoided, for close behind them, cantering along the county road, came old Mr. Nesbitt, of Westermains, whose unsteady seat in the saddle, his feet thrust far into the stirrups, and his hat perched upon the back of his head, were indications that he had refreshed himself with more liberality than discretion at the White Hart, on his way from market. As he noticed the Lyons he reined in his horse with a shock which nearly threw the animal on his haunches, and made the rider sway from side to side as he shaded his bloodshot eyes to see who were the occupants of the dogcart. Uttering a tipsy 'Holloa!' as he recognised the farmer of Broomknowes, he struck his horse's haunch with his riding-switch, and in another minute he was alongside the vehicle, pulling off his hat with ostentatious courtesy to Mrs. Lyon with one hand, while with the other he endeavoured to steady himself by grasping the pommel of the saddle.

'Ah, Mrs. Lyon, how d'ye do? how d'ye do? I declare you're looking younger and fresher than your own daughter, although that isn't saying little. Eh? Is it, Miss Daisy? I don't know what you have done to my boy, for he goes mooning about like a natural, and, faith, it is little wonder either, for those cheeks of yours are too much for older men than he is.'

'You've been to market, Nesbitt,' said Mr. Lyon, pretending to look indifferent, while his wife lowered her brows and drew herself up still more stiffly, and Daisy held down her head in indignant confusion, ready to burst into tears. 'Corn looking any better?'

'D—l a bit, and cattle a couple of pounds a head worse than last fortnight. I don't know how our rents are to be made up if things go on as they are doing. Lucky fellow, you don't mind market. Been to Kirjath, have you? Wish you joy of your new minister, Mrs. Lyon. My boy says he is a right enough sort of chap, and no mistake. Ah, Mrs. Lyon, a good minister is a great privilege; my boy always says so. You did miss him at Kirjath to-day, Miss Daisy, didn't you? Sir Robert sent for him to see the pictures that he has new brought home from London, else he would not have stayed away from Kirjath on any account. He said he was devilish sorry he couldn't be at the business to-day.'

'Mr. Sempill is indeed a great gain to the Church,' said Mrs. Lyon in very pointed tones. 'I wish you had heard what he said last Sabbath about ordering our conversation aright, Mr. Nesbitt.'

'No doubt, ma'am, no doubt. I'm sure it must have been devilish to the point. I expect my boy will go a deal to his meetings. You have no idea how pious he is grown; he is always running to Kirjath, or some other place where preaching or praying is going on.'

Mr. Lyon gave his horse the whip, and the road branching off to Broomknowes saved them from further profanity, and the old sinner rode off, exulting with tipsy satisfaction at the politic language he had used, and the impression which he must have made upon the ladies by his accounts of his son's piety.

'Daisy Lyon,' said the mother between her teeth, as she was

helped out of the dogcart and stood face to face with her daughter, 'if I ever hear young Nesbitt's name and yours mentioned together again, I'll turn you out of doors.'

'Tuts, tuts, wife,' said the farmer of Broomknowes as he patted the weeping girl kindly on the shoulder.

III.

When the excitement attendant on Mr. Sempill's induction had subsided, and the novelty of his discourses began to wear off, the congregation commenced in earnest to criticise their new pastor. That he was a model pastor they were all obliged to admit, but for some reason or other no one felt fully satisfied with him. He did all that any congregation could reasonably require of a minister; he preached twice on Sunday, taught a Bible class on Tuesday, held a young men's meeting on Wednesday, and an open prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. He was constant in his attendance on the sick, and was far more liberal towards the poor than his predecessor, Mr. Glendinning, could afford to be. He was a careful guardian of all the interests of Kirjath, and took a much more business-like view of money matters than was usual with men of his cloth. And he held a higher place in the society of the county than had ever been occupied by anyone connected with Kirjath or with the sect. Brother Dudgeon, of Drywells, heard with amazement, and with perhaps a twinge of envy, that Sir Robert's carriage had stood for a whole service outside the door of Kirjath when the baronet had gone to hear Mr. Sempill preach, out of compliment, as he gave every one distinctly to understand, to the pastor who had been at college with his son, the captain, and through no kindliness for the Dissenters. And the doors of other county magnates were freely unfolded to the minister of Kirjath which had remained firmly closed to society in Simonie, even when Miss Powrie had sought to use the names of her cousin the Radical member and the major of Sepoys who had jilted her as 'open sesames.'

Mr. Lundie, who soon discovered that the new pastor, with far less appearance of obstinacy, was even more disposed to take his own way than Mr. Glendinning had been, lamented to his brethren that young men were not more open to the good influence of their seniors, and that ministers were growing so prone to give themselves priestly airs, and to set themselves above the counsels of their office-bearers.

'I have no fault to find with Mr. Sempill's preaching,' said Mr. Lundie, in one of those conclaves in which the office-bearers met to compare notes regarding their minister; 'but in my opinion his sermons *might* have more of a present interest. What we want in Kirjath is a man to grapple with the errors of the age, and put down Huxley and Tyndall and those people.'

'There isn't a minister round and round which can draw an

inference like Mr. Sempill,' said Mr. Teape, who never felt quite satisfied at seeing another pastor in the pulpit which he thought belonged to his nephew; 'but he has no local knowledge. He is still groping to get at the souls of the flock.'

'If he would give us more of the plain gospel, and fewer of his own ideas, it would be all the more to our profit,' grumbled Mr. Sandison, the chemist. 'There is not that full appearance of the Spirit about Mr. Sempill's ministrations that I would like to see.'

'Mr. Sempill would have much more influence with his flock if he were more social-like,' observed Mr. Dickson, the corn-factor, who had found out by this time that the minister was not likely to presume upon his invitation to drop in and have a glass of sherry on his way to the station. 'I don't like to see a pastor gallivantin' about to teas and suppers and neglectin' his studies, as so many of our young men do; but he should be free with his folk and come about among them in a homely way. It looks settin'-up like when a man keeps himself all to himself as Mr. Sempill does.'

'I met him the other day going to the Poor's-house with a bottle of wine in each pocket for the old women; and Reid the butcher told me that he had got orders to send old Widow Jamieson chops and collops every day until she got better, and to put the bill down to the minister's account; and if that isn't as good as any sermon that ever was preached in Kirjath, I'm dashed if I know what the Bible means.'

The deacons were not so shocked as might have been expected at this sinful expression, for Mr. Lyon's conversion was regarded with more than doubt by the congregation of Kirjath, and he would never have been made an office-bearer had not his wife's zeal and his own wealth been accepted in lieu of a more pronounced appearance of grace.

Nor was the admiration which the ladies of the congregation professed to feel for the minister of Kirjath wholly unqualified by a perception of his imperfections. When Miss Lundie saw that her 'quiet evenings and a little music' failed, after one or two invitations had been accepted for the sake of civility, to draw the pastor into the social circle of Simonie, that young lady declared to her friends that the minister was *gosh* and deficient in *tong*. Miss Powrie made several vain attempts to ensnare the minister into a correspondence by asking for his advice as to what works she should peruse in order to thoroughly master the question of Justification by Faith, and received a curt reply naming several treatises on the subject, but suggesting also that a lady's spare time might be more profitably given to the prosecution of works of charity and benevolence than to the study of dogmatic theology. Nor did a delicate offer to co-operate with Mr. Sempill in visiting the poor and reading to the sick meet with greater encouragement; and Miss Powrie at length confessed to her friend Miss Lundie that the minister of Kirjath was a very commonplace sort of person; that he was wanting in soul and sensi-

bility. In short, the ladies of the congregation were disposed to resent Mr. Sempill's indifference to their good opinions, and to believe that his affections had been pre-engaged before his arrival among them; but, however adverse this feeling might have been to his popularity, it was little to the storm that arose in the congregation when the news broke out that their pastor was in love with Daisy Lyon.

There could be no doubt that the story was well founded, however preposterous it might seem. Not only were Mr. Sempill's visits at Broomknowes much more frequent than his pastoral duties demanded, but he had been known on several occasions to convoy her home from his Bible class on Tuesday evenings. Mesdames Lundie and Powrie got no peace until they had fathomed the depths of this atrocious story, and going one evening to the Bible class they found it was only too true. When the class broke up, the minister paid a few formal compliments to the ladies from Simonie, and then hurried off by himself along the road to overtake Miss Lyon, who had already disappeared in the twilight. This was an enormity that the virgin heart of Miss Lundie could never have apprehended, and she hurried home to her parent to call upon him to purify Kirjath from the reproach which the conduct of its pastor was likely to bring upon the Church. Had Mr. Sempill cast his eyes upon a stranger, and taken her to preside at the manse, Miss Lundie or Miss Powrie could have forgiven him, and received the new-comer with open arms. But here, in their very presence, he had given the golden apple to a rival, and thus directly challenged their enmity; and neither Miss Lundie nor Miss Powrie was disposed to forgive such an affront, and they both resolved that Kirjath should ring with his conduct before many days were over.

'And he whisked past us with scarcely as much as a "good evening,"' said Miss Lundie to her father as she stood before the parlour fire, 'and ran after her down the road. A nice example to set to the young people of the congregation. The Bible class will soon become a *randyvoo* for assignations. I shouldn't wonder if young Nesbitt and he were meeting but there would be a fight about her.' And as she made this suggestion Miss Lundie undid her bonnet-strings with a jerk, and threw the ribbons viciously over her shoulder.

'It is awkward, extremely awkward,' said Mr. Lundie, reflectively stroking his legs with the palms of his hands; 'but I have seen for some time past that Mr. Sempill was likely to give us trouble. It is a bad sign when a young minister does not open himself to the influence of his deacons. I really fear we shall have to deal with him before long; in fact, I'm sure we must deal with him unless a very marked alteration takes place in his behaviour.'

'Dealing' was a very comprehensive phrase in the language of Kirjath, and embraced all the forms of ecclesiastical action, from simple counsel up to the refusal of Church ordinances, or, in the case of a minister, to dismissing him from his charge; and it was well, perhaps, for Mr. Sempill's peace of mind that his love-dreams were

undisturbed by any presentiment that his deacon was proposing to have him 'dealt' with. For in love the minister of Kirjath undoubtedly was. He had tried hard to persuade himself that this was not the case, but the evidence of his feelings was getting too strong to be gainsaid. From the first time he saw her Daisy Lyon had aroused a keen interest in his mind. The minister of Kirjath had not lived for five-and-thirty years in the world without having been in love before, but he speedily began to perceive that his former attachments had been of a more transient character than the one into which he was now drifting. The charm which the freshness of youth and innocence exercises more perhaps upon a man in his maturity than upon one who has not learned by their loss the true value of these possessions was gradually weaving itself round the minister's mind; and every time that he exposed himself anew to its influence he felt that all hope of escape was growing more and more desperate. Mr. Sempill had, both by principle and professional training, accustomed himself to maintain the mastery over his passions, and it was not without many mental apologies and excuses to his better judgment that he continued to place himself in temptation's way. But excuses, under such circumstances, are easily furnished when one has only one's own conscience to satisfy. He tried with very fair success to assure himself that his frequent visits to Broomknowes were due to the interest that Mrs. Lyon showed in his pastoral work, and to the fact that her husband was the only one of his deacons upon whose sincerity and disinterestedness he could depend with confidence. He had not been without scruples as to the propriety of escorting Daisy home from the Bible class; but was not young Nesbitt laying plots to entrap the young girl's innocence? and would he not in all likelihood endeavour to force his company upon her as she walked home? Mr. Sempill had repeatedly noticed Nesbitt's handsome but dissipated face in the back pews of Kirjath on Bible-class nights; and in his mind he could not help recalling that when the sons of men came to present themselves before God, Satan came also among them. Clearly, then, as her pastor he ought to protect Daisy against Nesbitt's importunities, and how could he do this unless he accompanied her home? His attentions were evidently agreeable to Mrs. Lyon, while Daisy's father, so long as he saw his girl happy, was not likely to trouble himself as to whether it was right or wrong of the minister to accompany her home. And so Mr. Sempill soon made up his mind that it was his duty to take Daisy Lyon specially under his pastoral wing; and he prepared himself for any uncharitable remarks which might be caused in consequence by the reflection that one is never so much exposed to calumny as when striving to walk in the path of duty. Did it occur to Mr. Sempill that there were other paths of duty equally open to him in which there would have been much less danger of detraction? There was lame Jane Sim, for instance, who never missed a class or a meeting at Kirjath, toiling stoutly along the road, though walking must have been exquisitely

painful for her shrunk leg. Would Mr. Sempill have been as firmly resolved to face obloquy if it had been to be met with in assisting her home to her cottage? And there was old Widow Proctor, who had been a member of Kirjath since the congregation was first formed, whose seat in the church was never vacant, and who was so bad with asthma that she was obliged to stand up and take breath at every few yards as she walked along the road. Would Mr. Sempill have felt that there was any need for mental apologies had his perception of duty led him to offer his arm to Widow Proctor on her way home? But Mr. Sempill was still in the youth and vigour of manhood, and heart-free, and it was not much wonder that his duty seemed to lie more directly in the way of Daisy Lyon than of either lame Jane Sim or asthmatic Widow Proctor.

And what did Daisy herself think of the minister's evident preference for her society? At first, she was disposed to regard his company as an infliction, and to feel rather disappointed that the pastor should play the part of a sheep-dog to scare away younger and more amusing companions. But the female mind is quick to detect the existence of any regard of which it is the object; and Daisy was not long of divining that the minister's stiffness and awkwardness in her company were due to feelings under these, struggling for expression to which he was afraid to give utterance. The idea of captivating a man of Mr. Sempill's age and gravity seemed so preposterous to the girl's mind that she felt inclined to treat it as a joke; and in her giddy moments she would scandalise her mother, and amuse the servant-maids, by picturing to them how she would act if the minister were to propose to her. But at heart Daisy soon began to discover that Mr. Sempill's feelings were not so much a matter of indifference to her as she would have her friends believe. At first she had been awed in the minister's presence, but gradually, as the ice between them began to break, she could not help perceiving that he possessed many manly and lovable qualities. There was a dash of romance, too, in the idea of a man so much superior in years and wisdom falling in love with her that was not displeasing to a girl of Daisy's time of life; and as the young ladies of the congregation had always affected to treat her as a child, she was not without a feeling of pride that Mr. Sempill had thus distinguished her by his regard. The previous love-episode in Daisy's life had not been one that she could take pride in, even at the time when she fancied herself to be passionately fond of young Nesbitt. And now that she had got a suitor whom she need feel no shame in owning before all the world, the girl's heart was not a little elated. But although she felt sure of her mother's approbation of Mr. Sempill's pretensions, and of her father's ready concurrence in any project for her happiness, Daisy had yet her own reasons to avoid the declaration of her attachment to the minister of Kirjath.

'Don't think you can throw me away like an old glove,' young Nesbitt had said to her at their last interview, when the

him that she would come no more to meet him; 'I'm not the sort of fellow that you can try on that game with. You swore you loved me, and you said you would never marry anyone but me; and by G—d, I shall hold you at your word, whether you are willing or not.'

'That was two years ago; I was but fifteen then, but a child,' said Daisy, trembling indeed, but with a look of firm determination on her face; 'you have no right to say such things to me.'

'Right or no right, mind what I tell you,' said the young man, as he mounted his horse, and shook the hand that held the whip towards the girl: it might have been as a gesture of adieu, but it looked more like a menace. 'Mind what I say. You have promised to marry me, and it will be a woful day for you if you ever promise another. I have your letters and your locks of hair, and I'll take such revenge that you shall never hold up your head in the country again.'

'Try yourself,' said Daisy, stung into passion. 'You may paste my letters on to the parish church-door for all that I care. Though you were to be guilty of such meanness, people could not think worse of you than they do already.' And she turned on her heel and fled swiftly home towards Broomknowes, leaving Nesbitt sitting in the saddle in the middle of the road.

'What an infernal fool I am to lose my temper!' he muttered, as he turned his horse's head towards Westermains. 'I shall never make anything of her by bullying; my chances are worse than ever now. I shall have to go down on my knees to her again and see if that will do any good. I wonder if she would care if I were to threaten to kill myself? Aha, my lady!' added he, as he turned in the saddle and looked after Daisy's retreating figure, now vanishing in the twilight. 'You may try on your tricks just now; but if I had you at Westermains and half of old John Lyon's cash lying at my account in the bank, I would soon bring you into subjection.'

But, though he wrote a piteous letter to Daisy next day, imploring forgiveness, and pleading that his love for her was driving him mad, he got no answer; and though he went constantly to Kirjath and seized every excuse for throwing himself in her way, Daisy Lyon saw him as though she saw him not.

IV.

'By the bye,' said Mr. Sempill, looking up from his desk, at which he was seated transacting some of the financial affairs of Kirjath with his senior deacon—'by the bye, Mr. Lundie, Miss Lyon wishes to be admitted as a member of the congregation. Her mother was talking to me about it the other day.'

The minister spoke with an affectation of indifference, and began to nib a pen; but there was a slight tremor in his voice, and he could not resist casting an anxious look upon the deacon's face.

Mr. Lundie pressed himself firmly down on his chair and clasped his hands, which had been engaged in their usual occupation of stroking his legs tightly together.

'Hem!' said he at length, when by the aid of these external movements he had screwed his nerves up to the pitch of combativeness; 'we have always been very particular in Kirjath.'

'I hope so,' said Mr. Sempill, looking up in astonishment; 'but what has that to do with what I have just said?'

'You see, Mr. Sempill,' continued Deacon Lundie, still keeping his hands closely clasped together, and parting his lips only just as much as would let the words pass through them, 'Kirjath has never been like other congregations. From the very first time that we became a flock we have been far more particular than any of the congregations round about us.'

'Well?' returned Mr. Sempill, impatiently. 'I don't suppose you mean to insinuate that your particularity is likely to prove any barrier to Miss Lyon's admission into the Church?'

'In Drywells, for instance,' continued Mr. Lundie, taking no notice of the minister's remarks, 'you have only got to say that you have been converted; but we have never been reduced to admitting members without something more than a mere profession.'

'I don't know what you are driving at, Mr. Lundie,' said the minister impatiently, rising to his feet. 'Miss Lyon has opened her mind to me, and I feel fully satisfied of her fitness to be admitted into the Church. I don't conceive that anything else is necessary than to go through the usual forms in her case.'

'The admission of members,' observed Mr. Lundie drily, 'does not rest with the minister. There is none of the bondage of prelatic or State churches with us. It's the office-bearers and members that have the power, and they would be betraying their trust and acting unworthy of the spirit of the gospel if they allowed their functions to be usurped.'

'Who wants to usurp your functions, Mr. Lundie?' cried the minister, losing his temper. 'I have only told you that a young lady, whose parents have been the chief supporters of this church, wishes to be admitted as a member, and you begin to talk as if I was endeavouring to force some notorious character upon you.'

'Not at all, Mr. Sempill, not at all; there is no occasion for vehemence,' said Mr. Lundie, with a provoking appearance of placidity. 'Miss Lyon's proposal shall have all due consideration. I myself at the next church meeting will move the appointment of a committee to deal with her.'

'I really can't see the necessity for any "dealing" in the matter,' returned the minister. 'Miss Lyon has possessed me of her mind upon religion, and I am quite prepared to assure the congregation that her sentiments are all that they could wish. There is no reason why she should not be proposed for admission at the next meeting,

and duly received if no objections are offered, as I don't suppose there will be.'

'You're a stranger among us, Mr. Sempill,' observed Deacon Lundie, with freezing coldness in his tones, 'and don't know as much of your flock yet as the office-bearers do. We deal with everybody before we let them into Kirjath, and there are special reasons why we should be careful in Daisy Lyon's case.'

'What reasons?' demanded the minister, while an angry flush mounted to his face.

'You have heard of course of her scandalous connection with young Nesbitt of Westermains,' replied the Deacon, who, although he was no stranger to the reports that were going about of the minister's attachment to Miss Lyon, was determined not to spare him now that he had got him in his power; 'although she is not a member of the Church, all Kirjath felt compromised by her conduct. Nesbitt used to meet her clandestinely evening after evening, and if all tales be true——'

'I may save you further trouble, Mr. Lundie,' interrupted the minister, 'in repeating the gossip of the village scandalmongers by telling you that Miss Lyon, with the full approbation of her parents, will shortly become my wife.'

'In that case,' said Mr. Lundie, still in his calmest tones, 'the congregation will have to deal with you likewise.'

'Deal away then,' retorted the minister, as he shut his desk with a loud snap, to indicate that the interview was at an end.

A defiance had thus been flung in his teeth, and Mr. Lundie was not the man to refuse such a challenge. His frequent attempts at agitation in the congregation had not generally been very popular, but he felt that on this occasion he would carry all Kirjath along with him. The whole parish were talking of the engagement between Mr. Sempill and Daisy Lyon; and the congregation felt that its minister must be compromised if he were to wed a girl so light and frivolous. A minister's wife is an integral part of himself, and it would have been difficult for Mr. Sempill to persuade the congregation of Kirjath that they had no claim to be consulted in the matter. The female part of the flock, headed by Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie, were especially bitter against Daisy. Cruel suggestions regarding her silly entanglement with young Nesbitt were bruited about, which might with little trouble have been traced to the evil imaginations of one or other of these ladies. Miss Lundie declared that they might as well belong to the Established Church, if their ministers were allowed to contract *leeaysongs* in such a fashion. Miss Powrie, who professed to feel for Daisy, hoped that she had found grace to repent of her follies, and instanced the cases of Mary Magdalene and the woman by the well of Samaria as reasons why they should give her the benefit of Christian charity. Mr. Sempill was, in Miss Powrie's opinion, much more to blame, for there could

be no doubt that he was going to marry Daisy Lyon entirely from mercenary motives. And the dark hints of exposure and revenge which young Nesbitt allowed himself to utter when his boon companions teased him about allowing a 'psalm-singing parson' to carry off his sweetheart, were duly noted down by the disaffected in Kirjath, and kept in store against the time when an opportunity would present itself of bringing them forward.

Nesbitt had now lost all hopes of reconciliation with Daisy, and his only care was how he might revenge himself most effectually upon her. He had at first been attracted towards the girl by her father's wealth, but her beauty had taken hold of him, and though he was utterly incapable of feeling anything like a pure passion, he did love Daisy Lyon with all the strength of his selfish nature. He had rather prided himself on the success of his gallantries, and had supported the character of a rural Lothario with little credit to himself. His vanity was accordingly piqued by being thrown over for a person whom he held in so much contempt as the minister of Kirjath, and he felt that some apology was necessary for his discomfiture. And so he went about dropping coarse hints that Mr. Sempill was welcome to wear his old shoes, that he for his part was well tired of Daisy Lyon, that he had never meant anything but flirtation, that he could bring her back again by holding up his little finger, and that he had letters in his possession which would give both her and the minister red faces. All of which sayings lost none of their evil significance when repeated by the gossips of Kirjath.

'You've lost the lass, George,' said his father, 'and unless you can lay your hands upon another before long, you had better look out for yourself. I'm up to the neck in bills, and can do nothing for you. If you had only stuck to the praying business you might well have got as much of John Lyon's money as would have cleared the debt and given us a start again.'

'If I had had less to do with the praying business, as you call it, I might have come better off,' growled the son. 'I loafed about that infernal chapel until I was the laughing-stock of the whole congregation. It was all your advice, too, for if I had taken my own way, I believe I could have carried off Daisy before any of her friends knew what was up.'

'Hain't you got no letters or nothing that you could sue for damages on?' demanded the old man. 'You must be a green hand to let a girl slip out of your fingers so easily. Had it been me now, I warrant I had made them pay through the nose. It don't do for a parson to have a hullabaloo made about his marriage; and rich people like the Lyons would pay anything to keep their name from being made a world's wonder.'

'You mind your own business, dad,' retorted the hopeful son, as he lighted his pipe and sauntered out of the parlour. 'I know pretty well what I'm about, and Miss Daisy shall rue the day when

she gave me the go-bye. And as for that d—d methodistical parson——' Mr. Nesbitt did not finish his threat, but walked away whistling into the fields.

The old farmer of Westermains' counsels were not, however, wasted on desert soil. Nesbitt was hard pressed for money. No tradesman in Simonie would execute an order for him without payment in advance, and he was in daily terror of being arrested for his debts in the county town. And as he walked through the fields, smiting the blossoms off the red clover and crushing the pied daisies to earth with the point of his walking stick, he began to revolve his father's advice in his mind, and to consider whether he might not make his silence worth something to himself. The result of his reflections was the following letter:—

'Westermains: July 18th.

'Sir,—You are aware, I presume, of the relationship which formerly subsisted between Miss Lyon and myself. I hold in my possession many letters and keepsakes from that young lady, including a promise of marriage. It has occurred to me that you might care to have them, in which case I shall have no objection to treat with you for their delivery. If they remain in my possession I can give no pledge that they may not become public property. Yours faithfully,

'G. Nesbitt.

'Rev. Mr. Sempill, Kirjath.

'P.S.—You will understand that the matter in question is purely a business one, and that sentiment cannot be allowed to interfere with it.'

Nesbitt was rather anxious to know what answer the minister would send back, half expecting that it would take the shape of an indignant denunciation of his conduct, or that perhaps he would treat the communication with silent contempt. He was not, however, left long in suspense, for the same afternoon brought him an answer from Kirjath-jearim. It was as much to the point as Nesbitt could have wished.

'Kirjath Manse: July 18th.

'Sir,—I am obliged to you for your letter, and shall be most happy to treat with you for the surrender of the letters in your possession. I suppose the only question between us will be the price you may wish to put upon them. Perhaps we could come to an arrangement with least trouble to ourselves, if you would have the goodness to call here at your early convenience. Yours faithfully,

'Patrick Sempill.

'G. Nesbitt, Esq.

'P.S.—I am quite of your opinion that the bargain should be struck on purely business principles and without any regard to sentiment.'

'Well,' said Nesbitt, as he read the letter, 'he is a cool hand. I wonder how much I could squeeze out of him for the letters? They say he is rich, and he will get a lot of money with Daisy—the money that should have been mine; confound him! I'll ask five

hundred pounds, and I'm hanged if I don't get that I'll print the letters and send them round the parish, though I should have to go off to America for it. I suppose it must come to that some day.'

V.

'We are clearly called upon to be firm,' said Deacon Lundie, bringing down his hand with forcible emphasis on the table, as he looked round on his colleagues. 'If this doesn't look like open defiance of the congregation, I should very much like to know what we are to consider it.'

The office-bearers of Kirjath, with the exception of the minister and Mr. Lyon, had met in Mr. Lundie's back-office at that gentleman's invitation; and on the table before them lay two open letters. One was from Mr. Lyon, informing them that his daughter Daisy withdrew her request to be admitted as a member of Kirjath; the other was from the minister, giving them formal notice of his intention to marry Miss Lyon at an early day.

'It is a terrible state of matters,' groaned Mr. Sandison, the chemist; 'but when people set themselves up to walk independently of the Spirit, what can we expect?'

'It's the want of local knowledge,' sighed Mr. Teape. 'A man which was connected with the congregation would have known all about the people, and would have never made such a mistake.'

'I knew what it would end in,' said Mr. Dickson, the corn-factor, 'when I saw that Mr. Sempill was setting himself up above his flock. A man always falls into the hands of some clique when he keeps himself reserved from his people.'

'The question simply is,' said Deacon Lundie, 'are we, who are a free congregation, paying our own pastor, to allow Mr. Sempill to disregard the counsel of his office-bearers and to set himself up as an authority over us? He has cared no more for our feelings than if he had been a State-placed clergyman: yes, than if he had been the Pope himself.' And Mr. Lundie again brought his hand down upon the table with an angry rap.

'It is very bad, certainly; but what are we to do?' said Mr. Dickson reflectively. 'It would not be a wise measure to drive away the Lyons; off and on they are worth a good fifty pounds a year to Kirjath.'

'I'm astonished at you, Dickson,' said Deacon Lundie severely; 'you're as bad as Simon Magus. I never thought to hear a deacon of Kirjath acknowledge that considerations of money weighed with him in comparison with the interests of the Church.'

'That is all very well,' retorted Mr. Dickson, 'but when there is a deficit at the end of the year and the office-bearers have to make good the minister's salary, you will be sorry that you were so particular. You ought to remember, too, that Kirjath stands on Mr.

Lyon's land, and that we have never got any titles to the building. What I would advise is this, that we admit Miss Lyon without any more fuss, and that, as we can't hinder the minister from marrying her, we submit to it with a good grace.'

'What?' exclaimed Mr. Lundie, 'allow our minister to marry a girl whose name has been the talk of Simonie, and Drywells to boot, for the last six months? Wasn't the way she carried on with young Nesbitt a scandal to us all? Doesn't he carry about her letters with him, and hasn't he got a promise of marriage from her? We look to the minister's wife to be an example to all the women in the congregation, and a pretty example they would get from Miss Lyon. I move that a committee be appointed to deal with Miss Lyon's case, and to consider whether Mr. Sempill, if he persists in marrying her, can be allowed to continue his ministrations in Kirjath.'

After some ineffectual opposition from Mr. Dickson, who wanted to keep in the Lyons' good graces, Deacon Lundie's motion was carried, and he himself and Mr. Teape were to institute a full inquiry into the conduct of Daisy Lyon, to endeavour to obtain an interview with Nesbitt, and to give in their report at an early meeting of the whole congregation, which was to be especially called to consider the minister's marriage.

In both parishes of Simonie and Drywells there was nothing talked of but Daisy Lyon's case. With their usual charity people were as a rule disposed to put the worst construction on her flirtation with Nesbitt, and to give ready credence to the dark hints which the young man threw out of having a hold on her. The ladies of the congregation in particular were disposed to be hard on both Daisy and the minister. Mrs. Lyon had always been severe upon the shortcomings of those of her own sex who were members of Kirjath; and these were not sorry to have an opportunity of paying her back old scores. Others had cast their eyes with favour on Mr. Sempill himself, and were disposed to envy Daisy's preferment. For one reason or another the bulk of the ladies of Kirjath had been prepared to vote against Miss Lyon's admission into the congregation, and now that her name was withdrawn, they were determined to veto the minister's marriage as the next readiest way of getting out their spite. Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie took good care that such zeal for the purity of Kirjath should not be allowed to cool, and kept the ferment alive by repeating the old stories and adding new insinuations to the impeachment already drawn up against Daisy.

And how did Miss Lyon and her parents bear all this? The girl, at first conscious of her own purity, and unable in her innocence to realise the evil colouring which slander could give to her indiscreet conduct, thought little at first of the commotion that the people of Kirjath were raising. It was all the malice of Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie, poor dear old things, who never had any chance of getting husbands themselves, and could not bear to see other people

made happy. Nor did she feel vexed at her mother's irritation, for Mrs. Lyon was too sanctimonious and censorious to have stirred up much affection even in her daughter's breast; and she had always made so much of Kirjath and exalted its people so high above those of any other denomination that Daisy felt tempted almost to rejoice that they had turned against her. But when she saw that her father's face, usually so open and hearty, was growing overcast, and that the minister's tenderness was mixed with a pitying expression, of which he was perhaps unconscious, but which she keenly felt, the girl began to realise her position. She had no difficulty in learning from the servants what people were saying about her, even if her mother, in the daily upbraidings to which Daisy was subjected, had allowed her to remain in ignorance.

'What need I care for this tattle!' demanded Daisy indignantly. 'Everyone knows that Miss Lundie and Kate Powrie are the greatest gossips in the whole parish, and that they never stick to the truth when they have a character to take to bits. Besides, I am sure, mother, I have heard you say a hundred times that the revilings of the world were the tribute which the wicked paid to righteousness,' added Daisy, with just as much of sarcasm in her tones as was sufficient to send the shaft home.

'Oh, to be sure, scoff now,' retorted Mrs. Lyon. 'When a girl takes to frequenting the company of unconverted young men, it is only to be expected that she will learn to sneer at religion. I should think, when you remember what occasion you have given the profane to point their finger at God's people, you would hold your tongue.'

'What harm have I done?' pleaded Daisy. 'I did not know that Nesbitt was wicked, and he never said a wrong word to me. And it is a shame of Jane Lundie to make up stories about me, for she is double my age if she is a day old.'

'If you had kept within doors you might have let them say their say,' pursued her mother relentlessly; 'and there is that fellow going about with a whole pocketful of your letters, which he reads in the alehouse for the entertainment of all his dissolute associates. And now you have not only brought your parents to shame, but you are going to bring discredit on the gospel by marrying one of its ministers.'

'If Mr. Sempill thinks he is disgraced in marrying me,' sobbed Daisy, 'why doesn't he say so? I am sure, rather than do anything that would lower him in people's eyes, I would run away to the ends of the earth, though I do love him so well. Oh, mother dear! do say that you were not in earnest when you told me that Mr. Sempill would be discredited by marrying me.'

'Let him speak for himself, dear Daisy,' said the minister, entering the room with Mr. Lyon. 'Mr. Sempill has faith enough in the world to feel sure that it will only envy him the love of one so good and pure as you; and if there are ill-conditioned people whose tongues delight in seeking to sully whoever is better than t[illegible]

mselves, we should rather pity this unhappy state of mind than uble ourselves about the slanders that their malevolence suggests.'

'Ay, ay,' chimed in Mr. Lyon, 'men's tongues, and women's o, which are longer, will only get a certain length unless you pull hem out by your own doings. You can always live down slander, nd scandalmongers are never so severely punished as when they see that their lies don't do you any harm.'

'See here, Daisy,' said Mr. Sempill, taking her hand, 'I have brought you a little present. Here is a packet into which I have not looked, although I know well I might have done so without any danger of loving you less.'

'Why, it's—it's my letters to—to Mr. Nesbitt,' stammered Daisy, as her face flushed over and she endeavoured to push the packet back into the minister's hand. 'I—I don't want them—I mean, thank you ever so much.'

'In that case,' said the minister, 'we may, with Mrs. Lyon's permission, dispose of them,' and stooping down he placed the letters in the fire and silently watched them until every page was reduced to ashes.

VI.

The chapel at Kirjath had never been better filled with members than on the night appointed for the consideration of what Mr. Lundie had denominated Miss Lyon's case. For although Daisy no longer sought to be admitted to the congregation, her father and Mr. Sempill, judging it better to withhold from the malice that was evidently at work so good an opportunity of gratifying itself, there still remained Mr. Sempill's notice of his marriage to be dealt with; and the decision on this point, as Mr. Lundie had already pointed out, must turn upon the truth of the stories that were afloat regarding her courtship with young Nesbitt. And accordingly every lady who was a member of Kirjath was to be found at her post in her own pew, anxious to hear whatever items of scandal were to be brought forward. The deacons' seats were all filled, except the one usually occupied by the farmer of Broomknowes; and Mr. Lundie, with a face full of importance, placed a pile of papers and letters before him, and proceeded to arrange them in order, taking notes all the while with an air of judicial solemnity. In the front pew side by side sat Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie, hardly able to conceal their exultation beneath the serious aspect the occasion demanded, and who giggled and smiled significantly to each other as Mr. Sempill quietly walked into the chapel and took his seat among the deacons in the place usually occupied by John Lyon. A keen observer would have noticed a shade of anxiety pass across Mr. Lundie's face as the minister came in, for the deacon had made sure that he would stay away on this occasion, and he more than suspected that Mr. Sempill had attended with some intention of making an attack

When the chapel was filled and every one seated, the usual few minutes of awkwardness indicated that the time had come to open the business of the meeting. Mr. Lundie now turned over his papers, and cast an anxious look round the building as if he would read the mind of the congregation in their faces. The deacons pretended to examine their watches, the women drew themselves up in their pews in an attitude of attention, and the men crossed their legs and folded their arms and prepared to listen patiently to whatever was set before them.

'My friends,' said Mr. Lundie, rising with a preparatory hem, 'we scarcely expected the pleasure of Mr. Sempill's company here to-night, but I trust we are always glad to see our minister among us, and as he is here I propose that he open the meeting with prayer.'

Eagerly did Mr. Lundie listen to the petitions that rose from Mr. Sempill's lips to catch if he could any indications of the course that the minister meant to pursue; but his prayer was short, dry, and formal, and Mr. Lundie in his excitement was irritated by the indifference in the minister's tones, which made him more than ever doubtful regarding Mr. Sempill's presence in the meeting.

'I wish to mention,' said Mr. Sempill before he sat down, 'as in some degree connected with the business of this meeting, that but for Miss Lyon's serious illness she would have attended with her parents to vindicate her reputation against the aspersions which some members of a Christian congregation have cast upon it. The excitement and the pain which have been caused to her by such slanders have brought on an attack of nervous fever, which the doctor, I am glad to say, does not consider dangerous, but which renders it necessary that she should be kept perfectly quiet at present. I do not make this statement with any view to interrupt the business of the meeting, or to influence in any way your decision, but because I thought it well that you should not be ignorant of any circumstance which the world would be likely to take into account in judging your conduct on this occasion.'

'In that case,' said Mr. Dickson, rising, 'I move that the meeting should be adjourned to another evening, with Mr. Sempill's permission; if he is in no hurry to learn the decision of the congregation.'

'I can await your convenience,' said Mr. Sempill coldly.

'My friends,' said Mr. Lundie, hastily rising as he noticed that the news of Daisy's illness was causing a sympathetic reaction in the congregation, 'what the minister has just told us seems to me a reason why this meeting should not be broken up until we come to an understanding of some kind on the case of Miss Lyon. Nothing can be worse than suspense, either to her or to us; and if any steps have to be taken in consequence of our decision, it would be well to agree on them as speedily as possible.'

A murmur went round the chapel, and heads were laid togeth

in consultation; but no one offered an opinion on Mr. Lundie's suggestions.

'Our minister has given us notice of his intention to get married,' continued Mr. Lundie, gathering courage as he found that he was not to be interrupted. 'This is usually pleasing news to a congregation, and it is a great pity that there should ever be exceptions. Now among us, who have tasted of the blessed liberty of gospel freedom, and have shaken off the oppressive yoke which State connection imposes upon the life of the Church, it has always been the duty of the office-bearers and the members to carefully consider whether the minister's choice has fallen upon a woman that will increase his influence and usefulness in the Church, or whether he has been guided in his selection by feelings of mere earthly love or self-interest; in which case,' said Mr. Lundie, looking about him with an impressive shake of his head, 'our duty may be unpleasant, but, in the interests of the Church, it must be done.' A buzz of assent ran round the pews, and Mr. Lundie, warming to his work, continued: 'The case that we have to deal with to-night is in many respects painful. The person whose marriage we have to consider is our minister; the woman whom he proposes to wed is the daughter of esteemed members of Kirjath. Under these circumstances it would have been agreeable to us if we could have bidden them "God speed," and called down a blessing on their union; but the well-being of the Church must be our first consideration, and however distressing it may be to our private feelings, and however much we may personally prefer to gratify the minister's wish, we must duly consider how such an arrangement will affect Mr. Sempill's usefulness as pastor of Kirjath.'

The attention of the audience deepened as Mr. Lundie proceeded, and Miss Lundie and Miss Powrie composed their features, as if they were heroically resolved that their private feelings at least should not be allowed to carry them away from a due regard for the prosperity of Kirjath.

'One of the first qualities that we require in a minister's wife,' resumed Mr. Lundie, growing confident as he saw that he was carrying the congregation with him, 'is that she should be an example to all the females in the flock. Now Miss Lyon's name has, unfortunately, been spoken of lately in a way that has been apt to bring scandal upon Kirjath in the eyes of less Christian congregations. How far all the stories which have been going about may be correct, I cannot say; but the circumstances, so far as I have been able to inquire into them, are suspicious—I repeat, they are very suspicious,' reiterated Deacon Lundie, giving an emphatic slap to the table before him, and casting a side-glance at the minister. 'There was a packet of letters which Miss Lyon had written to the reprobate member of another congregation, and it was very desirable that these should have been examined in the interests of Kirjath; but it is rumoured that the letters have been suppressed at a considerable expense. My friends, it is a maxim of our law that no one is asked to criminate himself;

else, as the minister is present, I should have asked him to explain to you what became of these letters.'

'I have not the slightest objection, Mr. Lundie, to your telling the congregation that I purchased the letters in question from Mr. Nesbitt, and that they are now destroyed,' observed the minister in an indifferent voice.

'To my mind a very suspicious circumstance,' said Mr. Lundie, casting a triumphant look about him, as he noticed several members shaking their heads. 'If these letters were innocent communications, I see no reason why they should not have been laid before us. We ought to be all as one family of elect Christians in Kirjath, and to have no secrets from each other. Now there have been many ugly rumours, and no one on the other side has said a single word in refutation of them. I am far from wishing to judge harshly, but you must think with me that Miss Lyon's illness has occurred at a very unfortunate time; for her presence here would have enabled us to see our way much more clearly, and there are many questions that we have to put to her.'

'I *am* here; what have you to ask of me?' cried a clear voice from the far end of the chapel; and while the congregation turned round with a start of amazement, Daisy Lyon glided noiselessly up their midst and stood with hands folded looking inquiringly into Mr. Lundie's face. The wild light of delirium played in the girl's eyes, and two bright red spots glowed upon her cheeks, while a grey pallor was spread over the rest of her face. Her long brown hair hung down her shoulders, sparkling with the evening dews as if it had been powdered with diamond-dust. She had thrown a loose black cloak over her white dressing-gown, and the wet clover blades and petals of the wild daisies had stuck to her bare feet and delicate ankles, as she had come through the fields. Her neck was bare except where her hair twined about it, and her shapely arms were naked from the elbows.

'What is it you have to ask me?' she repeated impatiently, while her sparkling eyes were never removed from Mr. Lundie's face. 'Are you afraid that I will not make a proper wife to Mr. Sempill? I am but young; your daughter is twice my age, Mr. Lundie, but I will do my best, indeed I will, for God knows I love him dearly;' and poor Daisy covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly.

'For God's sake!' cried Mr. Sempill, springing to his feet, 'will none of the ladies remove her to the vestry? Don't you hear that she is raving? She must have come away without the knowledge of her friends.'

Mrs. Teape and Mrs. Dickson, and some of the other female members of Kirjath, were by this time hastening to Daisy's assistance, while Miss Lundie whispered 'Quite theatrical' in a voice that was audible to half the congregation, and Miss Powrie responded, 'Very effectively got up—very effectively, indeed!' in similar tones.

'Who says that there was aught wrong between George Nesbitt and me?' cried Daisy, pushing back the woman with the strength of mad-

ness. 'Was it you, Jane Lundie, or you Kate Powrie? I was foolish—I *was* foolish, but then I was so young. But God knows that my heart is pure, and by Him will I be judged,' and with a shriek she fell forward motionless in front of the table at which the deacons sat.

The members of Kirjath sat appalled at the scene, hardly daring to whisper to each other, while one or two of the women bore Daisy into the little vestry. Mr. Lundie still stood where he had been speaking, looking nervously before him, and not knowing whether to go on or to stop. In this awkward pause the quick clatter of a horse's hoof was heard outside, and John Lyon, of Broomknowes, rushed up the middle of the chapel.

'Is she here?' he cried; and as they silently pointed towards the vestry, he shook his riding whip furiously in Deacon Lundie's face. 'You scoundrel, you d—d scoundrel; this is what you have done with your "dealing" and your discipline. I don't know what keeps me from flogging the bad, lying soul out of your body. And you call yourselves Christians, and Church members,' continued he, turning round upon the congregation, who sat cowed and abashed before the righteous anger of a man whom they had never seen before except with a smile on his face. 'You are worse than the worst scourings of heathendom. Take your cursed Kirjath off my property in four-and-twenty hours, or I shan't leave a single stone standing upon another,' and he passed into the vestry where his daughter was still lying senseless.

Then ensued a silence which no one dared to break, until Mr. Sempill rose to his feet, and in impassioned tones poured forth a fervent prayer for the forgiveness of their sins, and for that spirit of Christian charity which thinketh no evil; and when he had said 'Amen,' the meeting hurriedly broke up, and the members went silently to their homes, hardly daring to speak to one another of what had occurred.

Daisy Lyon never rallied, and, after lingering two or three days in high fever and delirium, she died, killed, as the doctors said, by the excitement and by brain fever.

There was never another sermon preached at Kirjath. Early on the morning after the funeral the farmer of Broomknowes, with about a score of workmen, was at the Kirjath manse before Mr. Sempill was aroused. The blow had completely changed Daisy's father. His face looked old and worn, and his once hearty tones were husky and stern. 'Come out of this place,' he said to Mr. Sempill; 'come to Broomknowes and be a son to us. No one can fill her place so well as you; and as for this den of iniquity, I am determined to root it out from the very foundation.'

The neighbourhood of Kirjath was no place for Mr. Sempill, and he felt that in hard work in some new locality lay his only chance of healing the sore wound that had been left in his heart. He was firm in resisting Mr. Lyon's entreaties, and, without condescending to say

a word to his late congregation, he packed up his boxes and took the train to town. But before he left it was a satisfaction to see the work of demolition going on, at both the chapel and the manse, under the active supervision of Mr. Lyon. Mr. Lundie blustered and talked of damages, but the rest of the congregation, glad to make him the scapegoat of the odium which Daisy Lyon's case had brought upon them, refused to give him any countenance, and Mr. Lyon was allowed to wreak his vengeance unmolested. The congregation soon became absorbed in other churches, and the name of Kirjath-jearim chapel only remains associated with a sad tale of scandal and its consequences.

ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE.

The Scotsman's Return from Abroad.

In a Letter from Mr. Thomson to Mr. Johnstone.

In mony a foreign pairt I've been,
An' mony an unco ferlie seen,
Since, Mr. Johnstone, you and I
Last walkit upon Cocklerye.
Wi' gleg, observant een, I pass't
By sea an' land, through East an' Wast.
And still in ilka age an' station
Saw naething but abomination.
In these uncovenanted lands
The gangrel Scot uplifts his hands
At lack of a' sectarian füsh'n,
An' cauld religious destitution.
He rins, puir man, frae place to place,
Tries a' their graceless means o' grace,
Preacher on preacher, kirk on kirk,—
This yin a stot an' thon a stirk,—
A bletherin' clan, no worth a preen,—
As bad as Smith of Aberdeen!

At last, across the weary faem,
Frae far, outlandish pairts I came.
On ilka side o' me I fand
Fresh tokens o' my native land.
Wi' whatna joy I hailed them a'—
The hilltaps standin' raw by raw,
The public hoose, the Hielan' birks,
And a' the bonny U. P. kirks!
But maistly thee, the blude o' Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Grots,
The king o' drinks, as I conceive it,
Talisker, Isla, or Glenlivet!

For after years wi' a pockmantie
Frae Zanzibar to Alicante,
In mony a fash and sair affliction
I gie't as my sincere conviction—

Ferlie—a strange sight.
Cocklerye—a hill in the Lothians.
Gleg—quick, bright.
Gangrel—vagrant.
Füsh'n—energy.
Talisker, Isla, Glenlivet—three well-known brands of whisky.
Fash—annoyance (Fr. fâcher).

Of a' their foreign tricks an' pliskies,
I maist abominate their whiskies.
Nae doot, themsels, they ken it weel,
An' wi' a hash o' leemon peel,
And ice an' siccan filth, they ettle
The stawsome kind o' goo to settle;
Sic wersh apothecary's broos wi'
As Scotsmen scorn to fyle their moo's wi'.

An', man, I was a blythe hame-comer
When first I synded out my rummer.
Ye should hae seen me then, wi' care
The less important pairts prepare;
Syne, weel contentit wi' it a',
Pour in the speerits wi' a jaw!
I didnae drink, I didnae speak,—
I only snowkit up the reek.
I was sae pleased therein to paidle,
I sat an' plowtered wi' my ladle.

An' blythe was I, the morrow's morn,
To daunder through the stookit corn,
And after a' my strange mishanters,
Sit doun amang my ain dissenters.
An', man, it was a joy to me
The pu'pit an' the pews to see,
The pennies dirlin' in the plate,
The elders lookin' on in state;
An' 'mang the first, as it befell,
Wha should I see, sir, but yoursel'!

I was, and I will no deny it,
At the first gliff a hantle tryit
To see yoursel' in sic a station—
It seemed a doubtfu' dispensation.
The feelin' was a mere digression,
For soon I understood the session,
An' mindin' Aiken an' McNeil,
I wondered they had done sae weel.

Pliskie—a very puzzling word to translate. More fantastic than a trick, a *pliskie* is apt to be more innocent.
Stawsome—repulsive.
Goo—Fr. goût.
Wersh—distastefully insipid. What is raw, flat, and feeble to the palate: as rice-water.
Fyle—defile.
Synded—scalded.
Jaw—splash.
Snowkit—snuffed, but very energetic.
Paidle—paddle, play with liquid.
Plowtered — dabbled, splashed: *mot propre.*
Daunder—saunter.
Stookit corn—corn in shock.
Mishanters—misadventures.
Dirlin'—between ringing and rattling: *mot propre.*
Gliff—startled glance.
A hantle—much (handful).

I saw I had mysel' to blame;
For had I but remained at hame,
Aiblins—though no ava' deservin' 't—
They micht hae named your humble servant.

The kirk was filled, the door was steeked;
Up to the pu'pit ance I keeked;
I was mair pleased than I can tell—
It was the minister himsel'!
Prood, prood was I to see his face,
After sae lang awa frae grace.
Pleased as I was, I'm no denyin'
Some maitters were not edifyin';
For first I fand—an' here was news!—
Mere hymnbooks cockin' in the pews—
A humanised abomination,
Unfit for ony congregation.
Syne, while I still was on the tenter,
I scunnered at the new prezentor;
I thocht him gesterin' an' cauld—
A sair declension frae the auld.
Syne, as though a' the faith was wreckit,
The prayer was not what I'd exspeckit.
Himsel', as it appeared to me,
Was no the man he used to be.
But just as I was growin' vext
He waled a maist judeecious text,
An', launchin' into his prelections,
Swoopt, wi' a skirl, on a' defections.

O what a gale was on my speerit
To hear the points o' doctrine clearit,
And a' the horrors o' damnation
Set furth wi' faithfu' ministration!
Nae shauchlin' testimony here,—
We were a' damned, an' that was clear.
I owned, wi' gratitude an' wonder,
He was a pleesure to sit under.

R. L. S.

Aiblins—perhaps.
Steeked—shut.
Keeked—glanced stealthily.
Scunnered at—was disgusted with.
Gesterin'—over-mannered (gesturing).
Waled—selected
Skirl—screech.
Shauchlin'—weak in the knees.

Three Phases of Lyric Poetry.

As modern dramatic poetry is largely composed without reference to the stage, so a wide latitude is now assumed in the application of the title lyric poetry. While a certain regard must still be had to the outward appearance of that form of verse which originally implied the accompaniment of appropriate music, it is the case that anything approaching the twanging of the actual lyre is not in the thoughts of many modern lyrists. The instrumental part of lyric poetry—and sometimes, indeed, all that implies actual musical expression—is frequently quite subordinate to the development of judgment, or passion, or sentiment, or reflection.

The three writers to be considered here—Mr. E. W. Gosse, Dr. T. G. Hake, and Mr. A. Lang—write lyric poetry in the wider acceptation of the term, though one and all of them are possible lyrists in the strict sense. That is, they might, if they chose, write on the prescribed themes—Devotion, Loyalty, Patriotism, Love, Revelry, War—and, by strict attention to rule, satisfy the demands of the rhetoricians. Indeed, in a certain sense, they have all done as much. Of the three, perhaps Mr. Gosse comes nearest the popular estimate of the lyrist, having in his verse not only poetic quality but spontaneous and captivating musical expression. He is a singer whose note and melody give him the prerogative of the sentimental songster. Delicate instinct and rich penetrative feeling predominate in his best verse over intellectual subtlety and grave judgment, and not seldom he approaches that lyrical climax which gives the impression that the poet 'sings because he must.' In versification like Mr. Lang's, such an influence is hardly possible. Every separate 'Ballade' suggests the resolution to oppose Sterne's injunction, 'Let no man say to himself—Come, I will write a duodecimo.' These lyrics will not be read for their purely poetical qualities, so much as for their lithe and nimble movement, their imitative cleverness, and their sage trickery. On the other hand, the melody of his verse is probably a secondary consideration with Dr. Hake, and yet it is the case that his versification is fluent and melodious, and his imagery frequently rich, apt, and beautiful. In contrast to the method of Mr. Lang, Dr. Hake has an eloquence of earnestness, and a melodious movement that does not merely trip under the sway of his bow-hand, but comes of his fine sympathetic sense of fitness. In contradistinction, moreover, to Mr. Gosse, Dr. Hake impresses first by the reach and massive quality of his thought rather than by the richness of his note and his mellifluous cadences.

What these three lyrists, then, present for consideration may be broadly stated as sentimental, artificial, and philosophical lyric

poetry. In Mr. Gosse the predominant feature is feeling, in Mr. Lang it is form, while in Dr. Hake it is insight. All three are observers, but while in Mr. Lang observation is playful, in Mr. Gosse it is sympathetic, and in Dr. Hake judicial. Dr. Hake concerns himself with problems that are psychological or spiritual, Mr. Gosse has a quick sense of emotion and of touching incident, and Mr. Lang dallies with intellectual puzzles and social oddities. There is room for Mr. Lang's attitude, and reason in his treatment, just because the world is always young and cleverness cannot fail of admiration; there is a distinct sphere and a cordial welcome therein for Dr. Hake, for he is a prophet that speaks with the authority and the versatile interest that come of much shrewd introspection; and it is impossible that there should ever be too much of that pure sentiment, that limpid melodious utterance, so eminently characteristic of Mr. Gosse.

There was a certain sensuousness, and as it were a straining after glow and warmth of colour, in Mr. Gosse's earlier volume of lyrics—'On Viol and Flute'—and it is pleasing to note that this is less prominent in his recently published volume of 'New Poems.' In his introductory address *Ad Auditorem* he declared his function to be,

> With colour, verse, and harmony to frame
> A house of beautiful delights, whose name
> May stir the world with pleasure like fine pearls,
> Strung on a gold thread gleaming as a flame.

There is no necessity for entering here upon the vexed questions that are implied in the well-known expression 'Art for Art's sake;' but what has just been referred to as a tendency to overdo emotional feeling by a certain lingering wantonness of expression may be illustrated by two stanzas from a poem entitled 'Sunshine before Sunrise':—

> My arm was round her small head sweetly fashioned,
> Her bright head shapely as a hyacinth-bell;
> So silent were we that our hearts' impassioned
> Twin throb was audible.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Oh! how the tender throbbing of her bosom
> Beat, bird-like, crushed to mine in that embrace,
> While blushes, like the light through some red blossom,
> Dyed all her dewy face.

This is beautifully expressed, and probably the details are fairly accurate, but then it is questionable whether there is anything sufficiently interesting in such proceedings to warrant unreserved publication. In a word, Mr. Gosse had to come through his period of admiration, practice, imitation, and nobody who carefully considers these earlier poems will deny that he bore himself well. Perhaps it was inevitable that, under certain potent influences, in or about 1870, the poet should talk of the 'faint gray grass,' of one girl's 'wonderful hair,' and the 'bodice' silken stir' of another, of 'one

beautiful, hungry face that longs for love,' of young lovers away in the hollows,

> Where, in sultry twilight weather,
> Lips and hair may melt together,

and that he should begin a poem on the 'Renaissance'—a poem, too, with fine execution in it, and features of fair and bursting promise—with a stanza so well worked up to a model as this :—

> Between the gray land and the purple sea,
> Mother of flowers, my heart takes hold on thee,
> Rise up, O mother, like some sea-green blossom,
> Or like a daffodil appear to me!

The tone, too, of poems like 'Lying in the Grass,' 'In the Bay,' 'Encomium Mortis,' and the 'Paradise of a Wearied Soul,' is in keeping with the artistic expression just considered. Still, there are in these and the other poems in the volume 'On Viol and Flute' the germs of that healthy poetical sentiment already spoken of as characteristic of Mr. Gosse. One cannot fail to see in them abundance of original power of observation, of tender sympathy for Nature's ways, of quick associative grasp, and lucidity of melodious expression. One must admire the skill of form displayed in the sonnets, the appreciation of finely grouped natural effects in such poems as 'The Almond Tree,' 'Moorland,' 'Lübeck,' and 'To Henrik Ibsen in Dresden,' and the force of conception and the ingenious elaboration of a poem like 'The Mandrakes.' The invocation to Blake, in this poem, though not without touches of echo, as for instance,

> Regent above us in all true men's sight,

has a passionate intensity and a rush of fluent melody that make it impressive and memorable, while the description of Kalliope, though somewhat luscious, is direct and with details as of sculpture :—

> Her face was even as apple-blossom is,
> When first the winds awaken it; her mouth
> Seemed like the incarnation of a kiss;
> A philtre for all sorrows; in heart-drouth
> A fountain breathing of the fragrant south;
> A cage for songs;—a violin—who knows?
> Perchance a rose-tree of the world's great rose!

In his 'New Poems' Mr. Gosse shows more self-dependence. Here the motive is more direct, there is less straining after conceits, the imagery is fresh and bracing, while frequently there is a ring as from the dainty music of the Caroline epoch with which the poet is so familiar. Maturity of observation and restraint of feeling mark the treatment of lovers here, as, e.g., in 'Winter Green,' 'The Lover and the Waterlily,' and 'By the River.' The following from 'Leave-

Taking,' is at once legitimate in fervour and a well-turned conceit:—

> Yet tremble not, sweet veinèd hand and soft,
> And press not mine with such a cold farewell,
> Lest I remember, now too late, how oft
> My heart has moved thee with its ebb and swell,
> Lest I should take those fingers frail and white,
> And kiss them warm in mine own will's despite.

Then how subtle is the movement, how rich and graceful the melody, how delicately introduced the personal element of this stanza, the first of a Serenade:—

> The lemon-petals gently fall
> Within the windless Indian night,
> The wild liana'd waterfall
> Hangs, lingering like a ghostly light;
> Drop down to me, and linger long, my heart's entire delight!

That is swinging and quivering with rich and ready music, of a quality akin to Herrick's 'Charm me asleep' and the 'Bugle Song' of Mr. Tennyson. And, while on the subject of expression, let us listen to this description of the nightingale's voice from 'The Whitethroat':—

> Ah! how they answer from the woodland glades!
> How deep and rich the waves of music pour
> On night's enchanted shore!
> From star-lit alleys where the elm-tree shades
> The hare's smooth leverets from the moon's distress;
> From pools all silvered o'er,
> Where water-buds their petals upward press,
> Vibrating with the song, and stir, and shed
> Their inmost perfume o'er their shining bed,—
> Yea, from each copse I hear a bird,
> As by a more than mortal woe undone,
> Sing, as no other creature ever sang,
> Since through the Phrygian forests Atys heard
> His wild compeers come fluting one by one,
> Till all the silent uplands rang and rang.

But the strongest and most gratifying feature of these poems is their fresh delicacy of feeling, arising from exquisite appreciation of the beauty and winning tenderness of outward nature. There breathes from them a bracing and invigorating influence, as from the varied charms of summer meadows or the breath of purple moors and hills. It is in 'The Farm,' with its charming situation—

> Where every spring the blackcaps come,
> And build themselves a downy home;

in 'Verdleigh Coppice,' with its great trunks that catch the sunset, and the

Creamy glint of waving barley, and a scarlet flash of poppies,
Seen through columns where the evening wind is moaning to its rest;

it is present with its refining purity and sweetness in 'The Burden of Delight,' 'The Houseleek,' 'My Own Grave,' 'The Palinode,' where the beetle

Saw the moon, and rose, and whirred
His gauzy wings in gorgeous flight,
And upwards faded like a bird;

it is a pathetic accompaniment to the touching narrative of 'The New Endymion' and 'The Loss of the "Eurydice"'—a poem at once strong in grasp of its theme, stately and energetic in movement, and tender and hopeful in spirit—it lights up with ineffable touch the pastoral 'Gifts of the Muses,' and the idyllic 'Sisters;' and it overlies and deepens and mellows the sentiment in the dainty and melodious 'Return of the Swallows.' The larks and the thrushes to no purpose had called for the swallows, who on the other hand kept persistently to the fragrant air, 'over the roofs of the white Algiers'—

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils,—
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet-side,
Swallows, O swallows, come back again
To swoop and herald the April rain.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman who lifted up
From the fountain her broad-lipped earthen cup,
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
'To-morrow the swallows will northward fly.'

As exercises in poetical form, Mr. Gosse gives us in this volume 'Alcyone,' a very clever sonnet in dialogue, and (besides a good sonnet or two in ordinary arrangement) a rondeau and a rondel. One admires the ingenuity and the prettiness of such things, and, if they are particularly elaborate and intricate, then one may even be amazed at the labour implied and the success achieved. But the presence of these 'poems in shape' (as Puttenham would have called them) is only a mere variation in Mr. Gosse's 'New Poems,' and, though they show excellent taste and brilliant mastery of versification, they are not of much importance in any estimate that may now be given of his poetical work. They serve here, however, as a connecting link between the work of Mr. Gosse and that of Mr. Andrew Lang.

As has been already indicated, Mr. Lang's little volume is a collection of exercises in lyrical form. The title 'Ballades in Blue China' may owe something to Mr. Dobson's 'Proverbs in Porcelain,' and at any rate it is interesting to find, at the end of the collection, a dizain by A. D. testifying that, as couples wend their way through an ingenious dance,

> So, to these fair old tunes of France,
> Through all their maze of to-and-fro,
> The light-heeled numbers laughing go,
> Retreat, return, and ere they flee,
> One moment pause in panting row,
> And seem to say—Vos plaudite!

That is at once a high compliment to Mr. Lang, and a bit of good sensible criticism. Every one of these little lyrics is just the kind of thing that demands at its close a hearty round of applause, as recognition of its nimbleness, precision, and brilliancy. The poet has voluntarily placed himself within strict and narrow limitations, and the pleased surprise, as, at every successive pause, he comes well through his task, finds expression in spontaneous applause. It is perhaps a pity that the nature of the case should force the reader into such an attitude, for he is apt to think exclusively, or at any rate mainly, of the purely mechanical features of the poems, and to overlook their substantial merits. It is true, of course, that the same objection may in a degree be made to the sonnet, and it is the case that the artifice necessary in the composition of a sonnet is a prominent consideration with both author and reader, the accomplishment itself being as rare as it is dainty. At the same time, the purely mechanical element is less pronounced in the sonnet than it is in these 'old tunes of France,' which on the other hand inevitably carry back the student of versification to Puttenham's chapter 'Of Proportion in Figure.' We begin to think of the brave days of the 'lozange,' the 'fuzie,' the 'pillaster,' and the 'figure ouall,' and of the shrewd critic's quaint admission that 'the poetic conceit' of the 'posie transposed' is 'a thing, if it be done for pastime and exercise of the wit without superstition, commendable inough and a meete study for ladies, neither bringing them any great gayne nor any great losse unlesse it be of idle time.' It would be nonsense, and impertinence, to say that such a description is applicable to Mr. Lang's clever and graceful 'Ballades,' but it must be admitted that they are artificial enough to suggest the allusion. Moreover, just as those that constructed the 'lozange' and indulged in the exercise of constructing the 'figure ouall' were sometimes reduced to considerable straits in their ingenious and nice fitting and sorting, so Mr. Lang himself has occasionally to write for the sake of his indispensable rhymes. Consider autumn and its effects here, for example:—

> We built a castle in the air,
> In summer weather, you and I,

The wind and sun were in your hair,—
Gold hair against a sapphire sky:
When Autumn came with leaves that fly
Before the storm, across the plain,
You fled from me with scarce a sigh—
My Love returns no more again!

One of the strongest and most energetic numbers of the collection is the 'Ballade of Dead Cities,' dedicated to Mr. Gosse. Here are the first stanza and the envoy:—

The dust of Carthage and the dust
Of Babel on the desert wold,
The loves of Corinth, and the lust
Orchomenos increased with gold:
The town of Jason, over-bold,
And Cherson, smitten in her prime—
What are they but a dream half-told?
Where are the cities of old time?

. . . . .

ENVOY.

Prince, all thy towns and cities must
Decay as these, till all their crime,
And mirth, and wealth, and toil are thrust
Where are the cities of old time.

A good specimen of the author's delicacy of fancy, his lightness of touch, and his command of melodious grace, is the 'Ballade of His Choice of a Sepulchre':—

Here I'd come when weariest!
  Here the breast
Of the Windburg's tufted over
Deep with bracken; here his crest
  Takes the west,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Silent here are lark and plover;
  In the cover
Deep below the cushat best
Loves his mate, and croons above her
  O'er their nest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover.

Bring me here, Life's tired-out guest,
  To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover,
Here should failure be confessed;
  Ends my quest,
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

ENVOY.

Friend, or stranger kind, or lover,
Ah, fulfil a last behest,
Let me rest
Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover!

It is not possible to quote further here, or it might be shown how the playful humour of the Ballade is illustrated in two poems in the Scottish dialect (though it may be worth while to remind Mr. Lang that 'slee' and 'Tam' are not necessarily East Fifeshire for 'sly' and 'Tom' respectively), and how classical, scholastic, and ecclesiastical matters all come in for a share of lively and suggestive attention. There is manifest throughout a wealth of romance and a strong vitality, sufficient to show that, like Mr. Gosse, the author of 'Ballades in Blue China' may soon challenge the attention with work remarkable not only for its form but for its massive substance as well. Meantime, his reward is in the inevitable response to the suggestive *Vos plaudite* of his sprightly measures.

Dr. Gordon Hake, on the contrary, is not one that will instantly tickle the wayward fancy, or that will (in the conventional terms of the concert room) invariably 'bring down the house.' Dr. Hake is not a master of sudden and rapturous effects; he challenges trains of association and meditative gravity, rather than quick sympathetic zeal or emotional impulse. His work is imaginative rather than fanciful. With bold and steady outlook he gazes into the mystic realms of speculation, and presently gives the result of the inspection in strong, nervous, and elevated language, graced and enriched at times with imagery at once stately and appropriate. Strong originality of conception, massive dignity and solidity of execution, an evident and easy mastery of large issues, and a command of illustrative material at once unusual and effective—these are characteristics of a true and lofty poetic soul. The successive portions of the Vision of Michael Angelo, in Dr. Hake's volume 'New Symbols,' would alone prove that he possesses in a very high degree these genuine poetical qualities. The picture of 'Twilight' may be given:—

He gazes till upon those marble heights
Twilight seems sitting on a rocky scroll
Beside the weary day, the solemn lights
Immerged within the purpling of her soul.
Beneath her shoulder nod the depths below—
And soon shall sleep those struggling lids surprise!
Her brows bend lower, dropping as they throw
An evening shadow down the precipice.

Or take from the same volume, as a fine specimen of descriptive dramatic realism, this passage in 'Ecce Homo,' in which the man who received his sight is represented as looking into the future. At a stage in his transition from darkness to light—

Sudden, as if the distant air
  Stripped the blue curtain from the skies,
He sees prophetic nature bare,—
  When, as with far-off voice, he cries—
'Lo! a face to heaven in agony gleaming,
  Stained of sorrow, but soil-less of sin,
Sweat that is blood breaking and streaming
  From brows that are throbbing of anguish within,—
Praying for those that do strip Him and scourge Him
  As a cross on His quivering shoulders they place.
'Neath its burden He sinks while they mock Him, they urge Him,
  They crown Him with thorns, they spit in His face.
They are lifting Him, bruising Him, piercing Him, nailing Him
  To the cross, that is dyed in a crimson flood.
See, the sun hides his head, see the vapour envailing Him,
Hark, the earth and the skies in the darkness bewailing Him
  Who dieth for those that are shedding His blood.'

The conception and execution of such poems—also in 'New Symbols'—as 'The Snake Charmer,' 'Pythagoras,' 'The Birth of Venus,' and 'The Double Soul,' are equally remarkable for a certain calm, self-conscious dignity and ease, and a penetrative insight into the probabilities of human destiny and the significant symbolism of Nature. To Dr. Hake there is a meaning in what is about him, in addition to and apart from its present and ordinary function or purpose. His continual effort is to penetrate, in order if possible to grasp this remote and real meaning—this inner truth of things divested of the outer husk or protecting garment. Nor is his transcendentalism ever so thin as to shade off into the intangible essence or quality known as mysticism. True poets, in his own words (uttered in the introductory poem to 'Legends of the Morrow'), are continually soliciting the 'Angel of Nature,' who as persistently denies them the full enjoyment they desire.

They join her in the hymn of morn,
  And, 'mid the echoes of a past,
With her call on the day unborn
  To come without a night at last,
To deepen from earth's shifting shoal,
Into a harbour for the soul.

But at times there may come, and do come, moments of clearer vision, of rapt inspiration, when the individual soul, as it were, communes face to face with Nature, and even catches glimpses of, it may be, but the skirts of the garment of the great Unseen! These are the times of great refreshing, of new beginnings, and fresh vital energies, when the whole being emerges from under the potent spell with a deepened consciousness of individual importance and individual responsibility. Thenceforward there is the sharp contrast between spiritual insight and the darkened vision of the unimaginative onlooker. It is in the setting of such sudden gleams into the vista of things—

such flashes of revelation as Mr. Browning also occasionally depicts—that we get some of Dr. Hake's best poems. It is the leading motive of such remarkable studies (in 'Legends of the Morrow'), as 'Saba,' 'The Palmist,' 'The Soul Painter,' and 'New Souls.' One is not surprised, for instance, that any mortal painter should fail to catch all that is expressed and implied in this:—

There comes a maid in light, half-playful pace,
  Whose dimples dazzle as along she skips:
They hide as in a veil her sunny face,
  Even as a bubble o'er a bubble slips.
She does not turn her eyes, though little coy;
And the brook follows, frisking in its joy.

One is rather prepared to find that the soul-painter is baffled, and haunted, and well-nigh in the very depths of despair, when the same maid again crosses his path, and this time there is an electric sparkle of mutual affinities. The painter, in the intensity of his devotion to his work, had impaired his health and lost his eyesight, and now the maid was attracted to him and gave him her sympathy and her angelic services.

Her tones are sweet as waters when they sing,
  Yet pierce they deep as through a wilderness
The wild bird's scream, that doth the spirit wring;
  Deeply they pierce the deeper to caress.
There doth she watch his love, her watch unknown,
And there, unseen, doth marvel at her own.

. . . . . .

Her soul that breathes from those devoted lips
  Tremblings of speech, smiles dimpling into sighs,
Has passed to his and guides the hand that dips
  His brush into the sky-tint of her eyes.
Entranced in light, he limns the burning thought,
As one who only wrote the words he caught.

The work is done,—and in an evening sky
  The holy face is lit: he faints for breath
Into the dazing swoon of ecstasy,
  His heart's last rapture while it covets death.
For he hath seen her, seen with vision sealed:
Her voice the soul, her soul the face revealed.

As being transcripts of such moods of rapturous elevation, such burning moments of supreme climax, Dr. Hake has given his new poems the collective title of 'Maiden Ecstasy.' Here we have a group of girls depicted from a thoroughly original standpoint, and with great delicacy and clearness of introspection, and firmness and intensity of realistic grasp. In their own way these legends of women are as remarkable and striking as previous 'Legende' or 'Dream,' now classic in the language. Worthy readers of Dr. Hake will understand what the quality of these studies is like, when they are told

that here there is the matured development of that fine observing power, that remarkable penetrative sympathetic insight, that easy sway of a rich contemplative mood, conjoined with rhythmic beauty and stately suggestive imagery, which have one and all characterised the poet's successive works. No reader of 'Parables and Tales,' with any sense at all of the serene beauty and deep meaning of poems like 'The Blind Boy,' 'Old Souls,' and 'The Poet,' will be surprised at the position taken by Dr. Hake with his latest volume. There is in the touching poem of 'The Blind Boy' a stanza with a haunting melody and a precision and beauty of symbolism which seems fairly characteristic of the poet's own attitude. The boy is by the sea-side with his sister, and is striving to realise the light:—

> The waves with mingling echoes fall;
> And memories of a long-lost light
> From far-off mornings seem to call,
> And what I hear comes into sight.
> The beauteous skies flash back again,
> But ah! the light will not remain!

So, too, the poet strives with the mysteries of life—with its romance and its pathos, its tender sweetness and its tragic passion—and then tells his tale with the significance of which he is capable. Thus in 'Maiden Ecstasy' the lights and shades vary with the theme and the mood, though there is under all circumstances a deep sense of the grave solemnity of life and death, and a consequent seriousness of manner and tone. Appreciative humour, too, as close followers will note, is not impossible to the poet, and it may be detected peeping now and then, with gracious and unobtrusive twinkle, from behind the sage and staid deportment. Still Dr. Hake is pre-eminently philosophical, and his attitude, like Wordsworth's, is essentially contemplative.

Every separate number of 'Maiden Ecstasy' is a careful and elaborately finished entity. They take a wide range and illustrate extreme varieties of spiritual energy and effluence. In some the charm is one of revelation and bright exaltation of spirit; in others there is the tenderness and the tragic pathos of disappointment and great emotion; while there are several that constitute impressive narrative studies of deep and sifting yet gracious experience. One and all attest singular patience and skill in the following of psychological detail, great success in grappling with grave and even (as in the 'Actress') terrible issues, and singular concentration and self-command. Take the following from 'The Lost Angel' as a specimen of effective description reached by very simple yet ingenious combinations:—

> She springs to maidenhood
> As a bright arrow skyward darts,
> And, while she learns o'er earnest thoughts to brood,
> Her early dream departs.

Things that have life without its cares,
The enticing flower, the water's coaxing speech,
Give back for sighs the smiles of all her years,
And, not yet sad, a serious morrow teach..

Consider, again, the extreme tenderness—the utterances that come as from bated breath and with brimming eyes—of these stanzas descriptive of 'The Heart-Broken':—

Cold is she in the gust
Whose vulture-sweep whirls o'er her lover's mound;
That blows about the autumnal dust;
That has a pausing sound;
And she can trace it from its furthest bourne
To where it stops, and where the dust it lays;
Yet does it journey but to mourn
While at her heart it stays.

The world's so busy stir
Is like a past; the sound of wedding-bells
Has some lost meaning, and to her
Of former being tells,
Where love once found in memory a home,
Distant as now the soul from infant thought,
Whence shadows of old feeling come
And pass away as nought.

Every poem is so thoroughly worked, all the parts so well fitted together and so interdependent, that quotation is difficult. But no account of them would be complete without the statement that the climax is in every instance finely reached, and the close done with great artistic skill and restraint. This suggests, moreover, the further statement that hasty readers may not improbably condemn the poet's apparent abruptness and consequent obscurity. Such a criticism is quite possible, in these days of quick reading, and in the present case it is to be met with the assertion that it is always of more consequence to get into a train of thought than to depend for the writer's meaning upon the mere lucidity of his speech. Dr. Hake's language is well adapted to his meaning, but his thought is so compact that the leading thread, as it were, must never be lost sight of. In this way, one speedily comes to appreciate the author's grasp of his catastrophe and the thorough and satisfying close of his study. As an example of effective climax, take this of 'The Visionary,' whose enthusiasm had led her to feel that she was looking into Paradise through the sunlight:—

While yet her spirit climbed the dizzy height
Step after step into eternal day,
Her eyes seemed watchful of the guiding light
Till glistened one last ray,
When, resting in the solemn vault of night,
Dead by the marsh she lay.

To exhibit features of workmanship it would be necessary to quote very largely, and to quote entire the three splendid poems, 'The Dancing Girl,' 'The Maid of Song,' and 'The Shepherdess.' The opening stanzas of 'The Maid of Song' will show the poet's sympathy with outward nature, his fine sense of allegorical fitness, and his easy command of rich, expressive melody.

When Autumn leaves are crisp and dry,
  And hop like famished sparrows o'er the grass;
When murky streams, turned noiselessly awry,
  Round little icebergs pass;
When hungry winds creep stealthily along
  And paw the shivering rushes,—wooded dale
Hears not the Maid of Song;
  Mute in the silence of the nightingale.

But when the passage birds of Spring
  Burst like warm winds into the melting wood,
That thaws to hanging verdure while they sing
  To earn love's livelihood,
'Tis then the joyous Maid of Song reveals
  Her passion-notes, and covers the blank day
With sweetly trilling peals,
  As flowers drop off the early blossomed May.

It is customary in these days to say that our real drama closes with Sheridan, and that nothing worthy of the name of dramatic poetry has been written since. That may be so; but no competent impartial judge will worthily read Dr. Hake's poems without finding that the author understands at least dramatic situation. Cynical people, too, will be found ready to say that even our lyric poetry, save for one or two great names, is unworthy of English traditions; but surely we shall not feel so poorly represented after all if, in addition to the acknowledged supreme singers of the time, we properly recognise the fine sentiment and grace, the freshness and the melodious form, and the philosophic reach and imaginative strength of Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang, and Thomas Gordon Hake.

THOMAS BAYNE.

Education and Boots.

By 'The Riverside Visitor.'

TO those unacquainted with the working of the machinery by which it is sought to put the Education Acts into force, a direct connection between Education and Boots may not at a first glance be apparent. Nevertheless, such a connection does actually exist. Among practical educational difficulties a prominent place is held by—Boots. Or, to speak by the card, the want of boots, or those manifold ills of wear and tear by which boots are rendered unserviceable, and to which all shoe leather is heir. In the days when educational compulsion was not, there was in the minds of the poor no necessary association of ideas connecting boots with school. If the boots of their children were 'letting in' during rainy weather, if they were undergoing a process of dissolution between sole and upper, if they were away at the cobbler's for repairs—in any or all of these cases, or the still more decided case of the little ones being without boots altogether, pending the scraping together of money for the purchase of new ones, parents simply kept their children at home as a matter of course. Absence from school—supposing the children were on the register of a school at all—was regarded as one of the least important incidental or accidental features of the general situation. But we have altered all that. Technically, want of boots is not 'a reasonable excuse' for absence to the School Board authorities. Legally, it is not an admissible plea in arrest of judgment when a parent is summoned before a magistrate on a charge of having committed a breach of the compulsory bye-laws under which the School Boards prosecute. But members of School Boards, by whom proceedings under the Education Acts have to be specifically sanctioned, would be but ill-fitted to discharge the onerous duties entrusted to them were they men—or women—who would go upon the hard letter of the law in this matter of boots. Though not officially recognised, the plea of want of boots is in practice allowed to be—in some degree at any rate—in the nature of a reasonable excuse. Those whom it may concern have come, by that 'unerring instinct' which Lord Beaconsfield professes to regard as something very like inspiration, to be aware of this. As might be expected, they seek to turn the knowledge to their own advantage. The less scrupulous among them try to trade upon it unfairly. The less energetic evince a decided tendency to make more out of it than is justified by the absolute necessities and possibilities of individual cases. In this position lies the point of the boot difficulty from the judicial standpoint—the difficulty, namely, of striking a balance between the mercy that should temper justice and the firmness and decision requisite to make compulsion in education an operative reality.

In the 'Remarks' columns of the duplicate registers from which 'irregulars' are looked up by the School Board visitors, and on the absentee notes sent out daily from the schools, calling upon parents to 'state reason why' for the absence of their children, the most frequent entries—when poor districts are in question—are 'No boots,' 'Bad boots,' 'Boots gone to be repaired.' Then come what may be called the secondary boot entries: 'Severe cold from wearing bad boots,' 'Broken chilblains,' 'Sore feet,' 'Can't get on boots,' and the like. When the parents of absentees or irregulars are 'invited' to attend before School Board committees to 'show cause why they should not be summoned before a magistrate and fined,' want of boots is still one of the causes most frequently alleged. Occasionally it is put forward in an amusingly practical and dramatic fashion. A parent will go to the meeting armed with a very old, very much damaged boot—a boot 'worn to nothing,' as to its sole, and a thing of shreds and patches as to its upper. One past all legitimate service, that the daylight shows through from any point of view, and that would let in water as freely as a sieve. This material weapon of moral defence is kept carefully concealed until the moment when the question 'What have you to say?' gives the cue for it to leap forth. As answer to that question the picturesquely dilapidated boot is suddenly laid upon the table with triumphant look and gesture, as though it were the sword of a Brennus cast into the scale of ransom, and sure to bring it down—with a bump. Sometimes the child is brought to the meeting in the boots, and is told to 'hold up its foot to the gentlemen;' but this plan, though it introduces an additional performer, is found to greatly weaken the dramatic force of the situation. These forms of the boot line of defence are also in some instances tried in the police courts. The idea of 'showing cause' in this fashion was originally a good one. It was founded upon an intuitive knowledge of human nature, as well as a feeling for dramatic effect. The exhibition of such mere wrecks and relics of boots as the only foot-gear that parents were presently in a position to give their children was certainly calculated to plead trumpet-tongued against children being compelled to go out in them, even in the interests of their education. But age has withered, and custom staled the force of the 'effect' upon the official mind. Experience goes to show that there is always a possibility that the ragged boot actually tabled may be a property boot. In any case it would not be in the true interests either of the public or the poor to allow the mere silent witness of a worn-out boot to stand as conclusive proof of an absolute necessity for keeping a child away from school. The boot 'cause,' when put forward in bodily form, is regarded by School Board authorities merely as a gauntlet challenging to inquiry. Investigations are made, and it is upon their results, not upon the more or less piteous looks of the boots put in evidence, that decisions are arrived at.

To the poor and poorest classes the educational difficulty in rela-

tion to boots is but a crowning one, added to and intensifying others previously existing. The providing of shoe leather for their children has always been a difficulty with them. Many a labourer's wife, with three or four, or it may be even a larger number of children of school age 'upon her hands,' might well paraphrase Nelson's saying, and exclaim that 'want of boots would be found written on her heart.' Shoe leather, as such women are wont to put the matter themselves, is the greatest 'worrit' of their lives. In families poor in means but rich in children the question of boots is second in importance only to the question of bread, while the difficulties that lie in the way of keeping up a supply of leather are much greater than those associated with the supply of loaves. To muster the price of a quartern loaf is a comparatively easy matter, and bread takes first place among the articles of household consumption for which, in poor districts, credit is most readily and largely given. But a pair of boots 'runs into money,' and the *bootselling* business, as it obtains among the poor, is a ready money one. The old-fashioned *bootmaker* of the humbler kind, who worked at home, made boots and shoes to measure, had his trade connection among friends and neighbours, to whom in case of need he would give credit, has practically become a personage of the past. He could make no effective stand against the competition of machine-made goods. The home-working shoemaker of the present day has generally to confine his operations to 'snobbing'—to repairs. And even among the snobs the custom of the trade is against giving credit. Of course poor parents have to buy low-priced boots for their children, and in such boots they get a material illustration of the principle of cheap and nasty. These boots are manufactured in a spirit of shoddy, and shoddy substances enter largely into their make-up. They soon become soddened, exhibiting as they do abnormal powers for the absorption and retention of moisture, and they are given to tumbling to pieces ere they can be fairly worn out. When the boot money at command will not 'run' to new goods, resort has to be had to the dealers in second-hand or 'translated' articles. This is decidedly a case of from bad to worse. The second-handers are old boots cobbled up for this especial trade. They are mere *blackened* sepulchres, their numerous defects of upper and welt being concealed by a plentiful application of 'heel-ball' and blacking, while their soles are at best but stuffings of rotten leather. The first wet day they encounter when in wear reduces them to a bursten and shapeless condition, and even before this beginning of the end occurs they are a constant affliction. No amount of 'lasting' will really take out of old boots the creases formed in them by the feet of a first wearer. Not once in a hundred times do old creases exactly fit new feet, and when they do not not fit they fray. As a natural consequence of this mechanical fact, children condemned to wear second-hand boots mostly

> Tread on everlasting thorns,
> And sow in suffering what is reaped in corns.

Or, worse than corns, 'rawed' or even poisoned feet. In the matter of boot repairing the poor are also unfortunately situated. They have seldom a change of boots for their children, and the one pair constantly in wear therefore frequently requires the services of the cobbler. With a view to meeting the exigencies of educational pressure, it has become a custom to endeavour to get the necessary 'snobbing' done between Friday evening and Monday morning. The rush of work caused by this practice to a considerable extent defeats its own purpose, even where the cobbler is a steady fellow and willing to oblige. If he is not a steady fellow; if he is a 'lushington,' as it is sometimes the wont of cobblers to be, the position of his customers is still more trying. In that case it generally happens that Saturdays and Mondays are the days whereon he more especially devotes himself to the worship of Bacchus rather than of St. Crispin. 'Boots gone to be repaired,' is perhaps the most difficult to deal with of all the boot excuses for absence from school. Are parents really the victims of the delays or delinquencies of individual cobblers? Or are they only trying to make a stalking horse of shortcomings popularly alleged to be the badge of all the cobbler tribe? This is often in these cases the moot point to be decided, and the decision involves such niceties alike of evidence and judgment as would probably astonish the uninitiated. Occasionally the 'no boots' excuse for absence will be put in on behalf of a child whose teacher will have it within his or her recollection that the child was well booted a day or two previously. On the face of it this looks suspicious; but it by no means necessarily follows that the excuse is not true. In the poverty-stricken districts of great towns few things are more readily pawnable or saleable than children's boots. They are a common form of 'material guarantee' for small loans. The straining of resources incidental to the purchase of boots frequently produces a reactionary necessity for 'putting them away.' To take the boots from a child's feet to 'make money,' seems a hard-hearted proceeding; but there are times when it may be the lesser of a choice of evils. It is one of the most pitiful resources to which stress of circumstances drives the poor. But it is bare justice to the poor to say that as a rule it is only adopted to obtain bread for the passing day, and not at all until less extreme means to the same end have been exhausted.

Thus we see that where the poor are concerned the question of the relation between Boots and Education is surrounded by practical difficulties and hardships. Boots or no boots, says the law in effect, children of school age must attend school. As we have pointed out, those entrusted with the duty of carrying out the law strive to temper justice with mercy. At the same time they are bound in the interests of education—the interests whose ministers or servants they are—to enforce the spirit of the law. They must put on pressure. As a matter of fact they do put on pressure, and the result is that thousands of children have to be sent to school in bad boots; in other words, have to be sent to school under conditions that cannot fail to be injurio

to health. The modern elementary schoolroom is as a rule a fairly warm and comfortable place. Its sanitary arrangements are, generally speaking, greatly superior to those of the homes of the children being educated in it. Still children, who in wet weather have to sit in it hour after hour, or it may be day after day, with their feet encased in leaky, spongy, rain-and-mud-soddened boots, will undergo a chilling process. They will 'catch cold,' and have implanted in their constitution the seeds of more serious and chronic ailments. For, it must be remembered, the badly-booted children are in other respects the most favourably conditioned for contracting disease. As they are ill-shod, so as a rule are they likely to be ill-clad generally, and ill-, as well as under-fed. This of course is not conducive to exhilaration of mind or rapidity of educational progress. Here, however, correspondency of feebleness of mind to body is but incidental to the cause of physical weakness. However it may be with the better-off classes of society, with the poorer classes the question of education and health is—immediately at any rate—a question of boots, not brain pressure.

In the particular phase now under consideration, as in most specific phases of the pinch of poverty, the more self-respecting portion of the poor are the severest sufferers. The thousands of no boots and bad boots cases that are annually brought before School Board committees are neither the most nor the worst of their kind. The more Spartan-minded poor endeavour to wrap their mantle of poverty decently around them, and to keep their woes and wants from the public gaze. The mere knowledge of the existence of the compulsory laws is effective with them. They shrink, at any sacrifice, from being taken before committees, and would feel themselves disgraced by being summoned to a police court. Therefore they will, and do, send their children to school under circumstances in connection with which more reckless or less sensitive parents would keep their children away, and 'stand the racket' of whatever proceedings might be taken against them for the absence.

If this question of education and boots were treated as a root question, it would resolve itself into the great question of poverty—a question with which as yet no government or society has been able to grapple successfully. But it need not be so treated. It can be dealt with as a branch, a separable question, and 'something' might be done in it. That one way and another compulsory attendance at school involves some degree of hardship to many children of the poorest classes is a pretty generally recognised fact. To obviate or compensate for these hardships, a variety of kindly but impracticable suggestions have from time to time been made. But so far as we are aware, no one has in this connection suggested the practical scheme of School Boot Clubs. We say the practical scheme, because it has been tried in local and isolated instances and proved to be a success. It is a scheme that could be carried out on self-help principles, and we speak with knowledge in saying that there are few things in which,

having regard to their obligations, assistance to the poor would be more acceptable or effective than in this matter of boots for their children. Boots constitute the hardest problem in clothing with which parents of the poorer classes have to deal. Most mothers can at a push 'make down' their own old gowns or 'father's' old coats into garments for Polly or Johnny, but they cannot make down old boots. New, second-hand, or repaired boots mean money, involve immediate and relatively large expenditure. Clubs would not of course be a royal road out of the boot difficulty, but they could be made to do much towards minimising the evils incidental to it. They could be organised by the various bodies of local school managers, and others actively interested in the educational and general welfare of the poor. Their subscribing members would be the parents of children attending public elementary schools, and to suit the means and customs of such parents the subscription would have to be fixed low, and collected upon the system of 'weekly payments taken.' They could be made entirely self-supporting, though a very small honorary subscription upon the part of managers and friends would be sufficient to pay working expenses, and even to add a slight bonus to the amounts contributed by purchasing members. Assistance given in this wise would prove a great inducement to membership, and to the habits of thrift which the exigences of membership would tend to establish. The chief aims of the directors of such clubs as are here suggested would be: firstly, to obtain boots as nearly as might be at wholesale prices. Secondly, to see that the boots delivered were good boots, were among the verities, not the shams, of manufacturing art; were admirable as boots, not as examples of the utilisation of waste substances. Thirdly, to contract for repairs under such stipulations as would secure their being promptly and honestly executed. Whether or not they should also cause club boots to be stamped with a view to making them less available than others for purposes of pledge or resale, is one of those open questions of detail which need not be discussed here. We merely give a broad outline of what the constitution and purposes of such clubs should be. A federation of them would have dealings upon a scale that would enable them to benefit the poor to a very appreciable extent, and to a corresponding extent reduce the friction with which the practical application of the Education Acts has hitherto been attended. The establishment of the clubs would be a comparatively easy affair: it is the will rather than the way that is wanting. Their institution would be a good work; and in leaving this part of our subject we have only to say, with the young lady in Millais' picture of The North West Passage, 'It could be done, and England ought to do it.'

This question of boot supply has no doubt its humorous aspects, but as a whole it is of serious importance. It affects alike the health and education of the poor, and causes them to act and react upon each other. The feet, through the boots, will affect the h

and make educational progress both slow and painful. A child who is in a limping condition physically will, as a necessary result of the sympathy between body and brain, be in a like condition mentally and educationally. Thousands of children are now sent to school in boots that are worse than no boots, that are mere squashy damp-traps and chill promoters. With respect alike to comfort, health, and appearance, the children individually concerned would be much better off were they sent to school bare-footed. Indeed, in the opinion of some who have well considered the subject, this is the real remedy for the evil. Abundant argument and example can be brought forward in support of this view; but, looking to the state of feeling and prejudice existing among the uneducated poor, the remedy would certainly be found hard of application. Among even the poorest classes in England there is an invincible objection to allowing their children to go bare-footed in public—that is to say, anywhere beyond the thresholds of their own homes, or the gutters immediately pertaining thereto. They take the converse of the proposition that it is better to go bare-footed than to wear bad boots. Better bad boots than none at all is their motto on this head. To compel them to send their children to school without shoes or stockings would be deeply wounding to their *pride*. Those who advocate bare feet as a means of cutting this particular Gordian knot of poverty, of course contend that the pride of the poor upon the point is a false and foolish pride. But however that may be, it would certainly be found powerfully operative in giving rise to such a manner and degree of resistance to the law as would put its administrators in a very embarrassing, not to say a very questionable position. Of these two plans, the boot club one would, we think, be, if not the most simple or thorough, at any rate the most workable. The purpose of the present article is not however to discuss the relative merits of proposed remedies for the evil to which it calls attention. Its object is rather to point out the extent and gravity of the evil, and to show the necessity for its being grappled with in some form, and in a comprehensive spirit. As it is an evil having its root in that poverty which is always with us, it would perhaps be vain to hope for its entire eradication. But there can be no doubt that much might be done for its alleviation. Compared with many of the movements and missions on behalf of the poor, to which good people are asked to give of their time and substance, this of boots may sound commonplace, or seem an anti-climax. As a matter of fact, however, it is, as we have been endeavouring to show, an important matter. How it may be most beneficially and beneficently dealt with is a question equally well worth the consideration of the philanthropist and the philosopher, of the general political economist and the special educationist. If the evil is left unaided to remedy itself, the operation of the remedial processes will be terribly slow, and meanwhile heath and education—two of the most essential elements of national greatness—will suffer.

The Old Pacific Capital.

The Woods and the Pacific.

THE Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of a soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and north-west, and then westward to enclose the bay. The waves which lap so quietly about the jetties of Monterey grow louder and larger in the distance; you can see the breakers leaping high and white by day; at night the outline of the shore is traced in transparent silver by the moonlight and the flying foam; and from all round, even in quiet weather, the low, distant, thrilling roar of the Pacific hangs over the coast and the adjacent country like smoke above a battle.

These long beaches are enticing to the idle man. It would be hard to find a walk more solitary and at the same time more exciting to the mind. Crowds of ducks and seagulls hover over the sea. Sandpipers trot in and out by troops after the retiring waves, trilling together in a chorus of infinitesimal song. Strange sea-tangles, new to the European eye, the bones of whales, or sometimes a whole whale's carcase, white with carrion-gulls and poisoning the wind, lie scattered here and there along the sands. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long key-board of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. The interest is perpetually fresh. On no other coast that I know shall you enjoy, in calm, sunny weather, such a spectacle of Ocean's greatness, such beauty of changing colour, or such degrees of thunder in the sound. The very air is more than usually salt by this Homeric deep.

In shore, a tract of sand-hills borders on the beach. Here and there a lagoon, more or less brackish, attracts the birds and hunters. A rough, spotty undergrowth partially conceals the sand. The crouching, hardy, live-oaks flourish singly or in thickets—the kind of wood for murderers to crawl among—and here and there the skirts of the forest extend downward from the hills, with a floor of turf and lo

aisles of pine-trees hung with Spaniard's Beard. Through this quaint desert the railway cars drew near to Monterey from the junction at Salinas City—though that and so many other things are now for ever altered—and it was from here that you had your first view of the old township lying in the sands, its white windmills bickering in the chill, perpetual wind, and the first fogs of the evening drawing drearily around it from the sea.

The one common note of all this country is the haunting presence of the ocean. A great faint sound of breakers follows you high up into the inland canyons; the roar of water dwells in the clean, empty rooms of Monterey as in a shell upon the chimney; go where you will, you have but to pause and listen to hear the voice of the Pacific. You pass out of the town to the south-west, and mount the hill among pine woods. Glade, thicket, and grove surround you. You follow winding sandy tracts that lead nowhither. You see a deer; a multitude of quail arises. But the sound of the sea still follows you as you advance, like that of wind among the trees, only harsher and stranger to the ear; and when at length you gain the summit, out breaks on every hand and with freshened vigour that same unending, distant, whispering rumble of the ocean; for now you are on the top of Monterey peninsula, and the noise no longer only mounts to you from behind along the beach towards Santa Cruz, but from your right also, round by Chinatown and Pinos lighthouse, and from down before you to the mouth of the Carmello river. The whole woodland is begirt with thundering surges. The silence that immediately surrounds you where you stand is not so much broken as it is haunted by this distant, circling rumour. It sets your senses upon edge; you strain your attention; you are clearly and unusually conscious of small sounds near at hand; you walk listening like an Indian hunter; and that voice of the Pacific is a sort of disquieting company to you in your walk.

When once I was in these woods I found it difficult to turn homeward. All woods lure a rambler onward; but in those of Monterey it was the surf that particularly invited me to prolong my walks. I would push straight for the shore where I thought it to be nearest. Indeed, there was scarce a direction that would not, sooner or later, have brought me forth on the Pacific. The emptiness of the woods gave me a sense of freedom and discovery in these excursions. I never, in all my visits, met but one man. He was a Mexican, very dark of hue, but smiling and fat, and he carried an axe, though his true business at that moment was to seek for straying cattle. I asked him what o'clock it was, but he seemed neither to know nor care; and when he in his turn asked me for news of his cattle, I showed myself equally indifferent. We stood and smiled upon each other for a few seconds, and then turned without a word and took our several ways across the forest.

One day—I shall never forget it—I had taken a trail that was new to me. After a while the woods began to open, the sea to sound

nearer hand. I came upon a road, and, to my surprise, a stile. A step or two further, and, without leaving the woods, I found myself among trim houses. I walked through street after street, parallel and at right angles, paved with sward and dotted with trees, but still undeniable streets, and each with its name posted at the corner, as in a real town. Facing down the main thoroughfare—'Central Avenue,' as it was ticketed—I saw an open-air temple, with benches and sounding-board, as though for an orchestra. The houses were all tightly shuttered; there was no smoke, no sound but of the waves, no moving thing. I have never been in any place that seemed so dreamlike. Pompeii is all in a bustle with visitors, and its antiquity and strangeness deceive the imagination; but this town had plainly not been built above a year or two, and perhaps had been deserted overnight. Indeed, it was not so much like a deserted town as like a scene upon the stage by daylight and with no one on the boards. The barking of a dog led me at last to the only house still occupied, where a Scotch pastor and his wife pass the winter alone in this empty theatre. The place was 'The Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort.' Thither, in the warm season, crowds come to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion, and flirtation, which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable. The neighbourhood at least is well selected. The Pacific booms in front. Westward is Point Pinos, with the lighthouse in a wilderness of sand, where you will find the lightkeeper playing the piano, making models and bows and arrows, studying dawn and sunrise in amateur oil-painting, and with a dozen other elegant pursuits and interests to surprise his brave, old-country rivals. To the east, and still nearer, you will come upon a space of open down, a hamlet, a haven among rocks, a world of surge and screaming seagulls. Such scenes are very similar in different climates; they appear homely to the eyes of all; to me this was like a dozen spots in Scotland. And yet the boats that ride in the haven are of a strange outlandish design; and if you walk into the hamlet you will behold costumes and faces and hear a tongue that are unfamiliar to the memory. The joss-stick burns, the opium-pipe is smoked, the floors are strewn with slips of coloured paper—prayers, you would say, that had somehow missed their destination—and a man, guiding his upright pencil from right to left across the sheet, writes home the news of Monterey to the Celestial Empire.

The woods and the Pacific rule between them the climate of this seaboard region. On the streets of Monterey, when the air does not smell salt from the one, it will be blowing perfumed from the resinous tree-tops of the other. For days together a hot dry air will overhang the town, close as from an oven, yet healthful and aromatic in the nostrils. The cause is not far to seek, for the woods are afire, and the hot wind is blowing from the hills. These fires are one of the great dangers of California. I have seen from Monterey as many as three at the same time, by day a cloud of smoke, by night a red coal of conflagration in the distance. A little thing will start th

and if the wind be favourable they gallop over miles of country faster than a horse. The inhabitants must turn out and work like demons, or it is not only the pleasant groves that are destroyed; the climate and the soil are equally at stake, and these fires prevent the rains of the next winter, and dry up perennial fountains. California has been a land of promise in its time, like Palestine; but if the woods continue so swiftly to perish, it may become, like Palestine, a land of desolation.

To visit the woods while they are languidly burning, is a strange piece of experience. The fire passes through the underbrush at a run. Every here and there a tree flares up instantaneously from root to summit, scattering tufts of flame; and is quenched, it seems, as quickly. But this last is only in semblance. For after this first squib-like conflagration of the dry moss and twigs, there remains behind a deep-rooted and consuming fire in the very entrails of the tree. The resin of the pitch pine is principally condensed at the base of the bole and in the spreading roots. Thus, after the light, showy, skirmishing flames, which are only as the match to the explosion, have already scampered down the wind into the distance, the true harm is but beginning for this giant of the woods. You may approach the tree from one side, and see it, scorched indeed from top to bottom, but apparently survivor of the peril. Make the circuit, and there, on the other side of the column, is a clear mass of living coal, spreading like an ulcer; while underground, to their most extended fibre, the roots are being eaten out by fire, and the smoke is rising through the fissures to the surface. A little while, and, without a nod of warning, the huge pine-tree snaps off short across the ground and falls prostrate with a crash. Meanwhile the fire continues its silent business; the roots are reduced to a fine ash; and long afterwards, if you pass by, you will find the earth pierced with radiating galleries, and preserving the design of all these subterranean spurs, as though it were the mould for a new tree instead of the print of an old one. These pitch pines of Monterey are, with the single exception of the Monterey cypress, the most fantastic of forest trees. No words can give an idea of the contortion of their growth; they might figure without change in a circle of the nether hell as Dante pictured it; and at the rate at which trees grow, and at which forest fires spring up and gallop through the hills of California, we may look forward to a time when there will not be one of them left standing in that land of their nativity. At least they have not so much to fear from the axe, but perish by what may be called a natural, although a violent death; while it is man in his short-sighted greed that robs the country of the nobler red-wood. Yet a little while and perhaps all the hills of seaboard California may be as bald as Tamalpais.

I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynching on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funereal ornament of Californian forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I

suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan; for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combating the original conflagration. I could see the waggon that had brought them tied to a live oak in a piece of open; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had anyone observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

> To die for faction is a common evil;
> But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

I have run repeatedly, but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater spirit.

But it is the Pacific that exercises the most direct and obvious power upon the climate. At sunset, for months together, vast, wet, melancholy fogs arise and come shoreward from the ocean. From the hill top above Monterey the scene is often noble, although it is always sad. The upper air is still bright with sunlight; a glow still rests upon the Gabelano Peak; but the fogs are in possession of the lower levels; they crawl in scarves among the sand-hills; they float, a little higher, in clouds of a gigantic size and often of a wild configuration; to the south, where they have struck the seaward shoulder of the mountains of Santa Lucia, they double back and spire up skyward like smoke. Where their shadow touches, colour dies out of the world. The air grows chill and deadly as they advance. The trade-wind freshens, the trees begin to sigh, and all the windmills in Monterey are whirling and creaking and filling their cisterns with the brackish water of the sands. It takes but a little while till the invasion is complete. The sea, in its lighter order, has submerged the earth. Monterey is curtained in for the night in thick, wet, salt, and frigid clouds; so to remain till day returns; and before the sun's rays they slowly disperse and retreat in broken squadrons to the bosom of the sea. And yet often when the fog is thickest and most chill, a few steps out of the town and up the slope, the night will be dry and warm and full of inland perfume.

Mexicans, Americans, and Indians.

The history of Monterey has yet to be written. Founded by Catholic missionaries, a place of wise beneficence to Indians, a place of arms, a Mexican capital continually wrested by one faction fr

another, an American capital when the first House of Representatives held its deliberations, and then falling lower and lower from the capital of the State to the capital of a county, and from that again, by the loss of its charter and town lands, to a mere bankrupt village, its rise and decline is typical of that of all Mexican institutions and even Mexican families in California. Nothing is stranger in that strange State than the rapidity with which the soil has changed hands. The Mexicans, you may say, are all poor and landless, like their former capital; and yet both it and they hold themselves apart and preserve their ancient customs and something of their ancient air.

The town, when I was there, was a place of two or three streets, economically paved with sea sand, and two or three lanes, which were watercourses in the rainy season, and were, at all times, rent up by fissures four or five feet deep. There were no street lights. Short sections of wooden sidewalk only added to the dangers of the night, for they were often high above the level of the roadway, and no one could tell where they would be likely to begin or end. The houses were, for the most part, built of unbaked adobe brick, many of them old for so new a country, some of very elegant proportions, with low, spacious, shapely rooms, and walls so thick that the heat of summer never dried them to the heart. At the approach of the rainy season a deathly chill and a graveyard smell began to hang about the lower floors; and diseases of the chest are common and fatal among house-keeping people of either sex.

There was no activity but in and around the saloons, where people sat almost all day long playing cards. The smallest excursion was made on horseback. You would scarcely ever see the main street without a horse or two tied to posts, and making a fine figure with their Mexican housings. It struck me oddly to come across some of the 'Cornhill' illustrations to Mr. Blackmore's 'Erema,' and see all the characters astride on English saddles. As a matter of fact, an English saddle is a rarity even in San Francisco, and, you may say, a thing unknown in all the rest of California. In a place so exclusively Mexican as Monterey, you saw not only Mexican saddles but true Vaquero riding—men always at the hand-gallop up hill and down dale, and round the sharpest corner, urging their horses with cries and gesticulations and cruel rotatory spurs, checking them dead with a touch, or wheeling them right-about-face in a square yard. The type of face and character of bearing is surprisingly un-American. The first ranged from something like the pure Spanish, to something, in its sad fixity, not unlike the pure Indian, although I do not suppose there was one pure blood of either race in all the country. As for the second, it was a matter of perpetual surprise to find, in that world of absolutely mannerless Americans, a people full of deportment, solemnly courteous, and doing all things with grace and decorum. In dress they ran to colour and bright sashes. Not even the most Americanised could always resist the temptation to stick a

red rose into his hatband. Not even the most Americanised would condescend to wear the vile dress hat of civilisation. Spanish was the language of the streets. It was difficult to get along without a word or two of that language for an occasion. The only communications in which the population joined were with a view to amusement. A weekly public ball took place with great etiquette, in addition to the numerous fandangoes in private houses. There was a really fair amateur brass band. Night after night serenaders would be going about the street, sometimes in a company and with several instruments and voices together, sometimes severally, each guitar before a different window. It was a strange thing to lie awake in nineteenth century America, and hear the guitar accompany, and one of these old, heart-breaking Spanish love songs mount into the night air, perhaps in a deep baritone, perhaps in that high-pitched, pathetic, womanish alto which is so common among Mexican men, and which strikes on the unaccustomed ear as something not entirely human but altogether sad.

The town, then, was essentially and wholly Mexican; and yet almost all the land in the neighbourhood was held by Americans, and it was from the same class, numerically so small, that the principal officials were selected. This Mexican and that Mexican would describe to you his old family estates, not one rood of which remained to him. You would ask him how that came about, and elicit some tangled story back-foremost, from which you gathered that the Americans had been greedy like designing men, and the Mexicans greedy like children, but no other certain fact. Their merits and their faults contributed alike to the ruin of the former landholders. It is true they were improvident, and easily dazzled with the sight of ready money; but they were gentlefolk besides, and that in a way which curiously unfitted them to combat Yankee craft. Suppose they have a paper to sign, they would think it a reflection on the other party to examine the terms with any great minuteness; nay, suppose them to observe some doubtful clause, it is ten to one they would refuse from delicacy to object to it. I know I am speaking within the mark, for I have seen such a case occur, and the Mexican, in spite of the advice of his lawyer, has signed the imperfect paper like a lamb. To have spoken in the matter, he said, above all to have let the other party guess that he had seen a lawyer, would have 'been like doubting his word.' The scruple sounds oddly to one of ourselves, who has been brought up to understand all business as a competition in fraud, and honesty itself to be a virtue which regards the carrying out but not the creation of agreements. This single unworldly trait will account for much of that revolution of which we are speaking. The Mexicans have the name of being great swindlers, but certainly the accusation cuts both ways. In a contest of this sort, the entire booty would scarcely have passed into the hands of the more scrupulous race.

Physically the Americans have triumphed; but it is not yet entire

seen how far they have themselves been morally conquered. This is, of course, but a part of a part of an extraordinary problem now in the course of being solved in the various States of the American Union. I am reminded of an anecdote. Some years ago, at a great sale of wine, all the odd lots were purchased by a grocer in a small way in the old town of Edinburgh. The agent had the curiosity to visit him some time after and inquire what possible use he could have for such material. He was shown, by way of answer, a huge vat where all the liquors, from humble Gladstone to imperial Tokay, were fermenting together. 'And what,' he asked, 'do you propose to call this?' 'I'm no very sure,' replied the grocer, 'but I think it's going to turn out port.' In the older Eastern States, I think we may say that this hotch-potch of races is going to turn out English, or thereabout. But the problem is indefinitely varied in other zones. The elements are differently mingled in the south, in what we may call the Territorial belt, and in the group of States on the Pacific coast. Above all, in these last, we may look to see some monstrous hybrid—whether good or evil, who shall forecast? but certainly original and all its own. In my little restaurant at Monterey, we have sat down to table day after day, a Frenchman, two Portuguese, an Italian, a Mexican, and a Scotchman: we had for common visitors an American from Illinois, a nearly pure blood Indian woman, and a naturalised Chinese; and from time to time a Switzer and a German came down from country ranches for the night. No wonder that the Pacific coast is a foreign land to visitors from the Eastern States, for each race contributes something of its own. Even the despised Chinese have taught the youth of California, none indeed of their virtues, but the debasing use of opium. And chief among these influences is that of the Mexicans.

The Mexicans, although in the state, are out of it. They still preserve a sort of international independence, and keep their affairs snug and to themselves. Only four or five years ago Vasquez, the bandit, his troop being dispersed and the hunt too hot for him in other parts of California, returned to his native Monterey, and was seen publicly in her streets and saloons, fearing no man. The year that I was there there occurred two reputed murders. As the Montereyans are exceptionally vile speakers of each other and of everyone behind his back, it is not possible for me to judge how much truth there may have been in these reports; but in the one case everyone believed, and in the other some suspected, that there had been foul play; and nobody dreamed for an instant of taking the authorities into their counsel. Now this is, of course, characteristic enough of the Mexicans; but it is a noteworthy feature that all the Americans in Monterey acquiesced without a word in this inaction. Even when I spoke to them upon the subject, they seemed not to understand my surprise: they had forgotten the traditions of their own race and upbringing, and become, in a word, wholly Mexicanised.

Again, the Mexicans, having no ready money to speak of, rely

almost entirely in their business transactions upon each other's worthless paper. Pedro the penniless pays you with an I O U from the equally penniless Miguel. It is a sort of local currency by courtesy. Credit in these parts has passed into a superstition. I have seen a strong, violent man struggling for months to recover a debt, and getting nothing but an exchange of waste paper. The very storekeepers are averse to asking for cash payments, and are more surprised than pleased when they are offered. They fear there must be something under it, and that you mean to withdraw from them your custom. I have seen the enterprising chemist and stationer begging me with fervour to let my account run on, although I had my purse open in my hand; and partly from the commonness of the case, partly from some remains of that generous old Mexican tradition which made all men welcome to their tables, a person may be notoriously both unwilling and unable to pay, and still find credit for the necessaries of life in the stores of Monterey. Now this villainous habit of living upon 'tick' has grown into Californian nature. I do not only mean that the American and European storekeepers of Monterey are as lax as Mexicans; I mean that American farmers in many parts of the state expect unlimited credit, and profit by it in the meanwhile, without a thought for consequences. Jew storekeepers have already learned the advantage to be gained from this; they lead on the farmer into irretrievable indebtedness, and keep him ever after as their bond-slave, hopelessly grinding in the mill. So the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and except that the Jew knows better than to foreclose, you may see Americans bound in the same chains with which they themselves had formerly bound the Mexican. It seems as if certain sorts of follies, like certain sorts of grain, were natural to the soil rather than to the race that holds and tills it for the moment.

In the meantime, however, the Americans rule in Monterey County. The new county seat, Salinas City, in the bald, corn-bearing plain under the Gabelano Peak, is a town of a purely American character. The land is held, for the most part, in those enormous tracts which are another legacy of Mexican days, and form the present chief danger and disgrace of California; and the holders are mostly of American or British birth. We have here in England no idea of the troubles and inconveniences which flow from the existence of these large landholders—land thieves, land sharks, or land-grabbers, they are more commonly and plainly called. Thus the townlands of Monterey are all in the hands of a single man. How they came there is an obscure, vexatious question, and, rightly or wrongly, the man is hated with a great hatred. His life has been repeatedly in danger. Not very long ago, I was told, the stage was stopped and examined three evenings in succession by disguised horsemen thirsting for his blood. A certain house on the Salinas road, they say, he always passes in his buggy at full speed, for the squatter sent him warning long ago. But a year since he

publicly pointed out for death by no less a man than Mr. Dennis Kearney. Kearney is a man too well known in California, but a word of explanation is required for English readers. Originally an Irish drayman, he rose, by his command of bad language, to almost dictatorial authority in the State ; throned it there for six months or so, his mouth full of oaths, gallowses, and conflagrations; was first snuffed out last winter by Mr. Coleman, backed by his San Francisco Vigilantes and three Gatling guns; completed his own ruin by throwing in his lot with the grotesque Greenbacker party; and had at last to be rescued by his old enemies, the police, out of the hands of his rebellious followers. It was while he was at the top of his fortune that Kearney visited Monterey with his battle-cry against Chinese labour, the railroad monopolists, and the land thieves; and his one articulate counsel to the Montereyans was to 'hang David Jacks.' Had the town been American, in my private opinion this would have been done years ago. Land is a subject on which there is no jesting in the West, and I have seen my friend the lawyer drive out of Monterey to adjust a competition of titles with the face of a captain going into battle and his Smith-and-Wesson convenient to his hand.

On the ranche of another of these landholders you may find our old friend, the truck system, in full operation. Men live there, year in year out, to cut timber for a nominal wage, which is all consumed in supplies. The longer they remain in this desirable service the deeper they will fall in debt—a burlesque injustice in a new country, where labour should be precious, and one of those typical instances which explains the prevailing discontent and the success of the demagogue Kearney.

In a comparison between what was and what is in California, the praisers of times past will fix upon the Indians of Carmello. The day of the Jesuit has gone by, the day of the Yankee has succeeded, and there is no one left to care for the converted savage. The mission church is roofless and ruinous; sea breezes and sea fogs, and the alternation of the rain and sunshine, daily widening the breaches and casting the crockets from the wall. As an antiquity in this new land, a quaint specimen of missionary architecture, and a memorial of good deeds, it had a triple claim to preservation from all thinking people; but neglect and abuse have been its portion. There is no sign of American interference, save where a headboard has been torn from a grave to be a mark for pistol bullets. So it is with the Indians for whom it was erected. Their lands, I was told, are being yearly encroached upon by the neighbouring American proprietor, and with that exception no man troubles his head for the Indians of Carmel. Only one day in the year, the day before our Guy Faux, the *padre* drives over the hill from Monterey; the little sacristy, which is the only covered portion of the church, is filled with seats and decorated for the service; the Indians troop together, their bright dresses contrasting with their dark and melancholy faces; and

there, among a crowd of somewhat unsympathetic holiday makers, you may hear God served with perhaps more touching circumstances than in any other temple under heaven. An Indian, stone blind and about eighty years of age, conducts the singing; other Indians compose the choir; yet they have the Gregorian music at their finger ends, and pronounce the Latin so correctly that I could follow the meaning as they sang. The pronunciation was odd and nasal, the singing hurried and staccato. 'In sæcula sæculo-ho-horum,' they went, with a vigorous aspirate to every additional syllable. I have never seen faces more vividly lit up with joy than the faces of these Indian singers. It was to them not only the worship of God, nor an act by which they recalled and commemorated better days, but was besides an exercise of culture, where all they knew of art and letters was united and expressed. And it made a man's heart sorry for the good fathers of yore, who had taught them to dig and to reap, to read and to sing, who had given them European mass-books which they still preserve and study in their cottages, and who had now passed away from all authority and influence in that land—to be succeeded by greedy land thieves and sacrilegious pistol-shots. So ugly a thing our Anglo-Saxon Protestantism may appear beside the doings of the Society of Jesus.

But revolution in this world succeeds to revolution. All that I say in this paper is in a paulo-past tense. The Monterey of last year exists no longer. A huge hotel has sprung up in the desert by the railway. Three sets of diners sit down successively to table. Invaluable toilettes figure along the beach and between the live oaks; and Monterey is advertised in the newspapers, and posted in the waiting-rooms at railway stations, as a resort for wealth and fashion. Alas for the little town! it is not strong enough to resist the influence of the flaunting caravanserai, and the poor, quaint, penniless native gentlemen of Monterey must perish, like a lower race, before the millionaire vulgarians of the Big Bonanza.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A Religious Poem of the Ninth Century.

THE old Saxon poem on the Life of Christ, 'Heliand,' is a fragment of their ancient literature in which Germans feel much pride. Scholars who read it in the original language, as well as those who know it only through modern versions, agree in describing it as one of the chief glories of the old literature of Germany. National feeling has something to do with this estimate of the 'Heliand.' The Saxon poet wrote the Life of Christ in the form of a German epic, and his countrymen feel partial to a writer who thus early asserted the literary independence of Germany, and did not follow Roman or ecclesiastical models, even in the treatment of an ecclesiastical subject. But the 'Heliand' has intrinsic merits which make it deserving of the attention of all students of literature. It is an example of a really successful religious poem—full of quaint beauties of expression which are heightened by the archaic form, and animated throughout by a tender and reverent religious spirit. Its historical interest is, however, even greater than its literary, and can be appreciated even by those who have not made a special study of German literature. It is an authentic glimpse of the religious faith of North Germany at a period of which we know little from other sources, but which is of a great importance, for it was the period during which the foundations were laid for the great system of mediæval Christendom.

According to the most probable conjecture, the 'Heliand' was written in the reign of Lewis the Pious, the son of Charles the Great. Tradition adds that it was written at the request of that monarch, who was devoted to the Church, and took no pleasure in the national songs of Germany, which were so loved by his father Charles, zealous churchman as the latter was. The writer is said to have been a Saxon peasant, and a Saxon he certainly was—probably a dweller in the Münsterland. It is a striking illustration of the irony of history that the first poem in the German tongue on a Christian subject was the work of a Saxon. Of all the peoples against whom Charles the Great warred, the Saxons showed themselves most resolutely opposed to his rule, and to Christianity. But the Emperor succeeded in subduing them, and he compelled them to embrace Christianity. The soldier accompanied the baptizing priest, and death or baptism was the alternative offered to the vanquished people. Most of the clergy approved of the procedure of Charles, on whom they bestowed the title of 'Apostle by the sword,' for these services to the faith. But the approval was not unanimous. Alcuin counselled his 'sweetest David' to show more gentleness to the 'misdoing people,' as he termed the Saxons, and on one occasion he even wrote to him that conversions effected by force were without value.

Charles subsequently endeavoured to win the people by other means. He erected bishoprics in various parts of the land, and sent clergy among the people to instruct them. If the clergy found the people sullen and deeply prejudiced against the Christian religion, the blame lay less with them than with the brutal and unchristian policy which, uniting missionary and warlike enterprise in an unholy union, had made Christian baptism the sign of the defeat and dishonour of a brave people.

Perhaps it was because the Saxons were found to be specially prejudiced against the ordinary sermons of ecclesiastics that a new method was made use of to teach them Christianity. At all events, we hear of it now for the first time. Like all the Northern nations, the Saxons were passionately attached to their national songs. These songs, written in a simple alliterative measure, and dedicated to the praise of gods or heroes, were to be heard whenever the German people met together. In national assemblies, on the march, and in the camp, and especially on the eve of battles, these songs played a great and important part in rousing the enthusiasm of the warriors, although the Romans contemptuously compared them to the cries of wild animals. To give an example from the Northern epic 'Beowulf' in which we have a picture of Northern life, the king is there represented as building a grand hall, in which he and his thanes might feast together. And in describing the festival at which the king of the Danes received the Gothic strangers, the poet writes: 'There was a bench cleared for the sons of the Goths to sit close together in the beer-hall; there the stout-hearted ones went and sat, exulting clamorously. A thane attended to their wants, who carried in his hands a chased ale flagon, and poured the pure bright liquor. A Scôp between whiles sang with clear voice in Heorot. There was the joy of warriors, a great gathering of noble knights, both Danes and Weders.'[1]

The clergy were not favourable to the national songs, nor to the festive gatherings of the people. They considered that the songs had a tendency to keep alive heathenism, and the gatherings were so often occasions of riotous dissipation that we cannot wonder they did not like them. It is probably owing to the dislike which they had for the songs that we have lost the collection made by Charles the Great, for nothing of which they disapproved was likely to survive.

The 'Heliand' is a proof that some adherents of the new faith, whether clergymen or laymen, did not content themselves with mere opposition to customs of which they disapproved, but endeavoured to give the people something in their stead. Perceiving the advantage that would be gained were the histories and doctrines of the new faith wedded to the measures which the people loved, these missionaries—for they were so whether they bore the name or not—with

[1] *Beowulf*: a Heroic Poem of the Eighth Century. With translation by Thomas Arnold, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

a genial courage which augured well for the future of their cause, boldly told the story of the life of Christ to the Saxons, in the verse which had been formerly employed in singing the praises of Wustan and Tyr.

We speak of these singing missionaries in the plural, as it is not probable that so perfect a poem as the 'Heliand' was a first attempt. The first attempts would be rude and simple, and perish as the earliest gospels of Palestine perished. The 'Heliand' has a unity which shows that it is the work of one writer—and a writer of real poetic gift—an inspired singer. Except the vague tradition already mentioned, we know nothing of his life, of how he was first led to become the epic poet of Christian Germany. But there is an interesting parallel in the case of the Anglo-Saxon Caedmon—the story of whose 'call' to the service of religious song is narrated by Bede. We quote the passage from the introduction to Mr. Thorpe's edition of Caedmon:—

> In this Abbess's Minster was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honoured with a divine gift: for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety; so that whatever he learned through clerks of the holy writings, that he, after a little space, would usually adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue; and by his songs the minds of many men were often inflamed with contempt for the world, and with desire of heavenly life. . . . The man was placed in worldly life until the time that he was of mature age, and had never learned any poem; and he therefore often in convivial society, when for the sake of mirth it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home to his house.
>
> When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which that night had been committed to him—when he there, at proper time, placed his limbs on the bed and slept, there stood some man by him, in a dream, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, saying, 'Caedmon, sing me something.' When he answered and said, 'I cannot sing anything, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and retired hither, because I could not.'
>
> Again he who was speaking with him said, 'Yet thou must sing to me.' Said he, 'What shall I sing?' Said he, 'Sing me the origin of things.' When he received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard, the order of which is
>
> Now we must praise
> The Guardian of Heaven's Kingdom, &c.
>
> Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure.
>
> When came he in the morning to the town-reeve, who was his superior, and said to him what gift he had received, and he forthwith led him to the Abbess, and told, and made that known to her. Then she bade all the most learned men and the learners to assemble, and in their presence bade him tell the dream, and sing the poem; that, by the judgment of them all,

it might be determined why or whence that was come? Then it seemed to them all, so as it was, that to him, from the Lord Himself, a heavenly gift had been given. Then they expounded to him, and said some holy history, and words of godly love; then bade him, if he could, to sing some of them, and turn them into the melody of song. When he had undertaken the thing, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning, and sang and gave to them, adorned with the best poetry, what had been bidden him.

Whether there were ecstatic experiences in the life of the anonymous author of the 'Heliand' we cannot say. Like a true epic poet, he completely effaces himself in his poem, and speaks only of his Divine Hero. But there is one statement in the above extract which may serve to throw light upon a circumstance which has been considered mysterious. According to tradition the author of the 'Heliand' was a 'peasant'—a somewhat elastic term, but which excludes his being an ecclesiastic. Doubts have, in consequence, been cast upon the tradition, because there are some indications that the poet had made use of a Latin Harmony of the Gospels then in use in the Church. But it is not indispensable to believe that he himself used the book. He might have derived his knowledge of its contents in the same way as Caedmon got his, 'through the clerks of the holy writings.'

In order to give an idea of the general character of the narrative portion of the 'Heliand,' we translate the story of the Temptation. The simple prose version will, we think, convey the author's meaning better than could be done by an imitation of the alliterative measure of the original.

After the Baptism did the Good Lord, the son of the Ruler, betake himself to the wilderness. And there for a long time in the lonely place did the Lord of men remain. And the disciples, His companions, were not with Him. This was His own choice. He desired to allow Himself to be tempted by the strong Wight—by Satan himself, by whom men are always allured to sin and wickedness. The audacity of Satan was known to Him, and his perverse will, and how in the beginning he entrapped with sin and with lies led astray the first pair, Adam and Eve, so that thereafter did the children of the people—the spirits of men—go down to Hell on their departure from this world. This the Mighty God, the Ruler, desired to avert, and to give to the people the high kingdom of the heavens. Therefore sent He to earth the Holy Messenger, His Son. This was a great grief to Satan's heart. He envied the kingdom of heaven to men, and desired to seduce the Mighty One, the Son of the Lord, with the same temptations with which in old days he had spitefully deceived Adam, so that Adam became displeasing to his Lord, and laden with sins. And now he wished to do the same with the Son of the Lord—the Healing Christ. But the Son of the Ruler had made His heart strong against the corruption. It was His will to gain for men the kingdom of heaven.

The Guardian, the Lord of men, remained for forty days fasting in the wilderness. So long as He did not touch food the wicked wight, the envious fiend, did not venture into his presence. For Satan fancied that the Mighty One, the Holy Guardian of the land, was God Himself, and not a being of human race. But when after forty days He began to

hunger, and the manhood in Him desired food, the dark evil-doer drew nearer, for now he thought that He was only a man. And the arch-fiend addressed Him, saying, 'Of all sons the Best, if Thou art the Son of God, wherefore dost Thou not give commandment for these stones to become bread? Heal Thy hunger!' Then spake to him the Holy Christ, and said, 'The children of time must not live by bread alone, but by means of the teaching of God must they subsist in this world, and bring forth the works which are indicated by the holy voice—the voice of God. . . . . Then for the third time did He allow Himself to be brought by the corrupter of the people to a high mountain, where the tempter let Him see the people of the earth, the glad riches and the kingdom of the world, and whatsoever heritage of glorious good things earth bears. Then spake the Fiend and said, 'All this magnificence and high rule will I give to you, if you stoop to me, reckon me your Lord, and to me offer your prayer. If you do this, all the treasures of good things which I have shown to you will be yours.' Then did the Holy Christ will no longer to hear the words of the wretch. . . . He went away, the evil-doer, Satan—he went very sorrowful, and descended to the horrible abysses of torture. Then came a great multitude of the angels of God to Christ—from the All-Ruler—from above. These were to be henceforth His disciples, and to render to Him humble service, as to the people's God, the Lord and King of Heaven.

The blessed Child of God remained for a long time in the forest, until the season arrived when it pleased Him to display His great power and satisfy the desires of His followers. Then left He the leaves of the wood, the lonely place, and sought again the society of men.

The good taste, as well as the devout spirit of the writer, is manifest in his manner of telling the gospel story. He introduces no irrelevant episodes from other parts of Scripture, or from legends, as the example of Northern epics might have suggested. At a later period it was customary in Germany, and in other parts of Europe, to bring the sacred history upon the stage, and in order to please the people strange liberties were taken. Comic characters appeared in the most solemn scenes of the history, whose business was to raise a laugh. There is no approach to this in the 'Heliand.' The additions made to the original narrative are few, and usually unimportant. They are little more than touches of more detailed description, or expansions of the dialogue. For example, in the account of the Massacre of the Innocents, the mothers are represented as shielding their infants with their arms from the blows of the soldiers. In the narrative of the Baptism, the dove is described as descending from heaven and lighting upon Christ's shoulder. A full description is given of the festivities at Herod's court on his birthday. 'The king of the Jews' summons a multitude of his dukes from all parts of the land to meet in the guest hall on his birthday. We think as we read of the festival at the beginning of Gudrun. Herod sits on his royal throne with a joyful heart, and wine is handed round in plenty among the guests, and gifts showered upon them by the king. What at first sight appears to be a very odd change is made regarding the dream of Pilate's wife. Her dream is said to have come from the Devil, who, when the soul of Judas descended to hell, learned for the first time that it was the design of Christ, by means of His death, to

redeem mankind from hell, and to lead them into the life of God. Having ascertained this, he was alarmed, and felt that he had committed a fatal blunder in seeking to compass Christ's death—a blunder which he endeavoured to repair through Pilate's wife, but found it to be too late.[2]

The discourses and sayings of Christ are exceedingly well rendered by the poet of the 'Heliand.' There is the same combination of natural good taste with reverential feeling as in the narrative portion, and much of the elevation and sweetness of the original is preserved throughout. We doubt if any poet has ever preserved them so well. The Sermon on the Mount is beautifully rendered. As a specimen we give the version of Matthew vi. 9–15:—

When the heroes surrounded the Son of God, great was their desire to hear His words. They remained silent, and were full of thought. Great was their wish to store up in their minds those wonderful things which now for the first time had been spoken by the Holy Child. Then one of the quick-witted disciples opened his mouth and spake to the Son of God, saying, 'Good Lord, Best of Men, Thy grace is needful for us that we may do Thy will, and obey Thy words. Teach, then, Thy disciples to pray, as John the dear Baptist has done, who daily teaches his disciples how to greet with words the Good Ruler. Do Thou reveal the secret to us Thy disciples.'

Then the Son, the Lord, the Rich One, without delay spake good words, saying: 'When you wish to greet with words God the Lord and Ruler, the most Mighty of Kings, speak as I now teach you. Our Father, Father of the children of Men, Hallowed be Thy name by every word of ours. May Thy strong kingdom come. May Thy will be done here upon earth, even as it is done there in the high kingdom of the Heavens. Give us, Good Lord, what is needful for the day—Thy heavenly aid. Guardian of Heaven, forgive us all our misdeeds as we forgive others. Permit not the miserable wights to lead us astray according to their will, but if we be worthy, help us against all evil deeds.'

In the 'Heliand,' as in all epic poems, epithets are largely employed. To every personage introduced are one or more names or adjectives applied. Very noticeable from their number and their beauty are those given to Christ, for whom the writer seems to feel a pleasure in thus testifying his unbounded reverence. He calls Him 'God's Child of Peace,' 'The Good Son of God,' 'The Holy King of Heaven,' 'The Holy Christ,' 'The Healing Christ,' 'The Best of Teachers,' &c. The late Mr. Bayard Taylor, in lectures recently published, said of the Christ of the 'Heliand,' that we might almost fancy Him to be the beautiful god of the Scandinavians, Balder, in a more perfect form. Such a remark is misleading. It is true there is no figure in the whole range of mythology so pure and elevated as Balder, and none therefore that can be so well compared with Christ; but Mr. Taylor's remark is apt to convey the impression that the 'Heliand' is a sort of Christianised Edda, which it certainly is not.

[2] This is really a poetical version of an idea found in the early Fathers, that the Devil was deceived by means of the death of Christ, and that mankind were redeemed from his power by a holy fraud.

The verses of the 'Heliand' sometimes remind us of the life of old Germany. The form of the proper names recalls Saxony rather than Palestine. Romaburg, Nazarethburg, and Hierichoburg, where should such places be but in the German Fatherland? Some of the descriptions of natural scenery show that the writer had the Northern land in his mind at the time he wrote. This cannot be called a serious fault. The true greatness of a religious history or tale, such as the 'Gospel History' or the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' shows itself by the readiness with which it exchanges one set of outward circumstances for another, without suffering any change in its inner meaning. There is one change, however, made by the author of the 'Heliand' which does not leave the moral of the 'Gospel History' quite uninjured. Many of the epithets applied to Christ and His apostles suggest worldly greatness. Christ is called 'The Glorious Guardian of the Land,' 'The All-ruling Christ,' 'The Richest of Kings,' 'The High Guardian of Heaven.' It has been said with considerable truth by a German critic that the Christ of the 'Heliand' is a rich, powerful, gracious king, such as the German people loved, who moves through the land accompanied by a band of disciples who are His faithful and heroic followers, while He dispenses His rich gifts to the needy people. The epithets applied to the apostles involve a still greater departure from historic truth than those given to Christ. They are called 'heroes,' 'sons of heroes,' 'wise men,' 'men of noble form,' and even 'men of noble birth.' The spirit of a stout Northern thane rather than of a Christian apostle breathes in the following words of Thomas:—

> Then Thomas spake, the strong man, the glorious follower of the King. 'Blame Him we must not, nor oppose His will. Firmly will we stand by Him, and endure along with our King. It is the praise of a follower to stand faithfully by his Lord, and to die for his honour. This let us all do, and let us count our lives as nothing in comparison. Be it enough for us to die with our Lord. Then shall we be remembered with honour among the people. And the disciples of Christ, the men of noble birth, were all of one mind.'

In describing Christ as a glorious King, and His disciples as heroic kingly followers, the author of the 'Heliand' was influenced, though perhaps unconsciously, by the spirit of his time. The Middle Ages—at the beginning of which he wrote—bestowed all their admiration upon the high-born and high-placed. Common men and common life were despised and oppressed. Its cruelties and its worst faults came from this source. The Church of the Middle Ages, although it did much for the poor, was not able to rid itself of the feeling that lowliness of station was contemptible. It sought for itself a high position; and when it had obtained it, began to feel ashamed of the lowliness of its origin. It could not of course deny that its Founder occupied a humble position among men; but it did not dwell willingly upon this, but spoke of Him always as the glorious Visitant from another sphere—the Great Miracle Worker.

It spoke often, it is true, of His death, but always as an act of supreme condescension, such as St. Lewis might have stooped to in behalf of his subjects, rather than as an example, often hereafter to be repeated, of goodness in a humble position, rejected and despised by the 'Princes of this World.' The historical meaning of Christ's death was forgotten, and only its theological or mystical meaning grasped; and even the 'Saxon peasant' did not bring out fully the lowliness of Christ, and loved to speak of Him as Heaven's High Guardian visiting for a little time this 'Middle Mansion.'

A tendency of a similar character is observable in the writer's treatment of the Jews. He never speaks of them without some epithet showing his aversion. They are 'the furious Jews,' 'the impudent Jews,' 'the miserable people' who are gaining for themselves a 'miserable reward.' In the New Testament the Jews appear simply as representatives of humanity—acting as 'all flesh' would have done, if suddenly brought into the presence of awful purity. The Middle Ages lost this view of the representative character of the Jews, and spoke of them as a race of inhuman malignants, like the Jotuns of Northern mythology, or the Huns of legendary history. The cruel persecutions endured by them had their origin in this false notion.

There are no traces in the 'Heliand' of the sacerdotalism which ruled in the Church of the Middle Ages. The word 'Church' does not once occur; and the only indication we have that the author had any acquaintance with an ecclesiastical system is that he calls Caiaphas 'the Bishop of the people.' The lay authorship probably has something to do with this want of recognition of Church and clergy; at all events in this respect the 'Heliand' stands in marked contrast to the somewhat later 'Krist' of Otfried, who was a Benedictine monk in Weissenberg in Alsace, and in whose poem the more ecclesiastical spirit of South Germany is apparent.

One can mark some traces in the 'Heliand' of the old German heathenism to which its author stood so near in time. It is not probable that he himself desired to recall heathen associations. The likelihood is that he sought rather to avoid every word which might bring back memories of what he and his countrymen had renounced. The conflict between heathenism and Christianity had been too fierce in North Germany to permit of amenities between the combatants. It was not as at a later time in Scandinavia, where heathenism died gradually and gently, and almost in the arms of the new faith, whose priests piously preserved its traditions. But, although it may have unconsciously and reluctantly, as far as the author was concerned, heathen reminiscences do appear in the 'Heliand.' More than once he uses the old Pagan word Metodo, fate, as a name for God. He speaks also of the decrees of the fates. Paradise is spoken of under the poetical name of 'God's green meadow'—a name recalling the mythologies of the North. Christ is made to say, when explaining the parable of the Wheat and the Tares: 'Both shall continue to grow—the rejected friends as well as the good men, until the might

of Muspelli comes upon men—the end of the world.' The Muspelli is the central fire of the world mentioned in the Edda from which messengers are to come forth at the end of all things to set the world in flame.

Some of the expressions in Christ's prophecies of the end of the world recall the Edda's pictures of the same event; but these resemblances really arise not so much from any change made by the author of the 'Heliand,' as from resemblances between the original authorities. The 'Edda' in its doctrine of the end of the world more closely resembles the New Testament than any other mythology. It teaches that, owing to the increasing degeneracy of gods and men, sudden destruction will come upon the earth. The following is a description of it from the elder Edda:—

The sun darkens,
Earth in ocean sinks,
Fall from heaven the bright stars;
Fire's breath assails
The all-nourishing tree,
Towering fire plays
Against Heaven itself.

As in the New Testament, a regeneration of all things is to follow:—

She sees arise
A second time,
Earth from ocean,
Beauteously green.
. . . . . .
Unsown, shall
The fields bring forth,
All evil be amended;
Baldr shall come,
Hödr and Baldr,
The heavenly gods.
. . . . . .
Then comes the mighty one
To the great judgment.
The power from above
Who rules o'er all,
He shall dooms pronounce,
And strifes allay,
Holy peace establish,
Which shall ever be.

These traditions, which we find in the Eddas, were the common heritage of the Teutonic races. A Teutonic poet could scarcely fail to think on them when reading the corresponding passages in the New Testament; and we are not surprised to find an occasional similarity between the words of the 'Heliand' and of the Edda in their pictures of the end of all things.

JOHN GIBB.

Woman as a Sanitary Reformer.[1]

By Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

TWO of the wisest of men, and by necessity, therefore, both of them Sanitarians, Solomon and Xenophon, have laid down rules bearing on the duties of women who rejoice in being called wives as well as women. 'A good wife,' says Solomon, 'worketh willingly with her hands.' 'She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth food from afar.' She is an early riser, and sees that everyone has an early breakfast: 'She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household and a portion to her maidens.' By exercise she strengthens her limbs: 'She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff.' She knows that where there is poverty there can be neither health nor happiness: 'She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth out her hand to the needy.' She provides against the cold: 'She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed in scarlet.' In clothing herself she combines artistic taste with usefulness as every woman is bound to do: 'She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.' 'She maketh also fine linen and selleth it.' 'Strength and honour are her clothing.' She combines common sense with gentleness: 'She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' She is watchful and busy: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.' And these, says this wise sanitarian, are her rewards: 'She shall rejoice in time to come. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' And, light of perfected human happiness: 'Her children rise up and call her blessed.'

The second of the wise sanitarians, Xenophon, tells his story of the good wife in somewhat different terms and manner. He invents a dialogue between Socrates and Critobulus, in which it is agreed that the ordering of a household is the name of a science, and that the science is the order and the increase of the house. Next Socrates tells Critobulus that he once held a conversation with one Ischomachus, who, being possessed of a very good wife, and could teach good housekeeping, Ischomachus is thereupon quoted as the authority in respect to the rules which should obtain within the house.

Some lessons of economy are first to hand. The wife is to beware that that which should be spent in a twelvemonth be not spent in a month. The corn that is brought in must be most carefully examined, that none which is musty and dirty be eaten as food. Above all, the instruction that Solomon insists on is enforced. The wife is to be most particular, if any of the servants fall sick, to do the best she can to cherish them, and to help that they may have their health restored.

[1] A lecture delivered before the Sanitary Congress at Exeter on Thursday, ' tember 23, 1880.

A little further on Ischomachus is made to explain the importance of keeping perfect order in the house as connected with the health and wealth of it. He tells how he once went on board a ship of Phœnicia, and wondered that in so small a space such a vast number of things could be stowed with so much neatness that everything could be found in a moment, even during the confusion of a storm.

From these lessons he teaches his wife, and thereby all wives, matters that are more particularly of a sanitary kind. A house, he says, has an ordination. It is not ordained to be gorgeously painted with divers fair pictures, though these may be excellent, but it is built for this purpose and consideration that it should be profitable and adaptable for those things that are in it, so that, as it were, it bids the owners to lay up everything that is in it in such place as is most meet for the thing to be put. Therewith he disposes places for things in due form, and assigns the uses of the various parts of the establishment in such manner that the woman who presides over the whole shall know the parts in a truly scientific way.

The driest places are to be places for wheat; the highest places for such works and things as require light. The parlours and dining places, well trimmed and dressed, are to be cool in summer and in winter warm. The situation of the house is to be towards the south, so that in winter the sun's light may fall favourably upon it and in summer it may be in goodly shadow. The wearing apparel is to be divided into that intended for daily use and that required for special or grand occasions. Everything belonging to separate service, to the kitchen, the bakehouse, the bathroom, is to be assigned to its own place and use. All instruments which the servants use daily are to be shown to the servants in their right place, and are to be kept there when they are not wanted. Such things as should not be made use of except on holidays and rare occasions are to be left in special charge of an upper servant, who should be instructed beyond the rest of the servants to observe the same rules as the mistress herself would carry out. 'At last, good Socrates,' said Ischomachus, 'I did express to my wife that all these rules availed nothing unless she took diligent heed that everything might remain in perfect order. I taught her how in Commonwealths, and in cities that were well ruled and ordered, it was not enough for the dwellers and citizens there to have good laws made for them unless they chose men to have the oversight of those laws. In like manner then the woman should be, as it were, the overseer of the laws of the house as the Senate and the Council of Athens oversee and make proof of the men of arms.'

Finally, Ischomachus is made to touch on the mode by which his wife should maintain her own health. He observed about her, as a very strange habit, that upon a time she had painted her face with a certain unguent that she might seem whiter than she was; and with another unguent that she might seem redder than she was; and that she had a pair of high shoes on her feet to make her seem taller than she was. Whereupon, 'Tell me, good wife,' said he, 'whether you

would judge me worthier or more beloved if I explained to you what we are precisely worth, keeping nothing secret from you, or if I deceived you declaring I had more than I really had, showing you false money, chains of brass instead of gold, counterfeit precious stones, red instead of scarlet, and false purple instead of pure and good.' She replies: 'The gods forbid that you should be such an one.' He then recalled to her her deceptions; and when she inquired how she should be fairer in reality and not appear so only, he gave her as counsel, that she should not sit still like a slave or a bondwoman, but go about the house like a mistress and see how the works of the house go forward; look after all the workers and sometimes work with her own hands, by which exercise she would have a better appetite for food, better health and better favoured colour of her face. While likewise the sight of the mistress, more cleanlily and far better apparelled, setting her hand to work and, as it were, striving at times with her servants who should do most, would be a great comfort to them by leading them to do their work with a good will instead of doing it against their will. For they that always stand still like queens in their majesty will be only judged of by those women who are triumphantly arrayed. 'And now, good Socrates,' Ischomachus in conclusion is made to say, 'be you sure that my wife lives even as I have taught her and as I have told to you.'

Were a modern sanitary scholar,—such an one as now speaks, for example,—to presume to lay the basis of sanitary reform, through the influence of woman, on rules as simple as those given above, he might suffer for his trouble, which, in truth, might be called a presumption. Happy, therefore, is it that he finds the basis ready laid by two such masters as Solomon and Xenophon. Their sufferings are over; hidden in the inaccessibility of historical distance. Their words alone remain faithful as ever, and as true for to-day and for to-morrow as on the days when they first went forth. They are the basis of modern sanitary law with women as its administrators. I would not dare to add a syllable to their majestic common sense. Good wives of the type of the wife of Ischomachus would in one decade make domestic sanitation the useful fashion and order of the nation they purified, beautified and beatified.

I quote this basis of wifely work and duty, because I feel more deeply, day by day, that until it is admitted, and something more built upon it, sanitary progress is a mere conceit, a word and a theory, instead of a thing and a practice. It is in those million centres we call 'the home,' that sanitary science must have its true birth. It is from those centres the river of health must rise. We men may hold our Congresses year after year, decade after decade; we may establish our schools; we may whip on our lawgivers to action of certain kinds; we may be ever so earnest, ever so persistent, ever so clever; but we shall never move a step in a profitable direction until we carry the women with us heart and soul. Adam had no paradise in Paradise itself, until Eve became the help meet for him. How then, in a

world which is anything but a paradise, shall we transform it into anything like one till the Eves lend us a hand, and, combining their invincible power with ours, give us the help that is essential to success? We must go entirely with Xenophon in the belief that the human being is neither perfected in thought nor in action, until the two natures are blended in thought and action. The man invents, the woman applies the invention; the man conquers nature, the woman makes useful the victory; the man discovers, the woman turns the discovery to due and faithful account; the man goes forth to labour, the woman stays at home to watch the centre common to them, and tend the helpless there. Yet both have remembrance, both have diligence, both have the power to refrain from doing what is wrong, and whatever either of them does better than the other is best for both. And, because the natures and dispositions of both are not equally perfect, they have so much the more need the one of the other, since what one lacketh the other hath. In the art of cultivating sanitary science this mutual understanding is necessity itself.

We ought not to blame womankind because it seems that women are behindhand in the work. They are not, in point of fact, behindhand at all; they are rather the forerunners in the race. Long before the word sanitation was heard of, or any other word that conveyed the idea of a science of health, the good, cleanly, thrifty housewife was a practical sanitary reformer. Nay, if we come to the question of organisation itself, we have in this country, in that admirable institution the 'Ladies' Sanitary Association,'[2] the first of the great sanitary societies, which, by its publications, its practical aid to mothers, its out-door recreative parties to the stived-up children of the metropolis, and by various other means, has set an example that will one day be historical as a part of the great movement in the promotion of which so many earnest workers are now engaged.

There is not, therefore, one single difficulty in the way of making the woman the active domestic health reformer. The only thing that requires to be put forward is the method of bringing her universally into the work, and, if I may so express it, making the work a permanent custom or fashion, to neglect which would be considered a moral defect. There are in England and Wales alone six millions of woman to be influenced. The first suggestion is that the beginning of the crusade shall be a beginning that shall not drive but lead, that shall not dictate but patiently suggest.

If what Pope said of man be true—

> Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
> And things unknown be taught as things forgot;—

in respect to the sex still more susceptible and impressionable, especially when those truly feminine duties which are connected

[2] The Ladies' Sanitary Association, 22 Berners Street, London, W. Secretary, Miss Rose Adams.

with domestic health and happiness form the subject of advancement, it may with equal truth be said :—

> Women should ne'er be taught a thing unknown,
> It should be credited as all their own.

Nor can any finer or nobler occupation be imagined than is implied under this head of domestic care and nourishment of health. There are women who think it the height of human ambition to be considered curers of human maladies; content at best to take their place with the rank and file of the army of medicine, and not perceiving that the only feature in their career there is its singularity, a feature that would itself become lost if the wish of the few became the will of the many. I would not presume to interfere on this point even with the wish of the few. At the same time I would with all my strength suggest to women that to be the practitioners of the *preventive art of medicine*; to hold in their hands the key of health; to stand at the thresholds of their homes and say to disease :—'Into this place you shall not come, it is not fitted to receive you; it is free only to health, and a barrier to disease;' to conjoin in this work so effectually as to be able to say to every curative doctor who invades their cities :—'You may come in if you please, and settle down if you please, but there will be nothing for you to do, except to write up, after a time, as a warning to practitioners of the curative school, "Who enters here leaves hope behind";' to exercise practical power in such a manner would, I venture to indicate, be as much above the exercise of a curative art as the art of making unsinkable ships would be above the toil of working at the pumps of a sinking vessel that was only sinking because it had been allowed to fall into a hopeless state for resisting the strain of the deceitful sea.

I press this office for the prevention of disease on womankind, not simply because women can carry it out, not simply because it pertains to what Xenophon describes as their special attributes, their watchfulness and their love; but because it is an office which man alone never can carry out, and because the whole work of prevention waits and waits until the woman takes it up and makes it hers. The man is abroad, the disease threatens the home, and the woman is at the threatened spot. Who is to stop the disease at the door, the man or the woman? What does a man know about a house, about the very house he lives in, if he be a man employed at all? I asked as good a man of business as ever went on Change how many rooms he had in his house. His reply was :—'What an absurd question.' 'Why absurd, the house is your own?' 'Yes, but I have never thought about it. You should ask my wife if you want to know; she will tell you all about it, from the butler's pantry to the cockloft; but as I only go into two or three rooms myself, how should I be likely to remember? It is not my department.' That is so generally. The woman knows all about it, or if she does not, then she ought; it is in her department to have the whole matter by heart. The house is her citadel.

There probably is not a person who is given to reflect who will not, if the man agrees with me in these conclusions. The strong-minded woman, the woman who would assert to her heart's content the right of womanhood to assume manhood, would, I think, agree with me if the man. She might, and possibly would, think that I do not go far enough; she might feel the position I have assumed to woman as too feminine in its tenderness, and as a retrogression from the design of attaining the equality of power which she would consider necessary for the perfect liberty of woman, from the bondage imposed by men. At the same time she would agree with me that if her fellow sisters everywhere could claim and maintain such a power of practical knowledge and skill as I have pointed out, their mission in this world would be more greatly honoured and more nobly utilised than it is at this time. No, perchance, when she has heard me to the end, and has well considered the tremendous power which the completed scheme would give to her sex, she might feel that her ambition would be more than satisfied by its accomplishment.

While women in general will, I feel sure, almost think it impossible that so much useful influence could be attainable, the majority will ask 'By what process of training can we so govern domestic life that disease may be prevented wholesale; that life in all its innocence and fascination may never, except by the most vulgar accident, be invaded by death: that adolescence in all its beauty and unfolding strength may be equally guarded: that manhood and womanhood may have the same protection: that middle age may be extended in intellectual and physical perfection into the grand decline; and that the grand decline itself may be so gentle, so peaceful, so beautiful,—yes, so beautiful, for there is a beauty in healthful old age that is unsurpassed, that life shall be but a dream, and death but a natural sleep?' They will ask, I repeat, the majority of them, by what process of training can they help towards a triumph of science so beneficent?

I devote myself from this point of my discourse to give some answer to that question. I state at once that the training required is simple beyond simple; that every woman who wills to go through it may go through it, and may become mistress by it of the destinies of the world. Not the Fates themselves were more mistresses of the destinies of the race than the women of an educated Commonwealth who were conversant with the art of the prevention of disease and premature decay.

Ischomachus, content to have his wife taught housewifery pure and simple, would, I think, in this day be not quite so content. He would wish that she should know everything about the house in which she and he and their family dwelt; he would wish also that she should know something of that house of life which belongs to herself and to all hers. He would not desire that she should become

a profound anatomist; he would not care for her to enter on the subject of experimental and practical physiology; he would scarcely aspire that she should try to emulate Hippocrates in diagnosis, or Dioscorides in therapeutics. But with our modern knowledge in his possession he would, I venture to suggest, have begged of her to learn a few principles which would help her to understand the reasons for the necessity of her domestic cleanliness and wifely care. As he has gone before these desires could be current, I will, with much respect, take his place, and indicate what every woman who aspires to be a practical sanitarian ought to learn.

She should master physiology so far as to understand the general construction of the human body. She should know the nine great systems of the body: the digestive, the circulatory, the respiratory, the nervous, the sensory, the absorbent and glandular, the muscular, the osseous or bony, and the membranous. She should be led to comprehend the leading facts bearing on the anatomy and functions of these systems. She should understand what part food plays in the economy; the nature of the digestive ferments; the primary and secondary digestions; the method by which the digested aliment finds its way into the blood; and the specific purpose which is answered by and through the application of foods, proximate and elemental. She should be rendered fully conversant with the different changes of food that are required for the digestive process in different periods of life; the extent to which the digestive powers should be taxed in infancy, childhood, adolescence, maturity, first and second decline, and old age. She should be made aware what substances, taken as food, are of real and what of spurious quality. She should be taught the relationship which solid foods hold to fluid foods or drinks. She should be told what drinks are foods, and she should specially understand what are the particular foods required for the young during the periods of active growth. In illustration of the value of this last named information, it may be stated that if women only knew what foods were requisite to feed the skeleton or bony framework of the living body while that skeleton is in the course of growth, and if she would act upon her knowledge, as she almost certainly would if she possessed it, there would hardly be one deformed child left in the land in two or three generations. Rickets, with all its attendant miseries of bowed legs, crooked spines, and humped backs, would pass away as if by the spell of an invisible enchantress.

After the understanding of the digestive system, the woman should learn the principal facts relating to the circulation of the blood, the organs of the circulation, the heart, the arteries, the capillaries, the veins, and the blood itself. She should know completely the mechanical construction of the heart, its coverings, its cavities, its lining, its valves, and the uses of the parts. She should understand the work of the heart; how it rests when the body reclines; how easily its daily tonnage of work can be increased by perfectly unnecessary

strains and stimulations, until a day and a quarter of its hard work compressed into one day, a fourth of the vital spring of the organ for that day is lost for good, as so much taken from the sum total of life. She should know how the heart is sympathetically moved in its action, and may be weak or strong, regular or irregular, calm or excitable, by the influence of external impressions which, in passing, may seem nothing and yet be everything. She should learn that in early days the whole after life may be shaped, I may say, by the tone that is given to the heart, and that whether in its pilgrimage a Faint-heart or a Greatheart shall occupy the stage on which a young life is to enter may turn absolutely on this one educational feat, the skill of the trainer of that susceptible mechanism, the human heart, while yet it is susceptible, fashionable and undetermined.

Nor should she, in respect to the healthy organism, be less informed concerning that breath of life which is ever being breathed into the living thing by the Eternal Chemist whose constructions and resolutions are the motions, visible and invisible, of his eternal universe. The complete structure of those breathing lungs should be as plain before her as the outward form of the things she knows best. The course of the blood, like a curve from one side of the heart to its other side, through the maze of spongy lung-tissue, should be easily traced. The expansion of the six hundred millions of little vesicles of the lungs which the air inflates that it may, over so vast a surface, expose itself to the circulatory blood in its rapid passage through the vesicles; the change that takes place in the blood during the passage; the gas that is robbed from the air by the lungs; the gas that is given up to the air by the lungs; the changes in the colour and character of the blood that attend these processes; the course of the changed blood, bearing its vital air, or oxygen, in myriads of tiny cells, through the arteries to the body at large; the spreading out of this blood over the vast sheet of minute vessels which make up the vital expanse, the vital furnace, the vital foundry of the body; the consumption of vital air there; the unloading of new material or pabulum there; the removal of old and effete structure there; and the recharge of the blood with the gaseous products of animal combustion there;—these things ought to be as familiar to the mind of our scholar as the commonest things in life; the letting in of air to feed the fire, the entrance of the servant with coals, the burning of the fire in the grate, the use of the fire for various domestic purposes, the opening of the ventilator to allow the smoke to ascend the chimney, and the removal of the ashes and débris that more new fuel may be supplied to keep the fire alive.

Equally clear to her should be the leading facts bearing on that receptive system of the body into which the external universe transports itself; and from which, in reflex response, the acts of life, the expressions, the movements, the thoughts, return in wave-like repetition back again, to become themselves external phenomena, linked, as such, with all the visible universe. Those nervous centres, locked up in the

skull and spinal cord, to receive and retain and remit; those doubly-acting nervous cords, bearing the impressions to the centres and bringing them back again; those exquisite nerves, so finely set and balanced and distributed for play of reason and volition; and those other sympathetic nervous centres in the trunk of the body, allied to the viscera which they serve, and governing the automatic motions on which the volition has but indirect control,—centres of emotional and what is commonly understood as instinctive faculties,—these parts, these systems, all, in respect to general function and vital value, should be as familiar as the course of the sun, from which, in essence, they spring. And with these nervous organisms the fields of the senses, too, should be made clear; the outline of the plan of an organ of sense being as simply comprehended as the plan of a camera or other well-known human instrument.

Let me interpose one practical illustration here of the value of knowledge bearing on the organs of the senses. Recall how many young people and middle-aged people are going about in spectacles, unable to see any object with the naked eye that is not uncomfortably near! Recall how many of these have also their back distorted! Why this strange combination of deformity? Mr. Liebreich has told us. The greater part of it is induced while acquiring the art of writing. When the body is still being formed and is unconsolidated, the child is permitted to sit with the chest and back bent forward, and with the eyes close to the paper. Thus the natural refraction of the lenses of the eyeball is permanently perverted; the parallel rays of light are brought to a focus before they reach the retina, and there is produced the deformity of *short sight*, for the correction of which an artificial lens or glass is required. At the same time the back, abnormally bent, retains its abnormality, and short-sight and curved spine go together, twin defects of one error which ignorance of the simplest principles permits the devoted and affectionate parent to overlook, as it were a necessary and therefore irrepressible and irremediable evil. Let us suppose that the women of our country were trained to a knowledge of the first and elementary truths about visual function, and is it not all but certain that another deformity would in a generation become virtually a physical misdemeanour of the past?

To the knowledge of nervous function it would be advisable to add to the store of elementary principles a few facts respecting the glandular system of the body; that system of organs which produces digestive and other active secretions, the saliva, the bile, the pancreatic juice; which absorbs the food; which takes up and, as it were, drains the tissues and eliminates those fluids and excretions by which the effete and useless animal material is removed from the body.

Of those little fleshy engines which clothe the skeleton, which are the active organs in animal motion, and which, impelled and directed by the nervous system, are the active workers, the night and day labourers of the body, the muscles, the woman should learn the

structure. She should also be made aware of the advantages of so training the muscles to work that they shall be daily exercised, shall not be subjected to overstrain, shall be equally subjected as far as possible to healthful labour, and, by good and simple and systematic culture, shall form that external build of man and woman which the classic ancients of the classic age would accept as the model of the most powerful, symmetrical, and beautiful of the types of the genus *homo*.

And of the bony skeleton, on which the muscular engines are laid, the passive framework and levers of the engine, she should gather enough information to be conversant with its outlines of form, its joints, and its chemical construction. She should ascertain from her teacher that the bone, made up of two parts,—an organic gelatinous part for shape and basis of support, and an earthy part for strength and durability,—cannot be supplied with material for construction in unequal portions without yielding a deformed skeleton. That, deprived of its organic gelatinous part, it will become brittle and easily fractured; that, deprived of its earthy part, it will be distorted, bent under the weight of the body, and yield bended limb, crooked spine, and diminutive form as the result of this one and serious deprivation of constructive material. The educated woman who had seen the exquisite build and symmetry of the skeleton; who had taken measurement of the cavities in which such vital organs as the lungs and heart are placed; who had fixed in her mind's eye the graceful curve of the spinal column; who had gathered the main facts about the sustaining parts of the skeleton; would, moreover, collect from the physical demonstration a series of inferences which would make her turn pale with dread and disgust whenever she detected one of her foolish sisters strangling her body in tight corset and murderous belt, to make it hideous as well as useless, or intent on destroying the perfect arch of the foot in a contracted foot-vice elevated on a peg top.

Lastly, the woman should attain so much instruction in reference to the membranous expanses of the body as to know them also. She should study with special care that extended membranous expanse, so sensitive to external influences of heat and cold, the skin. She should learn how this is a breathing surface, giving up from its myriads of little sweat-glands volumes of invisible water-vapour and gases, which, left in the body, must either be expelled by the lungs or remain to dull the sensorium and reduce physical activity. She should learn the necessity of keeping the surface of the skin in perfect cleanliness and condition for work, so that the bath, seen to be more than a luxury, should be considered as one of the necessities of the daily life, like a daily meal of cleanly substance.

The living house thus learned, the sanitarian helpmate for man should be tempted to study, until she completely mastered it, the mysterious construction of that deadly-lively domicile, which until

lately the architect and builder have pitchforked into street and square with facile and contented wisdom of wigwam descent. She would require here, like Madam Ischomachus, to grasp all the details, with as much precision as the old Phœnician merchant, or as the modern yachtsman, who knows the details of his immaculate craft so well, that even in storm, hurricane, or fire, all his resources are ready at hand. She would require in these days to know this and something more. She would have to learn how the immaculate house is provided in every room with at least moderate ventilation. She would proceed to find out how, most effectively and economically, she can maintain in the varying seasons an even and equable temperature. She would aim to consider in what way she could keep the air of the house free of that most objectionable of mischiefs, dust. She would demand to have marked for her on a map or plan the precise position of every drain-pipe in the establishment, and would insist, with intelligent skill, on having every drain kept as systematically clean as the china in the housemaid's cupboard, or the metal covers that make so many bright and effective objects over the dresser of the well-arranged kitchen. She would see, not trusting to the mere word of anyone, that those drains were properly ventilated, so that sewer air could never enter the domain except as a burglar might enter by special skill and violence, against which there is no absolute protection. She would learn enough of the chemistry of water to enable her to determine with as much facility as she could tell when a looking-glass is clear enough to reflect back, without fault, the image of her face, whether a water was wholesome and drinkable; and she would acquire a sufficient amount of skill to direct how an impure water might be purified and made safe for her and hers to drink and to use for all domestic requirements. She would see that sunlight found its way as freely as is possible into every apartment. She would see that damp had no place in any apartment. She would insist that where any living thing that ought not to be present in a house exists in it, that house is unclean, and in some way uninhabitable for health; since health will not abide with anything that is uncleanly. She would see to the annual purification of the dwelling as though a Passover were still a universal belief and practice. She would make the very act of cleaning and cleansing clean; she would make the very places for cleaning and cleansing,—the scullery, the landing, the bath-room, the laundry,—the cynosures of the household.

In the art of perfecting health, the educated woman should bring her best energies to understand the selection, the purification, the preparation, and the administration of foods and drinks. I have shown from striking examples how, by a simple application of knowledge, she might prevent two great national disfigurements and disgraces of ignorance. She might go far beyond that advan· ment, great as it is. As she would keep seeds of pestilence fr

her fold, or vulgar poisons that kill outright and which proclaim at once, with loud voice, 'accident, disease and murder,' so would she do her best to keep out those refined and subtle poisons which, in and under the name of strong drinks, bring silently more accident, more disease, and more murder into this inscrutable world than all the other poisons put together, unlicensed though they be, and so little liked by the exciseman that he would fly them any distance, the de'il himself in company, rather than so much as touch them with his divining rod.

I think, too, that in regard to foods an intelligent study, based on knowledge of the natures and uses of foods, would enable her not merely to carry out the best selections and preparations now known, but would lead her to introduce certain new and much improved methods of feeding. That she would acquire a thorough knowledge of the best art of cookery, I take for granted; that she would acquire a good knowledge in choosing foods in season, I take for granted; that she would become an adept in detecting actual wholesome from actual unwholesome foods, I take for granted; that she would find out what foods are most suitable for persons of different age and constitution, I take for granted; and that she would distribute food with well-balanced hand, neither feeding over-indulgently nor parsimoniously, that also I take for granted. But I expect she would learn to do more than all these things in relation to food, and would help, perhaps lead, in a work of the future that is in the truest sense universal in its objects. She would be able better than anyone to put to the test of experience whether it is good or necessary to go to the living animal creation at all for human food. I do not wish to introduce any false sentiment into this question. It is unnecessary for me to say that every cultivated mind revolts at the sight of the shambles and involuntarily shudders when the veil is lifted which conceals the processes through which the animalised meal passes before it reaches the table. More to the point is it for me to wish to know whether it is philosophical, that is to say, truly physiological, to go to the inert and dead to get the best sustainment for the quick and the living. I am in doubt. It does not seem to me that man is constructed to be a carnivorous animal. It does not seem clear, putting the anatomical argument altogether aside, that it can be good to go to the secondary sources of supply for our food when nature bountifully presents them to us from her prime source. It does not seem reasonable that we should employ millions of living laboratories for our daily food, and take the risks of disease which they in endless forms produce and propagate for us, when we can get all that is necessary without the chance of such production and of such propagation. It does not seem certain, when we know that the vegetable world is the original source of every particle of living food and that carnivorous animals have to depend on the herbivorous for their supplies,—so that carnivorous feeding is an anomalous rather than a basic principle of nature,—it does not, I

repeat, knowing these things, seem certain that the cost of the support of the living laboratories is justifiable on any ground except the extravagant process of making work that work may be at hand and employment procurable. In old and barbarous times, when implements were few and animals were plentiful, it is easy to see why men should feed by hunting and by slaying; and it is also easy to understand why in a becalmed sea a vigilant captain should set his restless crew to the useless employment of polishing an anchor. It is not so easy to see why in this day, when the great question of peace is food, cheap food, good food, healthy food, and when means for endless, refined and ennobling employments are open, we should maintain the practices of a barbaric era. Still it must be confessed to be a point for doubt whether the secondary supplies of food for man, derived from the animal world, are or are not necessary, and that doubt it is in the *rôle* of the educated woman to solve. Her discernment, properly and eagerly directed, would soon settle whether those about her were injured or benefited by an exclusive vegetable and fruit diet. The very timorousness which Xenophon describes would make her studies the more watchful and her experiences the more definite.

However she might solve this grand enigma, sure I am that in watching carefully over food and feeding the educated woman would quickly discover a world of facts that would be of unspeakable value. It has been one of the endeavours of my life to show that we living men and women make, in our own corporeal structures, a refined atmosphere, which I have called a nervous atmosphere, or ether: an atmosphere which present in due tension distinguishes life: which absorbed or condensed distinguishes death: an atmosphere through which the external world vibrates and pierces us to the soul: an atmosphere which, pure and clear, brings us peace and power, and judgment and joy: an atmosphere which, impure and clouded, brings us unrest, and weakness, and instability, and misery. A physical atmosphere, lying intermediate to the physical and metaphysical life, and which our great colleague, William Crookes, might call radiant.

That atmosphere, serene or troublous, light or gross, bright or gloomy, we make in ourselves, not from ourselves, but from what we take into ourselves and transmute there. We make it from foods and drinks, and as we make it it makes us. Go into the wards of a lunatic asylum and notice amongst the most troubled sufferers the odour of the gases and the vapours emitted by their skin and their breath. That odour is from their internal atmosphere, their nervous ethereal emanation. They are mad: mad, we say, up to suicide or murder or any criminal folly. Can it be otherwise? They have secreted the cause of the madness; they are filled with it; it exhales from them. Catch it, condense it, imbibe it, and in like manner it would madden anyone! In one experiment of mine I have shown that a common product, a food if we like to call it so, a thing that can be made from food stuff, an alcohol, will by its mere artificial temporary diffusion through the healthy body bring on, for the ti

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disease should be diligently acquired, and the management of the sick room should be systematically learned. The woman should know everything about registering the temperature of the sick room and the degree of humidity; the mode of ventilation; the different special methods of feeding, washing, and changing the sick; and the most efficient means of disinfecting, and of removing or destroying the poisons of the communicable diseases. How, in this way, the woman could help the physician, none but the physician can understand. I have said many times, and, on the principle that—

> Truth can never be confirmed enough,
> Though doubt should ever sleep—

I declare it again, that if, in the management and treatment of any of the acute and of many of the chronic diseases, there was given me, in this climate, absolute control of the fire and the window of the sick room, I could determine the course of the illness. As many as pleased of my learned brethren might come and go, and consult and prescribe; let me have exclusive right to those two influences, the fire and the window, and the fate of the sick man would be in my hands, the best other efforts all but void and vain. How vital, therefore, the position of the woman, educated to sanitary work, in the sick room! What an aid to the physician! And not to the sick alone should this systematic care of the woman be directed. It should extend, more carefully than it has ever yet done, to the very young; to those who are in the first weeks and months of life, so that they be saved pains and impressions, which received and registered, if not remembered, may be penalties of after days. I conceive, in fact, there is no department of practice more neglected, in respect to principles, than the management of offspring in earliest youth. Love there is plenty of; admiration unbounded; rational systematic training the poorest that can be described.

Let me be content to point out but one more lesson for the modern edition of Madam the wife of Ischomachus. She should have, in addition to instruction on the points above named, a good training also on certain subjects which refer to mental as well as physical education, and to qualities which lie somewhat out of the way of what is purely physical, and which yet obscurely lean towards it. In these directions she should understand the little appreciated study of temperaments,—the nervous, the bilious, the sanguine, and the lymphatic. She should study the combinations of these, and she should observe how temperament influences health, taste, activity and disease. From this she would learn how different natures would intermix in work or play, and what work, what play would suit the nature. The sanguine child, ruddy and ready, with blue eyes, red hair, strong muscle, quick movement, restless limb, she may set to study at books while she curbs exercise, with no fear that books will kill, for that child will outlive any book. The bilio

child with dark eyes, dark skin, black hair, stolid expression, thoughtful brow, she will not set to the study of books as the work of life, for now books may kill while physical exercise may save, but will never be carried, voluntarily, to injury. The nervous child with fair skin, light hair, blue eyes, quick but feeble movement, timid glance, yet perhaps unbounded ambition, she will spirit gently; will balance between physical and mental labour; will apportion to it excess of neither, and will never urge unduly to any effort. The lymphatic child, large of body, pale, with grey or blue eyes, brown hair, shambling step, watery lip and slow determination, she will rouse to action both physical and mental, with the full assurance that neither effort will do anything but good.

Beyond the study of the temperaments and the special dangers connected with them, she should devote her mind to the consideration of what the learned D'Espiné has designated the mental contagions. She should study emotional contagion with special care, and on one emotion, that of fear, she should keep an ever watchful observation, because she will discover it to be the most common and disastrous of all contagions. She will never excite it for a moment by story of superstition or dread. She will never suggest it. To tell a fainting or feeble person, 'you look weak, you look pale,' is, as she will learn, to add weakness to weakness, pallor to pallor, and ashes to ashes. She will lift up, disperse moral contagions wherever they are found; isolate the susceptible to them, as far as is possible, from the centres of them; and through the windows of the mind let nothing pass but the sunshine of mirth and strength and beauty.

Finally, in physical psychological training there would stand out for her contemplation, and for action founded upon it, one more subject, that marvel of the marvellous in living phenomena, heredity of type and action, extending to health, and extending, alas! to disease in its deepest foundations. A little aid from books of learned men —of *the* learned man of this branch of knowledge, especially: you know I can only mean Darwin—would help the scholar much; but the aid she will soon be led to find in the yet higher authority of nature will help her most. She will see the progressions from good to good, and even, though fortunately with decreasing ratio, from evil to evil. She will see the conquest of death as a natural conquest over evil, and being now in the groove of nature, she will detect how she may availingly help nature. One effort here as a sanitarian will call forth all her powers. She will stand to resist with her full persuasive might that process which I have elsewhere called the intermarriage of disease. She will tell her sisters what that terrible process means. She will tell them that the union of diseased heredities in marriage means the continuance of the heredity as certainly as that two and two make four; that madness, consumption, cancer, scrofula, yes, and certain of the contagious diseases too, may be perpetuated from the altar; and that the first responsibilities of parents towards the

offspring they expect, ought to be, not how to provide for wealth and position, over which they have no control, but for that preliminary healthy parentage which is the foundation of health, and without which position and wealth are shadowy legacies indeed. Delicate ground, it may be said. I admit the fact. But in a world in which those who study the living and the dead most carefully rarely see a man or woman hereditarily free from disease, even this ground must be entered upon by the enlightened scholar. I touch on it here for the best of all reasons, that the subject it includes, affecting deeply the human heart in its sympathies and affections, is one on which the influence of woman, the arbitress of the natures that are to be, is all potent for good or for evil.

To know the first principles of animal physics and life; to learn the house and its perfect management; to learn the simpler problems relating to the fatal diseases; to ordain the training of the young; to grasp the elements of the three psycho-physical problems,—the human temperaments, the moral contagions with their preventions, and the heredities of disease with their preventions,—these, in all respect and earnestness, I set forth as the heads of the educational programme for our modern woman in her sphere of life and duty. Let these studies be hers, and once more may be applied to her the promise of that wisest of men with whose words I opened this discourse:—'She shall rejoice in time to come. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.' And,—sun and sum of all hopes, ambitions, happiness!—'Her children shall rise up and call her blessed.'

The Bugle.

From the French of Paul Déroulède.

THE air is keen, the line is long,
The quick advance rings clear and strong,
The Zouave column chaunts the prayer:
The solemn wood that crowns the hill
Looks down and listens, silent, still—
And Prussians wait us there.

Our Bugle is a battle-bird,
That din of many a flight has heard
Midst shot, and smoke, and fire, and flame,
He flits and wheels with cheerful call,
To rally round when comrades fall—
Brave bird no foe can tame!

Another order! hark the tone!
Oh, never bolder bird was known!
'Tis 'death or glory' once again:
Your breath of passion stirs the soul,
And courage rises to the goal,
Where foes too long have lain.

We charge at double, shout, and climb
To where the bullets bide their time.
Ah! now the Prussian sniders speak:
We close in ranks, and now the cry—
'Advance with bayonet, do or die!'
The wood is gained with Zouave-shriek.

A rush, a pause—our Bugle struck!
A moment only—Zouave pluck
Gives never in to aught but death.
Then, sounding high 'mid strife and cheer,
Unconquered notes, and always near,
The Bugle breathes its passion-breath.

And though with breath the red blood glows,
Yet blast on blast the Bugle blows;
His hand clenched round with iron will;
He puts off death some paces yet,
And pressing back each foeman met,
The brave old Bugle leads us still.

Ah! there upon the turf at last
He lies, but still the Bugle-blast
  Rings shrill from blood-stained lips that press
Disdaining, stretched on gory ground,
Guarding his Bugle—still the sound
  Wells forth, and urges none the less!

And now, upon his elbow leant,
He sees the Zouaves backward bent
  On ground where all his blood has run.
Then—not till then—the Bugle stops:
His task is done—he bends, he drops:
  Defeat in death—death nobly won.

J. D. Hoppus.

An English Rural Walk.

'The friendly smiling English landscape—is there anything in the world like it?'
VANITY FAIR.

As every kind of scenery has not only its own features but likewise its own peculiar expression, so I should say that the predominant expression of English rural scenery, apart from its wilder and more romantic aspects, such as are presented by Devonshire, Derbyshire, or the North, is what I may be allowed to call, perhaps, the domestic picturesque. It always seems to speak of home and home pleasures and home comforts: surrounded by the quiet beauty of coppice, hedgerow and cornfield, brook and meadow, of which the moral effect is greater even than the pictorial. Great changes, however, have taken place in the heart of rustic England within the last thirty or even the last twenty years. Agricultural improvements, combined with agricultural discontent, have robbed it of many of its charms. But enough remain to make it a pleasant recreation to commit some of them to paper, notwithstanding the jar to old associations which the contrast with the past inflicts.

Thirty years ago, I think, the face of the country could not have materially differed from what it was in the days of Mr. Poyser. Twenty years ago the change had begun, but it had not proceeded very far; and there are places even now where it is barely if at all visible. But, generally speaking, one finds the luxuriance of the old landscape severely chastised by the spirit of utility and the necessity of making as much as possible out of every inch of ground which the farmer has under cultivation. The first beautiful object in an English landscape to suffer by the hand of progress was the old-fashioned hedgerow. Let us take the train from town and, getting out at any little village station, some forty or fifty miles away, strike into the first tempting-looking footpath which offers itself, and we are nearly sure to have a charming walk; but we shall be able to see for ourselves that much has disappeared which in the Saturnian age of country life would have enhanced its charms. Old footpaths are to me always peculiarly suggestive; and I never see one from the window of a railway carriage without longing to explore it. There it goes crinkling along through the standing corn, then at right angles by the wood side, and out again at the corner into a newly mown meadow, where we see in imagination the old-fashioned foot-bridge over the brook, consisting of a single plank with the branch of a willow-tree bent down to serve as a rail; beyond this we picture to ourselves a slight ascent on the other side of which nestles some snug old village with its half-dozen farms, its grey church tower, and its ivy-covered parsonage, the temptation sometimes to get out at the first opportunity, and make our way back to this particular stile, is

nearly irresistible. Suppose we do so then on paper, and ramble back over a few of the scenes with which I myself am well acquainted, noting the changes which time has wrought in them—not, alas! with his sickle, but with something far less primitive and far less merciful.

Let us step out at the sash-window of the old red brick parsonage, covered with moss and lichens, and showing well against its rich green lawn, and crossing the village road pursue the little path that leads up to the parish church. At one corner of this we find a stile which takes us over a small grass field, shaded by a clump of fine elms, into the village allotment, and so up a gentle ascent and past a narrow copse of oak and larch till we reach the top of the slope, whence, on looking back, we see the village at our feet. Nothing can be prettier. The stackyards of the old farms lying open towards the hill, a few cottages just visible through the apple trees; on the left the church spire; on the right, in the middle, a corner of the old red house; and beyond that again a yellow stone bridge thrown across a narrow stream: the whole landscape interspersed with timber of the finest growth, with gardens and with orchards—'a home of ancient peace.' Yet is it not as it once was. Suddenly on the other side of the bridge appear thick puffs of smoke, and a train from London rushes by. I look beyond it on to the hill which rises up abruptly on the other side of the village, and I see only a bare expanse of stubbles, with hardly a tree or a hedgerow to relieve it, while in the near distance stands a stark, staring new stuccoed villa, which some retired tradesman has been Goth enough to build there. I hope he may still live to be ruined by co-operative stores! Here we are then brought face to face with the ancient and the modern *rus*. The village, the parsonage, the church, the field on which we now stand girdled with tall hedges of ground-ash and hazel, the old lane underneath almost hidden by the overhanging branches, all speaking of centuries of repose, immobility, and sluggish happiness and contentment. The railroad, the villa, and the bare field beyond, stripped of all superfluous ornament as an athlete is of all superfluous flesh—all speaking of the bustle, the science, and the ambition of modern life. If we turn our backs upon the village and move a little further on, we are struck with similar contrasts. We descend from the little eminence towards a green hollow through which, half ditch, half brook, gurgles a thin streak of clear cold water, which used to lose itself in a small wood, dear alike at one time to the nightingale, the wood-pigeon, and the pheasant. Many a time and oft have I sat by the miniature waterfall which tumbled through the bushes, mixing with the help of it a cooler and more refreshing draught than any in Mr. Sainsbury's shop; turning out my game-bag at the mossy roots of some adjacent oak, and feeling that the oftener I refilled it the more pleasure I gave to the farmers on whose land I shot. For in those old days they rarely took a gun in hand except to scare the crows, and never dreamed of counting the cost of a hare or a rabbit. Alas!

alas! the wood is grubbed up; the pheasant, like Cowper's blackbird, has sought another retreat; the farmers consider it 'due to their position' to shoot when their landlord does not; the old spirit has been banished from its old home; and no more tangled thickets are left for it to revisit. Where I remember two yoke of oxen lazily drawing the plough along the fragrant furrows, a steam-engine is now labouring and groaning, an emblem of the mighty machine progress which groans and labours all round us; while at the same time, unchanged for centuries of centuries, the long gray downs roll away as far as one can see, contemplating, I can fancy, with lofty disdain the puny and transitory works of human generations.

There are several kinds of hedgerows, or at least three, which used to be the delight of my boyhood; but have now either been decapitated or are mostly under sentence of death. There is the hedge peculiar to the country I have last been describing, which consists, as I have said, of ground-ash and hazel, and is cut periodically as woods are. There is also the well-known double hedge, composed of brambles and thorn and underwood of every description, meeting over a broad deep ditch, the very paradise for game of all kinds. And, third, there is the great whitethorn or blackthorn hedge, which is almost peculiar to the midland counties. The first of these makes a fence rather picturesque than efficient, and is useless of course to keep out cattle. Where it shows to its greatest advantage is where it nods to its fellow across one of those deep, narrow lanes which abound in the south-western counties, and are described in White's 'Selborne.' These hedges often meet across the top, and on a hot summer day form the most delightful screen; but as on purely arable farms they certainly seem to serve no purpose, and probably keep the sun from the crops, they are now for the most part kept down to the level of a low stone wall, and all their beauty is gone from them. What is true of this kind of hedge is, *à fortiori*, true of the double hedge, which is fast going the way of all its kindred. But the big thorn hedges of the midland counties still survive, and form a salient feature in the landscape. They consist of whitethorn and blackthorn growing in a thick mass, and impenetrable when in perfection by man or beast. If we turn for the scene of our walk to Northamptonshire or Leicestershire, and with due deference to the unities place it in the month of June or the beginning of July, we shall see these tall tangled walls of thorn and sweet-brier, and honeysuckle and dog-roses in full perfection. We will follow that footpath running down towards the brook, and through the meadows where the mowers are at work, and after a little while we come to a stile, and a plank thrown across a tributary brooklet which trickles over big stones, and underneath the spreading branches of one of these huge hedgerows in which a narrow opening has been cut to admit of the passage of pedestrians we cross over and throw ourselves down in the thick cool grass under the shadow of an elm, with the scent of the meadow-sweet and the rose and the adjoining bean

blossoms combined into the most fragrant of bouquets. The hedge rises up in front of us festooned with the faintly blushing clusters, sometimes perfectly white, and sometimes a deep pink. If we sit on the bank we may be up to the knees in meadow-sweet, and if we are either tired or footsore, let us take off shoes and stockings and dip our feet into the brook. A water-hen steals along the bank with her pretty cluck cluck; a lark rises out of the grass and sings loudly over our heads, while from the meadow we have just quitted come the cheerful voices of the haymakers, and the still more cheerful sound of the whetted scythe. This is what we should have seen twenty years ago; but whether we should see it still is more than doubtful. The mowing machine would probably have replaced the scythe, and the hedge would very likely be cut down. Still the grass and the brook and the bean-field a little further on, and the cool shady spinney through which the path leads to the adjacent village, would all be there as I remember them. And if we cannot as of old find the nest of the greenfinch and the chaffinch in the topmost sprays of the whitethorn almost hidden among the woodbine, we may still find the yellowhammer's or lark's along the grassy bank, and the wood-pigeon's on the fir tree in the spinney, and the warbler's little bed of hay on a thorn branch projecting over the ditch. On the whole there is less change perceptible in the grass districts of England than in the arable. The substitution of the machine for the scythe has indeed robbed them of one of their most charming features. But then this is not universal, though we suppose it will in time become so; neither is the destruction of the hedges so general as it is elsewhere; and a walk through the broad pastures, 'the long gray fields' of Tennyson, and the rich meadows of the Midlands will still present a good deal of the old aspect, such as it wore on that memorable Sunday morning in the year one when Mr. Poyser and his family walked to Hayslope church. I am always very fond of haytime, supposing that we have an ordinary summer, and not one like the last three. It is not so suggestive of the end as harvest is. The trees and fields have not yet lost one shade of their first fresh verdure. The corn is still green or perhaps just beginning to turn, and you feel that the whole glory and fulness of the summer is still before you. The village girls, perhaps the farmer's own daughters, are raking in the hay-field. It is a paradise for the children, who tumble about in the hay and catch sticklebats in the brook. And what can form a prettier picture than the whole group assembled together over their tea—for tea is a great institution in the hay-field—about four or five o'clock in the afternoon? Everything about them is so green and warm and happy. And what a perfect picture of repose is the lad stretched out at full length on the top of the loaded waggon as it rumbles across the meadow, through the pebbly ford, and up the little hill beyond to the neighbouring stackyard. How pleasant at such a season to stroll along the banks of one of these

crooked midland brooks overhung by large willows or ancient thorn bushes, fishing-rod in hand, and to feast one's eyes on such scenes! Many a good perch and roach is to be got out of these quiet holes, often nearly covered with the water-lily, so that you have not more than two or three square feet into which to drop your line; and sticking to the bottom of the bricks and stones which have fallen into the water by the bridge, you will find the most killing of all baits, the bright yellow caddis-worm in his stiff case, who is now a grub, but a little on in the year takes wings and is useless.

But we have loitered too long among the hay; we have still to take our walk among the corn. The sickle, I believe, has disappeared more completely than the scythe, as all partridge-shooters know to their cost. But it is still occasionally to be seen in the more sequestered parts of England. I saw some men reaping wheat with it in Hampshire last August, and of course the peasantry continue to use it for the small patches of corn on their allotments. Generally speaking, however, the machine is now always to be heard clicking round and round the field, and terrifying the hares and rabbits inside the ever narrowing piece of standing corn. As the machine gradually closes in upon them they bolt in all directions, and are easily shot, or even knocked over if the field is large enough and they can be surrounded before getting to the hedge. This is considered great fun by those who participate in it, but it can hardly be called sport. When the corn is cut, however, the old harvest operations go on as before. Barley and oats are still raked together in swathes by girls and women, and Smiler and Poppet and Captain still stand idly by the empty waggon waiting while the men are having their afternoon beer before beginning work again. There is a jocund air about the whole scene on a fine August or September day, a promise of plenty and of comfort; but still you are conscious that what you see is the beginning of the end; that as the tall stalks of wheat are laid level with the ground, so too will the bright green leaves soon fall from the oaks and from the elms; that as the wheat turns to gold the hedges also are slowly but surely turning to a duller hue, premonitory of that sombre aspect which they acquire by the middle of October. The days, too, are shorter, and though you have the harvest moon, the evenings, pleasant as they are, are not so sweet and so fresh as those July evenings when you lingered in the meadows till the thick dew began to rise and the owls began to hoot between the tree-tops. It is the afternoon of the year's life, smiling and genial as the autumn of human life should be, but still not like the morning or the noon, though doubtless you have your compensations. The country perhaps is then, in some respects, even more picturesque than at other times, and as you follow your favourite path between the plantations and the standing shocks, you observe a greater variety of colour than you would have done in June or July. Some of the trees will have got their early autumn tints; the gold of the wheat contrasts beautifully with the green of the meadow; and

where the fields are cleared the filmy stubble glistens in the sun like silk.

Then, too, you have other sights and sounds to glad your heart and eye than midsummer could have afforded you. When the corn is cut, you begin to see more of the hares, and there are few prettier sights than watching them come out to feed, unless, perhaps, it is a covey of partridges following each other in Indian file, as they often do, under a hedge, led by the old birds, and unconscious of all danger. When they stand still, if you are at a little distance, they look just like ninepins, and when they move on again it is with a delicate, graceful, dainty motion which, I fancy, is peculiar to the species. As you turn to go home, however, and make a short cut over the stubbles towards the house, a fine covey gets up under your feet, and gives rise to a train of thought very different from the one you had been indulging in. I hope the day is very far distant when either pheasants and partridges or 'hares and rabbits' shall be eliminated from the pleasures of a country walk, whether with a gun or without it. One does not necessarily want to shoot them any more than you do the bullfinch or the goldfinch who adorns our lanes and woods; and if we have Acts of Parliament for the protection of small birds, why not laws also for the protection of game birds?

I think of late years, however, I have noticed a considerable falling off in the number of hedgerow birds, and this has made another difference between the country walk of to-day and a generation ago. Some people deny that there is any decrease, others attribute it to the bird-catchers, some to the severity of recent winters. But I cannot think that any of these causes are sufficient to account for it. There are no bird-catchers in remote rural districts, and we have had hard winters before. The fact, if it be one, I attribute in some measure to another change which has taken place in English agricultural life. What the machine has done for the scythe and the sickle, it has also done for the good old flail. Milton mentions the whetting of the scythe as among the most cheerful sounds of rural life, but I really do not know whether the thud of the flail is not equally entitled to the compliment. At one time, from November to May, it was hardly ever silent. As you walked or rode by the farmsteads and villages, this comfortable sound always smote upon your ear, suggesting at once visions of the old barn-yard, with the cattle foddered in the middle of it, pigs reposing on the dunghill, and poultry of every description feeding and cackling in every corner. In those days the ricks were only moved by degrees, a barnful at a time, and this had to be threshed out by manual labour before more was taken. This constant conveyance of the corn to the barn left the roadway from one yard to another strewn with grain through all the hardest part of the year, and, besides this, the stacks themselves supplied constant food and shelter to the feathered race. Nor was it only the domestic and familiar sparrow, the impudent tomtit, or the sacred robin, who enjoyed this hospitality. The yellowhammer left

his sedgy banks and ditches. the greenfinch came in from the woods and hedgerows. the chaffinch left the orchard. and sometimes in very severe weather a water-hen would steal up from the pond, and all partake together of the common table there provided for them. Now the whole system is altered. The machine does in the twinkling of an eye what once occupied the whole winter. and the age of litter and waste and sluttish abundance is gone for ever.

It seems to me, also, that in walking through the woods, or through any thickly timbered country. one misses several other live creatures which used to give life and colour. I hardly ever see a woodpecker now, one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, of all our English wild birds, in his splendid suit of crimson and green. His loud harsh cry and his peculiar wavy flight were as familiar to me formerly as the jay or the kestrel. and I can assign no reason for his comparative scarcity at present. Then. again, I doubt whether the squirrel is nearly so abundant as he was. Still, in all their usual haunts, I see more squirrels than woodpeckers. Both are great additions to the beauty of the English country, and when I see either now I always make a mental note of it, as an event to be remembered. The reclamation of much of the rough wild waste-ground which even in the most highly cultivated districts was to be seen a generation back, will not account for the paucity of these two interesting denizens of 'the greenwood tree.' But it does account for the almost total disappearance of the genuine wild pheasant, who was born and bred in spots remote from human habitation, among the dingles and the copse-wood, and the great patches of gorse and thistles and thorn which then covered much of the ground now broken up by the plough, or else converted into pasture. Cover of this kind afforded that really good October shooting which our fore-fathers were privileged to enjoy, and which must have been superior to any kind of sport which the pheasant can afford now. An October walk in those days on the outskirts of some woodland tract, where the wheat stubbles were up to your knees, where every hedge was a thicket, and every angle of a field was sure to be choked up with weeds and undergrowth of some kind, must have been an occasion *cretâ notandus* by every lover of the gun. But October shooting as a general rule is now very poor: the birds have got too wild to be approached, the pheasants are all cooped up in the covers, and the snipe has not yet made his appearance. Snipe-shooting, however has suffered more perhaps than any other kind from the march of agricultural improvement, which, in the particulars I am about to mention, has not been an unmixed benefit. I refer to the improved drainage of the last forty years, and the rapidity with which the water is now carried off the soil into the adjacent watercourses. In former days, after very heavy rain, the wet soaked slowly through the ground finding its way out gradually into the brooks and ditches, and leaving little wet patches all about the meadows and in the furrows of the long pasture fields. To these rotten places, during [illegible] day or two o

a white frost, the snipe flocked by dozens, and once there, would often stay there for a week or two. I have such a field in my eye at the present moment: a large oblong field of seventy or eighty acres in extent, sloping very gradually down to a small brook which divided it at the bottom from some meadows. The furrows ran all the way down, and were often full of short rushes. I remember the time when this was a good place for snipe, but an old keeper has told me that he could remember when it was never dry all through the winter, and when you could shoot in it all day without wanting to go elsewhere. By the time you had got to the bottom of the field snipe had got back again to the top, and so you might go on till it was dark. And this was not in any specially good snipe country, but in a cultivated inland district far removed from the coast or from the fens. Drainage has dried up the furrows, and I have no doubt has increased the value of the field. But the snipe have deserted it; and another result has followed which the drainer perhaps did not quite foresee. The water now rushes through the drains so swiftly and violently that the brook is filled to overflowing almost immediately, and the consequence is a succession of heavy floods in that part of the country before unknown.

> Ruit arduus æther,
> Et pluviâ ingenti sata læta, boumque labores
> Diluit: implentur fossæ, et cava flumina crescunt
> Cum sonitu, fervetque fretis spirantibus æquor.

Whole fields of hay are swept away by these sudden risings, and animals, and sometimes men too. If I owned much grass land in that district I should be tempted to exclaim, I think, sometimes, Give me again my ill-drained field, my snipe, and my security.

These various changes in the aspect of English rural scenery have been accompanied by others in English rural life and society, which, however beneficial they may prove in the long run to future generations, make the country less pleasant than it used to be to that large and frivolous class who, like myself, think only of enjoyment, and are neither philanthropists nor philosophers. The English peasantry have tasted of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and will never be quite the same again. The change may be neither so deep nor so general as some persons would teach us to believe, but undoubtedly a vague idea has crept into the rustic mind that the relations which have existed so long between the gentry, the farmers and the peasantry were not advantageous to the latter, and that the labourer was bound to try to better himself. I have nothing to say here to the political side of this question. I will only say that it is pleasanter when you are out walking to meet with people who seem satisfied and cheerful than with people who do not. At the same time I am not of opinion that the labourer's discontent, as far as it extends, has been produced solely by the Agricultural Union and the emissaries of Mr. Arch. It has, I imagine, l

smouldering for a long time; since the Peace of 1815, indeed. Then began what Lord Beaconsfield calls 'the condition of England question,' and all of us can either remember or have read of agricultural disorders which broke out at intervals during the Regency and the reign of George IV. Then came the new Poor Law, which the labourer never comprehended, and has always considered to be a penal substitute for the old system. A long succession of fine seasons, abundant harvests, and good wages for a time made him forget his grievances. But they were not extinguished, and when Mr. Arch appeared upon the scene were readily resuscitated. At first his demands were moderate and not unreasonable, though it is certain that the English public were much misled for a time as to the average remuneration of an agricultural labourer and his family for a year's work. It was a most unfortunate circumstance, however, that the demand for increased wages came just at the very moment when the prosperous period of agriculture was on the eve of departure, and the disastrous one on the eve of approach. But for that it is probable that the Agricultural Union would by this time have ceased to exist, and that the rural districts would have returned to their normal repose all the better for the temporary protest which had brought the men higher wages without any injury to the masters. However this was not what happened, and the minds of the labourers in those parts of England to which the influence of the Union extended became partially alienated from the gentry and the farmers; the feeling, as is usually the case, outlasting the causes which produced it. Wages and perquisites at the present day are really all that the labourer can ask for. But he has been inoculated with other ideas now, and you see them plainly in the faces of the younger men in every group that you pass in particular counties of England; and even where you do not see it, the consciousness that it exists detracts something from the pleasure of a country walk, causing you to feel that you are not surrounded exclusively by friends. In the summer evenings, when work is over, the younger and the unmarried labourers love to congregate in the village street, where they always have some regular *rendezvous*. The blacksmith's shop is a favourite place with them; or where there are cross roads affording a commanding view of all the approaches to the village; or if there is a bridge quite close, they are very fond of lining that, and leaning over the parapet. They do not seem to talk much on these occasions, but they communicate with each other in some way, and, to judge by their looks, are not unfrequently employed in criticising with some freedom the constituted authorities of the village. Once upon a time when you passed them, most of them would have touched their hats: not out of servility, as is sometimes said—that is absurd—but out of respect, just as you 'cap' a master at a public school, or a don at the University. Now very few will do this, unless you happen to be the clergyman, and for him I must say I see no diminution of respect among the English peasantry. Otherwise they look somewhat sulkily

on the ground as you pass through the ranks, or perhaps turn their faces to the water and whistle—all this time, of course, with their hands thrust deep into their pockets. That is *de rigueur*. There are many parts of England, of course, where their demeanour will be entirely different. But you can never be absolutely certain of not encountering these unpleasant looks, though almost everywhere the older men adhere to the old ways.

But as with the lower, so with the higher: as with the peasantry so with the farmers. They, too, have changed in many counties within our generation far more than their labourers have done; and as the labourers regard themselves, they, in turn, regard their landlords. At present, no doubt, this state of feeling is the exception, and not the rule. But it is almost a toss-up which way the balance ultimately turns, and whether the exceptions shall multiply till they become the rule or not. However that may be, the farmer in almost every case, whether discontented or satisfied, is very different man from his grandfather—smarter, better read, better travelled, and with more refined habits, with all his old hospitality, and little of his former grossness. The old-fashioned man still survives here and there, in drab breeches and gaiters, broad-skirted black coat, and low-crowned broad-brimmed hat, just to make 'Punch's' cartoons not complete anachronisms: but he is rapidly disappearing from English country life, and, what is worse, his home-brewed mild ale, that peculiar luxury to be obtained only at a farmhouse, is disappearing with him. That is another adjunct of my old rural walks which I remember with fondness, and which must now, I fear, be classed with the scythe and the sickle and the flail among the glories of the past. As I write these lines I shut my eyes and see all the scenes I have described spread out before me—the copses and the hedgerows, the meadows and the pastures, the cornfields and the beanfields, the old sheltered footpath, the village bridge, the furzy nook, the church and the vicarage which make up so many a landscape in rural England: not striking us with ecstasy, because we see it so often, but affecting us with a quiet sense of happiness and delight more sweet and more enduring than the warmest rapture.

T. E. Kebbel.

Creeds and Creed-Subscription.

I KNOW, Mr. Editor, that you are interested in the important question of Creed-Subscription, and with your leave I wish to say a few words regarding it chiefly from a point of view very much overlooked. It is generally assumed that the morality of the question is of a simple kind, and that the subscription of a clergyman to be true to the doctrine of the Church which he has entered constitutes an obligation of a similar character to that of a man who has given a plain promise by which he is bound plainly to abide. This is the conventional aspect of the question, and a certain class of minds seem incapable of rising above it, or of understanding the inner and far more complicated nature of the difficulty as it presents itself to another class whom even the most superficial observer must allow have at least a higher capacity of thoughtfulness, if not a plainer sense of veracity.

In the first instance, however, let me clear up one point in favour of the former class as to which I do not think there can be any doubt; and this is the more necessary as this point is directly suggested by the case of Mr. Stopford Brooke, whose withdrawal from the Church of England has been the occasion of bringing to a head once more the discussion of this topic. His case is one of extreme simplicity. Mr. Stopford Brooke avows himself out of harmony, after much painful thinking, with the creeds of the Church of England—especially out of harmony with what he believes to be the central belief of these creeds, the mystery of the Incarnation. The presumption is, although Mr. Stopford Brooke has not definitely said so, that his present state of thought or belief on this subject is the issue of deliberate inquiry undertaken with a view of coming to a final conclusion on a question which can hardly fail to have exercised his mind for many years, probably since he commenced his ministry in the Church of England. We cannot suppose otherwise, or allow ourselves to imagine that the biographer of Frederick Robertson has yielded to the mere temporary force of doubts which must have been often present to his mind. From such doubts at times we cannot well conceive any thoughtful clergyman quite free, or at least any clergyman of the intellectually inquisitive type of either Frederick Robertson or his biographer. Doubt often of a very painful kind clings to live thought in every region of religious inquiry, as a shadow clings to its substance. And it is therefore, we imagine, more than a temporary deepening of the shadow which has caused Mr. Stopford Brooke to strike his ecclesiastical tent, and seek the open of a wider Christian horizon. A long-harboured distrust of the supernatural has issued, on his part, in the rejection of the doctrine of the Incarnation, on evidence which he considers conclusive; and he has therefore

consistently withdrawn from the Church of England which, with the universal Christian Church, asserts this doctrine beyond doubt in its Creeds. There was no alternative open to him in the circumstances. Any clergyman who has come decisively to the conclusion that there is no truth in the Divinity of Jesus as asserted in the Catholic Creeds could have no moral choice but withdrawal from the Church. There can be no argument about duty in such a case. The variance, being conclusively clear to the mind of the clergyman himself, compels him honestly to separation. The morality of such a case seems as plain as possible, and there is no merit in an act absolutely dictated by honesty.

There is another case also in which the morality of action in relation to subscription is equally plain. A man cannot honestly enter a Church whose doctrine he discredits. There can be no excuse for such a step. In short, where the question is one simply between any man's own judgment and conscience, it settles itself without difficulty. No man can honestly profess to believe what he does not believe, or either accept or continue a commission to preach doctrines which he deliberately rejects. All this is so obvious that it seems hardly worth saying.

But anyone who is capable of reflection knows that such cases do not touch the real difficulties which more or less exist in all Churches on the subject of subscription or adhesion to Creeds. Nothing can be more certain than that the mass of clergymen begin their career without any serious hesitation as to the doctrines which they are called upon to believe and preach. Youth is sometimes supposed to be the age of inquiry; but it is really the age of dogmatism. All who have much to do with young men, and especially young clergymen, know this. Students, and not least divinity students, are the most opinionative of creatures. They are always strong and definite in one line or another. It may not be the old orthodox line. On the contrary, it may be some brand-new course of heterodoxy in which they run; but, whatever be their course, they almost never fail to take it with confidence, and to run in it with their mental loins girded. They have few or no hesitations, and this simply because they have little or no experience. They are alive to all sorts of intellectual subtleties, and they will adventure the pathway of challenge against old doctrines with much audacity; but they are little disturbed by doubts in a serious sense, going down to the depths of their hearts, and overwhelming them with perplexity. They are dogmatists of one type or another—young Spurgeons, or young Liddons, or young Broad Churchmen after this or that type. And so they enter upon their several careers, assured that they have found the truth, and that the world will be better for their labours, whatever line they may have chosen.

Nothing, we believe, can be more honest than the adhesion which young clergymen generally give to the doctrines of the Church which they enter. Of course they receive these doctrines rather as

they are current at the time and interpreted by the leaders they respectively follow than as literally stated in the Creeds or Confessions. But they nevertheless receive them without any hesitation, and begin their career with perfect honesty from their own point of view. The suggestion of dishonesty is one which never occurs to them. They are bent on their professional career; the doctrines of their Church, if not free of difficulty, not only present no obstacle, but constitute the main intellectual furniture with which they begin their work. They preach them without distrust. They delight in their argumentative defence. They are all of them, by mere necessity of youth, logicians and apologists rather than thinkers. With most of them Creed-subscription is no real difficulty, however they may wish that its bonds were less stringent than they sometimes are. It is this very innocence of the youthful dogmatist and his willingness to subscribe that have always appeared to me to constitute the main cruelty of some forms of subscription. The innocent are taken unawares, and their minds are set in a dogmatic trap before they know what they are about. It is a frightful responsibility which all Churches more or less incur. But, whatever may be thought of the intelligence of such an adhesion, there can be no question of its honesty. The honesty of an act of this kind is entirely in the intention; and the intention of young clergymen, without any exception, we should fancy, in entering on the office of the ministry, is to preach without reserve the doctrines of their Church as they apprehend them, and to serve it in all things loyally. There cannot be said nowadays to be room for any other intention. The Church is no longer a temptation to mere worldly and intellectual ambition, and there is hardly any profession the motive for entering which can be less open to suspicion. There may or may not be the fervour of Christian zeal, and an apostolical simplicity of aim; there are lower mingling with higher influences in the breasts of most young men, or old men either; but nothing can well be more untrue to fact than to suppose that a young clergyman begins his work with a strained conscience. His conscience is generally as whole as his credence is large in those early days.

But this cheerful strength of early faith in many cases does not last? This is not to be denied. What is known as the Broad Church element in all churches is more or less the expression of a laxer or less confident faith. Real inquiry—the inquiry which goes down both to the depths of one's own heart, and the heart of Christian problems—is not the property of youth, but of ripening years and experience. A clergyman who has kept his mind open to the facts of life, the discoveries of science, the growth and development of ideas in human history, has a constant strain put upon the old beliefs with which he commenced his ministry. It is possible to keep outside of this circle of inquiry, by resolutely shutting the avenues of doubt, and putting away all that is calculated to disturb spiritual confidence. But to a certain class of minds this is impossible. By

their very constitution some minds put out tendrils of sympathy in all directions, and especially in those directions where the thought of their time is moving most freely and actively. Such questions as those of miracles, of the historical character and credibility of many books of the Old Testament and of the Gospels, of the relation of the early Jewish to the Pauline form of Christianity and of the grave problems which underlie this relation, of the growth and development of Christian thought culminating in the Creeds of the early Church, and the consequent value of those Creeds as statements of Divine Truth—the class of minds to which I refer are unable to escape the pressure of such questions. In a time like ours they are as waves of encompassing intellectual air bathing contemporary thought to its very roots, and in moments of spiritual depression surging over it with painful intensity and force.

Not only so, but it must be admitted to be the business more or less of every thoughtful clergyman to handle such questions; to come to some clear understanding regarding them; to ask himself, over and over again, how far the supernatural origin of Christianity commends itself to his rational assent, no less than to his traditionary faith, as the only hypothesis adequate to explain the facts, or how far the statements of the Creeds really represent the truths of revelation. If anything more than another is demanded of a Christian minister, it is the constant study of his Greek Testament, not as a series of texts designed to prove doctrines which had not been formulated when it was written, but as a coherent revelation of Divine data, afterwards set forth in the Creeds. This implies a constant comparison of creed-doctrine with Scripture, and the possibility of discrepancy between the one and the other. It implies, in short, a constant criticism of doctrines once accepted without challenge, because the critical judgment—which is the growth of knowledge and of ripening insight—had not then been born. There are few, indeed, who are able to evade this rationalising process altogether. It is the price of intellectual activity. Nay, it is the price of theological understanding. Those who know nothing of it, and merely accept doctrines because they have been taught them, cannot be said to understand doctrine at all. It does not follow that those who go farthest in this direction turn unfaithfully away from their old beliefs, but these beliefs become changed to them insensibly. They are seen in a different light. They are no longer what they were to those who originally formulated them, or what they seemed in an earlier stage of thought. It is simply impossible, in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century, to see things as they seemed in the seventeenth, or sixteenth, or fourth centuries. Not even the deadest orthodoxy can quite do this. The minds of the class I speak of necessarily see all things, even Divine things, in a very different light as the power of inquiry grows within them, and the vision of knowledge enlarges.

Now what is to be done with clergymen of this class? They are free, of course, to leave the Church; there can be no doubt of their

duty to leave it, as we have already said, when they have made it clear to themselves that the inheritance of the Church can no longer be honestly accepted by them. What we feel we cannot keep honestly we must abandon. But the clergymen we have supposed not only do not feel conscientiously called upon to leave the Church, but all their study and thought, while bringing them at times much spiritual disquiet and mental unrest, have only served to deepen their interest in the Church and in its doctrines. To them, indeed, the theological questions to which they have devoted themselves are far more vital and far more a source of quickening activity than they are to others, who accept doctrines always because they have once accepted them, and then closed the door of inquiry upon them for ever. The great Christian ideas are not only not rejected by them, but have entered into the substance both of their intellectual and practical life. They retain the inner meaning of all Divine truths the more heartily, because they no longer confound them with their traditionary expression, but see everywhere the living current moving behind the scholastic embankment. The late Mr. Maurice and Canon Kingsley, and two men greater still—of a higher theological type—Dean Milman and Bishop Thirlwall, were examples of such clergymen—to speak only of past names. Were these men less Christian, nay, less Anglican, because of their intellectual, or even their doctrinal, restlessness? Are men of this class, who remain in the Church of England, less conscientious than those who leave it? We cannot think so; and no one has a right to say that they are so. They may have chosen the higher part in remaining where they are. It is impossible to doubt, from their own point of view, that they have acted with equal conscientiousness. The Church is to them far more than the Thirty-nine Articles or the Athanasian Creed; and in leaving it—as the home of their lifelong spiritual culture—as the Church of the Fathers whom they revere all the more that they do not receive their dicta without criticism—they would do far more violence to their conscience than they do by remaining. Besides, what would become of the Church if such men were to leave it whenever their researches bring some measure of doubt to them on this or that point of doctrine, or of traditionary history? Intellectual life would die down within it; all that makes the Church more than an evangelical Institute—and it was more than this even in the time of St. Paul—would disappear. It would cease to be a school of thought, or to hold its own in the intellectual world at all. It would in fact become, what it is now sometimes called, a mere sect, without either spiritual or intellectual dignity. This is the inevitable tendency of all Creed-stringency, as we see before our eyes in the mental no less than the spiritual compression which all sects undergo, tightening their Creed-strings till they strangle all freedom of development.

It is plain, therefore, that the question of subscription is not a plain question. It is not so even on the narrowest interpretation of the terms of subscription. All that the entrant to the Church of

England 'declares' is that 'he assents to the Thirty-nine Articles,' and 'believes the doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God.' Even the entrant to the Scotch National Church, whose dogmatic requirements are understood to be so much more rigid than those of the Church of England, is only legally required to 'subscribe the Confession of Faith, declaring the same to be the confession of his faith, and that he owns the doctrine therein contained to be the true doctrine.' The use of the expression 'doctrine' instead of 'doctrines' in both cases is highly significant. It was designed to be so at the time, and is still more so in the light of modern thought and criticism. The 'doctrine' is the line or system of Christian truth embodied in the Thirty-nine Articles and the Westminster Confession of Faith respectively. It is clearly meant to indicate that *belief* attaches to this, and not to the several propositions which make up the one or the other—some of which—in the case of the Confession of Faith many of which—are not of the nature of 'doctrine' at all. It is really, therefore, the 'sum and substance' of Christian faith which they contain, and not the propositional details of either document, to which the clerical entrant is committed. And there is no lack of logic in saying that the substantial creed of the one Church or the other—it is really the same in both, as is known to every student of Christian thought—may be held, while details in both documents are rejected or placed aside, as in no way entering into the 'doctrine' or Creed of either Church, properly so called. It is no halting logic, but the highest sense, in such a case to say that the 'whole' may be admitted and yet parts rejected; because the 'whole' is not commensurate with the parts. The whole is the ideal sum of doctrine lying within the document, and not a mere agglomeration of all the details of the document; and least of all, such an agglomeration as one mind may make for another out of those details, or even that a majority of subscribers may try to impose upon others.

This has long appeared to me the only feasible view of subscription in either of the National Churches. It is, I believe, the view which every thoughtful mind more or less makes for itself—nay, which every mind which thinks at all must make for itself—for there are statements in the Thirty-nine Articles, and still more in the Confession of Faith, which no intelligent mind can receive without reserve or hesitation. The blindest orthodoxy cannot well maintain, in the light of modern knowledge, that there never was in the Church any doubt of the authority of any of the present so-called canonical books of the Old and New Testaments,[1] or that the world was 'created out of nothing in six days.'[2] These are both details of confessional orthodoxy; but neither of them are of the nature of 'doctrine,' strictly so called. Or, if they are held to be so, then the case of any one class of clergy against another entirely breaks down; for neither

[1] Article VI. [2] *Conf. of Faith*, c. iv.

the one class nor the other—not even those who would wilfully shut out all results of modern knowledge—can receive as true, or profess to believe, what is demonstrably not true.

The question of subscription is therefore reduced to this dilemma. If the terms are taken to mean that the subscriber assents to every detail of the Articles or the Confession, then no one does so. The use of subscription breaks down at the outset, to say nothing of its obvious immorality. If, however, the only rational view be taken that subscription means simply, and never can mean anything more than, a general assent to the 'doctrine' or system of spiritual truth identified with the history of the Church as set forth in its standards, then the ideal side of subscription, once admitted, cannot be restricted. The subscriber is entitled to group for himself ideally the elements of the doctrine which he considers to be the true doctrine of the Church. No doubt he must do this honestly. That can admit of no question. He is self-condemned if he allows any conscious dishonesty to enter into the process. But the grouping is to be his own, and not another's, as he studies the document in all its parts, and honestly tries to read a consistent meaning or 'whole' into it. The subscriber, and he alone, is the judge of his own honesty in all this. The Church has no right—and, we believe, no power—to shut its door against him if he is willing to subscribe. It retains, however, the power of dealing with him, and if necessary extruding him, if he preach false or adverse doctrine. And this is a power that no Church can dispense with. It is essential to its very conception, and necessary to its healthy existence. According to this latter view, therefore, which appears to us to be the only possible view of subscription, the real security for sound doctrine in any Church is not in subscription, whatever be its terms, but in the disciplinary powers of the Church—a view to which we are glad to see the Duke of Argyll gave his thoughtful assent in a remarkable speech some time ago.

The only objection that lies against this view is the encouragement which it is alleged by some to give to unveracity. But there is no room for a charge of unveracity where the verifying power belongs to the subscriber and no one else. The idea of any unveracity in such a case arises entirely from an implied assumption, which is quite unwarrantable, that there is a well-understood sense, other than that of the subscriber's, in which the Creed of the Churches of England or Scotland can alone be accepted. The critic has his own idea of what the Creed of these Churches involves; he identifies his own idea with the traditionary sense of the Creed, and it seems unveracious to him to take it in any other sense. But, first, his idea is merely, like any other, individualistic; it is gathered by the very same process which we suppose the subscriber to have honestly exercised; it is not necessarily identical with the traditionary idea, nor is this latter necessarily consistent with itself. It is impossible that it should be so. The ideas of a Creed change with the changing atmosphere of Christian thought in each age. They are mobile with

the currents of Christian sentiment as they rise and fall; and although all the Creeds of all the Churches were simplified to-morrow—simplified with a view to greater stringency in subscription, which is the remedy of a certain class of minds for modern latitudinarianism—the process of change in any Church towards its Creed would just begin again. The plan of fixing belief as you would fix a seal to a document is a hopeless one, and there never was a time in which it was so hopeless as the present. Every Church that is living, and not dead, is constantly changing its spiritual horizon. There is no unveracity in the mere evolutions of Christian thought. The only unveracity is in personal disloyalty to the truth.

It will be said, and I do not gainsay it, that the effect of this argument is towards the abolition of subscription altogether. It has long appeared to the writer an inept, clumsy, and ensnaring process. There should be free entrance to the Churches, as maintained by Dean Stanley in his recent letter on the Nationalisation of the Church of England. No youth would ever think of entering them who did not feel loyal in his heart to them and their common faith. It is enough that the Church should have the power of excluding any who openly defy its doctrine or corrupt its worship. My own opinion goes this length; and if my argument goes this length also, good and well.

But, meantime, I wished to point out that the existing terms of subscription are not open to the charge made against them by many. They do not determine the Creed for the subscriber (no mere formula of subscription can do this), but leave with him the power of determining, within the limits of a diversified document, the doctrine of the Church to which he gives his adherence. Although the document were changed to-morrow, and the formula changed too, there would still necessarily be the same subjective or ideal element in their interpretation which cannot be taken away. And so long as this remains, there is no room for a charge of unveracity. I have no right to say that another man does not accept a document veraciously because he accepts it a different sense from me. It is his own business, not mine. To his own conscience he stands or falls. No doubt the Church may judge differently from him, and decide with me. And if the Church does so righteously according to its forms, it must have power to protect itself. But withal, to the last, the man may not only have been honest, but may have even judged the 'doctrine' of the Church better than the Church itself.

The conclusion, then, to which I come is that the morality of subscription—save when the moral judgment is taken in hand by the subscriber himself—is not a simple but a very complex question, difficult of decision. The difficulty can least of all be remedied by the substitution of new Creeds for old; first, because the Creed-making power in any creative sense is lost to the Church (it may return, but it certainly does not exist in any Church at the present time); and, secondly, because the Christian intelligence cannot be

fixed in a documentary or literal sense to the Creed of any time. The documentary statement dies with the age which produced it. No power can give it permanent life; while the Christian intelligence is essentially quick, expansive, and advancing in its range. It is not possible, besides, for any Church to remove by a simple act an old Creed and substitute a new one in its stead. In its very decay the old has gone to nourish the ever-growing life of the new; and no wise man or Church would seek to disentangle them. It is the Church which alone remains living, not its documentary and elaborated Creeds, Athanasian or Westminster. These are—and no pretences of belief can make them anything else—worn and more or less vanished echoes of old faith, and not voices speaking from the heart of any Church.

What Churches may do and should do is to simplify to the utmost the bonds of connection between the Church and its servants—the living institution and the living men. The great Creeds are great facts in the history of the Church. The more freely they are studied the more fully they will be understood and appreciated. But they were never designed to bar the gates of the Church or to limit the range of its thought. Modern Christian science for the most part has gone quite outside of them, and is travelling in different directions altogether. Let them stand, but let them not fetter the Christian intellect; and let the clergy, instead of being held in terror by them, be invited to their free historical study. They would become in this way far more powerful sources of Christian enlightenment than they now are.—I am,

A Broad Churchman.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of Verses can be returned.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER 1880.

ENDYMION.[1]

THE author of 'Vivian Grey' and 'Lothair' is again among the novelists. So true is it that our primary instincts continue longest, and that the ruling passion rules to the last. Orator, statesman, and peer, inspired by a love of power which his wonderful career must have keenly gratified, Benjamin Disraeli was from the first inspired by an insatiable thirst of literary fame, no less than of political ambition. 'Fame and power,' as he himself says, 'are the objects of all men, the divinities to which we all offer so many sacrifices;' and no one has more fully verified his own canon of life, or sacrificed more persistently at the altar of both divinities. From 'Vivian Grey,' which appeared in the year 1826, to 'Endymion' is a lifetime; and during all this period the writer has occupied a large share of the world's attention. The youthful desire for distinction, which then burned as a live coal in his heart, has never ceased to move him forward. 'I felt all my energies,' he says in 'Contarini Fleming.' 'I thirsted for action. There seemed to me no achievement of which I was not capable. In imagination I shook thrones and founded empires.' Even such dreams of youthful ambition may be said to have been realised; and now, in his old age, when the fire of his aspiring ardour has burned low, and he has been twice Prime Minister of England, he returns to his earliest love, and in the quiet of Hughenden Manor can find no higher, or at least more pleasant, occupation than writing a new sketch of the social and political life of the country with whose history he must always remain identified. He was a social satirist and novelist before he was either Leader of the Opposition or Prime Minister, and the original instincts which led him to literature, and made him rehearse in dramatic form the ambitions of his career, and the types of political force amidst which it was destined to move, have again asserted their influence, and led him once more to picture—for the entertainment of a new generation—the world of politics and society in which he himself has played so conspicuous a part. It is meet, perhaps, that a

[1] *Endymion*. By the Author of *Lothair*. London: Longmans & Co. 1880.

life which began with literary satire should also close with it, and that the present generation should be reminded that the Lord Beaconsfield of the Berlin Treaty is at the same time a writer of fiction who has a niche—even if it should not ultimately prove one of the highest—in the temple of literary fame, which—no less than the throne of political power—was set before the dazzled vision of his youth.

It is not our present purpose to estimate Lord Beaconsfield's position as a littérateur any more than as a politician. His name is too living, and excites prepossessions too strongly on one side and another, to admit of a calm survey. Nor is it our business now to judge of the value of this his latest production as a novelist, or of the propriety or impropriety, as some may think, of his once more appearing in this capacity. Benjamin Disraeli has never been a student of the proprieties in the conventional sense of the word; and criticism of this kind would be very much thrown away. He has been a rule to himself from first to last; and, whatever others may think of either 'Lothair' or 'Endymion,' as the productions of one who has ruled the British Empire, and stood in the front rank of its political movements, he has, no doubt, had definite motives in both these publications, motives not merely of a private but of a public character. And as thousands read 'Lothair,' so will thousands read 'Endymion,' and criticise it amply for themselves. The success of 'Lothair' was unprecedented. The author himself complacently commemorates the fact that 'it was more extensively read than any work that has appeared for the last half-century.'[2] More a 'lion' now than he was in 1870, the public not only of Great Britain and America, but of the Continent, will peruse with ardent curiosity this new book from his pen. He has never indeed had occasion to complain of public neglect as a writer. As soon as 'Vivian Grey' was published, it was the rage in London drawing-rooms and elsewhere. 'Have you read "Vivian Grey"?' was the general remark; 'we are all in it together. I sent this morning for a key to it.'[3] When 'The Young Duke' appeared, in 1829, it was hardly less popular, and it was not only the triflers of society or the secondary political coteries of the time that were interested by it, but men like Macaulay[4] and the distinguished literary set amidst which he lived. 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil,' in 1844 and 1845, carried his fame as an author to a further height. Three editions of the former were sold in three months, and thousands upon thousands were dispersed in America, and elsewhere abroad. Whatever, therefore, may be the ultimate judgment pronounced upon Lord Beaconsfield's literary works, they have at least always possessed the prime distinction of exciting attention; and, considering all the additional *éclat*

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[2] Preface to *Lothair*.
[3] *Lord Beaconsfield: a Study*, by George Brandes, p. 65.
[4] Macaulay's Life, vol. i. p. 224.

which has gathered around his name during recent years, we may safely predict for 'Endymion' a notoriety excelling even that of his previous works. One of the chief inquiries, no doubt, will be, as with 'Vivian Grey,' 'for a key to it.' And keys will be supplied whether they may fit the wards of its ingenious locks or not. One of the keys to 'Vivian Grey,' in 1829, is said to have run through ten editions!

In the meantime we must be content to give our readers a general description of a book which will soon be in all hands, and eagerly studied, not only by the *clientèle* of the circulating libraries, but by the world at large.

No one could doubt the workmanship of 'Endymion,' even if it had appeared anonymously. It is marked by the same features as all Mr. Disraeli's novels. Unconsciously we use his earlier rather than his later designation in speaking of him as a novelist. It is the name by which he will be remembered in literature, should the higher title supersede it in politics; and even this may be a question. 'Endymion' is a novel of society and of politics, like 'Lothair' and 'Coningsby;' it is twin to 'Lothair,' as may be readily supposed, rather than to any of the productions of his youth. It lacks the sparkle, brilliancy, and vivid if bitter *abandon* of 'Vivian Grey' and the first part of 'Tancred.' But, if more sober and staid in portraiture, and if the pages do not crackle with the same fire of wit and sarcasm, there is still plenty of both; while it is enriched by a deeper vein of experience, and the story, as in 'Lothair,' is more elaborately constructed. It is interesting throughout and bright—if not with the old fire—especially in the first and second volumes. We cannot say that this interest is derived either from the character or career of the hero who has given his name to the book. He is meritorious, but not interesting—a species of hero who has not hitherto attracted our author. Endymion is a model of prudence from the first, endowed of course, like all heroes, or at least all in Mr. Disraeli's novels, with youth and beauty and ambition. But he has none of the gay devilry, or 'pure courage,' of Vivian Grey, nor has he the dreamy and aspiring mysticism of Tancred, nor even the luxurious enthusiasm of Lothair. He has, as his friend and political patron, Mr. Sidney Wilton, says of him, 'good judgment, great industry, a fairly quick perception, little passion, perhaps hardly enough.' He is, in short, a plodding, earnest, calculating idol of society, moved by the slow and well-regulated force of his own ambition, but also moved largely from without,—dragged up the ladder of political ascent as much by the enticements and intrigues of his own sister and Lady Montfort, as by his own impulses. As his sister prophesied would be the case, women are certainly 'his best friends in life.' They make him from first to last; prompt his ambition, encourage him in his despondency, incline to marry him against his will in order to advance his political fortunes; and, finally, one of the most brilliant of them, with whom he had long

been in love, passionately but hopelessly—because she was a wife already—opportunely loses her husband, and is at length able to invite him to share the vacant place which had seemed so far beyond his reach. The scene in which this occurs is one of the most characteristic in the book; with that touch of passion and yet unreality—of splendour suffused by sentiment and yet lowered by worldliness—which pervades the author's novels.

She took him to her house in Carlton Gardens, and showed to him exactly how it was all she wanted; accommodation for a first-rate establishment; and then the reception rooms, few houses in London could compare with them; a gallery and three saloons. Then they descended to the dining-room. 'It is a dining-room, not a banqueting hall,' she said, ... 'but still it is much larger than most dining-rooms in London. But I think this room, at least I hope you do, quite charming,' and she took him to a room almost as large as the dining-room, and looking into the garden. It was fitted up with exquisite taste; calm subdued colouring, with choice marble busts of statesmen, ancient and of our times, but the shelves were empty.

'They are empty,' she said, 'but the volumes to fill them are already collected. Yes,' she added in a tremulous voice, and slightly pressing the arm on which she leant. 'If you will deign to accept it, this is the chamber I have prepared for you.'

'Dearest of women!' and he took her hand.

'Yes,' she murmured, 'help me to realise the dream of my life;' and she touched his forehead with her lips.

But we have greatly anticipated. We must now return and, without sketching the hero's story, or taking off its zest for our readers, endeavour to introduce them to 'Endymion.' The scenes shift swiftly, and the pages are crowded with diversified characters. The father and mother of the hero are the central figures of the first volume. Both are drawn with a discriminating pencil, and there is a pathetic interest in this part which the author seldom reaches, and which touches, as with an under chord of gloom, some of the most brilliant successes in the after part. The hero and the heroine are made to bear the traces of 'the sorrows and troubles of early life.' But, after all, as Endymion's friend assures him, 'there is no education like adversity.'

The story opens with 'a rich, warm night at the beginning of August,' and the emergence of a gentleman enveloped in a cloak, concealing an evening dress, from a club-house at the top of St. James' Street. He descends 'that celebrated eminence,' and, as he does so, encounters a friend with whom he enters into earnest political conversation, dashed with tender reminiscences of old ties which had once bound the friends together. The year is evidently 1827, when Canning, four months after the formation of his Ministry, was lying upon his death-bed. The friends had been separated by the advent of the Canning Ministry. The chief spokesman, Mr. Ferrars, who had been in search of his companion, Sidney Wilton, had adhered to Peel and Wellington, while the latter had gone with Canning,

or 'Chiswick,' as he is also called in the novel. Political estrangement, however, had not alienated the friends; and now that changes were impending there is once more the hope of their acting together. Ferrars has heard privately of the serious character of Canning's illness. 'What I am about to tell you is known only to three persons, and is the most sacred of secrets.' The usual veil of mystery hangs over incidents of political moment. Nothing but friendship could warrant the impartation of such a secret. 'His case is hopeless, and it has been communicated to the King.' 'Hopeless,' says the friend in amazement. 'Rely upon it, it came direct from the cottage to my friend.' It is plain that the political combination which Canning had formed will disappear with the disappearance of its chief, and equally plain to the speaker that the Duke is the only man to fill the post about to be vacant; 'the man of the age, the Saviour of Europe, in the perfection of manhood and with an iron constitution.'

'The salvation of Europe is the affair of a past generation,' said his companion. 'We want something else now. The salvation of England should be the subject rather of our present thoughts.'

'England? when were things more sound? Except the split among our own men, which will now be cured, there is not a cause of disquietude.'

'I have much,' said his friend.

'You never used to have any, Sidney. What extraordinary revelations can have been made to you during three months of office under a semi-Whig Ministry?'

'Your taunt is fair, though it pains me. And I confess to you that when I resolved to follow Canning and join his new allies, I had many a twinge. I was bred in the Tory camp; the Tories put me in Parliament and gave me office; I lived with them and liked them; we dined and voted together, and together pasquinaded our opponents. And yet, after Castlereagh's death, to whom like yourself I was much attached, I had great misgivings as to the position of our party, and the future of the country. I tried to drive them from my mind, and at last took refuge in Canning, who seemed just the man appointed for an age of transition.'

'But a transition to what?'

'Well, his foreign policy was Liberal.'

'The same as the Duke's; the same as poor dear Castlereagh's. Nothing more unjust than the affected belief that there was any difference between them—a ruse of the Whigs to foster discord in our ranks. And as for domestic affairs, no one is stouter against Parliamentary Reform, while he is for the Church and no surrender, though he may make a harmless speech now and then, as many of us do, in favour of the Catholic claims.'

We have given so much of this opening conversation, both as characteristic in itself and as marking the characters of the two men, one of whom, as we have said, is a main figure in the first volume, and the second of whom plays a more or less conspicuous part through all the subsequent incidents of the book. It is not easy to fix the personality of either, and we shall not attempt the task. Traits

are' mixed up as in all the series of novels, so as at once to suggest and confound conjecture; and this, as will be seen afterwards, is particularly the case with Mr. Sidney Wilton, who remains an abiding figure in the story. The elder Ferrars passes away, his high hopes ending in sad collapse. He is a sufficiently definite figure clearly outlined to the close. But we cannot pretend to find his analogue in the parliamentary period which intervened between the accession of the Duke of Wellington's Ministry and the great Reform Ministry which shattered all his dreams of ambition, and drove him into an obscure exile in the country from which he never emerged.

The brief brilliancy of Mr. Ferrars' official career, his great friend Zenobia, 'the Queen of London, of fashion, and the Tory party;' his father—the grandfather of our hero—who had served under Pitt and Grenville, and was exactly the man they liked, 'unwearied, vigilant, clear, and cold; with a dash of natural sarcasm developed by a sharp and sound experience,' but who had never entered the Cabinet 'nor dared to hope to enter;' his wife, who had been 'the beauty of a season, and who, 'without being a regular beauty, had a voluptuous face and form, with a brilliant complexion and large, long-lashed eyes of blue;' their twin children, Myra and Endymion—all are described elaborately in the first volume. So much is made of the parents, their surroundings, their ambitions, social and political, their prospects, their hopes, their fears, that the reader begins to wonder how the novel is to advance, and the son come upon the stage. This is a fault of art, to begin with, which is never sufficiently redeemed. Endymion is never really the chief figure, and to the last he stirs the reader's sympathy languidly in comparison with his sister and some of the other characters. Throughout the most of the first volume he and his twin sister are little more than children, although children of a very marked and splendid type. Here is their first introduction. At a great entertainment given by their father, at which Zenobia and her husband are present, an entertainment of such magnificence that Zenobia's husband 'declared to himself that he never dined so well, though he gave his *chef* 500*l.* a year,' and old Lord Pomeroy, 'who had not yet admitted French wines to his own table,' seemed quite abashed with the number of his wine-glasses and their various colours, and at the succulent dishes, one after another, set before him. With the dessert, and with ceremony, the twins make their appearance—'children of singular beauty, and dressed, if possible, more fancifully and brilliantly than their mamma.'

> They resembled each other, and had the same brilliant complexions, rich chestnut hair, delicately arched brows, and dark blue eyes. Though only eight years of age, a most unchildlike self-possession distinguished them. The expression of their countenances was haughty, disdainful, and supercilious. Their beautiful features seemed quite unimpassioned, and they moved as if they expected everything to yield to them. The girl, whose long ringlets were braided with pearls, was ushered to a seat next to her father, and, like her brother, who was placed by Mrs. Ferrars, was soon

engaged in negligently tasting delicacies, while she seemed apparently unconscious of anyone being present, except when she replied to those who addressed her with a stare and a haughty monosyllable. The boy, in a black velvet jacket with large Spanish buttons of silver filagree, a shirt of lace, and a waistcoat of white satin, replied with reserve, but some condescension, to the good-natured but half-humorous inquiries of the husband of Zenobia.

'And when do you go to school?' asked his lordship in a kind voice and with a laughing eye.

'I shall go to Eton in two years,' replied the child without the slightest emotion, and not withdrawing his attention from the grapes he was tasting, or even looking at his inquirer, 'and then I shall go to Christchurch, and then I shall go into Parliament.'

'Myra,' said an intimate of the family, a handsome private secretary of Mr. Ferrars, to the daughter of the house, as he supplied her plate with some choicest delicacies, 'I hope you have not forgotten your engagement to me which you made at Wimbledon two years ago?'

'What engagement?' she haughtily inquired.

'To marry me.'

'I should not think of marrying anyone who was not in the House of Lords,' she replied, and she shot at him a glance of contempt.

The ladies rose. As they were ascending the stairs, one of them said to Mrs. Ferrars, 'Your son's name is very pretty, but it is very uncommon, is it not?'

''Tis a family name. The first Carey who bore it was a courtier of Charles the First, and we have never since been without it. William wanted our boy to be christened Pomeroy, but I was always resolved, if I ever had a son, that he should be named ENDYMION.'

The political career of Endymion's father antedates Lord Beaconsfield's own entrance into Parliament, but not of course his entrance into London life, and the excitements of early authorship. He had already published 'Vivian Grey,' 'Popanilla,' and 'The Young Duke.' He was in 1828–9 a man of society, well known in London drawing-rooms; like his hero, a favourite with women, and no doubt well versed in all the political intrigues and badinage which he has reproduced. In the interval from 1829 to 1831 he was on his travels abroad, extending to the East; but on his return he was again a favoured inmate of such *salons* as those of Lady Blessington, who may suggest to some the 'Zenobia' of the novel. Here he met young Louis Napoleon and his friend and companion Count de Morny, both of whom are placed on the canvas. The first, indeed, plays a conspicuous part in the story, under the name of Prince Florestan, and then Colonel Albert, and latterly the 'King,' who attains by a bold *ruse* his kingdom, having never ceased, like his prototype, to believe in his destiny. During these early years our author was a keen observer of men and things. *Quicquid agunt homines*, the motto he has given to the novel, was then as always his motto; and there is evidence, in the delineation which he has given us of the society of the time, and the popular as well as official forces moving it, of that keen and shrewd scrutiny of facts for which his writings, in t

midst of all their extravagance and fantasy, are distinguished. He has an eye, often veiled, but still keen, to the realities of modern English life, and the powers stirring below its surface. He sees a breath moving on the face of waters which to others seem to show no tremor. The real interest of much that he has written lies in this power of observation, and an insight, penetrating if sometimes distorted, into the phenomena of social and political movement. So clear-sighted can he be, and so vividly does he picture some aspects of his time—as notably in 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil'—that the reader is left astonished that one who can see so clearly and paint so felicitously, can at the same time indulge in such fantastic combinations of incident, such mistakes of fact, and such exaggeration and even tawdriness of description, as he sometimes does. 'Endymion' is not free from this extravagance. In all that relates to Prince Florestan and his marriage, and again in the vagrant and desultory narrative of the Tournament at Montfort Castle, designed to represent the famous Eglinton folly, there is a bizarre picturesqueness which is often feeble and pompous in its flights. The pen is hardly more than that of a supreme penny-a-liner—as unlike as possible to the incisive weapon with which he draws other scenes on his canvas, and stamps bright or odd features in a few happy touches upon the mind of the reader.

The first and second volumes are particularly full of passages of more or less felicitous description. The following is the manner in which the author paints London society at the beginning of the novel:—

> The great world then, compared with the huge society of the present period, was limited in its proportions, and composed of elements more refined though far less various. It consisted mainly of the great landed aristocracy, who had quite absorbed the nabobs of India, and had nearly appropriated the huge West Indian fortunes. Occasionally, an eminent banker or merchant invested a large portion of his accumulations in land, and in the purchase of parliamentary influence, and was in time duly admitted into the sanctuary. But those vast and successful invasions of society by new classes which have since occurred, though impending, had not yet commenced. The manufacturers, the railway kings, the colossal contractors, the discoverers of nuggets, had not yet found their place in society and the senate. There were then, perhaps, more great houses open than at the present day, but there were very few little ones. The necessity of providing regular occasions for the assembling of the miscellaneous world of fashion led to the institution of Almack's, which died out in the advent of the new system of society, and in the fierce competition of its inexhaustible private entertainments.
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> The season then was brilliant and sustained, but it was not hurried. People did not go to various parties on the same night. They remained where they were assembled, and, not being in a hurry, were more agreeable than they are at the present day. Conversation was more cultivated; manners, though unconstrained, were more stately; and the world, being limited, knew itself much better. On the other hand, the sympathies of society were more contracted than they are at present. The pressure of

population had not opened the heart of man. The world attended to its poor in its country parishes, and subscribed and danced for the Spitalfields weavers when their normal distress had overflowed, but their knowledge of the people did not exceed these bounds, and the people knew very little more about themselves. They were only half born.

The description of the English Church at the same period is equally true and spirited :—

The English Church had no competent leaders among the clergy. The spirit that has animated and disturbed our latter times seemed quite dead, and no one anticipated its resurrection. The bishops had been selected from college dons, men profoundly ignorant of the condition and the wants of the country. To have edited a Greek play with second-rate success, or to have been the tutor of some considerable patrician, was the qualification then deemed desirable and sufficient for an office, which at this day is at least reserved for eloquence and energy. The social influence of the episcopal bench was nothing. A prelate was rarely seen in the saloons of Zenobia. It is since the depths of religious thought have been probed, and the influence of woman in the spread and sustenance of religious feeling has again been recognised, that fascinating and fashionable prelates have become favoured guests in the refined saloons of the mighty, and, while apparently indulging in the vanities of the hour, have re-established the influence which in old days guided a Matilda or the mother of Constantine.

In a similar manner he draws many sketches of this earlier time. London, he says, was then very dull, especially for bachelors, with few theatres, and those 'no longer redeemed by the stately genius of the Kembles, the pathos of Miss O'Neil, or the fiery passion of Kean,' with 'no Alhambras, no Cremornes, no palaces of crystal or terraced gardens; no casinos, no music-halls, no aquaria, no promenade concerts.' He gives a picture of the drive to and from the Derby, which we commend to any of our sporting readers :—

What with the fineness of the weather, the impatience of the excited and countless multitude, the divine stimulus of the luncheon, the kindness of his charming companions, and the general feeling of enjoyment and success that seemed to pervade his being, Endymion felt as if he were almost acting a distinguished part in some splendid triumph of antiquity, as, returning home, the four splendid dark chestnuts swept along, two of our gay company playing bugles, and the grooms sitting with folded arms and haughty indifference.

Then, turning to other aspects of society, we have, as usual, the great financial world, the lesser social world, the railway mania, and the literary journalism of the time, all pictured with very lively, if sometimes overdone, touches. There are interesting glimpses of the House of Commons, of the feelings which animate a parliamentary aspirant, when he thinks the spoils of high office after which he has long toiled within his grasp, and of the bitterness of baffled effort when they have finally gone from his grasp. The story itself does not move with much excitement; there is, as in all his novels, little entanglement

of plot, and but a faint development of passion. Ambition, not love, is the spring that moves his characters; and here he is also true to his familiar *rôle* as a fictionist. 'Henrietta Temple' is 'a love story,' and, to a lesser extent, 'Venetia' draws vital interest from delineation of the tender passion. But he has never sought his chief inspiration in this quarter. Women move through his pages with unceasing zest and charm; they are often the prime actors in the scenes and the schemes which he paints; they give a fragrance to his satirical and descriptive flights; but they are seldom, as with other great novelists, the centre of impassioned and powerful emotion, colouring all the flow of his narrative and working itself into supreme crises. In this respect 'Endymion' is no exception. Women are indeed the chief friends of the hero. They surround and literally spoil him from first to last. His sister never ceases to inspirit, console, and manage him. Her first marriage is the beginning of his fortunes as well as her own. The fair daughter of the wealthy financier cherishes a love for him to which he cannot respond; and at a moment when all the bright prospects of his life seem vanishing, he owes to female interest a cheque for 20,000*l.* Consols which enables him to enter Parliament. Again, the beautiful Imogene, whose 'large dark eyes beamed with a softness and sweetness of expression which were irresistibly attractive, and seemed to indicate sympathy with everything that was good and beautiful,' is kind to him as a girl, and gracious as a woman, and a countess. When only a clerk in Somerset House, and an inhabitant of the upper storey of her sister's house in Warwick Street, 'not absolutely a garret, but a modern substitute for that sort of apartment,' she insists on waiting upon him and arranging his clothes; and when he aspires to the House of Commons, she paves his way, by the help of her noble husband, through difficulties that seem insurmountable. Then, finally, Lady Montfort, 'the famous Berengaria, queen of society, and the genius of Whiggism,' as Zenobia was of Toryism, not only pets him and makes him fall in love with her, but finally, by her wealth, position, and spirit, carries him forward to his triumphant goal. Yet in all this there is little or none of the ordinary romance of love. The taint of ambition is mixed even with his sister's affection, and her own magnificent alliances make no pretence of being dictated by any less lofty motive. Pride mingles with all the sentiment which brings him and Lady Montfort so much together, and is hardly purged even from his own heart at the last, when he longs so passionately to see her once more and to lay his devotion at her feet. The sweet and piquant Imogene, who brought him so near a confession on his entrance into higher official life, is probably nearer the image of a love-maiden touching his heart than any of the other fascinating women around him. And yet she too marries, apparently to order, and the stream of love in her case also runs smoothly towards heights of social advancement. At the ceremony of her marriage, Endymion was present with his sister, who had become by this time Lady Roehampton.

He stood by the altar with that convulsion of the throat and that sickness of the heart which accompany the sense of catastrophe.

And as he and his sister drove home he was wrapped in silence.

'You are not gay this morning, my dear,' said Lady Roehampton; 'they say that weddings are depressing. Now I am in rather high spirits. I am very glad that Imogene has become Lady Beaumaris. She is beautiful, and dangerously beautiful. Do you know, my Endymion, I have had some uneasy moments about this young lady. Women are prescient in these matters, and I have observed with anxiety that you admired her too much yourself.'

'I am sure you had no reason, Myra,' said Endymion, blushing deeply.

'Certainly not from what you said, my dear. It was from what you did not say that I became alarmed. You seldom mentioned her name, and when I referred to her, you always turned the conversation. However, that is all over now. She is Countess of Beaumaris,' added Myra, dwelling slowly and with some unction on the title, 'and may be a powerful friend to you; and I am Countess of Roehampton, and am your friend, also not quite devoid of power. And there are other countesses, I suspect, on whose good wishes you may rely. If we cannot shape your destiny, there is no such thing as witchcraft. No, Endymion, marriage is a mighty instrument in your hands. It must not be lightly used. Come in and lunch; my lord is at home, and I know he wants to see you.'

These sentiments of Myra are the inspiring sentiments of the novel. The reader, while constantly piqued by the interesting relations into which the hero is thrown, and the amazing events which turn upon these relations, need not expect to have his feelings moved by any tale of hopeless or conquering love. No hearts are broken, and even the gentle Adriana comforts herself with Waldershare when Endymion fails to smile upon her, notwithstanding all the promptings of his sister. The marriages, of which there are many, are not love-knots but 'alliances,' and passion is everywhere clothed with purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day.

It is not interest of this kind that will draw readers, but the brilliant and moving panorama, not merely of lofty personages, but of significant characters and events throughout the book—the pictures descriptive and satirical with which it abounds. There are features, it may be, omitted or misrepresented, but there is vivacity and movement everywhere on the stirring canvas, and there are few aspects of the period that fail to find in it their image.

The Neuchatel family, representing the great financial world, are painted with care, and the evident cordiality which this subject has always excited in the writer's mind. Adrian Neuchatel, the head of the house, is a matter-of-fact personage indeed, in comparison with the well-known Sidonia of previous romances; he has none of the same ubiquitous personality or influence; but he is equally hand and glove with the statesmen of his time. Lord Roehampton, Foreign Minister in the year that preceded 1841, goes to Hainault House to dine and stay. 'I like the family, all of them,' he says.

'I like Neuchatel particularly. I like his house and style of living. You always meet nice people there, and learn the last thing that has been said or done all over the world.' There, his lordship meets his fate in Myra, who, after her father's death, has gone to be a companion to the daughter of the house. The magnificence of the house and the place is on the usual scale. The building was Palladian. 'It was a chief work of Sir William Chambers, and in its style, its beauty, and almost its dimensions, was a rival of Stowe or Wanstead. It stood in a deer park, and was surrounded by a royal forest.' 'The stables had been modelled on those at Chantilly, and were almost as splendid a pile as the mansion itself.' 'The family had not only the art of accumulating wealth, but of expending it with taste and generosity.' The fine ladies of their political party—for the Neuchatels were Whigs, like Lord Roehampton and Endymion himself—strange to say!—at first merely deigned to notice the Neuchatel family.

But they soon discovered that this amiable descent from their Olympian heights on their part did not amount exactly to the sacrifice or service which they had contemplated. They found their hosts as refined as themselves, and much more magnificent, and in a very short time it was not merely the wives of Ambassadors and Ministers of State that were found at the garden *fêtes* of Hainault, or the balls and banquets and concerts of Portland Place; but the fitful and capricious realm of fashion surrendered like a fair country conquered, as it were, by surprise. To visit the Neuchatels became the mode; all solicited to be their guests, and some solicited in vain.

The contrasts of character in this family—father, mother, and daughter—all stand out in distinct and interesting relief. But we do not attempt to follow the description or to give a name to the portraits presented to us.

There is evident design, as we have already hinted, in the blending of personalities throughout the book. Now this person and now that has sat for a model of the same character to the painter. Traits are transferred from one to another, and the careers of public men are jumbled up so as to elude the curiosity of the key-maker. Myra's first husband, Lord Roehampton, for example, is evidently intended so far for Lord Palmerston. He is Foreign Secretary during the Melbourne Administration which preceded 1841; he is again Foreign Minister after 1846, with Endymion for his Under-Secretary. He is described as 'somewhat advanced in middle life, tall, and of a stately presence,' with an impressive countenance, and 'a truly Olympian brow;' the lower part of his face indicating 'not feebleness but flexibility, and his mouth somewhat sensuous.' 'His manner was at once winning, natural, and singularly unaffected, and seemed to sympathise entirely with those whom he addressed.' There are many other traits both of character and conduct that point unmistakably to the renowned Foreign Secretary of the time. But then Lord Roehampton dies suddenly, after his accession to office in 1846; and Sidney Wilton, who hovers throughout the novel as a sort of mentor

of Endymion—who is for some time his private secretary—seems to take up the *rôle* of Lord Palmerston after the fall of the Aberdeen Ministry in 1855. He is then described as 'chagrined with life and a martyr to the gout;' but 'a great gentleman and too chivalric to refuse a Royal command when the Sovereign was in distress.' He becomes Premier almost against his will, 'and the first colleague he recommends to fill the most important post after his own, the Secretaryship of State for Foreign Affairs,' is Mr. Ferrars.

Confusions of the same kind everywhere puzzle the reader without destroying his interest. Once or twice only does the author distinctly emerge from behind the masks which he has placed on the stage, and describe events in his own name. This he does especially in telling of the establishment of 'a Romish hierarchy in England,' and the effect of Lord John Russell's famous Protestant manifesto; and again when he describes the accession of the first Derby Ministry to power in 1852. The latter narrative is particularly interesting as giving an insight into his first experience of official life, his opinion of his colleagues on the occasion, and what followed their summons to Windsor.

> The Whigs tottered on for a year after the rude assault of Cardinal Penruddock [a very thin disguise for Cardinal Manning, whose career is described with appreciation, but without special interest], but they were doomed, and the Protectionists were called upon to form an administration. As they had no one in their ranks who had ever been in office except their chief, who was in the House of Lords, the affair seemed impossible. The attempt, however, could not be avoided. A dozen men, without the slightest experience of official life, had to be sworn in as privy councillors, before even they could receive the seals and insignia of their intended offices. On their knees, according to the constitutional custom, a dozen men, all in the act of genuflexion at the same moment, and headed, too, by one of the most powerful peers in the country, the Lord of Alnwick Castle himself, humbled themselves before a female Sovereign, who looked serene and imperturbable before a spectacle never seen before, and which, in all probability, will never be seen again.
>
> *One of this band, a gentleman without any official experience whatever, was not only placed in the Cabinet, but was absolutely required to become the leader of the House of Commons, which had never occurred before, except in the instance of Mr. Pitt in* 1782. It has been said that it was unwise in the Protectionists assuming office when, on this occasion and on subsequent ones, they were far from being certain of a majority in the House of Commons. It should, however, be remembered, that unless they had dared these ventures, they never could have formed a body of men competent from their official experience and their practice in debate to form a Ministry. The result has rather proved that they were right.

Of the many sharply-limned portraits in the book, there are few, if any, ill-natured. The spice of bitterness that mingled with the sketches of 'Vivian Grey' disappeared in the pages of 'Sybil' and 'Lothair,' and the same benignity still tempers the satire of 'Endymion.' The author has lived too long to think it worth while

a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other, or sits next to some old fellow at dinner, and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot. Oh! it is a disgusting world; it must end in revolution. Now you tell your master, Mr. Sidney Wilton, that if he wants to strengthen the institutions of this country, the Government should establish an order of merit, and the press ought to be represented in it. I do not speak only for myself; I speak for my brethren. Yes, sir, I am not ashamed of my order.'

And so they bade each other farewell.

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Nor is it only in the walks of higher life or of literature that the author hits off such varied and picturesque sketches. Job Thornberry, the great orator of the Anti-Corn-Law League and tribune of the people, his father, his wife, and his son, 'John Hampden,' are all described with vivid, if sometimes inconsistent, strokes.

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to cherish ill-will towards anyone or any class; not to say that his natural temperament inclines him to a lofty rather than a spiteful or petulant sarcasm. The portrait of St. Barbe is an example of this tempered exercise of his critical faculty. We offer no conjecture of his prototype, although Jawett of the 'Precursor' ('The Leader') might perhaps be indicated without difficulty. St. Barbe is originally a fellow-clerk with Endymion in Somerset House, and is introduced as one 'who, when the public taste has improved, will be the most popular author of the day.' In the meantime he is ready to bestow copies of his novel, 'which has not sold as it ought to have done,' and in which all his friends are supposed to be quizzed. Afterwards he becomes Paris correspondent of the 'Chuck-Farthing,' and on his return to London he meets Endymion and gives him an account of the glories of his new career.

'By Jove, sir, I can walk into a minister's private room with as much ease as if I were entering the old den. The ambassadors are hand and glove with me. There are few things I do not know. I have made the fortunes of the "Chuck-Farthing," trebled its circulation, and invented a new style, which has put me at the head of all "our own correspondents." I wish you were at Paris; I would give you a dinner at the Rocher. I gave a dinner the other day to forty of them, all "our own correspondents," or such like. Do you know, my dear fellow, when I looked round the room, there was not a man who had not done his best to crush me; running down my works or not noticing them, or continually dilating on Gushy, as if the English public would never read anything else.'

And then he inquires of Endymion how he is able to live at the Albany, from the court-yard of which he has met him emerging.

'I have left Somerset House,' answers Endymion, 'and am now at the Board of Trade, and am private secretary to Mr. Sidney Wilton.'

'Oh!' said St. Barbe; 'then we have friends at court. You may do something for me, if I only knew what I wanted. They have no decorations here. Curse this aristocratic country, they want all the honours to themselves. I should like to be at the Board of Trade, and would make some sacrifice for it. The proprietors of the "Chuck-Farthing" pay well; they pay like gentlemen; though, why I say so I do not exactly know, for no gentleman ever paid me anything. But, if I could be Secretary of the Board of Trade, or get 1,500*l.* a year secure, I would take it; and I dare say I would get employed on some treaties, as I speak French, and then I might get knighted.'

'Well, I think you are well off,' said Endymion; 'carrying, as you say, everything before you. What more can you want?'

'I hate the craft,' said St. Barbe, with an expression of genuine detestation; 'I should like to show them all up before I died. I suppose it was your sister marrying a lord got you on in that way. I could have married a countess myself, but then, to be sure, she was only a Polish one, and hard up. I never had a sister; I never had any luck in life at all. I wish I had been a woman. Women are the only people who get on. A man works all his life, and thinks he has done a wonderful thing if, with one leg in the grave, and no hair on his head, he manages to get a coronet; and

a woman dances at a ball with some young fellow or other, or sits next to some old fellow at dinner, and pretends she thinks him charming, and he makes her a peeress on the spot. Oh! it is a disgusting world; it must end in revolution. Now you tell your master, Mr. Sidney Wilton, that if he wants to strengthen the institutions of this country, the Government should establish an order of merit, and the press ought to be represented in it. I do not speak only for myself; I speak for my brethren. Yes, sir, I am not ashamed of my order.'

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plicity, and inferences so natural and spontaneous and irresistible, that they seemed as it were borrowed from his audience, though none of that audience had arrived at them before.

Thornberry, of course, becomes a member of Parliament, and soon attains to distinction in this new sphere.

His place in debate was immediately recognised. The times favoured him during the first and second sessions (the Parliament was that elected in 1841), while the commercial depression lasted; afterwards he was always listened to, because he had great oratorical gifts, a persuasive style that was winning, and though he had no inconsiderable powers of sarcasm, his extreme tact wisely guided him to eschew for the present that dangerous, though most effective, weapon.

'Jorrocks,' the Radical member of 1835, invited by Mr. Sidney Wilton to shoot his preserves, is described with less good feeling. 'He was a pretentious, underbred, half-educated man, fluent with all the commonplaces of middle-class ambition, which are humorously called democratic opinion, but at heart a sycophant of the aristocracy.' It had been necessary to put a Radical in office in order to conciliate the Mountain, and yet the Mountain, 'who knew Jorrocks by heart, and felt that they had in their ranks men in every sense his superior, sulked over the promotion of their late companion.'

But we must bring our extracts to a close, difficult as it is to do so. There are so many bits of shrewd and clear and picturesque observation, and so many single sayings, sharp, incisive, and memorable. The author's pen in such matters has not forgot its cunning, whatever judgment may be pronounced upon the work as a whole. We do not offer such a judgment, fresh from the perusal of pages which have been kindly placed at our disposal, and which have never ceased to interest us, even where the incidents have verged on extravagance, or the writing has expanded into a descriptiveness suggestive of 'our own correspondent.' If satire, keen and to the point —vividly hitting even when most benignant—is the forte of the author, magnificence is his foible; and the strain of splendour into which he falls at times contrasts feebly with his more compact, vigorous, and living sentences. But the world of society and letters will read the book and judge it for themselves. Whether liked or disliked, condemned or approved, it will be read universally, and there is no class of readers who will not find in it something to instruct or amuse them. Were it less attractive than it appears to us as a novel of manners, and of the stirring incidents which preceded and followed the Reform movement, it would yet fascinate as an indirect revelation of one who has left the impress of his genius and ambition upon the age, and has long been a significant, if still veiled figure in that mingled drama of social and political excitement which he so well describes.

The Natives of India.[1]

CASTING about in my mind how I could best occupy an hour to-night, it seemed to me that, as the principal part of my time since I have been engaged in politics has been given to Indian affairs, I might ask you to listen to some remarks upon the natives of India. Perhaps I may be able to induce some of you to spend the leisure which everyone, however hard he may work at his business or profession, more or less enjoys, upon the study of India; and at least—for I confess that this is my principal object—I hope I may be able to enlist your sympathies in the natives of India. I must beg you to understand that it will be impossible for me to attempt to deal with the subject in any scientific or exhaustive manner. I shall not trouble you with statistics. I shall not attempt to describe the divisions of race, language, religion, and customs which are found in the Indian Empire of the Queen. I propose merely to place before you some of the many traits of Indian character which seem to me to be likely to interest you, and some of my own impressions of the native princes of India, and of the different classes of her Majesty's subjects with whom I have been brought into personal contact.

In the winter of 1875 I had a few weeks at my disposal, and I spent them in one of the most interesting tours that can be made in any country in the world. I travelled through a considerable part of Central India and Rajputana. I visited the Maharaja Holcar in his capital at Indore; and thence, passing through the States of Dhar, Rutlam, and Jowra, I was received by the Maharana of Odeypore, at the beautiful city of the same name, whose lake, with its islands, reminded me of the Lago Maggiore in Italy. I proceeded to Jodhpore, where the Maharaja's castle—in character and extent not an unworthy rival of Windsor—stands proudly in the midst of an extensive half-desert plain. I stayed for a few days at the British appanage of Ajmere; and, lastly, I was entertained at Jeypore by the Maharaja of that State, and re-entered British territory at Agra. I was the first Viceroy who had the opportunity of visiting the greater part of this most interesting country, and I have a lively and grateful recollection of the hospitality of my reception by the princes whose dominions I traversed.

Wishing to enlist your sympathy and interest in the natives of India, I can hardly do better than to begin by a few words upon the

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[1] An address delivered at Birmingham October 29, 1880, to the Birmingham and Midland Institute. A few passages, chiefly of detailed extract, have been here omitted. A full issue of the address, with notes and appendices, is in preparation.

Rajputs. There is nothing in the story of Greece or Rome which exceeds the gallantry and devotion shown by these, the most noble and chivalrous of the Hindoos, in the defence of their country against the invasions of the Mussulmans, which lasted for more than two centuries. The defence of Thermopylæ and the devotion of the Decii were equalled, if not surpassed, by the Rajputs at Chittore. As many here present may not even have heard the name of the city of Chittore, I will just explain to you that it is the ancient capital of Meywar, the oldest of the Rajput States, and was the last rampart of Hindoo independence against Mussulman invasion. The city occupies, or rather occupied—for it is now a mass of ruins—the summit of a long, flat hill, which rises some 500 feet above the plain. It was defended by a line of ramparts with large round towers along the edge of the cliff, which in some places is very steep. The Rajput records recount three and a half sacks of the city of Chittore. The most romantic occurred in the thirteenth century. The Regent, for the King was a minor, had married Pudmani, the most beautiful lady of the time. The Mussulman Emperor Alaoodeen, having heard of her beauty, laid siege to Chittore for the purpose of obtaining possession of her. Failing in his attempt to take the place, he prayed to be at least allowed to see the lady. The boon was conceded: he was admitted alone into Chittore, saw Pudmani through the medium of mirrors, and was allowed to return unharmed. The Regent, not wishing to show less confidence than the Emperor, accompanied him outside the fortifications. But the Mussulman was as treacherous as the Hindoo was confiding: an ambuscade was set, and the Regent was carried a prisoner into the Mussulman camp. Great was the despair in Chittore when the news arrived that their sovereign would not be restored excepting at the price of the surrender of the princess. The lady pretended to yield, but in the litters, which were supposed to convey her and her ladies, seven hundred of the bravest Rajput warriors gained an entrance into the camp of the Emperor, and made a sudden attack upon his guards. Hardly one of the Rajputs returned alive to Chittore, but the safety of the Regent was secured, as he escaped during the confusion on a horse kept in readiness for him. This event, in which so many brave men perished, is reckoned as the 'half sack' of the city. But the Mussulman Emperor was resolved to be revenged for his discomfiture, and again laid siege to Chittore. One after another, twelve princes of the royal race assumed the saffron robe, the sign that a Rajput intended to devote himself to death for the defence of his country, and, accompanied by the bravest of their followers, lost their lives in desperate sallies against the foe. But at last the condition of the defenders became hopeless; the men issued forth and sacrificed their lives beneath the walls of Chittore, while the women, with the beautiful Pudmani at their head, assembled in a subterranean chamber, which is now shown to the traveller, set fire to a mass of inflammable materials they had collected, and perished in the flames,

together with everything that was of value in the city. The Emperor indeed gained possession of Chittore, but he found nothing there but a desolate town, over which floated a cloud of horrible smoke. Another Rajput prince soon afterwards regained possession of the city; but a second, and again a third time was Chittore captured by the Mussulmans. The last siege was conducted by the Emperor Akbar in person. Again the Rajput women sacrificed their lives rather than fall into the hands of the foe; again the men in their saffron robes did all that men could do to defend their country. You will find an account of these extraordinary instances of valour and self-devotion in Colonel Tod's 'Annals of Rajasthan, one of the most interesting of the many interesting books which have been written by Anglo-Indian political officers upon the history of the country in which they spent their lives.[2]

But it is more to our purpose to turn to the present condition of Rajputana and the character of the native princes of the Rajput race. The disturbances which followed the decline of the Mussulman empire of Delhi brought terrible calamities upon Rajputana and Central India. It is not more than sixty years since the whole tract through which I passed was subject to the ravages of freebooters of different races, who pillaged the people, dethroned the ancient sovereigns of the country, and rendered life and property wholly insecure. They might then have been told, with literal truth, in the words of Isaiah, 'Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire; your land, strangers devour it in your presence.'[3]

It was about that time when, under the administration of the Marquis of Hastings, a series of treaties was entered into, under which the Rajput princes placed themselves under the protection of England, and peace and order have since taken the place of anarchy and rapine. The rights and dignity of the princes have been respected, and the interference of the Government of India has been confined to the cases when, for a time, either during a minority or from the incapacity or misconduct of an individual, the administration of a district or a principality has been temporarily conducted by British officers.

Once there was some doubt as to our intention of respecting the independence of these States. Actuated by no unworthy motives, but from the mistaken belief that the welfare of the people of India would be promoted by the extension of British territory, the rulers of India were inclined to embrace every legitimate opportunity of annexing independent States. But this error was soon discovered; and after the Indian Mutiny the Queen was advised to issue a solemn proclamation to the princes and people of India, in which her Majesty declared 'that she desired no extension of her territorial possessions,

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[2] A graphic description of Rajputana is given in M. Louis Rousselet's work, *L'Inde des Rajahs*. Paris: Hachette, 1875.

[3] Isaiah i. 7.

and was determined to respect the rights, dignity, and honour of the native princes of India as her own.'[4] This proclamation, which was accompanied by concessions with respect to the adoption of heirs in case of the default of lineal descendants, has given a solemn assurance that the native States will be maintained in their present condition of independence under the protection of the paramount power of England. The result of this policy has been that the feeling of the princes and chiefs in Rajputana and Central India is thoroughly loyal towards the British Government, and in no part of India did I find the feeling of the people for the British Government more cordial than in these independent States.

The Rajput princes of the present day retain many of the high qualities of their race, and I am proud to reckon some of them among my personal friends. I shall avoid to-night, for obvious reasons, as much as I can, allusions to living men, and I will give you as the type of a Rajput prince some account of the late Maharaja of Jeypore, who has died within the last few months. This prince governed his country well. He established an excellent college, which is affiliated to the Calcutta University, and a school for the education of the sons of his nobles, where I heard some of the boys recite Cowper's lines upon his mother's picture. Female education is not neglected, and some progress has been made in inducing the daughters of the higher castes to attend his girl schools. A school of art has been for some time in existence, and some of the art products of Jeypore, notably the enamel, are of great merit. The gaol is in good order. The Maharaja has established hospitals and dispensaries. Public gardens adorn the city of Jeypore, which, lighted with gas and well supplied with water, is one of the finest in India. There are many works of irrigation in the Jeypore State, and the Maharaja always promoted any public works likely to benefit his people. A few years ago the Customs' tariff was revised and the internal transit duties abolished. One of the official reports which I received when I was in India described the Maharaja's dominions in the following terms: 'The Jeypore State undoubtedly stands pre-eminent in Rajputana for civilisation and advancement. It would be impossible

[4] 'Proclamation by the Queen in Council to the princes, chiefs, and people of India;' issued from Allahabad on November 1, 1858, on the assumption of the direct government of India by the Crown. The passage in full is: 'We hereby announce to the native princes of India that all treaties and engagements made with them by or under the authority of the Honourable East India Company are by us accepted, and will be scrupulously maintained; and we look for the like observance on their part. We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions; and while we will permit no aggression upon our dominions or our rights to be attempted with impunity, we shall sanction no encroachment upon those of others. We shall respect the rights, dignity, and honour of native princes as our own; and we desire that they, as well as our own subjects, should enjoy that prosperity and that social advancement which can only be secured by internal peace and good government. We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territories by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessing of Almighty God we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfil.'

to overrate either the usefulness of its institutions or the munificent liberality with which they are supported, while the untiring and successful efforts of the Maharaja himself to promote the prosperity of the State and the happiness and welfare of his subjects are beyond all praise.' [5]

When I was at Jeypore I assisted the Maharaja in inaugurating a monument to my predecessor, Lord Mayo, and in opening a public hospital built in his honour. Although it was then three years since his assassination, the Maharaja could not speak of Lord Mayo without tears in his eyes—one of the many instances of the affection which was deservedly felt for him by the princes of India. The Maharaja during the mutiny placed the whole of his forces at the disposal of the British Government, and he exerted himself in the most praiseworthy manner for the relief of the terrible distress which was caused by a famine which devastated Rajputana in 1868. When I was Viceroy he was a member of the Legislative Council of India, and on several occasions I was greatly indebted to him for advice and assistance.

This short account of the Maharaja of Jeypore will give you some idea of the kind of men who have ruled the States of Rajputana. The time is rapidly approaching when the native princes, both in Rajputana and in other parts of India, will be acquainted with the English language. When Lord Mayo was at Ajmere in 1870 he suggested to the princes and chiefs the foundation of a college where their sons might receive a good education. The suggestion was warmly taken up, and 60,000*l.* was almost immediately subscribed for the purpose. I had the satisfaction of seeing this institution—which bears the appropriate name of the Mayo College—opened, and several of the young princes and chiefs of Rajputana among the pupils.[6]

I might mention other Rajputs of distinction besides the Maharaja of Jeypore, but time will only permit me to recall to my recollection for a few moments the handsome presence of the Maharaja of Vizianagram, who was of the same race, although he lived partly on his property in the Presidency of Madras, and partly at the holy city of Benares. This enlightened nobleman was one of the foremost in advancing the welfare of his fellow-countrymen, and he was especially remarkable for his endeavours to reduce the great expense which they are in the habit of devoting to the marriage ceremonies of their daughters—a custom productive of most serious evil; as well as for his encouragement of female education.

You must not suppose that because I have brought before you

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[5] Report on the Political Administration of the Rajputana States, 1873-74. Calcutta, 1875.

[6] The young Raja of Ulwar was the first pupil. He was followed by the youngest brother of the Maharaja of Jodhpoor, and the Rana of Jhallawur. The Rajkumar College and the Talukdari School at Ahmedabad are doing good work in the same direction on the Bombay side of India.

prominently the native princes of Rajputana that those of other races and religions are not worthy of equal praise. The late Rao of Cutch zealously seconded Sir Bartle Frere's efforts to suppress the slave trade in Zanzibar, where many of his subjects reside. The great Mahratta States of Gwalior and Indore are now governed upon enlightened principles. The internal administration of the Nizam's territory by Sir Salar Jung has been highly successful. The small Mussulman States of Central India and the Sikh principalities of the Punjab are not behindhand either in their material progress or in their loyalty to the British Government. The late Raja of Travancore, a State which lies at the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula, was a most enlightened ruler, and he was ably assisted by native statesmen, especially by Sir Madava Rao, a native of Madras, who, after having been for some time the minister of the Maharaja of Indore, was chosen by me to administer the State of Baroda during the minority of the young prince, and has amply justified my selection by the success of his administration during the last five years. Other native statesmen have done signal service in the improvement of the administration of the different native States. I may mention Sir Dinkar Rao in Gwalior, Huzrut Nur Khan, commonly called the Khan Sahib, in Jowra, Mir Shahamut Ali in Rutlam, Pundit Mumphool in Ulwur, and Nawab Sir Faiz Ali Khan in Kotah.

The importance of the Independent States under the protection of the British Government will be appreciated when I tell you that, large and small together, they number between four and five hundred. A short account of their rulers fills a large book, while our treaty relations with them are contained in eight goodly volumes. Some of these States are as large as Great Britain, and their population together amounts to more than fifty millions of people.

I will now ask you to direct your attention to her Majesty's subjects in India, and first to the native army of the Queen. I should rather have said armies, for from the enrolment of the first sepoy, now more than one hundred and thirty years ago, the armies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay have had a separate and distinct existence, constitution, and *esprit de corps*.

Sir John Malcolm, a distinguished Indian statesman and soldier, wrote many years ago an interesting sketch of the history of the native armies. I shall freely make use of this undoubted and excellent authority in bringing before you some of the occasions upon which in former days those armies have performed feats which deserve to be recorded along with the most gallant achievements of the British army.

To begin with the army of Madras. 'At the battle of Assaye, which ranks among the hardest-fought victories of Wellington,' to quote Sir John Malcolm's words, 'the British dragoons, when making their extremest efforts, saw their Asiatic fellow-soldiers keep pace for pace and blow for blow.' So much for the cavalry of the Madras army. Sir John Malcolm gives an interesting anecdote of

the Madras Native Infantry. The 1st battalion of the 8th Regiment was a favourite with the Duke. They were with him on every service; the men used to call themselves 'Wellesley's battalion,' and their conduct supported the proud title they had assumed. A staff officer after the battle of Assaye saw a number of the Mussulmans of this battalion assembled for a funeral. He asked whom they were about to inter; they mentioned the names of five commissioned and non-commissioned officers of a very distinguished family in the corps. 'We are going to put these brothers into one grave,' said one of the party. The officer, who was well acquainted with the individuals, was about to offer some consolation to the survivors, when he was stopped by one of the men. 'There is no occasion,' he said, 'for such feelings or expressions; these men were sepoys, they have died in the performance of their duty; the Government they served will protect their children, who will soon fill the ranks they lately occupied.'

There is no dearth of instances of the gallantry of the Bengal army in old times. 'The conduct of the 2nd battalion of the 12th Regiment,' says Sir John Malcolm, 'may be taken as an example of the spirit that animated the whole. It was associated at the battle of Laswarree with the 76th Regiment, and shared in the praise which Lord Lake bestowed on the "handful of heroes," as he emphatically termed the men whose great exertions decided that battle. But all its former deeds were outdone at the siege of Bhurtpore. On the first storm of that fortress this corps lost 150 officers and men killed and wounded, and did not retire till the last. On the third attack, when joined with the 1st battalion of the same regiment (amounting together to 800 men), it became the admiration of the whole army. The 2nd battalion on this occasion not only drove back the enemy, who had made a sally to attack the trenches, but effected a lodgment, and planted its colours on one of the bastions of the fort. Unfortunately this work was cut off by a deep ditch from the body of the place; and after the attack had failed the regiment was ordered to retire, which they did reluctantly, with the loss of 7 officers and 350 men killed and wounded, being nearly half the number they had carried into action.'

The Native troops of Bombay have distinguished themselves as conspicuously as their comrades of Bengal and Madras. I will mention one instance, and I have chosen it principally because the regiment concerned is one of those which were present at the disastrous engagement of Maiwand, near Candahar. I trust that the full particulars, when we receive them, will show that at least the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers did not disgrace the traditions of the corps. I take this story from Grant Duff's 'History of the Mahrattas.'[7] At ten o'clock on the morning of New Year's Day, 1818, 500 rank and file of the 2nd battalion of the 1st Regiment of Bombay Native

[7] Vol. iii. p. 432.

Infantry, supported by two six-pounders manned by twenty-four Europeans of the Madras Artillery, and accompanied by 300 irregular horse, the whole under the command of Captain Francis Staunton, after a long night march, reached some high ground above a village called Korygaom, on the Bema river, where Captain Staunton unexpectedly found the whole of the Mahratta horse, about 25,000 strong, on the opposite side of the river, which was nearly dry, and afforded no protection to his small force. He at once took post in the village and made the best arrangements in his power for its defence. Most of the Mahratta infantry was in advance, but they were immediately recalled, and three bodies, of 600 picked men in each, many of them being Arabs, who are most formidable soldiers, advanced under cover of the river, supported by two guns, to storm the village. A continued shower of rockets was at the same time poured into it, and many of the houses were set on fire. The enemy soon gained possession of a strong square inclosure, commanding most of the streets, from whence they could not be dislodged. The village was surrounded by horse and foot, and all access to the river cut off. Captain Staunton was destitute of provisions, and his detachment, already fatigued by a long night march, 'under a burning sun, without food or water, began a struggle as trying as ever was maintained by the British in India. Every foot of ground was disputed,' several streets were taken and retaken, as well as a small temple where three of the officers were lying wounded. 'The men who continued the conflict were fainting, or nearly frantic from the dreadful privation of water. Lieutenant Chisholm, the officer commanding the artillery, being killed, the enemy, encouraged by this circumstance, rushed upon one of the guns and took it. Lieutenant Thomas Pattison, adjutant of the infantry battalion, lying mortally wounded, being shot through the body, no sooner heard that the gun was taken, than getting up he called to the grenadiers "once more to follow him," and, seizing a musket by the muzzle, rushed into the middle of the Arabs, striking them down right and left, until a second ball through the body completely disabled him. Lieutenant Pattison had been nobly seconded; the sepoys, thus led, were irresistible; the gun was retaken, and the dead Arabs, literally lying above each other, proved how desperately it had been defended.' Captain Staunton and two other officers, who alone remained fit for duty, continued the defence with the most determined valour till the evening, when their situation appeared to be hopeless; but the enemy, either exhausted by the resistance they had experienced, or fearing the approach of reinforcements, retired in the course of the night.

To commemorate this glorious defence, a monument, which may still be seen, was erected by Government, recording the names of those who fell. The corps was made Grenadiers, as their 1st battalion had been for the defence of Mangalore, and 'Korygaom' became one of the mottoes of the regiment which was afterwards formed from the 2nd battalion.

It will probably occur to some of those whom I am addressing that, as I have recounted the noble deeds of the native armies of India, I should say something at least of the great Indian Mutiny. I shall not discuss the causes of that mutiny. I am content to quote the sentiments which were expressed after it was subdued by one of the most gallant of the officers who took part in the struggle. Sir James Outram, the Bayard of India, when his last illness was near at hand, and he was forced to receive in his own room a deputation, headed by the Duke of Argyll, who were desirous of expressing their appreciation of his services, used, in thanking them, these words, which may well be treasured as a precious legacy by his fellow-countrymen, especially by those of them who serve the Queen in India: 'If to anything in myself I owe such success as I may have attained, it is mainly to this—that throughout my career I have loved the people of India, regarded their country as my home, and made their weal my first object. And though my last service in the field was against the comrades of my old associates, the madness of a moment has not obliterated from my mind the fidelity of a century, and I can still love and still believe.'[8]

It must not be forgotten that when the 'madness of a moment' struck the mass of the Bengal army, the native troops raised in the Punjab under Edwardes and Nicholson, supported by the courage and the wisdom which have made the name of John Lawrence dear to his fellow-countrymen, gave—at a most critical moment—assistance and support, without which the struggle before Delhi might have had a very different result. And in the memorable siege of the Residency of Lucknow, in which the thoughts of every Englishman were absorbed during many weary months of suspense, faithful native soldiers shared all the privations and all the dangers of the British garrison.

When the Prince of Wales visited India, the survivors of that gallant band assembled at Lucknow to pay their homage to the son of their sovereign. It was a touching scene—many of them appeared in their old uniforms, and Sir George Couper, who himself, although a civilian, had taken a prominent part in the defence, addressing the Prince, said: 'The behaviour of the sepoys of Lucknow was simply without parallel in the history of the world. Under Clive, at Arcot, sepoys underwent great privations for their European comrades; but their fidelity was not tested like that of the men who resisted the adjurations of their brethren, comrades and castemen, not fifty yards off, calling them by name to desert the alien and infidel.' Anyone who has visited, as I have, the scene of this glorious defence, will agree with me that there was no exaggeration in his language. In the same war of the Mutiny, many faithful native soldiers distinguished themselves as much in attacks upon their rebellious comrades and countrymen as did the garrison which defended Lucknow. The native regiments

[8] *Life of Sir James Outram*, by Sir F. Goldsmid, vol. ii. p. 372.

of the force that attacked and took Delhi never flinched at a time when our rule over Northern India seemed to have disappeared, and when our forces were struggling against enormous odds. The small force of seven and a half weak battalions of native infantry, with some cavalry, artillery, and sapper detachments, at the siege of Delhi sustained a loss of 63 native officers and 1,606 native soldiers of other ranks killed and wounded, and more than a third of these were killed outright.

Lastly, I must not omit to allude to the gallant services of the Native army in the war which is now, I trust, ended in Afghanistan. When Sir Frederick Roberts held, not without difficulty, his position at Cabul, the most distinguished regiments of the British army saw the Goorkas, the Sikhs, and the Guides side by side with them in every feat of arms. In Sir Donald Stewart's action near Ghuznee, and in Sir Frederick Roberts's decisive victory at Candahar, the native troops highly distinguished themselves in the field; while their discipline under great hardships throughout two campaigns has left nothing to be desired. But of the feats of the Native army in Afghanistan, none will in future be remembered by them with greater pride, and by us with more lively gratitude and affection, than the defence of the Residency at Cabul by seventy-five men of the Queen's Own Corps of Guides. Here again, as at Lucknow, many of the native soldiers were of the same race and religion as their assailants; yet not a man among them deserted the four Englishmen whose lives it was their duty to protect at the cost of their own. And nobly was that duty done. The Commission which investigated at Cabul the events of that day concluded their account with the following eloquent words: 'The annals of no army and no regiment can show a brighter record of devoted bravery than has been achieved by this small body of Guides. By their deeds they have conferred undying honour, not only on the regiment to which they belong, but on the whole British army.' For a long day they sustained the unequal conflict; and at last, when Cavagnari and Kelly had fallen, when Jenkyns and the gallant young Hamilton had lost their lives in charges against the Afghan guns, the last desperate sally was led by a native officer, Jemadar Jewan Sing.

The mention of the name of this gallant native officer reminds me of the many high-spirited native officers whom I have seen in India. Not a few among them are men of rank; and there are remarkable instances, which I could relate if time allowed me, of their having distinguished themselves upon service in command of detached bodies of troops. It is well that those who discuss the organisation of the native armies of India should recollect this. Lord Napier of Magdala and Sir Henry Norman, with whom I had the good fortune to be associated while I was in India, have often impressed upon me their conviction that it is necessary, in order to maintain the spirit and efficiency of the Native army, to give openings for the honourable ambition of native officers. For this reason, among others,

they have constantly, and in my judgment rightly, contended in favour of the present system, under which there are but few British officers attached to a native regiment, and native officers are placed in command of troops of cavalry and companies of infantry. The question is one upon which there are differences of opinion, but it must always be remembered that many of the most gallant exploits of the Native army, such as those that I have mentioned to-night, have been achieved by native regiments with very few British officers attached to them, and where full scope has been allowed to the influence and exertions of the native officers.

I may add that, so excellent has been the conduct of the native officers of the army in Afghanistan through all the events of the last two years, the Secretary of State for India has authorised a considerable increase to the Order of British India—a sort of Indian Order of the Bath, but carrying with it a handsome pecuniary allowance—so as to enable the services of distinguished native officers to be suitably acknowledged.

But it is time to turn to the natives of India who are neither princes nor soldiers. And here my difficulty is, how in the short time at my disposal to bring before you the most interesting types of the native character.

Let me take you first to the great city of Calcutta. You will find there a contrast as striking as any that exists in the world. You will meet native gentlemen who speak English as well as yourselves, who are ready to discuss with you English history and literature, modern philosophy, and European politics. But if you wander for a few miles into the surrounding country, with its palm groves and luxurious tropical vegetation, and turn up one of the many footpaths which lead to the dwellings of the industrious cultivators of the soil, the first man you meet would hardly know the name of the Queen; he certainly could not tell you who was the Viceroy of India; and if he knew the name of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—his immediate lord and master—it would be surprising. The contrast of the high culture of a few with the ignorance of the teeming masses is not easy to realise until some instance brings it vividly to notice. For example, I remember once when there was more cholera than usual in Calcutta (there are always a few cases there) the natives attributed the outbreak to a particular mark upon the earthen pots which happened at the time to be in the bazaar. Another curious instance came to my notice during the Bengal famine. One of the officers engaged in the relief of distress was riding through a village, when some poor, half-starved women threw themselves on the ground in front of his horse, in Indian fashion, protesting, as if they were pleading for their lives, that they were not starving, and did not want to be fed. It appeared that the people could not at first comprehend that the Government were helping them from disinterested motives, and a rumour was abroad that we were fattening them up to export them to some cannibal island. I mention these instances

just to give you an idea of state of the ignorance in which many of the people still remain. You will say that this is the fault of their Government. I do not think so. Much progress has been made, and is continuing; education is, after all, a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. You know in Birmingham what Board schools cost, and India is too poor a country to bear, as yet, the expense of a thorough popular system of education. The judgment of intelligent foreigners upon the progress of India is always interesting. Rather than give you my own opinion upon this subject, I will quote that of Count Goblet d'Alviella in his recent travels. 'The educational work of the Government of India may seem to be small,' he says, 'in comparison with the vast numbers of the native population, but it is really great if we take into account their original condition, and the short time in which it has been accomplished.' He then describes the system under which, by a succession of scholarships, the son of the poorest man in India may secure to himself a university education; and he adds, that he knows of no civilised nation where the system of public instruction has done so much to encourage talent, and that no Government in Europe would venture, without laying itself open to the charge of socialism, to be as liberal as we are in India in providing for the education of boys of ability who have no means of their own.[9]

I have dwelt upon the ignorance which still exists among the vast majority of the people of India, because it is a fact which statesmen in India and their critics at home should constantly bear in mind. In England, as you know, a change of the law, or a readjustment of taxation, may safely be introduced, if it be right; because, although public opinion may be cold or adverse at first, discussions in Parliament and the press soon bring out the real merits of the question, and the people promptly follow the arguments and accept the conclusion. But in India changes cannot safely be introduced, trusting to their merits alone. Especially, in regard to taxation, it would be highly impolitic, and it might be dangerous, to introduce financial changes which would make it necessary to impose taxes to which the people are unaccustomed. We must have patience: the customs of ages cannot be out-rooted with safety in a moment.

I know from experience that the people of India are industrious, orderly, patient in suffering, affectionate to their relations—supporting them in distress to the utmost of their means (there is no Poor-law in India)—and grateful to their rulers for help in time of trouble, such as the famines which have lately occurred. It may be said without exaggeration that there is no nation where the class of domestic servants are so useful or so faithful. I look back with affection to several most excellent and valuable men who served me in India, and I have been told that it often happens that good masters

[9] *Inde et Himalaya, Souvenirs de Voyage*, par Le Comte Goblet d'Alviella. Paris, 1877.

who have been home upon leave find on landing at Bombay, on their way back to their duties, that their native servants are waiting for them at the landing-place. The gallantry and devotion to their masters of many native servants during the mutiny is well known.

I must not overlook, in attempting to describe, however briefly, the natives of India, the merits of the class of mechanics. Their marvellous artistic qualities have been recognised from the earliest ages of antiquity. The productions of the Indian loom and potter's wheel, and of Indian goldsmiths, silversmiths, armourers, and carvers in wood, stone, and ivory, together with the spices and dyes of the country, formed the chief staples of the trade between the East and West in ancient times. In modern days, owing to the introduction of machinery in manufactures, and the astonishing industrial productiveness of this fortunate island, accompanied, at first, I am ashamed to say, by high protective duties against the manufactures of India, their hand-wrought goods were driven out of the western markets, where the appreciation and almost the tradition of them became nearly lost. The Great Exhibition of 1851 first brought the people of Europe back to the consciousness of the forgotten world of traditional decorative art which still existed in all its pristine perfection in India. But the fame of Indian manufactures has been carried into all parts of the world by the magnificent display, and especially by the presents presented to the Prince of Wales, exhibited in Paris in 1878. A great demand has consequently arisen in England, on the Continent, and in the United States. The excellence of the art industries of India is due, not simply to the admirable traditions of form and colour they preserve, but, above all, to the patient, truthful workmanship expended on them by the Indian handicraftsmen. To use the words of John Ruskin—'They are in all materials capable of colour, wool, marble, or metal, almost inimitable in their delicate application of divided hue and fine arrangement of fantastic line. Nor is this power of theirs exerted by the people rarely or without enjoyment; the love of subtle design seems universal in the race, and is developed in every implement that they shape, and every building that they raise; it attaches itself with the same intensity, and with the same success, to the service of superstition, of pleasure, and of cruelty, and enriches alike with one profusion of enchanted iridescence the dome of the pagoda, the fringe of the girdle, and the edge of the sword.'[10]

I have but a few moments left me to remind you that in India, besides Hindoos and Mussulmans, there live tribes which represent the original inhabitants of the soil. The barbarous customs which, until very lately, prevailed among some of them, would fill you with horror and astonishment if I had time to describe them. Human sacrifices were not uncommon. But if barbarous customs linger still among these tribes, it is among them also that the efforts of Christian

[10] *The Two Paths*, p. 4.

missionaries have been most successful. There, no caste institutions, and no ancient and powerful religions, interfere with the acceptance of the Bible. I have seen in one place [11] two large churches, which upon festival days were filled by the villagers of the neighbourhood, who in thousands had embraced the Christian religion through the efforts of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and of an excellent German mission, who, greatly to their credit, carried on their good work in perfect harmony. There I saw young men of the Cole tribe being prepared for the Christian ministry, receiving instruction in Greek, and, moreover, in the composition of sermons—a branch of ecclesiastical education which might perhaps be introduced, not without advantage, into the studies of the younger clergy of the Church of England.

But, in my position, it was with the educated natives that I was principally brought into contact, and of them alone I can speak from any real personal acquaintance. As I have done before, I will take a distinguished native, who has recently died, as an example of the educated natives of Bengal. Raja Romanath Tagore was a man of excellent English education, and highly respected among his fellow-countrymen. He showed in his conversation the acuteness of intellect which distinguishes them, coupled, in his case, with sound judgment. He and many like him, who represent the landed gentry of Bengal—I use this expression in preference to Indian phraseology—are as heartily interested in the success of the British government of India, and as loyal subjects of the Queen, as we are ourselves. Romanath Tagore was a Member of the Legislative Council of the Viceroy, and he often gave us most valuable assistance. Upon more than one occasion, when I wished to know the sentiments of his fellow-countrymen, I consulted him confidentially, and my confidence was never misplaced.

The remarkable acuteness of intellect which characterises the natives of India has found a congenial sphere in the study of the law. There are many distinguished pleaders and barristers at Calcutta and in other parts of India. The judicial service is now largely composed of natives of India, and they have filled the highest judicial offices with credit. I will take as an instance the late Dwarkanath Mitra, who was for six years one of the judges of the High Court of Calcutta, the most elevated judicial bench in India. He was the son of a comparatively poor man. Born in an obscure village in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, he won his way by the force of his own ability and character. I can speak from my own knowledge of the high estimation in which this distinguished judge was held by his countrymen and by the English in Calcutta, and his successor has well sustained the character of the native judges of the High Courts.

The city of Bombay, with its magnificent harbour and its picturesque streets, crowded, as I have seen them on festive occasions,

[11] Chota Nagpore.

with natives of the East of every variety of race and costume, has supplied many remarkable instances of public spirit among its citizens.

Probably no body of men in any country have been so liberal in their support of charitable and useful public institutions as the Parsee merchants of Bombay. These Parsees, as you may know, are descended from the ancient Persians, who, driven from their country by the tide of Mussulman conquest, finally took refuge in India, where they soon became well known as enterprising traders. From the time that Bombay first came under the British Crown as the dower of Catherine of Braganza, the Parsees have rapidly risen to wealth and importance under British protection. Bombay is now their headquarters. Their commercial energy is well known, and the name of the mercantile house of Cama,[12] with that of others, is probably familiar to many in this city. The naval architects and shipbuilders of the Lowjee family supplied the Royal Navy and the East India Company with many a good ship, and Jamsetjee Dorabjee, who constructed the principal works on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, was in his day one of the largest railway contractors in India.

But I desire particularly to refer to some of the munificent public benefactors and social reformers among the Parsees and Hindoos of Bombay.

Framjee Cowasjee was for half a century distinguished as the most public-spirited citizen of Bombay. His memory is no less respected in Bombay than that of the first Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, and both are looked upon by the Parsees of Western India as the men of their race who first gave them a name and position in the civilised world.

Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy first became conspicuous in Bombay about the year 1822. He was popularly surnamed Bottlewallah, or 'a fellow to do with bottles,' because his first successful venture in business was the purchase of European bottles for sale throughout India. The Parsees are often distinguished by a nickname of this kind, of which they are not the least ashamed. For example, another distinguished Parsee, Sir Cowasjee Jehanghire, was always called 'Readymoney,' and, I believe, used constantly to sign his name with this addition. From 1822 to the day of his death, not a year passed without some munificent gift to the public from Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy—hospitals, rest-houses on the great roads, waterworks, bridges, poorhouses, and schools meet you at every turn in Bombay and the neighbourhood bearing his name. Altogether, he is known to have devoted more than a quarter of a million sterling to these and similar purposes. In 1842 the Queen made him a

[12] In the year 1863 this firm contributed 10,000*l.* to University College, London, and other institutions in England. A sum amounting to nearly 200,000*l.* was subscribed in Bombay and Surat for public objects in that year alone, the only one for which I have seen any account.

example greatly contributed to the introduction of the teaching of European medicine in Western India. Dr. Bhau Dajee equally distinguished himself in Bombay as a social reformer, an active justice of the peace, and a learned Orientalist and antiquary. I had the pleasure of being accompanied by him on a visit I paid to the celebrated Caves of Ellora. I believe that no native of India was more truly or generally beloved by his countrymen, or more sincerely mourned when he died a few years ago in the height of his usefulness and fame.

Although the names of many other educated natives of India, who have been remarkable for the manner in which they have taken advantage of their association with us, suggest themselves to me, I must beware of trespassing too long upon your attention. I have no personal knowledge of the Presidency of Madras, but I believe that there, more than in any other part of India, the English language is spoken habitually, and, owing to the number of different dialects in the South of India, it is rapidly becoming a kind of *lingua franca*, through which the natives of different parts of the country communicate one with the other. This was vividly described to me by an artist friend of mine, Mr. Edward Lear, who travelled through a great part of the country, and his narrative will bring the scene before you better than any general observations of mine. He shall therefore speak for himself :—

I was in a second class railway carriage going from Madras to Bangalore. There was only one other passenger beside myself and servant, and he was a Brahmin, dressed all in white, with the string worn over the shoulder, by which you may always recognise a Brahmin. He had a great many boxes and small articles, which took up a good deal of room in the compartment, and when at the next station the door was opened for another passenger to get in, the guard said :—

'You cannot have all these boxes inside the carriage; some of them must be taken out.'

'Oh, sir!' said the Brahmin, in very good English, 'I assure you these articles are by no means necessary to my comfort, and I hope you will not hesitate to dispose of them as you please.'

Accordingly, therefore, the boxes were taken away. Then the new comer stepped in; he was also a native, but dressed in quite a different manner from the Brahmin, his clothes being blue, green, red, and all the colours of the rainbow, so that one saw at once the two persons were from different parts of India. Presently, he surprised me by saying to the Brahmin :—

'Pray, sir, excuse me for having given you the trouble of removing any part of your luggage; I am really quite sorry to have given you any inconvenience whatever.'

To which the Brahmin replied, 'I beg, sir, you will make no apologies; it is impossible you can have incommoded me by causing the removal of these trifling articles; and, even if you had done so, the pleasure of your society would afford me perfect compensation.'

I think this conversation gives us a good lesson in railway manners.

After this the two natives went on conversing in English, a circumstance which puzzled me so much that I was resolved to understand why they did so. And at first I began to ask the name of this or that temple or village as we passed along, but the red and blue man always said, 'Ask this gentleman, sir; I am wholly unacquainted with this part of India, whereas he knows all about it, and can have no greater gratification than in imparting his knowledge to yourself.'

After a while I could not help saying, 'Gentlemen, allow me to trouble you with a question which puzzles me considerably, and which I do not doubt you will kindly explain. Why do you converse in English?'

At this the Brahmin laughed loudly, and presently said, 'Sir, this gentleman only understands Telegoo and Cannarese, while I only understand Mahratta; how then could we converse together in any Indian language? But as we are both well acquainted with English, that, you see, sir, is our medium of conversation. And, sir, as you have evidently not been long in India, I may be allowed to call your attention to what so intelligent a person as yourself would sooner or later discover, namely, that the English language is every year becoming of greater use as a medium of communication to natives of this country, who, up till very lately, could only understand each other by interpretors.'

I will venture to say that there are hardly half a dozen Englishmen who speak French with the purity and accuracy with which thousands of natives of India speak English. I wish that I could conjure into this hall one or two natives of Bengal—such as Keshub Chunder Sen, of whose name you may have heard, as he is the head of a remarkable religious movement in India, and visited England some years ago—or Mr. Lalmohun Ghose, a barrister, of whose eloquence I have been told, though I never had the pleasure of hearing him. I think you would agree with me, after hearing them address you for a few minutes, that, even here in Birmingham, where you have the privilege of listening so often to one of the first of our public speakers, there are natives of India who do not fall far short of the highest form of British eloquence.

Every year many books are published in English written by natives of India. Among the most important of them is the 'Antiquities of Orissa,' by Rajendralal Mitra, a work as remarkable for its style as for its learning. Indian ladies have taken their place as authors, not only in English but in French. Toru Dutt, whose premature death was deplored by M. Garcin de Tassy, was a Christian lady of Bengal, who, besides English poetry of no mean order, wrote a pathetic story in French, which has been published at Paris.[15] I should like to give you an instance of English composition by a native of India, and I will read to you two short verses composed by my friend Maharaja Jotcendro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, as a song of welcome to the Prince of Wales, which was set to Hindoo music on the occasion of his visit[16]:—

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[15] *Le Journal de Mlle. d'Arvers*, with a biographical sketch by Madame Clarisse Bader. Paris: Didier, 1870.

[16] By Sourindro Mohun Tagore, President of the Bengal Music School. The

Hail noble Prince! all hail to thee;
With joyous voice we welcome sing,
As, bursting into festive glee,
Bengala greets her future King.
Tho' humble our reception be,
And though our strains may halting run,
The loyal heart we bring to thee
Is warmer than our Eastern sun.

I hope you will agree with me that the language is as well chosen as I know the sentiments were sincere on the part of the writer and his countrymen.

I am afraid that we sometimes forget in England that the manner in which Indian questions are treated in Parliament and in the press here is thoroughly understood by the educated natives of India. This attention to English politics is not confined to the educated natives of British territories. At the native Courts of India the articles of our English newspapers are habitually translated and read. Dr. Bellews' Travels and Sir Henry Rawlinson's Essays were studied at the Court of the Ameer of Cabul.

There are newspapers published in India—notably, the 'Hindoo Patriot,' of Calcutta—written in English exclusively by natives of India, which hold their own well with the Anglo-Indian journals. I looked through the list of the newspapers, some sixty in number, which are taken in by this Institute, and I found the name of no Indian journal among them. If I might venture to make a suggestion, I should recommend your committee to take in the 'Hindoo Patriot,' and any of you who are interested in Indian questions would greatly profit by occasionally looking at it.

I remember a curious instance of the closeness with which the vicissitudes of our English parliamentary system are watched. In 1874 there was a threatened famine in Bengal, and a question arose whether, in the administration of relief, a labour test should be universally applied. I had come to the conclusion, for reasons with which it is not necessary to trouble you, that such a test was inapplicable to the case with which I had to deal, and I gave orders accordingly. This happened just at the time when a dissolution of Parliament was imminent, and Lord Beaconsfield, then Mr. Disraeli, had made a speech in his county. He happened to touch upon the Indian famine, which was then a topic of great interest, and remarked that a labour test was, in his opinion, not altogether applicable to the circumstances of India. This speech, of course, came out to India, and a writer, I believe, in the very paper to which I have alluded said that he saw very clearly why the Viceroy had given his orders about the labour test, for there was to be a dissolution, the Conservatives were coming into office, and he had naturally

verses and music were published, along with others, by J. H. Ghose and Co., Calcutta, 1875.

shaped his policy in India in accordance with the opinions of the coming Premier. Our native friends, you will observe, prophesied the defeat of the Liberal party in 1874 pretty shrewdly. I have not had occasion lately to read their writings as much as I did then, so that I cannot tell you if they were equally right in their predictions of the result of this year's elections.

For want of sufficient time I must pass over several Hindoo and Mussulman gentlemen of the North-Western Provinces, such as the Nawab of Rampore, Raja Deonarain Singh, Raja Dilsookh Rai, and the blind Tehsildar, Chowbey Gemsham Doss, whom I should like to have mentioned, but I must spare a few minutes to remind you how much we owe to the loyalty and ability of many distinguished natives of the Punjab—our most recent acquisition in India. Sir Sahib Dyal was a Sikh. He was one of the advisers of the Maharaja Runjeet Sing, by whom he was much valued, and he became a faithful subject of the British Government after the Punjab was annexed. I made his acquaintance when I was in India, and before my time he had served as a member of the Legislative Council of the Viceroy. Sir Sahib Dyal was constantly consulted by the Punjab Government. His advice, at a critical moment at Lahore during the mutiny, was followed with the best results. In common with almost all native statesmen and the best of the English officers in India, he was much opposed to direct taxation. When, on one occasion, a licence tax was put on which was very unpopular, he came and said, 'How much do you want?' On his receiving an answer he replied, 'Put a little more duty on salt; the people will not feel it or even know it, and there will be no dissatisfaction, and there will be no trouble.' I mention this to show you how differently a native who thoroughly knows his fellow-countrymen regards questions of taxation from many people who discuss Indian financial questions at home—from an English point of view. Sirdar Nehal Sing was a Sikh of good family, whom Lord Lawrence kept with him as a kind of aide-de-camp during the whole of the Mutiny. He was a soldier, trustworthy and faithful, and his advice was of the utmost value upon military, as was Sir Sahib Dyal's upon civil, affairs.[17]

Men well worthy to be ranked with these arose in the same times among the Mussulmans of the frontier—Nawab Foujdar Khan, for instance, who was the right hand man of Sir Herbert Edwards. Through him the levies were raised which kept Moolraj at bay till our regular troops arrived on the scene. And of the same family of Mooltan Pathans is the Newab Sir Ghulam Hussan Khan, whose name you may remember as having been sent with letters to the Ameer of Cabul before the beginning of the late war. He raised a regiment of horse at the time of the Mutiny, which he commanded himself, served with it in Oude, and defeated three of the mutinous cavalry regiments in a

[17] I am indebted to Sir Robert Montgomery for these particulars.

fair fight in the open. These two Mussulman noblemen served the Indian Government with ability and fidelity as British envoys at the Court of the Ameer of Cabul.

We have now arrived at the frontier of India, and I have finished the observations which I have to make to you. To me the work has been a labour of love, for no man could have filled the position which has fallen to my lot in India without carrying home with him a sincere affection for the people. You may think, perhaps, that my descriptions have been pitched in a key of monotonous panegyric. To this I would reply that I have no sympathy with those biographers who think it is their duty to lay bare, with scrupulous fidelity, every defect in the character of the men whose lives they write. I know well enough that there are native princes in India whose habits will not bear investigation. I know that there are dissolute and spendthrift nobles in India as well as in England; that there are conceited youths there who bring ridicule upon the educated natives; that commercial morality is not universal there any more than it is here; that there are indifferent regiments in the native armies; and that the common people in India, as in England, have their faults as well as their virtues. But I can honestly say that not a word you have heard from me is, to the best of my belief, either exaggerated or untrue.

I must ask leave to make one other remark. My subject to-night has been the Natives of India. It would have occupied fully as much again of your time if I had attempted to give you a sketch of the good work which your own countrymen have done in India; and the theme would have been as congenial to me as that which I have chosen. If I have succeeded at all in enlisting your sympathies in favour of the natives of India, you must not forget that their peace and prosperity is due, under God, to the devotion of your own countrymen, the soldiers and statesmen who have pacified and ruled India; and, I will venture to add, that not a man of those among them whose names will be recorded in the list of Indian worthies has not felt and expressed sympathy and affection for the natives of that country.

To conclude. What impression do I wish you to carry away in your minds? Are you to leave this hall with nothing but a vague recollection of names unfamiliar to Birmingham and the Midland counties? Have you yourselves no duties to perform to the magnificent empire, the extent of which may perhaps have been brought more forcibly before you than ever before by the variety of the races and classes which I have rapidly sketched to-night? In what manner is the power of the people of England—greater now than it has ever been in the history of this country—to be exercised in respect of India?

It is sometimes said that Indian questions had better not be discussed in Parliament. If this means that such questions should not, upon ordinary occasions, be brought to the front in the political conflicts of the day, I should heartily agree. But if it be contended that the people and the Parliament of England ought to view with

indifference the conduct of affairs in India, I altogether dispute the position. However enlightened it may be, the Government of India is a despotic Government; but, to use the words of a great English statesman, 'A Minister of the Crown will not sanction acts which he cannot defend in Parliament. Thus silently, but effectually, the spirit of the British Constitution has pervaded India, and the most absolute despotism has been qualified and tempered by the genius of representative government.'[18]

It is therefore your duty as citizens not to neglect the affairs of India, and it is the duty of Parliament to discuss those affairs from time to time as occasions arise, not in minute detail, indeed, but upon broad principles.

From what I have said to-night, I hope you will have gathered that the principles of sound Indian administration are not far to seek. They rest upon the foundation of justice and common-sense. Our dealings with the native princes must be strictly governed by the treaties and engagements which we have made with them. We must show our sympathy with the nobles and educated classes, and associate them with us as much as we can in the government of their country; we must cherish and reward our native soldiers and officers; we must rule the people with patience, remembering how far they are removed from ourselves in education; and we must be cautious and deliberate in the introduction of changes in their institutions and habits.

Above all, we must keep India at peace. Do not listen to those irresponsible writers who try to frighten you by the idea that India is in danger of attack. Do not be led astray by the vague word 'prestige' to embark in a criminal rivalry with Russia for the supremacy of Central Asia. I am giving you the advice of responsible politicians of all political parties when they speak in their sober senses. Remember Lord Beaconsfield's wise words that 'Asia is large enough for the destinies of both Russia and England.'[19] Recollect Lord Salisbury's advice, when you are disturbed by timid counsels, to consult your large maps. Rely upon it that, so long as India is governed well—so long as its revenues are husbanded, and the surplus applied to the development of its magnificent resources—so long as its princes are loyal, its armies are true, and its people contented—you may laugh at the prophecies of danger from without. Beware of those who, for some plausible reason or another, are constantly urging us to extend the limits of the Indian Empire of the Queen, notwithstanding our solemn pledges. Believe me, it is large enough, and carries with it responsibilities serious enough now to task to the utmost the powers of its rulers. And there is one simple test which you may safely apply to all Indian questions. Never forget that it is our duty to govern India not for our own profit and advantage, but for the benefit of the natives of India.

NORTHBROOK.

[18] Lord Russell in *Correspondence and Memorials of* [illegible] *Fox*, ii. 254.
[19] May 5, 1876. *Hansard*, vol. ccxxix., p. 138.

The 'Affair Simpson.'

I.

A MILITARY ball, given in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, by the —th Hussars, was drawing to its close, as well it might, seeing it was nearly five o'clock A.M., on a March morning some fifteen years ago.

The bulk of the guests had departed; and most of the men who remained had settled down to supper in earnest. Only about twenty couples occupied the ball-room. They were dancing about the sixth extra waltz to the strains of the 'Soldaten Lieder,' or 'The Guards.' These were the favourite waltzes of the time, German and English respectively, if our memory serves us.

We need only draw attention to one pair of the dancers, who are flying from end to end of the room. 'Lurches' and 'rolls,' and such abominations, were then unknown; and the fashionable step was the swift, smooth *trois temps*. The man, whose name was Simpson, was a well-built, handsome young fellow of five-and-twenty, about six feet one in height, with fair hair cut close, and a very slight trace of whisker. He had once rejoiced in a small silky moustache; but that, alas! had been ruthlessly shaved off on his passing at the Bar a year before, professedly in order to enable the judges to watch the play of his mouth—a useless sacrifice, as it may at once be admitted that they never got a chance of doing so. He had the shoulders of an athlete, and the fresh face of a boy unmarked by care—or thought.

His partner was a little above the middle height. She was certainly pretty, but what you admired most in her was her unmistakably ladylike manner, and her open straightforward look, which was absolutely free from affectation. Men used to say that what they liked in Miss Burton was that she never flirted with them; but we are not sure that they escaped any the more heart-whole on that account. She had a small neat head, and her hair, a light brown, was arranged as closely as the fashion would permit. To complete the list of her charms, she was a first-rate dancer and an heiress.

After two or three turns the pair settled comfortably at one end of the room for about the twentieth time that night.

Meantime two young men were standing near the door watching the dancers.

'I do wish that Wally Simpson would give up his spooning for to-night, and come home,' said one.

'My dear fellow, if you had a chance of 200,000*l.* you would not be in such a hurry to go home,' replied the other.

'You don't say that old Burton will cut up——'

'Hush!'

The clank of spurs was heard just behind them, and the Colonel of the Hussars was seen coming from the supper-room, accompanied by a civilian of about fifty years of age. The latter was a tall, thin gentlemanly man, with carefully cut and trimmed grey hair, whiskers and moustache. His complexion was pallid (impolite people would have said inclined to yellow—he called it ivory). He had a long aquiline nose, with a peculiar droop at the tip, which gave his face a querulous pained expression, as if he had just detected and strongly disapproved of some objectionable smell. It also made him look the least thing like a vulture; and this night his supper, or something else, had caused a tuft of hair to stand up on the top of his head, which kept up the illusion.

'A set of very fine young fellows, Colonel! Ah! if it had not been for the claims of property and matrimony I might have been in your place now. May you never know the cares of property, Colonel; and, whatever you do, never marry an Earl's daughter!'

'Good night, Mr. Burton,' said the Colonel, who had evidently had enough of his guest; 'very glad to have met you.' Mr. Burton would not take the hint.

'Talking of your young fellows, what a lot they were in my day! There was Travers—Lord Travers, I mean; and Billy Billcombe—now Sir William Billcombe; and Dolly Tremens—I mean Lord Adolphus Tremens; and—myself. I fear we were just a little fast——'

'Good night, Mr. Burton,' said the Colonel, escaping.

Mr. Burton, left thus abruptly, drew himself up in a dignified manner, examined himself critically in a mirror, adjusted his stock, and then proceeded slowly round the room, lifting his feet in cavalry fashion, as if he still wore spurs. Truth to tell, he had supped unusually often and well that night.—Was it not his old regiment? and this was the reason why his daughter had been allowed to remain so long.

'Where is my girl?' he asked solemnly. At last he detected her and Simpson in their corner, and made for them. But they were too quick for him, and were off at once. He caught them at last by the simple expedient of calling out in a voice of thunder as they whirled past, 'Alice, my girl, come home!'

So home they went. Alice Burton judiciously did not trouble her father that night (he *sang* in the cab on the way home—a thing unprecedented in her experience); but next morning she told him that Charlie Simpson had proposed to her, and that she had accepted him.

She called him Charlie. He was variously known. To some he was Simpson, to cricketers C. W. Simpson, and to his intimate friends and admirers 'Wally.' What vast potentialities underlie initials! That W. might have stood for Wiggins, but it did not; it stood for Waldegrave—a fancy name given him by his mother's desire, and by which, it may be mentioned, Mr. Burton condescended to call him.

Of course his schoolfellows at once abbreviated the name to Wally, and Wally he remained. We have said he looked like an athlete. He was an athlete, devoted perhaps rather too much, as we shall see, to all games and sports. He was a grand cricketer; one of those men who only appear at intervals, whose block is like another man's drive, and whose leg hit is a terror to short-leg and umpire. Successively captain of his school and University elevens, he was rather spoiled, too much accustomed to command and have his own way, and therefore rather regardless of the wishes of others. He was of easy and seemingly imperturbable temper, but then he had scarcely ever been tried or thwarted. His father was a man of property, whose estate lay in Stirlingshire, not far from 'The Moss,' Mr. Burton's place. Wally, or Simpson, as we shall call him in future, was sent to the Scotch bar after a year or two of travel, in order that he might qualify himself for the discharge of his duties as the eldest son of a landed proprietor, and in the prosecution of his studies he strictly confined himself to acquiring the *minimum* of legal knowledge required for that purpose. In due course he passed at the bar, and the beginning of the year of which we are writing found him walking the boards of the Parliament House in a certain sense; but it was a gay season, and on the whole he spent more of the twenty-four hours daily on the boards of the Assembly Rooms.

During February and March he went on an average to four balls a week, returning home at about six o'clock A.M. At eleven o'clock he sauntered up to court, and there he and kindred spirits sat like rooks heavily drugged on a rail, yawning desperately till the stroke of one o'clock released them, when they flew languidly away to recruit their jaded appetites and parched throats with a judiciously selected lunch, or to refresh themselves with a round or two of golf at Musselburgh. All this was perhaps excellent training for an unpaid magistracy, but not productive of lucrative business.

Miss Burton's father, Carolus Burton, Esq., of 'The Moss,' had in his youth been in the army, in the —th Hussars. He sold out on marrying Lady Crudelia Gusbury, the sixth daughter of the fifth Earl Gusbury. He was a gentleman by birth and education, but he had a besetting weakness—an inordinate devotion to the aristocracy. He lost no opportunity of increasing his acquaintance with that body, and never ceased to talk of those members of it whom he had the privilege to know. He was a man of considerable wealth, being reported to have about 200,000*l.* besides 'The Moss.'

Alice Burton was his only child. She was about twenty-one years old at the time of which we are writing. As children she and Simpson were brought up a good deal together; but during the time that he was at school and college they saw next to nothing of each other. This year, for the first time since Lady Crudelia Burton's death, Mr. Burton took a house in Edinburgh for the winter; and there Alice and Simpson met, danced, and flirted, with the result we have already stated.

Mr. Burton gave a very lukewarm consent to the engagement, and then only on condition that the marriage was not to take place for a year. He had been taken by surprise, and wished for time to look round. He had always intended to be the father-in-law of a duke before he died; and he was not the man to abandon the dream of his life without a struggle.

II.

SIMPSON'S practice was not yet such as to interfere with his cricket. One sultry July evening he returned in hot haste to his rooms. He had been at the wicket nearly the whole day, and the innings terminated just in time to give him a chance of reaching Mr. Burton's by dinner-time—a quarter before eight. His rooms consisted of an entire floor in a fashionable part of the town. The windows of his sitting-room, which lay to the back, faced the west, and looked out on the open country. On entering his sitting-room, a remarkable sight met his view. Both windows were wide open, and a glorious flood of light from the setting sun streamed into the room. The air was still oppressively hot. A sofa had been moved from its place and drawn in front of one of the windows. On the sofa lay extended in peaceful slumber the person of a tall fat man. He was in his shirt-sleeves; his coat lay on a chair by his side. His waistcoat—a white one—was open, his necktie was undone, and a pocket-handkerchief was thrown over and concealed his face. Regular but heavy respiration showed that he slept well. Beside him, on a table which had been dragged from the middle of the room, stood a bottle of champagne three parts emptied, a bowl of clear ice, and a tumbler. These, and a box of cigars recently opened, indicated the tastes and latest pursuits of the sleeper. Simpson's dog—a quarrelsome and restless fox-terrier—dropped lazily from the sofa as his master entered the room. He had plainly been sleeping with the fat man—an unusual and portentous event.

Simpson, who was a very matter-of-fact young man, was in no way startled by the sight; his only feeling was curiosity as to who the unknown was, and how he had become possessed of the various creature comforts on the table. As the simplest way of settling these doubts, he with the tip of his cane adroitly dislodged the handkerchief from the veiled prophet's face, and, with another application of the same instrument, brought him smartly to a sitting position. He awoke with a roar—

'Shut up, you—what, Wally, old man!'

'Travers, old fellow! Where have you dropped from?'

'I scarcely know; wait till I've rubbed my eyes. Well, I'm on my way north to Hamilton's.'

'I thought you did not know him?'

'No more I did a month ago. But I met him at Ashworth, and he asked me to look him up if I came to Scotland. I said, "D'you

mean it?" "Certainly," he said. "Then we'd better name the day," said I. "By all means," said he. "Done with you," said I; "the first of August, for a month;" and here I am. He looked rather blue; but I've no notion of invitations that are not intended to be accepted. Your wily Scot is rather given to trying that trick on with the simple Southron.'

'The simple Southron is in a fair way to be avenged,' thought Simpson; then aloud, 'How did you find me out?'

'Thereby hangs a tale. I got a directory at my hotel, and looked you up—"Charles Waldegrave Simpson, Advocate, 56 Saltoun Place." All right—my Wally beyond dispute. But when I reached Saltoun Place I suppose I went to No. 66, or some other 6. I found myself in a spacious hall, hung with valuable pictures. "All this is as it should be," thought I; "how that boy is rising in his profession!" I was shown into a very handsome drawing-room; a little girl ran out as I came in. "Married, too, and not told his old friend!" Presently I was undeceived; I was engaged in examining a severely judicial bust, and was wondering whether you had married a judge's daughter, when a middle-aged lady and three grown-up young ladies entered. I saw my mistake, apologised, and explained. The ladies all smiled graciously, and begged me to be seated. I *was* seated, and a very pleasant half-hour I had.'

'Why, you must have been in Lord Pattison's house; he is one of our judges.'

'Is he? In that case you'll get a favourable hearing next time you come before him. We had a good deal of confidential talk about you, Wally. I said I was your uncle—mother's youngest brother; said I had paid your debts twice, but thought you had steadied down at last, and so on.

'I wish you would mind your own affairs, Travers,' said Simpson testily. 'I shan't be able to look Mrs. Pattison in the face again; but I must dress now, I'm afraid; I'm late as it is.'

For one moment Simpson thought of taking his friend with him to the Burtons; but doubts as to the effect he might have on the peculiar temperament of Mr. Burton made him abandon the thought.

'Don't apologise,' said the stranger; 'I ascertained from your excellent housekeeper—never saw such a fat woman in my life—that you would not dine at home; so I took the liberty of ordering a light refection for one here at eight o'clock.'

Simpson smiled grimly, dressed, and left his house, cook, and cellar at the disposal of the self-invited guest, whom we may take this opportunity of formally introducing to the reader.

Travers Askew was an Earl's grandson, but unfortunately he was the son of a younger son. His father, third son of a deceased Earl of Wrynecke, had a small patrimony, and was bred to no profession. Family influence, however, obtained for him an appointment in the gift of the Government, which, as he was willing to work, enab him to live comfortably and give his son a University edu

Unfortunately, from the moment he left College, Travers evinced an unalterable determination not to earn his own livelihood in any of the usual fields of labour; and at the time of which we are writing had, at the age of thirty, no ostensible means of existence except 200*l.* a year bequeathed to him by an aunt. All this notwithstanding, he lacked nothing. He knew everybody and went everywhere; and went at the right time too. Had a friend a place adjacent to Goodwood or Newmarket, Travers was there at or about the times of race-meetings—and not otherwise. Was a select shooting party formed to meet H.R.H., the name of Travers Askew appeared modestly at the end of a short list of noble names. In his own county a ball was seldom fixed until he had been retained to lead the cotillon. All this, it will be said, did not cost much money, if it did not save any. But in matters which did require money he seemed to fare equally well. He travelled a good deal; and, from weight-carrying hunters and expensive guns down to the requisites of the toilet and ivory-backed brushes, all were his and of the best; he simply would not use an inferior article.

What was the secret of all this luxury and comfort? It lay in the man, and scarcely admitted of analysis. If we may hazard an opinion, it was partly due to the fact that he was fat; for, to the fat things ever come easy. The comfortable chair, the seat facing the horses, the easy post, the inside wheel, all fall to him by acclamation. Who ever asked a fat man to ring the bell, or shut the door, or sit with his back to the fire? It is never dreamed of; and a remarkable thing about this tyranny is that, in this respect, youth—that is, comparative youth—is almost as much privileged as age.

Add to this that fatness, often falsely we fear, conveys an impression of good temper. This may be due, partly perhaps, to the fact that the man has it all his own way; but the true cause, we believe, is that his skin is too tight to admit readily of his giving facial expression to displeasure or discontent.

We do not say, distrust fat men—we know many excellent fat men—but do not take them altogether on trust.

Now Travers Askew, though tall and well formed, was beyond question fat. His features were massive and handsomely moulded, but they were somewhat spoiled by their fulness. His eye—well, he had a 'merry eye,' which not only indicated a just appreciation of good living, and enjoyment of a joke, but disclosed to a close observer considerable shrewdness; shrewdness which would have been apparent in a thinner man, but which Travers' fatness served to veil.

Everything which required a good eye and steady hand he did well; not showily, but surely. He also danced well, as most fat men do, if they dance at all; because, thanks to their weight, they cannot hop, and so must perforce go smoothly.

Lastly, he told a good story capitally, and had great judgment as to the company in which it should be told. Woe to the subject of the story if he was present when Travers thought fit to tell it!

He had a way of fixing his victim with that merry eye that made him writhe with anticipations of roasting to come ere the tale was well begun. But Travers knew when and where to strike; and he boasted with justice that, if he once stayed in a house, he was always asked back again.

He was six years older than Simpson. Their acquaintance began in cricket (Travers was a lazy member of the M.C.C. and I Zingari), and continued in travelling.

About twelve o'clock Simpson returned to his rooms. He again found his guest asleep, this time in an arm-chair, with Bell's 'Principles of the Law of Scotland by Shaw,' which constituted the young advocate's law library, lying open by his side. On the table stood the remains of the banquet, amongst which Simpson recognised a bottle of his best claret.

Travers awoke, yawned, rose, lighted another cigar, and sat down again.

'Wally, my dear boy, what a wretched library you've got! Without for one moment casting reflections upon the late Mr. Bell's principles (I observe he had 2351—a large number), which I have no doubt were all they ought to be, he is dull reading of an evening. Shaw writes with a dash of sly humour, but he is curt, very curt.'

Here he threw 'Shaw's Bell' away in disgust. 'I've been through your cellar though, and I've more hopes of you in that department. But, Wally! Wally! you've been drinking your '58. Only forty-three bottles left. Don't do it, my dear boy; it's positively a crime—not for ten years to come. By the way, why have you no *kümmel*? I thought I'd be sure to find it here, with Leith at your door too!'

And so he ran on till two o'clock, when Simpson nerved himself to the task, got him up, and walked him off to his hotel.

Travers remained for nearly a week in Edinburgh, during which time, escorted by Simpson, he patronised the local industries a good deal, and bought fishing tackle, stalking suits, ammunition, a rifle, and so forth. That is to say, he ordered and obtained possession of all these things, and for the sake of convenience ordered the accounts to be sent to the town residence of Mr. C. W. Simpson; a course which in a year or so led to that gentleman looking more closely into the law of implied guarantee than he had previously done.

At length Travers departed for the North armed to the teeth, and was seen no more—for a time.

III.

On the east coast of Scotland there lies a certain little town called St. Baldred's (we dare not call it a village, because it is a Royal Burgh, and returns one-sixth part of a member to Parliament), which has now become a fashionable watering-place. Fifty years ago it was merely a fishing village, very quaint and interesting, but very small. Thirty years ago a railway was constructed and a rail-

way hotel built. A few adventurous people thereupon built villas along the coast, and a few more rented farmhouses in the vicinity for the summer months. Now the villas cover twice the area of the town; and the summer visitors are three times as numerous as the native population, who avenge themselves, however, by making a very handsome living out of the former. At the time of which we write, namely, fifteen years ago, about half the villas now existing had been built; but the place had not quite lost its primitive charm.

Among these villas was one belonging to Mr. Burton, named Brandon House, in consequence of Mr. Burton having once, under peculiar circumstances, spent a night at Hamilton Palace. At this villa every year he spent at least one or two months; the attraction being not the sea air nor the sea view, which was lovely, but the all-absorbing game of golf. St. Baldred's possessed a very good golfing course or links, which ran westwards along the coast for one or two miles; and round and round this course went the aristocratic person of Mr. Burton six days out of seven during his stay there.

Mr. Burton's daughter did not regard either St. Baldred's or the game of golf with the same favour. Writing in 1880, it is not easy to realise her position. In a quiet ladylike way she was essentially athletic and fond of all games and exercise. She did not even object to loading for her father. But she was in advance of her time; for fifteen years ago these proclivities were sternly repressed by the stronger sex, especially if the ladies showed a disposition to join in the sports of men. This was eminently the case where golf was played. The ladies were driven with hoots and shouts from the green; and not only were not permitted to play with the men, but were by no means encouraged to play with each other. Nay, more, they had the greatest difficulty in inducing men to desert golf for a single day, in order to make up a set at croquet, the mild and only game sanctioned by law.

Now things are changed—whether for better or worse we do not presume to say. Ladies play golf and play it with men unabashed; and lawn tennis proves as powerful an attraction to the gilded youth as golf. It is one of the objects of the present story to suggest an explanation of this revolution.

Now at St. Baldred's Alice Burton had nothing whatever to do. She rode; but St. Baldred's admitted of but two rides—one due east, the other due west. There was no ground level enough for croquet except the links, and they were forbidden; besides, not even her charms could have tempted a young man to leave his match and join the game. She wished to play golf, and we remember seeing her every now and then going her solitary round armed with one of her father's clubs, a sight to touch the heart of a heavy iron; but the heart of a heavy father is of harder metal, and a rather gruff remonstrance from Mr. Burton one day when he had lost his match put a stop to this. At last, in sheer despair, she took to sketching the

islands along the coast from every conceivable point of view, and had nearly mastered the subject by the close of 1864.

This year, however, she looked hopefully forward to a happier autumn. Charlie spent the first week of August at St. Baldred's, and although he did bring his golf clubs, and did use them a little, he on the whole paid her a fair amount of attention, considering the habits of golfing men of the time. He promised to return in the end of August, the moment he could get away from the grouse. But the last week of August passed away and yet he came not; he had been unable to resist a deerstalking invitation, but he would arrive by the 10th of September at latest. On the 3rd of September Mr. Burton and Alice went to Inverness-shire to be present at coming-of-age festivities. They returned on the 10th; Charlie had not then arrived; but on the 12th he came. Rooms had been taken for him in the hotel by his desire; and on arriving there he found a note from Alice, saying that she and her father were doing the honours of the Isle of Crabs, one of the neighbouring islands, to a visitor, and would not be home till dinner time, when she hoped to see him at Brandon House. We need not repeat some tender little messages and reproaches with which the note concluded.

In later days Simpson tried to recollect whether he felt any presentiment of impending danger when he read this note. No, he had not. On the contrary, he felt particularly at his ease. He ate a very good luncheon and smoked a very large cigar; and then sauntered down to the links intending to have a round with a professional; and not altogether desolated because Burton *père* was safely separated from him for the day by the cruel sea. This serene state of mind was of short duration. He had left his clubs at the said professional's workshop, and thither he accordingly repaired. He opened his box and took out his clubs. He undid the straps. He took up his favourite driver and 'swung' it. The head of the club incontinently broke off and went through the window. What on earth was wrong? Phlegmatic as he was, he grew excited and rapidly examined his clubs. His worst fears were realised. All except the putter and short spoon, whose stumpiness and good constitution had saved them, were broken into the most eccentric shapes. One had no lead, another no horn, the shaft of another was snapped in two; the heavy iron was headless, and the cleek had parted with its leather for ever. The wreck was complete. We shall drop the curtain for two minutes, if you please, on the bereaved golfer.

'Watson,' at length he found breath to cry, 'Watson, who the mischief's been using my clubs?'

'Weel, Maister Simpson,' said Watson, hurrying into the shop with an air partly sheepish and partly defiant, 'I kent hoo it wad be; saw ye ever sic an a hash? But your uncle be to have them.'

'My uncle, you fool! I've not got an uncle. What was he like?'

'A muckle fat man. But he didna do that bad whan he cam' to it.'

'Came to it, you blockhead, after he had broken all my clubs! Where's the head of my heavy iron?'

'I'm thinkin' it parted in the "Tailor's Grave" ('twas an ill-lying la' wi' a stane under it); it went into Leddy MacIvor's garden, and Maister Burton wouldna let Sandy gang after it.'

'Mr. Burton! was the man playing with him?'

'Hoot aye, or I wadna hae gi'en him your clubs. He broke Maister Burton's black spoon forbye. I didna think mortal man could ha' done it. Eh! but Maister Burton swoor awfu'!'

It may be explained parenthetically that this same 'black spoon' was a name of terror, especially to Mr. Burton's partners, as it was only invoked when the Burton cause was *in extremis*; and then not so much as a helpful *deus ex machinâ*, but as a solemn protest and last dying testimony that everything that man might do had been done to retrieve his partner's mistakes. It had a head like a canoe bottomed with brass, and a shaft like the piston of an engine; and when in full swing boomed through the air like a cannon ball. It was created by a well-known maker towards the beginning of this century (the brass bottom was comparatively modern), and doubtless would have seen the next, but for a *force majeure*, which no mortal spoon could have resisted. Hit cruelly and persistently on its heel and toe alternately, the head first groaned in order to give fair warning, then cracked, then gaped, and finally gave up its long struggle for existence and an honourable old age, and, whizzing past the head of its owner, who was watching with silent agony the manner in which it was being abused, fell to earth some sixty yards away. The 'black spoon' had ceased to exist.

'Well, that's one consolation,' said Simpson; 'now look me out some clubs and come and have a round.'

His game gradually restored Simpson to good humour, and by the end of the second round he was ready, and as usual rather late, for dinner. He rushed back to his hotel, dressed hurriedly, and reached Brandon House just as dinner was announced.

Knowing Mr. Burton's hatred of unpunctuality, he darted up stairs three steps at a time, hoping to save his distance. But just as he reached the top step he ran his head violently into the waistcoat of a gentleman who was in the act of gracefully handing Miss Burton down to dinner.

IV.

'Gently, Wally, gently! Oh! Miss Burton, the terrors of the sea are nothing to a lawyer's head.'

'Charlie!'

'Waldegrave, my good fellow!'

Such were the salutations which followed Simpson's charge. If, instead of rushing up stairs like a mad bullock, he had looked to see where he was going, he would have seen a procession of three issue from the drawing-room, headed by Travers Askew with Miss Burton

on his arm, the tail consisting of Mr. Carolus Burton, whose pale face appeared immediately behind the rosy one of Travers, like an imperfect moon waiting to succeed the setting sun. He walked in gloomy majesty, as if officiating as chief mourner at the funeral of the black spoon; and, truth to tell, he was at that moment bitterly lamenting his loss.

A few hurried words of welcome, during which Mr. Burton's ruffled temper subsided, like the feathers of a long angry bird, and the procession proceeded. Mr. Burton taking Simpson's arm, and whispering—

'You know him, don't you? Capital young fellow! Nephew of my dear old friend Travers—I mean Lord Travers, now Lord Wrynecke; a right good old stock.'

Mr. Burton loved our old nobility, and loved talking about them to all and sundry. But he had an objectionable habit, when talking on his favourite topic to those less favoured than himself, of first calling the noble swell under discussion by a familiar name, and then adding his full title. As who should say, 'I, his old familiar friend, call him Travers; but to you, and such as you, he is, and ever must remain, Lord Travers.' The effect of this was that, just as you were entering into the spirit of the thing, and talking with graceful familiarity of your native aristocracy, you were suddenly made aware of the wideness of the gulf which lay between you, on the one hand, and them, and—what was worse—Mr. Burton on the other.

It was indeed Travers Askew. The explanation of his appearance at St. Baldred's was very simple. As we have seen, he had forced himself on an unwilling host, who did not expect or wish him to accept, and who, from the day of his arrival, moved heaven and earth to dislodge him. This was no easy matter, and, indeed, would not have been effected under two months, had it not been that Hamilton was engaged to be present at the coming of age festivities at Castle Cross Keys. He adroitly availed himself of this opportunity, asked leave to bring Travers with him, and once there, told him so plainly that he could not ask him to return with him that Travers could not affect to misunderstand him. The position was critical. Travers's next billet was not due till October, and here he was turned loose in rugged Caledonia a good month too soon. In this extreme moment Mr. Burton appeared, and so well did Travers use his opportunities that before two days were over he was invited, nay, pressed to come to St. Baldred's and remain as long as he pleased. He graciously accepted, and returned with the Burtons.

To resume. Up to a certain point dinner went pleasantly enough. Travers joked about the Isle of Crabs and his sufferings at sea, in a manner at once so ludicrous and so free from coarseness, that even Mr. Burton smiled. He next most obligingly entrapped Mr. Burton into a discussion upon the game laws and the rights of landlords, with special reference to the Wrynecke estates, of which he knew as little as Mr. Burton, which lasted for half an hour, and left the lovers free

to converse undisturbed. But in an evil moment a pause occurred, during which Simpson had time to reflect upon his wrongs, and the demon of discord at once took the reins.

'By the way, Travers, I hope you were satisfied with my poor clubs?'

'Indeed I was not, Wally. I never saw such a set of lucifer matches. I only got a hit apiece out of them. Now Mr. Burton lent me—I fear I may say gave me—a serviceable old tool, which stood me in at least six blows before it went.'

'Which was that, Mr. Burton?' said Simpson, mischievously.

'The black spoon,' said the chief mourner dejectedly, 'my father's first club.'

'Well,' resumed Travers, 'it certainly had an ancient hereditary look about it. Your father must have been a powerful man, I take it, sir. My arms ache with my efforts to upheave it. Do you play golf, Miss Burton?'

The question was asked in perfect good faith, but it wrought irreparable mischief. Miss Burton coloured uneasily, Simpson looked away, and Mr. Burton scowled openly.

'I should like to play, but they say it is not a game for ladies.' She felt strongly on the subject, and spoke with some warmth.

'You surprise me,' said Travers, genially. 'Surely it is not less feminine than croquet.'

'It is right that I should explain,' interposed Mr. Burton, with a wintry smile, 'that it is not considered good form for ladies to play golf. It may be prejudice, but so it is.' This expression of opinion should have closed the incident, but Travers would not accept the hint, although he understood it well enough.

'Let us change all this, Miss Burton. Come, Mr. Burton, I propose a match for to-morrow. You and I against the young people.'

'That, I fear, is simply *impossible*, as I have already made a match for Waldegrave and myself,' said Mr. Burton, with severity.

Now was Simpson's opportunity, but he meanly sided with Mr. Burton, as he considered the proposed match a good thing, and wished to play it.

'Well, Miss Burton,' said Travers, 'you and I must just break clubs by ourselves. What is the name of that Katharine Parr of a club that survived my attempts to break it?'

'I suppose you refer to my heavy putter, Mr. Askew. It is so-called because it is intended to be used, not as you used it, for long strokes, but for the purpose of putting the ball into the hole from short distances. Suppose, now, that that plate is the hole——'

Miss Burton here rose to depart.

'I think it is time for me to withdraw,' she said, smiling to Travers. She did not condescend to look at her recreant lover as she left the room.

V.

NEXT day Travers fulfilled his promise. He possessed himself of the heavy putter and boldly took the field with Miss Burton. But, alas! in ten minutes the heavy putter, and also Miss Burton's club, had joined the black spoon, and the game was at an end. As Miss Burton had played in defiance of her father's solemn protest and her lover's rather surly advice, in order to assert her rights, she was ripe for mischief, and it was soon at hand. Mr. Burton's match drew near. To it she and Travers, at her suggestion, at once attached themselves, and endeavoured to enter into conversation, first with one, then with another of the party, with indifferent success—like sturdy beggars soliciting alms and being steadily refused. Between the holes the players waved them off and fled; but on the putting green they were helpless, and could not choose but hear.

At last things came to a climax. Mr. Burton was hanging over a putt in a cataleptic attitude, which he usually assumed, when Travers audibly asked Simpson whether Mr. Burton had been long subject to these fits. This was past endurance. Mr. Burton first missed his stroke in order to put Travers thoroughly in the wrong in the face of all men, and then came up to him and said, with his worst company smile,

'It is proper that I should explain, Mr. Askew, that, as in whist so in golf, silence is *essential*. Alice, my dear, take Mr. Askew and show him the harbour.'

In the afternoon Travers rode with Miss Burton along the west road, and next day he rode with her along the east road. By this time he saw clearly that life at St. Baldred's would be insupportable if he did not play golf; for the rest he was satisfied with his quarters, and intended to remain in them. The wine was good, the cook was good, the butler attentive, and the whole establishment eminently comfortable; but the life was dull, even in the undivided society of a beauty and heiress. Travers accordingly proposed to join Mr. Burton in his sports; but that gentleman politely explained that, willing as he should have been to sacrifice his own convenience, he could not in a game where men played for money take the responsibility of introducing a novice. It remained, therefore, to charter Simpson, and this Travers did without scruple. The game thus forced on him was hateful to Simpson, but he dared not refuse. No amount of odds could make it a match, and therefore it was out of the question to bet upon it; besides, he knew well, that even if he were to bet and win, Travers would not dream of paying him. It suited Travers, however, who enjoyed the exercise, broke Simpson's clubs, smoked his cigars, and became more diabolically merry as time went on.

Fortunately the ordeal was not for long. At one part of the links the course is divided from the sea by undulating hillocks of considerable height, covered with long coarse grass and abounding in snug hollows admirably adapted for a *tête-à-tête*. As at this point

the course is narrow, there is danger, especially in windy weather, unless care is taken, of the balls flying over the hillocks and being lost in the long grass. On the third day of this ill-assorted match Travers hit his ball among the hillocks; he clambered in search of it and disappeared. After a short absence he reappeared, with a broad grin on his face, which Simpson observed, but was too sulky to ask the cause of. The next time they passed the place Travers's ball was again lost, and he again disappeared; but on his return (of course without the ball) he was preoccupied and grave. What had happened was this.

On climbing the hillock (the first time) in search of his ball, he suddenly came in view of what seemed a pair of lovers sitting in one of the numerous hollows. The lady, whose head was turned from him, was professedly sketching; the gentleman, a good-looking military man of about thirty-five, was talking to her in a low voice, and eyeing her with undisguised admiration. Every now and then he made a show of pointing out something in the view to the artist, but his heart was evidently not in the landscape. Travers, with his natural aversion to spoil sport, was about to withdraw, when the lady looked round—she was Alice Burton. She smiled and beckoned to Travers, and on his going up to her introduced the stranger as Captain Winthrop, without the slightest embarrassment. Travers made some complimentary remark about the sketch, and retired grinning, as we have seen. On his second journey he found the pair still sitting in the same place; but the sketch was laid aside, and they were engaged in earnest conversation. Travers softly withdrew unobserved. Here was food for reflection. What was this gay captain doing? Undoubtedly making love to Wally's *fiancée*. What a fool Wally was to expose the girl to such attentions! She did not seem to object very much to them. Should he warn Wally? No, he would not. It was no business of his. Stay—he would; a sudden thought struck him, and produced the unusually grave expression we have mentioned. As he played on, the sudden thought grew and took shape, and by the end of the round his mind was made up.

'Wally,' he said, 'do you know a man with a curly head, like a poodle—a red-headed poodle—and a waxed moustache?'

'Yes, I do; Jack Winthrop.'

'Well, Jack Winthrop's making love to Miss Burton. Excuse me for saying so.'

'Nonsense, Travers; I know all about him.'

'I'm not sure of that. Will you let me give you a bit of advice, Wally? Knock off your golf for a day or two, and attend to Miss Burton. No woman likes to be neglected, especially a beauty.'

'Attend to your own affairs, old fellow; we understand each other perfectly. *I* can't ride or draw, *she* can't play golf; but we see enough of each other in the evening.'

'Why, you can scarcely keep awake during dinner.'

'So long as she's content, what's that to you?'

'Take care, Wally; if you don't treat her properly, I'll make love to her myself.'

'Do,' said Simpson, with a smile of supreme complacency, as he turned on his heel. There was a dash of contempt in his tone which stung Travers to an unusual demonstration of earnestness, which was condensed however into four words—

'I will, young man!'

Simpson did not hear the words, or, if he did, they conveyed no meaning to his ear. He went into Watson's shop, and in half a minute had forgotten the subject entirely amidst the interesting details of certain necessary repairs and alterations which his clubs required.

Travers lighted another of Simpson's cigars, and walked up and down the shore in deep thought, till it was time to dress for dinner —a time with which he permitted no thought, however deep, to interfere.

VI.

It is right that we should here explain the process of ideas by which Travers Askew came to the sudden resolution announced at the close of the last chapter. He had hitherto not had the slightest wish or intention to make love to Miss Burton; and easy as his morality was, he was not such a scoundrel as to steal his friend's lover in ordinary circumstances. But he had very soon perceived that Wally neglected her, and that she first resented his neglect and latterly despised him for his selfishness. If this had been all, Travers would not have interfered; but what he saw among the hillocks inspired him with a brilliant idea. 'Now,' thought Travers, 'why should I allow that red poodle to walk off with 200,000*l.* and a nice girl! The girl is ceasing to care for Wally; serve him right. The poodle is good-looking, and presumably clever and agreeable. Forbid that I should stand in Wally's light, but if he is to lose her, at any rate, why should not I have her? I need the money, and I don't dislike the girl.' His conscience, however, would not permit him to proceed further with his scheme until he had warned Wally, not against him, Travers, but against Captain Winthrop. This done, he felt at liberty to act. His morality was somewhat tortuous, it must be confessed, but it had a method in it.

It should also be explained that the gay Winthrop was a captain in the Royal Artillery. He had been stationed at Leith Fort during the winter, and had fallen desperately in love with Alice Burton. In fact, he was on the point of proposing to her when he was anticipated. During the past month he had often run down from Edinburgh for the sake of catching a glimpse of her. He was an agreeable companion and a very fair draughtsman, and often accompanied her when she went sketching. Travers was not mistaken. There *was* some danger that, as the lady cooled towards Simpson, Winthrop would

make love to her, and that she might give him some encouragement which he was evidently too ready to make the most of.

The very next time he played, an unfortunate accident put an end to the golfing career of that promising beginner Mr. Travers Askew. While attempting to hit his ball out of a collection of broken glass and stones, he sprained his left wrist badly. After a few hollow condolences from Simpson, Travers went back to Brandon House, and in a few minutes again issued forth with his arm in a sling. He looked singularly contented and cheerful under the circumstances, and turned his steps seaward.

At this precise moment Miss Burton and the Captain were seated on the old spot among the hillocks. The sketch of the Isle of Crabs proceeded slowly, and the conversation was becoming more and more embarrassing; Alice began to wish herself at home, as her instinct told her that unintentionally she had allowed things to go too far, and that Winthrop's prudence was fast vanishing. She liked him, and wished to be spared the humiliation of his proposing to her. Suddenly their view of the Isle was obscured by a red smiling disc which came round the corner of a hillock and beamed upon them. To Alice this apparition was a deliverance, to the Captain destruction; and they expressed their respective sentiments in suitable terms, she aloud and he aside. We may repeat *her* remark.

'Mr. Askew! to what do we owe this unexpected honour? Your ball lost again? Come and give me your advice. Why, what is the matter with your arm?'

Travers explained about the sprain, and sank comfortably down beside her; the Captain restlessly wound and unwound the waxed ends of his moustache.

'Would the grinning fool never go? Couldn't he see that he was *de trop*?' But no; the grinning fool did not intend to go; on the contrary, he sat there conversing pleasantly, and smiling affably on Winthrop till lunch-time came, and they all returned together. However, he graciously permitted Winthrop to carry Miss Burton's sketching apparatus and camp-stool home. From that day Alice and Winthrop were never permitted to be alone for a single moment, and at last the unhappy Captain had to return to Leith Fort *re infectâ*, and imbued with the belief that Travers Askew was a born idiot, and the most thick-skinned bore he had ever met.

Meantime Simpson went from bad to worse. So relieved was he at being left free for golf, that he one day positively thanked Travers for being so attentive to Miss Burton. If he had seen Travers' 'merry eye' as he asked him not to apologise, he might have been startled; but he did not. He played every day till he was tired—three or four long rounds a day; and was proportionately sleepy and stupid in the evening. Alice tried in vain to rally him, and at last gave him up in despair. She was a girl of high spirit, and was not prepared to endure neglect beyond a certain point. That point was reached at last.

The St. Andrews autumn meeting, the great carnival of golf, began on September 27. Simpson had for weeks had his eye on it. He was anxious to win one of the medals to add to his laurels, and was determined to go; but as he expected opposition, he said nothing about it, and one fine morning went, merely leaving a line to say where he had gone. Alice was given the note during breakfast. She was much upset by it, and did not leave her room for some hours. When she did so her face showed signs of tears, but her heart was hardened for ever against Simpson. His conduct was too insulting and selfish for even her gentle nature to bear.

Simpson could not have chosen a worse time for his departure; an able assistant and successor was at hand. Travers, whose qualms of conscience were now completely silenced, began to pay scarcely disguised attention to Miss Burton, for which his reputed character of tame cat in the house gave him endless opportunities. To do him justice, he began to like the girl as much as it was in his nature to like anyone except himself. And thus it came to pass that the morning after the medal day at St. Andrews, the following paragraph appeared in a certain Scotch newspaper with a large circulation:—

'Marriage in high life:—We understand that a marriage is arranged between Travers Askew, Esq., son of the Hon. Gerald Askew, and nephew of the Right Hon. the Earl of Wrynecke, and Alice, only child of Carolus Burton, Esq., of the Moss, and the late Lady Crudelia Burton, sixth daughter of the fifth Earl Gusbury.'

This announcement was somewhat premature; indeed in after days it was hinted by certain black-hearted persons that it was the handiwork of Carolus Burton, Esq. But it was verified in a very short time. One morning after breakfast Travers unblushingly disclosed everything to Mr. Burton, and requested his approval and blessing. The news was received by that gentleman in a manner which did him the highest credit. He sprang to his feet and tore up and down the room in great agitation.

'Oh that such a thing should have happened beneath his roof! Oh that the nephew of his dear old friend and fellow-officer should have thus presumed upon his simple nature, and abused his hospitality! If he was of comparatively humble extraction, was he not at least a gentleman and a soldier? If he had been a younger man,'—and so forth.

He shut himself up in his room, and let the curtain drop upon his noble sorrow: so overcome was he, that he actually gave up his morning match, a thing he was never known to do before.

We need not say that this demonstration did not impose on Travers for one moment; it deceived no one, not even Mr. Burton himself. But for very shame he would have liked at the first to have substituted Travers for Simpson; and for some time past he had watched with delighted eye his daughter's alienation from the one and growing intimacy with the other. Simpson had no noble blood in his veins; and, besides, did he not take rather too many h

crowns from him? Mr. Burton spent that forenoon of seclusion in a blissful vision of future glory, nursing Debrett on his knee—Travers Askew, Earl of Wrynecke, &c.—succeeded his uncle 18—, married 18—, 'Alice, only child of Carolus—and why not?' 'Amongst the guests invited to meet H.R.H. were Carolus Burton, Esq., of the Moss, Lady Wrynecke's father'—and so on.

The scene with his daughter was truly affecting; but on this sacred subject we dare not intrude.

Meantime the ill-starred Wally had been having a very good time of it from his point of view. He had had a succession of successful matches, or 'real good things,' or 'robberies,' as they were playfully termed. On the medal day he won the St. Andrew's Cross, and next morning came down to the club in the best of spirits, being engaged for another 'real good thing' for that day. If he had been observant he would have seen that as he came into the reading-room conversation suddenly ceased; but he was not observant. He took up the newspaper to which we have alluded, and the first thing which caught his eye was the marriage in high life above quoted. So utterly unsuspicious was he, that he was not even startled by it. He did not believe it for an instant. He felt a little annoyed, because he thought it would make a talk, and he should be chaffed about it; but this did not disturb him so much as to lead him to lay the paper down. When he had concluded his perusal of it he strolled into another room. There he found in the letter-rack a letter from Alice, which at length undeceived him. It told him in a few kind but firm words that all was over between them; but it said nothing as to her engagement to Travers Askew, which indeed at that time had not taken place. Simpson felt completely stunned. Never for a moment had it struck him that he was neglecting Alice, and he did not think so even then. But to lose her for ever! his mind could not realise it. It was not a very large and not a very clear mind. He must think it over. So in a kind of dream he turned his brawny back on St. Andrews Green, and its 'real good things' and other attractions, packed his portmanteau, and returned, not to St. Baldred's, but home. He thought the matter out on the road, and as the result of his mature deliberations did—nothing. He could probably have thrashed Travers, but what good would that have done? He remained with his father till the end of October, and then went abroad for six months, and the Parliament House and the Assembly Rooms knew him no more for a time.

The event caused a good deal of excitement, especially in golfing circles, and in the end led to a social revolution, from the effects of which we are suffering to this day.

It had never previously been doubted that in these circles the ladies might be neglected with impunity. Indeed, there existed a kind of unwritten law that during the hours of golf no man should pay attentions to the fair sex; a law as strictly enforced as that which forbids the opening of public-houses on Sundays. Probably, until the appearance of Travers Askew, no one had arisen sufficiently

above the law to defy it. But *The Affair Simpson*, as it was called, upset all these rules of honour. Men who cared little for golf, or more for the ladies' society, thenceforth began shamelessly to depart from the old traditions; and, still worse, the ladies began to feel their power, and they have used it unmercifully. No more could an engaged man or favoured lover devote himself with an easy mind to his match; because he knew, if he did not see, that while he was earning his daily bread, Tom this or that was walking, or sketching, or playing on the ladies' links with his beloved. For ladies' links were forthwith formed, and on them there played, not merely ladies, but recreant men. Then as time went on lawn-tennis was introduced, a destructive bait for men, as it is really more a game for men than for women.

The result is, that it is now by no means easy to secure a foursome match for the day if there is a young man in it. We must admit that we are now suffering from not having made reasonable concessions in time. We can only live in the hope of a blessed reaction.

And so our story ends. We should not have alluded further to any of the actors had it not been that last summer we unexpectedly got a glimpse of the principal character, which may interest the reader. We had been at a London theatre with a friend, and on the way home that friend proposed that we should have some supper at one of his clubs, which is accommodating enough to permit such things at any hour of the night. It also permits smoking in almost every part of the house, and we accordingly found the hall filled with smoke. Our friend having left us there while he ordered supper, we looked about, and perceived through the smoke that all the occupants of the hall were crowded together in one corner. From the midst of the crowd we heard proceeding a dual voice, now representing the scolding falsetto of a woman, and now the gruff accents of a man; but still the voice, or voices, proceeded from one and the same person, who was evidently telling a story of exquisite humour. At length the point of the story was reached, and the crowd of listeners burst like a shell, and with loud shouts and laughs of approval betook themselves to their seats. Sitting in the corner there was thus disclosed the teller of the story—a portly, middle-aged man, whom we thought we recognised. At this point our friend returned.

'Is that Travers Askew?' we inquired.

'He was six months ago. He is now Lord Wrynecke; his uncle and father both died very unexpectedly.'

'How is his wife? how do they get on?'

'Oddly enough; they say he treats her pretty well. He has not given up all his old habits, as you see. But she is lenient; perhaps because he has his trials.'

'His father-in-law?'

'Exactly—old Mr. Burton lives with them most of the year.'

We cast a pitying glance towards Lord Wrynecke, and went to supper.

H. J. M.

Prison Visiting.

THE gaols and convict establishments of this country are momentous institutions in our national life, and it is well that public attention should now and then be specially called to them. The present agitation as to the imprisonment of criminal children, and the apparent determination of the Home Secretary to take up the subject, may, we trust, arouse definite interest in the treatment of our prisoners, and stimulate inquiry into the important questions—how far the rule of absolute isolation now in force is beneficial in its operation and the general discipline to which they are subjected calculated to exercise a curative effect upon them. Prison reform has done much, but its work cannot be complete till it contemplates in all cases, not merely punishment, but cure so far as this may be practicable. The existing machinery is quite inadequate for such a purpose. The services of the chaplain, though most valuable, cannot be sufficient, for he has to work single-handed among a mass of difficult subjects, each one of whom would require careful individual treatment; and he has many practical difficulties, such as the necessary rule that he is only to see female prisoners in the presence of the gaol officials; while the assistance offered by Prisoners' Aid Societies is very limited and scarcely within reach of the inmates of provincial gaols, who often remain in ignorance even of the existence of such associations.

It is now the opinion of the most competent judges that a well organised system of prison visiting by voluntary workers is the best restorative agency that can be employed, and there are happily some indications of a growing conviction on the part of those in authority, that the maintenance of discipline and due severity of punishment are not incompatible with such relaxation of the separatist system as would permit of prisoners being visited by judicious persons with a view to their ultimate reform.[1] The present writer has for a considerable time been allowed to visit the prisons of a large town in one of the midland counties with the privilege of seeing the convicts entirely alone, and the result of that experience has been the strong persuasion that there are scarcely any criminals, however hardened and apparently hopeless, who may not be to some extent benefited

[1] 'As to RESTORATIVE AGENCIES a relaxation of the present rigid regulations as to PRISON VISITATION is needed . . . Admitting to the utmost the efficiency of the chaplains, how insufficient are these few good men for the moral needs of the large number of hardened and habitual prisoners, and especially the depraved women. . . . A systematic resort should be had to the services of judicious and humane ladies as visitors and instructors of the female prisoners.'—Extract from *County and Borough Prisons*, published by the Howard Association.

by an honest effort for their improvement, founded on a careful consideration of their case.

This can best be proved by details taken from real life, and we give in the following histories a few representative cases selected from the different classes of criminals who have come under the personal observation of the writer. It has been found that the very presence of a person coming to them simply as a friend has a humanising influence upon those who, knowing themselves to be branded with infamy and hopelessly in the grasp of the law, believe that they are for ever excluded from the sympathy of any but their associates in crime. This truth was first brought forcibly before the writer in the case of a prisoner whose superior education enabled him to estimate the depths of depravity into which he had fallen, better than his more ignorant companions could have done. Nothing was known of this man beyond a long list of convictions and various false names by which he had called himself at different times. His failing health had brought him under the notice of the doctor, but he did not avail himself of that opportunity of hearing the sound of his own voice which is usually eagerly sought by the convicts, and was equally silent on the rare occasions when the chaplain was able to visit him. He seemed lost in a sullen despair, which only left him sufficient power over himself to avoid incurring punishment by any breach of the prison rules. When the writer was first left alone with this prisoner he maintained an attitude of stolid indifference, because, as he afterwards stated, he was under the impression that his visitor was one of the gaol officials, 'paid,' as he expressed it, for coming to see him with some occult purpose of discipline. When at last the fact was forced upon him, by reiterated assurances, that the visitor had no other object save to be a friend to him in any way that might be possible, his genuine amazement was very touching; he had driven every friend he ever had away from him long before, he said, and had not expected that anyone could be found to throw a good word to him again. Was there no mistake? Was he not taken perhaps for some other fellow not quite so bad as he was? It was no use concealing what he had been. The police books could tell that pretty well, for there was nothing short of murder he had not done, and delighted in it too! Yes, and he should do it again, no doubt, if ever he lived to get out of this dismal hole, but he believed he had come to the end of his tether, that hacking cough would drag him down to his grave, and if anything at all came after that, he added grimly, of course it would be hell fire. A friend—a friend—the word had a pleasant sound, but it was hard to say what a friend could do for him now! So he spoke day after day for some little time. Yet, though he was right in thinking that he retained but a very feeble hold on his miserable life, he lived long enough to prove that human sympathy could bring peace and consolation, even to such an embodiment of utter despair as he had seemed to be at first.

The manner in which this man's career terminated at last was

more like an incident in a novel than a fact in real life. He had longed intensely for the day of his release; in addition to the natural desire of a prisoner to escape from his dreary place of punishment, he had all a sick man's craving for sunshine and fresh air. He knew that arrangements had been made by his new friend to place him in a quiet home at a distance from all his former associates, and he pined for the time to come with a restless eagerness which exhausted his remaining strength. He could take no rest in sleep on the last night of his imprisonment. Hour after hour he watched with hungry eyes the narrow high-placed window of his cell, till he saw the first faint gleams of dawn struggle through the bars, then he waited with ever increasing impatience for the moment that was to sound his deliverance. It came at length, and the officials went to his cell with the order of release, but only to find that another Deliverer had entered there before them, and that the convict had escaped: death had brought his soul out of prison, and he was free from the tyranny of life for evermore.

The countless varieties of crime and of character which are to be found among the inmates of a large gaol, each necessitating a different treatment from those who would befriend them, can only be dealt with very superficially in the space at our disposal, but enough may perhaps be said to give some idea of the possibilities as well as the difficulties involved in such a work.

The subject must be considered in a twofold aspect, first as regards the exercise of such moral influence on convicts during their term of imprisonment as may lead them to a personal desire of reformation; secondly, with reference to the assistance which must be given to them when they are set at liberty, if their purpose of amendment is to be carried out.

The prospects of success in both these objects rest on very different grounds; the first is, of course, immeasurably the most difficult. The least hopeful cases, however, are not those where the worst crimes have been committed, or where the convicts are the most deeply sunk in degradation and ignorance. Criminals of that description cannot cling to any shreds of self-respect, and it is scarcely in their power to attempt the hypocrisy which generally proves almost impervious to any good influence. Their consciousness that the extent of their iniquity is fully known renders them abject in their misery, and for the most part their moral ruin is due rather to an utter abandonment of themselves to unbridled passions than to the cold-blooded, selfish wickedness of systematic thieves and swindlers. A very frequent 'reversal of human judgment' is the inevitable result of a close acquaintance with the nature and causes of the crimes which bring our gaol populations within the power of the law. One of the strangest cases which ever came under the notice of the writer was that of a woman condemned to death for the murder of her child. When her history was told, before she herself had been seen, it seemed as if no element of guilt was wanting to make her

crime, in itself so revolting and unnatural, peculiarly heinous. It was known that she had put her own child to death in order that she might continue to live with a man who was not her husband, and who had refused to allow her to remain with him any longer unless she freed him in some way from the burden of a child that had no claim upon him. This man had not shared her guilt, for he believed that she had sent her fatherless son to friends at a distance, till the body was found in a pond near his own cottage. When the door of the condemned cell was thrown open, where this deeply-stained criminal was awaiting her death, it revealed the form of a very young woman, with a winning, childlike face, whose whole appearance conveyed an impression of great simplicity and candour. She had large wistful blue eyes, which gazed, without shrinking, into the face of her visitor, and her fair hair was thrown back from a smooth open forehead, where even her terrible experience had traced no lines. But for the bright pink spots that burned on either cheek, and the quivering of her lips, she might have been thought indifferent to her position as she sat quiet and motionless, leaning her head on her hand; never, certainly, could anyone have seemed less like a murderess, yet she had not made the slightest denial of her guilt; on the contrary, from the moment when the dead body of her child was taken from the water, where her own cruel hands had placed it, and laid down before her eyes, she eagerly confessed it. She besought the bystanders to seek no further for the wretch who had perpetrated such a hideous deed, she implored them to take her to prison, and far from desiring that any defence should be made at her trial, she waited anxiously for the verdict that would bring her life to a close. So soon as this woman understood that her visitor had come to her voluntarily, in guise of a friend, despite the appalling nature of her crime, she opened her whole heart and told out her tragic history with an impulsive eagerness which showed that she found relief in her vehement self-accusation. It was the story of one intense over-mastering passion which had absorbed her whole being to the exclusion even of that strongest natural sentiment—a mother's love.

She had idolised the man who was the cause of her crime; he was her god, for she knew none other. She had never called upon a Father in Heaven, or thought of a Righteous Judge who would one day bring her to account for the deeds done in the flesh. This man was her life, she gave up to him whatever existence might be hers on either side of the grave; his presence was for her an imperative necessity; to lose sight of him would be as an intolerable death to which she neither could nor would submit. When she found that no less an agony would surely overtake her if she did not hide away the child from his sight utterly and for ever, she became so possessed with terror at the bare idea of such an unendurable separation, that she could give no thought to the nature of the obstacle that stood between her and him; she only felt she must remove it, be it what

it might. She knew of none to whom she could send the child, for her early friends had all been sacrificed to her unblest connection with her idol. There came an hour when she knew that the dawn of the next day would see her parted from him for ever, unless—unless what? She did not pause to think: she rose up, and went out in the dusk of the evening, dragging the child with her. When she came to this part of her terrible story, the woman's utterance grew hurried and broken, impeded by her panting breath and trembling lips. Some power she could not resist seemed to drive her to torture herself by repeating words of entreaty spoken by the child, the memory of which was evidently burning into her heart like fire. Her hearer shrank from listening to the details of the dreadful deed, but they appeared to be forced from her lips, she could not hold them back: that told, her head sank on her breast and she spoke no more. The remainder of her history was, however, known; but a day or two had passed when the lifeless form of her child was brought up to the light of day, then outraged nature reasserted itself, remorse seized upon her with such overwhelming might that the lawless passion which had been her ruin sank powerless before it. She could give no account even to herself of the thoughts that rushed on her undeveloped mind, she only knew that although she still loved him for whom she had sacrificed her child, even as she had ever loved him, to remain with him had become impossible for her after she had looked upon that dead face. The police had no need to tell her twice that she must go with them, she urged them to greater speed than they cared to use in taking her away from the home that had been so dear. Gladly she welcomed her day of trial, and without the faintest movement of dismay she listened to the sentence which consigned her to the gallows; after that she simply sat waiting, day by day, for death. She had no speculations as to what might come beyond it, for she was entirely ignorant of any form of religion, but she knew that it would be the end of a life haunted by the image of her dead child, and that was enough. For a fortnight she lived thus, then her sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, not because there was any desire to show mercy to so great a criminal, but in consequence of a circumstance which was found to render her execution illegal. She was removed to a convict establishment at a distance, and passed completely from the knowledge of those who had concerned themselves as to her fate; but the kindness shown to her had an effect on her warm, passionate heart which seemed likely to prove lasting, and was a strong proof of the advantages of prison visiting even in the worst cases.

Another instance of intense tenacity of affection in a nature that seemed almost wholly brutalised, was that of a woman who had been committed to prison for a violent assault on the police in defence of the man with whom she lived. She was a miserable looking being, worn and wasted, as if she had long been half starved, and with a great wound on her forehead, the result of a recent blow with some heavy weapon which

had narrowly escaped causing her death. A few kind words, coming to her so unexpectedly in the dreary solitude of her prison cell, quickly drew forth her history. With a passion of tears she told of the unutterably wretched life she led with the man for whose sake she had flung herself, like a fury, on the police; he had no legitimate claim to her, and had lured her away years before from a happy and respectable home. The clergyman of the parish had told her, she said, that she would ruin her soul if she went with him; but she had gone, and had remained though he had ill-used her from the first. After a time, his treatment of her had become savagely inhuman; blows and curses were her daily portion; he made her toil to support him, while he spent his time in drinking; he would leave her without food or fire in the cold winter weather, and then come back intoxicated and quarrel with her; often he would lock her out of their squalid home and leave her to spend the night in the snow. Of course, such a tale was met by ready offers of assistance which would enable her, when she left the prison, to escape from an existence so full of evil and of pain. She was told of means that would be used to place her in a position of respectability and comfort, far from the tyrant who was very likely to kill her some day in his fits of drunken madness. She had said that she did not think she could live much longer in any case, worn out and feeble as she was; and if it were so, she was reminded that her last days would be passed among those who would teach her how to turn to brighter hopes than she had ever known in this world, while their tender care would smooth her passage to the grave. To all this the miserable woman listened with rapt attention and eager, longing eyes; but when she had to say if she would accept the offer, a fit of trembling seized her, and, with a bitter cry, she wailed out that she could not leave him, she must go back to him! Yes, he had been a brute to her, and might be so again, but she could not part from him, not if she were to die for it! And so it was. On the day when the prison doors opened to set her free she fled back to her tyrant, and entered once more upon a life of which the torture, by her own description, must have been almost beyond human endurance. In fact, as might be expected, among the female prisoners, the great majority are led into crime simply by indulgence in their feelings whether of love or of hatred. Numbers of young women, with every appearance of previous respectability, come to prison for thefts to which they have been tempted by a prospect of marriage and its requirements in the way of outfit or household goods; while, on the other hand, vindictive enmity to some unpleasant neighbour brings many to punishment for unlawful wounding or manslaughter. In these cases the visitor has some difficulty in repressing descriptions of sanguinary fights, which they evidently recall with pride and pleasure. One woman, speaking of the commencement of a battle which had ended in her adversary being carried almost lifeless from the field, detailed how it originated in her enemy having, after a few angry words, 'heaved a brick at her, which, of course, she returned *as*

was only proper;' and another, who was suffering imprisonment for the manslaughter of her child by utter neglect, described, with ineffable satisfaction, how she and her sister-in-law, who abhorred each other, were wont to have a fight at regular intervals, and how they systematically invested themselves with a suitable costume in order that their clothes might not suffer in the fray, and then, as she expressed it, 'they went in for a few good rounds in the street where folk could see fair.'

On the whole, a woman of this description is a more thorough savage than a man of the same type: of this the writer had a proof in the case of a desperate ruffian who had been previously seen on one memorable occasion outside the prison walls. He had an unfortunate little orphan sister whom he was training in unspeakable wickedness, and the writer had been asked to make an effort for her rescue. Going for this purpose to the low lodging-house where they lived, the visit was very soon ended by the arrival of the brother outside the door in a furious rage at any respectable person having become known to his sister. He declared, with many oaths, that the visitor should not leave the place alive, cost what it might; and as he was armed with a knife, and was sufficiently intoxicated to be reckless of consequences, there was great risk that the affair might have a serious result. The proprietor of the house, however, made a way of escape for the intended victim, and was in consequence so violently assaulted by the ruffian at a later period of the day that the police took him into custody, and he was speedily sent to gaol for a long time. These facts were known to the warders, and they thought it scarcely safe that the man should be seen alone by his intended victim like the rest of the prisoners; but to have met him in their presence would have been worse than useless, and at last they consented only to remain within call. This convict certainly looked very much like a wild beast caged, as he crouched against the wall and glared from under his shaggy eyebrows at his visitor; but he was very soon persuaded to talk quietly over the circumstances of their former encounter, and before that first interview was over he had acknowledged himself to be very glad that he had not carried out his murderous intentions. When he finally left the prison he was on excellent terms with his friend, and infinitely more softened and improved than any of the women ever were who literally loved fighting for its own sake.

These viragos, however, are not by any means the most difficult cases with which the visitor has to deal in the female prison, for they are at least honest in their lawlessness. Much more hopeless are the better educated women, whose indulgence in vice is quite deliberate, while they seek to clothe it with a mask of consummate hypocrisy. In most cases they have fallen from a superior position, which gives them certain advantages in the art of lying. One old woman, against whom innumerable convictions were recorded, and who was known to have reached the lowest depths of depravity, had the most elaborate

manners adorned with all sorts of airs and graces, which contrasted most absurdly with her uncouth convict dress. She had considerable remains of beauty, and declared that she was the wife of a baronet, who, if this statement were true, must certainly have been the most unfortunate baronet that ever existed. She spoke with a refined accent, and no impatient remonstrances on the part of her visitor could ever drive her out of the calm determination with which she went through her list of falsehoods every time she was seen. Before she could speak of herself, injured victim as she was! she would say, she must have her anxious mind satisfied as to the state of her visitor's health, since that deeply important subject often deprived her of rest by night in her lonely cell. Being abruptly stopped upon this theme, she would heave a deep sigh, and murmur that she had always been misunderstood!—even by poor Sir William for his misfortune and hers, and then proceeded to say that romantic circumstances had deprived her of wealth and home, but it could not require her assurances to convince a visitor of such acute perceptions that she was a model of temperance and virtue. Ah, yes! it was true that she was at that period in gaol, in a place of punishment, but singular indeed was the failure of justice which had brought her there. The police and the magistrates laboured under the most extraordinary delusions with regard to her;—poor creatures! they had not sufficient intelligence to distinguish between misfortune and crime; but she could afford to forgive them; with her superior mental advantages she could rest calmly in the consciousness of her own merit and pity their deficiencies; and then, seeing that her visitor's patience was quite exhausted, she would hurriedly wind up with the announcement, that her last remaining wish on earth was to possess a Bible with references. It is some satisfaction to be able to state that this wretched old hypocrite was broken down at last, acknowledged her iniquities, and was safely disposed of in the workhouse at the close of her last imprisonment. A yet more deplorable case was that of a very clever old thief, who openly avowed her delinquencies, but who had views of her own on the subject of the Ten Commandments. She thought them decidedly illogical; take the eighth commandment, for instance,—she wished to speak with all respect, but what could be more shortsighted and unreasonable? Her own position at the moment sufficiently proved it. She had found herself greatly in want of money, and she had none; she saw a house inhabited by wealthy people who had abundance and to spare of all they could require. What more simple—what, indeed, more proper—than that she should take what she needed and they would never miss? it was a most suitable arrangement. No, she did not intend to continue this line of business when her time was up, but only because gruel and plank beds did not suit her constitution. She should certainly advise more robust persons to pursue that plan. When this astute old lady found herself getting the worst of an argument on these subjects, she invariably turned the conversation by taking refuge in French, which she spoke fluently

but she would never tell how she had acquired the language or any particulars of her previous life. She was placed in the way of getting an honest living when she left the gaol, but it cannot be said that much hope was entertained of her keeping to it for any length of time.

Volumes might of course be filled with the strange and mournful histories, calling imperatively for human help, which are revealed to the unofficial visitor in a prison, but in these pages it is only possible briefly to mention the special classes among its inmates for whom efforts both in the way of moral influence and material assistance can be made with the most hope of success.

First on that list stand the cases of persons who have been convicted of attempting suicide, or who, having been imprisoned for other offences, have endeavoured to destroy themselves in their cells. Too often those who are sent to gaol simply for the attempt, are innocent of any other crime than the moral weakness which has made them unable to endure the existence which misfortune has turned to agony. Generally they have acted on an uncontrollable impulse, and when time for reflection is given them in the quiet of their prison cells, and sympathy meets them there, to remind them that all is not lost with earthly joys, or hope impossible while life endures, they are speedily brought to a better mind, and are ready to accept with thankfulness the help which will enable them to take up the burden of existence again with courage and submission.

Among the cases of suicide which came under the notice of the writer was that of a very respectable young man, who was found on inquiry to have been always of unblemished character. He had been employed in a large mercantile house in London, and his salary had been the sole support of his widowed mother and young sisters. He had unhappily a hasty temper, and an occasion having occurred in which he thought himself unjustly treated, he threw up his office in a fit of passion, believing that with his well-known good character he could soon get an appointment elsewhere. In this hope he was bitterly disappointed; every place was filled, every profession overstocked; all the ready money he had was spent in going from town to town, wherever he fancied work might be found. It was all in vain. His last penny was gone. He knew that his mother must already be in want, and if he even walked the sixty miles that lay between him and London, it would only be to tell her that he could do nothing for herself or her children. He came to a bridge raised high above a deep river, he sprang on the parapet and flung himself over; the fall was great and he sank; but he had been seen by some boatmen, and he was brought to the surface stunned though not dead. When he found himself in prison, the disgrace seemed only another reason why he should put himself out of the power of the suffering that mastered him in some more secure manner. But it was not difficult to convince him of his errors. He went home comforted and hopeful to his mother, and he is now intensely thankful that he was

not left in the grave he had chosen for himself. On another occasion, that same river received the worn, emaciated body of a woman suddenly driven to despair after having borne a hard fate with great meekness. She had once been a happy wife and mother—her husband died leaving her with ample means for her support—but in an evil hour she married for the second time a man of very bad character. He soon began to ill-use both her and her children, and they being old enough to gain their living, went their ways, and left her altogether. During the years of wretchedness which followed, her husband sold her property, spent her money, and finally brought an infamous woman to the house, whom he set in her place. This was more than she could bear; she fled from her home and from him; all she possessed remained in his hands, but she found that he could not be compelled to support her, because she had left him voluntarily. At first he gave her a little money from time to time, but at last he ceased entirely to do so, and, although she was almost dying of starvation, the remembrance of better days made her shrink from the workhouse. She attempted a last appeal to her husband for help, and arranged to meet him in the street, as she could not go to his house, where her supplanter still remained. He met her as he had appointed, and she found that his purpose in doing so was not to give her assistance, but to insult her with words she could not stay to hear. She rushed frantically away from him, and made straight for the river, from whence she was rescued by a brave man, who plunged in after her in time to bring her living to the bank. For the first few days of her imprisonment her state of dejection was such that the warders were apprehensive she would strangle herself in her cell—the only mode by which, as a rule, prisoners are able to put themselves to death, although they do sometimes succeed in taking a fatal leap over the staircase—but her time of detention was long enough to let the certainty of future help and protection do its work, and when she left the prison she was able to face the future with calmness and hope. As regards the female prisoners, however, cases of suicide are found to occur most frequently in that unhappy class for whom now, fortunately, so many Homes and Penitentiaries have been provided. It is among women of that description especially that much may be done by a visitor of the prison. Even if their state of desperation be not such as to lead them to seek a refuge in the grave, it is usually strong enough to make them believe themselves beyond the reach of human pity, and they are for the most part ready to welcome any succour that can be given to them.

Next to these, the class of prisoners most capable of receiving benefit are the men and women who have been tempted to steal by want, and often by absolute starvation. It may be said that they have no excuse, because the workhouse is open to all; but that resource does not meet many cases representing the lowest depths of human misery, where the agency of a volunteer from the outer world may be of incalculable value.

The recent action of the Home Secretary with regard to juvenile criminals renders useless any remarks on their condition in our gaols, or the efforts that might be made for their benefit during the period of incarceration. It remains to be seen what system will be adopted with regard to them in the future. At present the decision that no child under fourteen is to be imprisoned has only had the effect of seriously perplexing the magistrates, who must adhere to the strict letter of the law, and are now aware that the sentences they may impose in accordance with it will be immediately reversed by the Crown. In our opinion, the evils of imprisonment for children have been somewhat exaggerated, and if the determination that they are not to be exposed to it interferes with their ultimate committal to Reformatories, it will be much to be regretted. As the law stands they must be imprisoned before they can be sent to these excellent institutions, but the period of previous detention might be reduced to one day, or the magistrates empowered to sentence them at once to the industrial schools now so usefully at work under the School Board Act—otherwise it might be well that the French system should be adopted in this country which provides an entirely separate prison for the young 'détenus.' This plan may be seen in full operation at La Roquette, in Paris, where the building inhabited by convict children is at some distance apart from the prison of mature criminals. There is also a system designated 'La correction paternelle du Gouvernement,' which disposes of children accused of petty offences or general disorderly conduct, in religious houses, where they are under the discipline of their Church. It is certainly important that children should be cut off from all possibility of communication with experienced criminals, for, rigidly as the silent system is enforced in prisons, the ingenuity of the convicts contrives many unsuspected modes of communication, which sometimes become known to an unofficial visitor.

It need scarcely be said that the most hopeless of all prisoners are the confirmed drunkards; but next to these in intractability are the professional tramps, who for offences of various kinds often find their way to the gaol. Their predilection for a wandering life seems to be an absolute passion, and it certainly is a strange phenomenon in persons who are not of Gipsy origin, but definitely belonging to the home-loving British nation. They admit, quite honestly, that it is a desperately hard life, tramping on day after day in all weathers, not knowing where they can lay their heads at night, often half-starved and roughly treated; it is also a most demoralising mode of existence, as their only places of refuge excepting the workhouse—which they do not patronise—are low taverns and disreputable lodging-houses, where they herd together indiscriminately. Yet it is almost impossible to persuade either man or woman used 'to the road,' as they express it, to adopt any settled home. A recent instance of this kind was the case of an old woman, eighty-four years of age, who was so infirm that it seemed certain she must be found dead in a ditch

some day if she did not check her roving propensities. She scouted the idea of going into the workhouse with lofty disdain; and when a refuge was found for her under the roof of some charitable persons she absolutely refused to avail herself of it. No one had the power to prevent her following her own will; and so, when released from prison, she took to the road once more, on an October morning, with the winter before her, and soon drifted away from the sight of her only friends. Still experience has shown that good influences within the prison can benefit to some extent even those poor wanderers.

This slight sketch of the various classes of persons to be found in our gaols will, we trust, suffice, inadequate as it is, to show how useful a work may be done by the agency of voluntary visitors. They will find many difficulties in their mission, no doubt, but none which are insurmountable. Their position in relation to the prison authorities will always be critical, for the smallest error in judgment may at once cause the withdrawal of the official permission to enter the gaol. They have to remember that within those walls they are as much bound by the prison rules as the criminals themselves, and they have not only sternly to resist the efforts of the prisoners to render them a means of communication with the outer world, but they are in honour obliged to report any hidden misdemeanour which may come to their knowledge, although it must have the painful result of bringing punishment on the culprits.[2] Their greatest difficulty, however, will be in dealing with the prisoners themselves, and that is much too complex a matter to be entered upon in these few pages. Only this may be said—that the first step is to win their confidence, and it is best done by telling them plainly at the outset that their visitor does not come to them with any intention of reproving them for their crimes, which have brought upon them a punishment that needs no aggravation, nor yet to 'preach' to them in the unpleasant sense they would give to that word, but simply to befriend them in any way that may be possible; so that they soon find it their best policy, as well as a great relief, to give all details of their history without reserve.

In conclusion, we must express our earnest hope that the permission to visit convicted prisoners may be widely extended amongst such persons as can be trusted to use their privilege with loyalty and common sense. Many wise men could be found, no doubt, who believe that such intercourse with criminals can do no good, and may accomplish much harm; that it can but encourage hypocrisy among beings so utterly depraved and irreclaimable, and that the only reason-

[2] 'An infusion of an element from the outer world is necessary to prepare a prison population for its return to that outer world—if, however, volunteers are to be admitted to the prison staff they must consent to be subject to military, that is, prison law—they must consent to act as officials and not as censors . . . when that lesson has been learned we do not think the authorities of prisons will be disposed to reject services which even now they must be aware it is beyond their power to supply.'—From the *Times* of December 8, 1879.

able course to be pursued with regard to them is to let them hurry on to their destruction as quickly as may be, that the world may be the sooner purged of their poisonous presence.

Yet even if these conclusions were correct, which we do not admit, as regards their future, this at least is certain in respect to the present —that such work as we have attempted to describe restores to the most desolate and forlorn of our fellow-creatures a sense of their share in the common humanity; and who in this twilight world can gauge the ultimate results of an influence which brings a gleam of light on utterly darkened lives, awakens the power of hope in hearts sunk in despair, and recalls to those who seemed forsaken by all the long-forgotten vision of a mercy and compassion which endure beyond the grave?

F. M. F. Skene.

Sympathy: A Sonnet.

ADMIRING have I viewed the chemist's art,
When with familiar means, a coil of wire,
A cup, a jar, he makes the fire to dart,
To die and dart again at his desire.
'Whence comes the spark?' some blunderer might inquire;
Ay, whence indeed! It hath no lot nor part
With those that bring not what it doth require,
The touch that bids it into being start.
So hearts full-charged stand ofttimes cold and dumb,
Unknown e'en to themselves their hidden life,
The while with fervent forces they are rife,
Waiting some simple touch. Let *that* but come,
Come Sympathy, and in the self-same hour
These dead ones live in love and joy and power!

A. B.

A Forgotten Hero.

THE name of Jacques Cartier, first explorer of the St. Lawrence, remains to this day in Canada an honoured name and very little more—in France it is almost entirely forgotten—in England almost entirely unknown. Yet, born in a time of great possibilities and of great deeds, the man who bore that name was well worthy of remembrance, not only because he was in his own person a true hero, brave, honest, and God-fearing, but also because he gave to France a territory larger than all Europe, and laid for England the first foundation of a colony which is almost an empire.

Of a family long settled and well known in the busy town of St. Malo, Jacques Cartier was born at that place on December 31, 1494. Scarcely anything is known of his boyhood, but since the port was full of seafaring men his first recollections were, no doubt, associated with marvellous stories of the newly discovered Western India, and of the mysterious northern seas, ice-laden and fog-veiled, through which there must surely be somewhere the passage to Cathay. While he was still a child, fishermen from St. Malo had begun to go with those of Dieppe and other ports to fish for cod, sailing boldly out into the still almost unknown ocean in frail little barks built only for coasting voyages. As he grew up he joined some of these expeditions, and evidently prospered, for at twenty-five we find him a person of some consequence, master of a little Manoir of Lemoïlou, and husband of the Demoiselle Catherine des Granches.

It was not, however, until 1534, when Cartier was forty years of age, that his first great enterprise was undertaken. At that time he boldly presented himself to Philippe de Chabot-Brion, Admiral of France, proposing to go and explore, in the King's name, and for his Majesty's benefit, the shores of Terre-Neuve. This name seems to have been given, rather vaguely, to the coast of North America from Labrador to the south of Cape Breton, and Cartier thought that a coast so broken, and hitherto so little known, might perhaps conceal that passage to India, to discover which would be fame indeed. De Chabot was one of the King's oldest and most intimate friends; to obtain his patronage was almost to secure the permission needed. The time of the proposal, too, was fortunate. The Treaty of Cambrai had left Francis at leisure to think of the affairs of his kingdom, and by his defeat and imprisonment he was sufficiently exasperated against Spain to feel a lively jealousy of her achievements in the new world. He had already sent out one expedition under Verazano, but with no satisfactory results. He seems at

once to have received the idea favourably, and agreed to furnish the Malouin captain with two ships and all that was necessary for his voyage.

On April 20, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo. We cannot follow the course of his voyage here, though his own narrative, simple, direct, full of every kind of useful detail, and empty of all self-glorification, is exceedingly tempting. He followed in the track of John Cabot, until on May 11 he reached Newfoundland (or Terre Neuffue, as he writes it), and from thence explored the coasts north and south of that island. So discouraging, however, was the result of this exploration that he writes in his journal: 'It ought not to be called a new *land*, but a mass of rocks and stones, terrible and roughly piled together. . . . In fact, I am much inclined to think that this is the land God gave to Cain.' Still he could not consider his labour lost, since those inhospitable rocks might yet hide the wished-for Western passage.

It was near the end of June when the two small ships discovered pleasanter regions and safe harbours. From that moment Cartier changed his opinion of the new country, and his pages are full of accounts of its beauty and fertility. He made the acquaintance of some friendly Indians, and persuaded them to entrust to him two boys (apparently of their chief's family) to be taken to France. He erected a great wooden cross with much solemnity on Cape Gaspé, and then, winter approaching, and the navigation again becoming difficult, he turned homewards, and reached St. Malo safe and well on September 5.

So well satisfied was King Francis with what had been done on this first voyage that he at once resolved to send out another expedition in the following year, and to place the command in the same capable hands. Cartier received the title of 'Capitaine Général et Pilote du Roy,' and was provided with three ships, each with its captain and crew, and permitted to take with him a number of volunteers, many of them young men of good family. The two Indian boys were also on board the ships, which sailed from St. Malo on May 19, 1535.

The expedition made its way directly and without special adventures (except the encountering some bad weather) to the coast of Labrador. Here, apparently at Mingan (Cartier called it St. Nicolas), they set up a great wooden cross, the position of which is carefully described for the benefit of future voyagers. Leaving this place, they met with a terrible storm, from which they thankfully took refuge in a beautiful bay full of islands. To this place, and *not* to 'the great river of Canada,' Cartier gave the name of St. Laurent. It seems to have been at the mouth of the river St. John, Labrador; but it is impossible to say when or why the name, originally attached to this harbour of refuge, was applied to the whole magnificent stream and gulf which now bear it.

Carefully exploring the coasts as he went on, the captain, always anxiously mindful of that 'perfection'—the passage to Cathay

—which more than all else would reward his toils, led his little fleet along the northern shores of the gulf, past the dangerous island of Anticosti, and the innumerable smaller ones lying higher up, until he reached 'the country of Saguenay' and the great river which still bears that name. Here he was not only pleased with the beauty of richly wooded and watered lands, and with the report of the Indians that copper was found in the neighbourhood, but also saw some creatures not more wonderful to his eyes than his description of them is to our ears. 'Here we saw,' he says, 'some fishes such as no man had seen or heard of. They were the size of porpoises, with heads like greyhounds, well made and white as snow, without spot. The Indians called them "adhothings," and said they were good to eat.'

Sailing on past Ile aux Cendres (which still retains the name he gave it), and other small islands, he anchored at last, one fair September evening, near the north shore at the lower end of the Ile d'Orléans. 'Here,' he says, 'began the land and province of Canada,' and here he allowed his men to go ashore, and to accept freely the presents of fruit, maize and fish brought to them by the Indians.

The boys, Taignoagny and Domagaya, who had been in France, were received with the greatest joy by their countrymen, and there seems to have been a tremendous uproar of welcome about the ships all that evening and night. Next day 'the lord of Canada, who was called Donacona by name, and Agouhanna as his title,' came in state to visit the strangers. Standing up in his canoe, he addressed the captain in 'une predication et preschement,' with gestures 'd'une merveilleuse sorte,' expressive of confidence and friendship, and was easily persuaded to taste the bread and wine presented to him.

The difference between the conventional Indian of romance, and the real and perfectly unsophisticated Indians of this true narrative, is very wonderful. Not only Donacona and his people, but all the other tribes whom Cartier met with, seem to have been simple, almost childish *sauvages*, wild men, friendly, hospitable, confiding; and cunning only in the clumsiest and most transparent fashion. Like children, they show themselves sometimes wilful and unreasonable; but the worst complaint Cartier makes of them is that they were 'marvellous thieves,' while they certainly seem to have been quite as ready to give as to take.

After a little delay the ships left their anchorage and, passing below the beautiful fall of Montmorenci with its veil of silver mist, coasted the green north shore, drawing near with wonder to the grand cliffs that rose majestically, towering above the broad waters, as if Nature had made her citadel there and bade the strangers stand back from her impregnable ramparts. At the foot of the rock fortress they again dropped their anchors; sheltering themselves at the mouth of a stream which flowed quietly into the great river from the north. To this smaller stream they gave the name of Ste. Croix, which it retained for less than a hundred years, till in 1617 the Recollet Fathers of Quebec rechristened it the St. Charles.

In the whole of Cartier's story there is no trace of any origin for the name by which the place he had now reached is known to us. He calls it simply Stadacona, and it is evident that he never attempted to give it any other appellation. The story of his sailors crying out 'Quel bec!' and their exclamation being repeated until it came be used as the name of the cliffs which caused it, is never hinted at. Indeed, after many attempts to find a Canadian origin for the name of Quebec, one is obliged to confess that the question remains as much unanswered as ever. Charlevoix says that the word is Algonquin. 'Les Abenaquis, dont la langue est une dialecte Algonquine, le nomment Quelibec, qui veut dire *ce qui est fermé*, parceque de l'entrée de la petite rivière de la Chaudière par où ces sauvages venaient à Quebec, le port de Quebec ne paroit qu'une grande barge.' But, on the other hand, when we remember that Quebec is an old form of the word Caudebec, it seems probable that the French did really give the name, though after the time of Cartier. The Earl of Suffolk of Henry VI.'s reign bore the titles of *Domine de Hamburg et de Quebec.* He was a powerful seigneur in Normandy, and the same place may easily have given him his title and the gem of La Nouvelle France its name. In the time of Cartier, however, the Quebec of to-day was certainly called Stadacona, and was a populous and prosperous Indian town.

No sooner were his ships safely anchored than the captain went on shore to return the visit he had received from the Indian chief. 'Near the river,' he says, 'there is a people of whom Donacona is chief, and their dwelling is called Stadacona, which is as beautiful a place as it is possible to see, and very fertile—full of fine trees the same as in France, such as oaks, elms, ashes, walnuts, maples, vines, whitethorns which bear fruit as large as damsons, and other trees; under which grows fine hemp as good as that of France, without any cultivation.' Kindly received by the Indians, and guided up steep pathways to the rugged heights where the citadel now stands, Cartier, first of Europeans, looked down upon one of the most magnificent landscapes in the world. That grand panorama is Nature's own, and must have been in its outlines the same to his eyes as it is to ours. At his feet the cliffs, sharply cut by some long past convulsion, formed a precipitous wall 200 feet high, at whose base clung the narrow strip of beach, then green and fertile, but now covered by Champlain Street, and the wharves and warehouses of the Lower Town. Beyond this line of beach stretched the glorious waters of 'the great river,' cradling the green Ile d'Orléans, with its abundant foliage, where perhaps the golden touches of autumn had already given their first splendour to the vines. On his right, parted from him by the broad current, rose the broken Point Levi shore, a wild wooded solitude, 'very fair,' but seemingly undisturbed by man. On his left the shallower stream of the Ste. Croix flowed peacefully out from a channel already far too wide for its waters, and there his ships, with the royal arms of France displayed, lay safely—a little stronghold of European power and civilisation in the midst of the primitive region.

Beyond the ships a grassy and level shore extended, until, rising gradually, it grew into those steep cliffs fringed with clinging bushes, over which, six miles off, the Montmorenci flung itself, marking its descent by a cloud of glimmering whiteness. Further on and further back from the river the land still rose, richly wooded and beautiful, but all solitary, where in later days Wolff's little army was to have its encampment, and where now scattered villages lie, stretching mile after mile past the place where the white houses and glittering spire of Les Anges Gardiens nestle among the green slopes of the hills.

It must have been a day never to be forgotten when Cartier—surely for a moment unconscious that his voyage needed any other perfecting—climbed the heights of Stadacona, and looked down upon this picture. He was to grow familiar with it, to see it daily through times of difficulty, danger, and almost despair; but for all the suffering that might come to be associated with it, it would keep its place in his memory as something to be recalled in the peaceful years to come with all a lover's admiration and a discoverer's pride.

A short time was spent in exploring the neighbourhood of Stadacona and the Ile d'Orléans (on which, from its abundant vines, the name of Ile de Bacchus was bestowed) and in taking measures for the safety of the ships; but the captain's mind was now resolutely bent on a voyage up 'the great river,' to visit an important Indian settlement of which reports had reached him. The chief and people of Stadacona were for some reason opposed to this expedition, and not only contrived causes of delay, but finally managed so that the French were obliged to do without the guides and interpreters on whose help they had counted. Cartier, however, was not to be discouraged; and on September 19 started up the river with the 'Emerillon,' the smallest of his three small vessels, and two boats. They stopped at a place called Ochelay, which seems to have been at or near Richelieu, and were hospitably received by the Indians there. When they reached Lake St. Peter their journey began to be troublesome and dangerous, and they were obliged to leave the 'Emerillon' in charge of a small party, and only take on the boats, manned by twenty sailors, four gentlemen volunteers, and the two masters Marc Jalobert and Guillaume le Breton. They had heard from so many quarters a report of the importance of Hochelaga, whither they were bound, that it must have been with no little eagerness that they pushed their way on through the islands at the head of the lake, and at last, on October 2, came in sight of their destination.

The news of their approach had gone before them, and there was an excited crowd waiting as their boats drew up to the beach. More than a thousand persons, Cartier says, were assembled, dancing and singing tumultuously, and throwing cakes made of maize into their boats, in such abundance 'that you would have thought they were rained down from heaven.' As soon as the strangers landed, they found a great feast prepared for them, the whole town apparently constituting themselves their entertainers; but that day there was no state reception, nor did they visit the town itself, contenting themselves with

making friends of the crowd, and especially of the women, who seem to have been everywhere most prominent in public demonstrations.

Next morning the captain and his company started, with a certain state and formality, for the town or 'bourgade,' as he calls it, of Hochelaga. They found the approach to it formed by a good and well-trodden road, which passed through a country of great natural beauty, well wooded, and evidently fertile. Oaks, maple, and other valuable trees grew abundantly, and as they proceeded, fields of Indian corn began to spread out around them. In the midst of these fields, surrounded on all sides by the ripening harvest, rose the walls of Hochelaga. Above the town a beautiful hill sloped up, sheltering it towards the north, and in front flowed the great river, an expanse of nearly two miles of swift blue water, contrasting with the green shore. As they drew near the town a chief, attended by a number of people, came out to meet them, and invited them to sit down and rest in the place where they then were. When they had done so, the chief began the invariable oration, 'preschement' of welcome, of which little, if any, could have been intelligible; for, supposing, as seems evident, that the French had learned something of the language spoken at Stadacona, they would now find themselves in the region of a different (probably a Huron) dialect.

When the 'preschement' ended, Cartier presented to the chief gifts suitable to his rank—two hatchets, a pair of knives, and a cross, which he was instructed to kiss and to hang round his neck. Then the party went on through the fields, passing among the tall stems of Indian corn, with their graceful leaves and long tassels of golden-tinted floss, until they reached the gate of the town and entered it, much amazed at what they saw; for they found themselves within a circle of large extent, formed by wooden ramparts and broken by only a single entrance. These ramparts were triple, and most strongly and ingeniously built—very thick at the bottom and diminishing towards the top, the beams extremely well joined, and each rampart two spears' length in height. The gateway, the only passage through them, could be closed with bars against an enemy, and all round the town inside the ramparts ran galleries, where piles of stones were stored ready to be thrown on the heads of a besieging army. Within all these fortifications were about fifty houses arranged round a central square or place. Each house was about fifty feet long, cleverly roofed with sheets of bark, and containing one large hall with a fireplace, and several smaller rooms for the use of different members of the family. An upper storey served as the granary and storehouse; the supplies which it held consisted of Indian corn (which was beaten into flour with wooden mallets), pease, large cucumbers, and fruits, with abundance of dried fish. Cartier tells us nothing as to the furnishing of these substantial dwellings, though their comfortable aspect seems to have much impressed him, except as to the beds, which were made of bark with plenty of furs for coverings.

The French were led by the chief, their conductor, into the great central square of the town, being joined by a crowd of the inhabitants,

women as well as men. All these came round them without the least sign of fear or shyness, caressing them, the former bringing babies, whom they begged them to touch, as if they thought their doing so would procure the children some good fortune. At last, after the women had gratified their curiosity, they were all dismissed by the men, who seated themselves on the ground. Presently, however, some of the women came back bringing mats, which they arranged in the centre of the square, and invited the captain and his party to take their places upon them. They had no sooner obeyed than the Agouhanna, the great chief, made his appearance, carried by nine or ten men, and placed himself on a deerskin beside that assigned to Cartier. He was a man of about fifty, no better dressed than his subjects, except that he wore as a crown a fillet of hedgehog's skin, dyed red; he was, however, a most pitiable object, being so palsied that all his limbs shook.

The scene that follows is so singular and so touching that one stops to ask oneself what it was in the aspect of the strangers which thus inspired in a people, not altogether barbarous, a faith equally sudden and unclaimed? They had seen no proofs of their power. Even the firearms which had awed the people of Stadacona had not been used here to obtain for the French a prestige born of fear. They knew still less, one would think, of the disposition of the newcomers—whether they would show themselves gentle or cruel. Yet they evidently believed at once in their will, as well as in their capacity, to help. Was it one of those intuitions which we see sometimes in children, by which they comprehend character as it affects themselves with an almost unerring certainty?

The chief of Hochelaga only waited until the usual ceremonies of greeting and welcome were ended, and then immediately showed his disabled limbs to the captain, begging him to touch them. He did so, rubbing them gently with his hands, and the chief, apparently satisfied, took off the red fillet and presented it to him. As if this gift had been a signal expected and waited for, a strange stir instantly began, and there was carried into the square from all sides a crowd of sick, helpless, blind and deformed persons, who were laid down round Cartier, their friends praying him only to touch them—'tellement qu'il sembloit que Dieu feust là descendu pour les guerir.'

Never, surely, since the days when the lame, the halt, and the blind were brought to our Lord, was there a similar throng assembled, and it was well for the man who stood there with so many imploring eyes turned to him that he could feel, above his human weakness, the certainty of a Divine power and compassion. Deeply moved, he took, as it were, these ignorant prayers of the people and offered them to God. Standing in the midst, he recited the beginning of St. John's Gospel, and making the sign of the cross upon the sick, prayed that God would make Himself known to them, and give them grace to receive Christianity and the holy rite of baptism. Then he took a Book of Hours, and read distinctly from it, word for word, the Passion of our Lord. While he thus read words which, the

in an unknown tongue, they must have guessed to be in some way Divine, the people stood around him silent, looking up to heaven, and imitating reverently the devout gestures of the French.

Did any miracle of healing follow? We know nothing more. Cartier's narrative goes back to common things, and tells us briefly of the rest of his hurried visit to Hochelaga. Yet it is hard to believe that such an hour left no trace. Even those who refuse belief, absolutely and without exception, to all modern miracles, may allow that among a people highly imaginative and full of faith, cures of nervous diseases were, under such circumstances, very possible; to those less sceptical it may be permitted to hope that even more than such cures took place. One thing can hardly be doubted. The recollection of that appeal and response—the cry of human misery answered by the message of Divine love—must have left an undying impression on the minds of those who saw and heard; and probably the recital of this scene was one of the first inducements to pious men and women in France to undertake the long and difficult task of evangelising the people of Canada.

Cartier and his party explored the environs of Hochelaga, and climbed 'the mountain' to which later travellers gave the name of Mont Royal; but the season was advancing and they could make no long stay. Taking a warm and friendly farewell of their Indian hosts, they went on board their boats, and soon rejoining the 'Emerillon,' returned to Stadacona by the middle of the month.

Much had to be done before winter set in, and strange must have been the feelings of the little colony when, shut up in the enclosure with which they had surrounded their ships, they saw the great river change into a plain of ice, and the green and fertile country shroud itself in its deep mantle of snow. They knew that for six months they must remain prisoners, but they did not know all the suffering those winter months were to bring. The captain's journal through the winter is a story of simple heroism full of interest, but for which we have no space here. A terrible illness broke out among the party, which proved fatal to twenty of them, and was so universal that at one time there were but three men well out of the three crews. At the same time the friendship of Donacona and his people had so far cooled that Cartier felt it most imperative to conceal the helpless condition of his men, and was driven to all sorts of expedients for this purpose, while his heart was torn by the misery about him, and often, as De Joinville says of St. Louis, 'he had nothing but courage to maintain life.'

At last the time of suffering was over. A decoction of a plant called *anneda*—perhaps the wild barberry—proved so efficacious that the sick began quickly to recover. One of the ships must indeed be abandoned, but the others were brought out of their enclosure and made ready for sea. Early in May all was prepared, but Cartier seems to have feared that Donacona and his people meant to hinder his departure. They had shown great distrust of the French for some time, and this is the only excuse for what certainly was a line

of conduct entirely at variance with the captain's general character. Donacona was suddenly seized and, with several of his attendants, forcibly invited to pay a visit to the King of France. He was allowed to see and speak with his people, and to appoint a regent, but nevertheless there is no doubt that he was carried off against his will. On May 6, 1536, the two ships left their anchorage, and moved down the river, and on June 6 they came safely into the harbour of St. Malo, the joy of their prosperous home-coming clouded by the memory of twenty comrades who would never return.

Four years later Cartier once more sailed for 'La Nouvelle France.' The interval had been filled by public events of such importance as to distract King Francis' thoughts entirely from his newly-claimed territory, and had been marked also by the downfall of Admiral de Chabot, Cartier's friend and patron. At last, however, a fresh commission was issued (and this time expressly for purposes of colonisation), in which unfortunately Cartier was hampered by the partnership of the Sieur de Roberval. De Roberval made so many delays that Cartier was at last ordered off alone and ill provided. He reached his old anchorage at the Ste. Croix August 23, 1540, and though he had not brought Donacona or any of his attendants back, he was again well received by the Indians. He afterwards began preparations for a settlement at Charlebourg Royal (Cap Rouge) and built a fort, where he must have spent the winter and part of the following summer. All this time De Roberval was expected in vain, and when autumn approached the patience of the adventurers seems to have been worn out. They left the great river for the last time, met De Roberval at St. John, but would not turn back, and before the end of October had been received with great rejoicings and honours in their own town. Only the first part of this voyage is related by the captain himself; his journal breaks off abruptly at a moment when, just at the closing in of winter, he was putting his little fort in order to withstand an anticipated attack. If he finished it (which is almost certain), the last portion was entirely lost within a few years of his death, and Hakluyt, who tried anxiously, but in vain, to recover it, was able to pick up only the most fragmentary information as to later events.

For ten years 'the Captain' seems to have enjoyed quiet and modest ease in his seaside Manoir of Lemoïlou. The King gave him letters of nobility, but apparently little or nothing else; and after De Roberval's return to France there was even a question raised as to the expenditure of the sum granted to them jointly from the royal treasury. It was proved, however, that Cartier had spent more than he had received, and the Court gave sentence in his favour in June, 1544. This is the latest public record of his life. In 1554 he died, at the age of sixty, leaving no children and no wealth—nothing at all, indeed, except his well-deserved reputation as a skilful sailor, an excellent commander, and an honest man.

ANNIE WALKER.

Horses and their Feet.

If we say that of all brute animals none is more valuable to man than the horse, and that the neglect of any means which may promote and ensure his welfare and efficiency is a blunder not easily distinguishable from crime, we may fairly be charged with uttering truisms. If we urge that this value is not recognised as it should be, and that this neglect is miserably common, we may still be accused of wasting breath on statements which no one would think of calling into question. Everyone, we may be told, is well aware that the management of horses is very faulty, that their lives are shortened by the ignorance of those who have charge of them rather than by any wanton cruelty, and that they are rendered practically useless long before their existence is brought to an end. To the plea that the same, or much the same, things may be said of men as of horses, we may answer that the blame must be apportioned to the degree of carelessness with which evils affecting either men or horses are allowed to go on unchecked or are foolishly dealt with; nor can failures to improve the condition of mankind furnish a reason for refusing to do what may improve the condition of horses. Our duty ought to be discharged at all costs and under all circumstances; but a man must have risen far above the average of his fellows if he feels no relief when his duty coincides with his interest. Something is gained by the mere pointing out of this agreement, wherever it exists; and we must remember that, if a vast amount of human wretchedness is the direct result of wilful and wanton perversity, we can meet with no such resistance on the part of brute beasts. With regard to these we have only to see what the evils are; and the blame is ours, and ours alone, if we fail to apply the remedy, when the remedy, if applied, must be successful. In the case of the horse, unhappily, we do not realise the extent of the mischief, and seldom, perhaps never, fix our minds on its cause or causes. Yet the facts, even when reduced within limits which none will venture to dispute, are sufficiently startling.

The number of horses in the United Kingdom has been estimated at rather more than two millions and a quarter, and their average value can scarcely be set down at less than 30*l.* Their collective value, therefore, falls little short of sixty-eight millions sterling. That the nation incurs a loss if this sum is spent quicker than it needs to be is a self-evident proposition; that it is so spent is certain, if horses on an average become useless at a time when they ought still to be in full vigour. On this point few will be disposed to challenge the verdict of Mr. W. Douglas, late veterinary surgeon in the 10th Hussars, who tells us that a horse should live from thirty-five to forty

years, and live actively and usefully during three-fourths of this period. 'All authorities,' he says, 'now admit that animals should live five times as long as it takes them to reach maturity. A dog, which is at its full growth when between two and three years old, is very aged at twelve years. Horses do not, unless their growth is forced, reach their full prime until they are seven or eight years old, which by the same law leaves them to live some thirty years longer. When these facts are kept in mind, together with these other facts that three-fourths of our horses die or are destroyed under twelve years old, that horses are termed aged at six' [he should have said eight], 'old at ten, very old when double that number of years, and that few of them but are laid up from work a dozen times a year, . . . the viciousness of a system which entails such misery and destruction of life cannot be too strongly commented upon.' If we take the age of three years as that at which horses begin to work, and twelve as that at which they are worn out, it follows that the period of their efficiency is shorter by at least fourteen years than it should be. In other words, the nation has to buy three horses when it ought to buy only one, and thus upwards of 200,000,000*l.* are spent every twenty-one years in the purchase of horses when 68,000,000*l.* ought to suffice. The loss, therefore, to the nation is at least 135,000,000*l.* in twenty-one years.

If this were all, the question would surely be most serious; but it is not all. Unless the facts thus far stated can be set aside, our horses work on the average seven or eight years; but how do they work? The collective experience of the country will answer that the work is done at the cost of frequent interruptions, and with an amount of discomfort and pain which often becomes agony. It is easy to say that much of the evil must be laid to the charge of grooms and stable-men; and perhaps the censures dealt out to these men are not undeserved. They are, at least, outspoken. In the last century Lord Pembroke spoke of grooms as being 'generally the worst informed of all persons living.' 'No other servant,' says Mr. Mayhew, 'possesses such power, and no domestic more abuses his position. It is impossible to amend the regulation of any modern stable without removing some of this calling, or overthrowing some of the abuses with a perpetuation of which the stable servant is directly involved.' In this state of things the most humane of masters becomes, he adds, an unconscious tyrant to the brute which serves him so well. It is a miserable fact that grooms on their own responsibility are in the habit of administering secretly to horses medicines the cost of which they pay themselves. It may fairly be said that in every case the remedy is ill-judged, and creates worse mischief than that which it is designed to remove. Among these medicines arsenic, antimony, and nitre seem to be the favourites; but the list of remedies is not ended with these. The experience of ages, if it has failed to do more, has impressed on them the fact that the chief source of the sufferings of horses is to be found in the foot. The suspicion that

the foot is not treated rightly by the traditionary method never enters their minds: and they deal with the limb not from a knowledge of its anatomy, structure, and purpose, but in accordance with the popular notions, which are, in plain speech, outrageously absurd. In profound ignorance that the hoof is porous, they apply hoof-ointments, which answer to cement plastered on a wall. If these were in constant use, Mr. Douglas asserts emphatically that not a morsel of sound horn would remain at the end of six months on the horses, and shoeing would become an impossibility. If the groom be told that he is thus preventing the internal moisture from reaching the outer surface and the air from circulating inwards, his only answer is an incredulous laugh. His conviction is that the hoof should not come into contact with hard material, and that the horse can be best fitted for his work by having his feet smeared with tar, beeswax, or tallow, and by resting always on a heap of litter in the stable. It would be of little use to cite Lord Pembroke as declaring that 'the constant use of litter makes the feet tender and causes swelled legs; moreover, it renders the animals delicate. Swelled legs may be frequently reduced to their proper natural size by taking away the litter only, which, in some stables, where ignorant grooms and farriers govern, would be a great saving of bleeding and physic, besides straw.' 'I have seen,' he adds, 'by repeated experiments, legs swell and unswell by leaving litter or taking it away, like mercury in a weather glass;' and his experience is confirmed by the general condition of troopers' horses, in contrast with those of their officers, which are bedded down all day.

But if there are evils for which grooms are in large measure directly responsible and the abolition of which they would beyond doubt stoutly resist, there are others in which masters are not less blameworthy than their men, and from which the public generally as well as the animals are constant sufferers. The work of the horse is that of dragging and carrying; and the aim of the owner should be the accomplishment of this work with the utmost possible sureness and with the fewest accidents. Serious and fatal injuries may be the result of stumblings and slippings not less than of actual falls; and the premature wearing out of horses by excessive straining of their sinews and muscles is a direct pecuniary loss to the owners, although few of them seem to realise the true significance of the fact. These evils are to be seen everywhere, and they affect horses kept for the purpose of pleasure and ostentation almost as much as those which spend their days in a round of monotonous drudgery. A horse should not be obliged to work in going down a hill; but, in fact, they are subject to the severest strain just when they ought to have none, if they are harnessed to springless carts or waggons without breaks. Farm horses suffer with terrible severity from this cause: but the horses used in carrying trades and by railway companies undergo a more cruel ordeal. Improvements in the break power of waggons used on roads, which might greatly lessen the mischief, are not made.

and hence the horses are seldom free from diseases more or less serious, which may be traced directly to constant slipping and shaking over slippery pavements. Among ignorant owners, blind to their own interests, there is an impression that 'the work which kills one horse will bring in money enough to buy another;' but experience has sufficiently shown the fallacy of this theory, whether the over-taxed slave be a horse or a human being. In towns and cities the roads are, and must be, paved, and the pavings at present are variously of stone, wood, or asphalte, where the road is not macadamised. These pavements have, it would seem, each its own peculiar dangers for the horses which use them; and each has thus become a fruitful source of controversy. If any one method be likely to supersede the rest, the victory will probably be for the asphalte; but horses are found to slip seriously upon it, and the falls so caused are, we are told, of a graver kind than those on pavements of other sorts. All the proprietors of cabs, omnibuses, and railway vans have, it is said, protested in a body against its use, but scarcely, it would seem, to good purpose. Fresh contracts have been signed for pavements of asphalte, and others will probably follow. In the meanwhile horses have to pass, perhaps in a single morning, from macadamised roads to roads paved with asphalte, wood, or stone—in other words, over roads made of widely differing materials, which call in each case for a different action of the foot. On the other hand, the hoof is supposed to be protected by shoes, the varieties of which are legion; and thus the controversy has been brought to a singular issue. On one side it is urged that there should be a uniform system of paving enforced on all towns, so that horses should no longer pass from a less slippery road to one that is more slippery; on the other the contention is that the true remedy lies not in uniformity of paving, but in the discovery of a shoe which shall effectually prevent the horse from slipping anywhere. The former alternative is visionary; the latter has been, and perhaps it may be said still is, the object aimed at by some who have a thorough acquaintance with the structure of the horse, and the most disinterested wish to promote his welfare. We may therefore safely pay no heed to the lamentations of those who believe that 'the difficulty in riding or driving through the London streets arises from the variety of the pavements in use,' and that 'if we had a uniform kind of pavement, a shoe for universal use would be quickly invented.' We may please ourselves with fancying that 'the ingenuity of man would devise horseshoes to travel over glass, were glass the only pavement in use.' The main question is, whether mankind after all has not been forestalled in this invention; and it is absolutely certain that those who have laboured most conscientiously to improve the shoeing of horses have striven especially to secure for them the power of moving safely over materials of many kinds. These men have been convinced that the traditional methods overload the foot of the horse with iron, and that the mod fastening on this iron interfere with, if not altogether obstruct,

processes of nature. The efforts of all have been directed towards diminishing the weight of iron, and this has led them to the conclusion that the less the natural foot is interfered with, the better. M. la Fosse thus inferred that one half of the ordinary shoe was unnecessary, and that nothing more was needed than a tip on the front half of the foot. Unfortunately he directed that the heel should be pared, thus making it weaker, and he fastened on his tip, which had about six inches of iron in its entire length, with eight nails. He was thus 'inserting wedges, amounting in the aggregate from one to one and a half inches in thickness, in six inches of horn, thus squeezing it into the space of five or even four inches, and killing it from the clenches downwards and outwards.' It is strange that veterinary surgeons who have clearly comprehended the mischief thus caused have failed to draw the logical inference from their premisses. Mr. Douglas was aware that the crust of the horse's foot resembles in its natural state a number of small tubes, bound together by a hardened, glue-like substance, and he compares it to a mitrailleuse gun with its many barrels soldered together. By his way of nailing M. la Fosse was reducing the size of each tube by one sixth, or rather was entirely closing those nearest the nails and compressing those that lie halfway between each pair of nails. He was in this respect aggravating the mischief of the ordinary shoe, which commonly has seven nails; and this ensured dryness and brittleness of hoof. But the circulation of fluid through the pores of the hoof is not the only natural process which modern shoeing interferes with. In his work on the horse's foot Mr. Miles illustrates the expansion and contraction which always take place in its natural state when it is set down on and lifted from the ground. The subject was a horse nine years old, which had the shoe removed for the purpose of the experiment. 'The unshod foot was lifted up, and its contour traced with the greatest precision on a piece of board covered with paper. A similar board was then laid on the ground; the same foot was then placed upon it, and the opposite foot held up whilst it was again traced. The result was that it had expanded one eighth part of an inch at the heel and quarters.' Over two inches on each side of the centre of the toe no expansion had taken place, the tracings showing that the expansion was only lateral. It would follow that a shoe intended to give full play to this process must be confined to the part where no expansion takes place; but Mr. Miles adhered to the form of the ordinary shoe, although he reduced to three the number of nails by which it was fastened. The object of this process of expansion and contraction is to give the animal a firmer hold on the soil, and to enable him, where this is thick, slimy, or sticky, to withdraw the foot easily on contraction. This purpose is necessarily defeated when the whole foot is armed with iron.

No one has condemned the mischievous working of the existing system more strongly than Mr. Mayhew, who refuses to allow that the body of the horse was made stronger than his legs and feet, and

holds that these, if left to themselves, must be adequate to the tasks imposed on them. In his belief 'it is amongst the foremost physiological truths that Nature is a strict economist,' and that 'man has for ages laboured to disarrange parts thus admirably adjusted. . . . No injury, no wrong, no cruelty, can be conceived, which barbarity has not inflicted on the most generous of man's many willing slaves.' But although he has thus seen 'the folly of contending against those organisations which govern the universe,' he still thought that the employment of some sort of shoe might not lie open to this charge. Shoes of some sort may give to the horse the freedom which is essential for the health of the foot, although he insists that all the shoes thus far used are lamentable failures. 'There are,' he says, 'many more pieces of iron curved, hollowed, raised, and indented than I have cared to enumerate. All, however, have failed to restore health to the hoof. Some by enforcing a change of position may for a time appear to mitigate the evil; but none can in the long run cure the disorder under which the hoof evidently suffers.' Such language, it might be thought, could come only from one who had discarded the use of shoes altogether. All, however, that Mr. Mayhew has done is to point the way to the road which he was not prepared to take. But the experience of Miles and Mayhew, La Fosse, Charlier, and Douglas, seems to lead by necessary logical inference to one conclusion only. If the working of the traditionary system leaves the horse a wreck almost before he has reached his prime, if the lessening of the weight of iron and of the number of nails used in fixing the iron has been followed by direct and important benefits in every instance, if even those who hold that a horse must be shod have discovered that that which they look on as a protection to the fore feet is merely harmful to the hind feet, is it possible to stifle the suspicion that this insignificant remnant of a system so fruitful in mischief may have no magic power, and, in short, that the horse may do just as well without them?

This conclusion has been courageously avowed and most ably enforced by a writer calling himself 'Free Lance' in his recently published work on 'Horses and Roads:' and to say the least, it is time that the whole question should be fully and impartially considered. It affects the wealth of the nation, and on it depend both the usefulness and the comfort of a race of noble animals which are indispensable to our prosperity. The force of prejudice may be great, and a widespread traditional system may not be soon or easily overthrown; but it cannot for a moment be supposed that Englishmen generally will assume with reference to it an attitude of unreasoning and obstinate antagonism. Fear probably will be found to supply a restraining motive more powerful than open illwill. Many who think that the new theory may look well enough on paper will doubt its value in practice, and will regard their own horses as exceptions to which it cannot apply. With a strange ignorance of fact, they will insist that unshod horses may move safely over smooth

and soft ground, but must fail when it is rugged, and hard, and stony, or will be oppressed by a vague dread that a horse which has gone well enough without shoes for six months may break down in the seventh. But even those who refuse to give up the practice of shoeing will yet acknowledge its faultiness, and wish that they could give it up without risk. To all such we need only say that if they have any regard for impartiality they are bound to consider the arguments and the facts on which the conclusions of 'Free Lance' rest; and most assuredly they will find in his pages nothing which they may charge with extravagance, rashness, and intolerance. They will not be told that unless they abandon the system of shoeing altogether they can effect no improvement in the present state of things, or even that they must hasten to change the old system for the new. On the contrary, they will find that they are again and again warned against imprudent haste, and are told that a vast amount of good may be achieved even if they never venture on leaving their horses' feet in a state of nature.

Of these arguments and facts it might be difficult to determine which are the most important and significant. Certain it is that our horses generally are afflicted with a multitude of diseases which seize on their legs and feet, and that lameness is everywhere a cause of constant complaint and of loss of time and money. The author is not speaking from theory or from book, but takes his stand on an experience obtained during a sojourn of many years in foreign countries, especially in America, where in the construction of railways and other public works he had to employ hundreds of horses and mules on tasks which taxed their capabilities to the utmost. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil, and elsewhere he found that unshod horses were daily worked over roads of all kinds, carrying heavy packs from the interior down to the coast, the journey thither and back being often extended to several hundreds of miles, and that they accomplished these journeys without ever wearing out their hoofs; and the roads in these countries, where they exist at all, are neither softer nor smoother than those of England or of Ireland. If horses fell lame, it was from causes incidental to the climate, and for these the system of shoeing would supply no remedy. From other diseases, which from strong and often incontestable reasons may be traced to the use of shoes, they were wholly free. The necessary conclusion was that the system of shoeing could answer no good purpose, while it might be productive of much harm; and in this conclusion he was confirmed by the admissions and protests of the most able and competent veterinary surgeons in this country. These have uniformly raised their voices against the heavy weighting of the horse's foot maintained by the traditional practice. It has been found here that the hoofs of some horses are so weak that they cannot be fully shod; and a writer in the 'Field,' styling himself 'Impecuniosus,' cited some ten years ago a remark by Mayhew that 'some horses will go sound in tips that cannot endure any further protection,' adding the

significant comment that the moral of this is 'that it is the shoe, not the road, that hurts the horse;' for if a weak and tender foot can go sound when all but unshod, 'why should not the strong sound one do the same?' The conclusion, as he insists, should rather be that a horse must have a strong sound foot to stand not our work but our shoe. The same writer, speaking of the cruelties unwittingly perpetrated by grooms and blacksmiths on the horse's foot, says that 'though lameness usually attends their efforts, they ascribe it to every cause but the right one, and indeed resign themselves complacently to the presence of many diseases confessedly caused by their treatment.' 'Free Lance' has seen, and others also have doubtless seen, light horses, of high breed and value, shod or burdened with a full set of shoes in which eight nails, nearly three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, were driven four in each quarter, and in a space of three inches for each four nails. He may well call attention to the immense amount of laceration and compression which the delicate hollow fibres of the crust must have suffered when thus wedged up within a fourth of their natural dimensions. Besides this, he adds, the hoof was, in one instance, carved out on the crust to receive three clips, one on the toe and one on each quarter. 'A calk, three quarters of an inch high, was put on one heel of each hind shoe, and, on the other heel, a screw cog of equal height. On each front shoe a cog, also three quarters of an inch high, was put upon each heel. This wretched victim to fashion was then regarded with the utmost satisfaction by the farriers and his groom; and all this heathenism was perpetrated in the forge of a veterinary surgeon. But, perhaps, he was shoeing to order.'

Amongst the reformers of these great abuses M. Charlier occupies a prominent place. His shoe in its first shape was not successful. Starting rightly on the assumption that nature intended the horse to walk barefoot, and that the bottom of his foot was in every way fitted to stand all wear and tear, he excepted from these self-sufficing parts the outer rim, that is, the wall or crust. 'He, therefore,' 'Free Lance' tells us, 'made a shoe of very narrow iron, less than the width of the wall, which he let in, or imbedded, to the crust, without touching the sole even on the edge; so that, in fact, the horse stood no higher after he was shod than he stood when barefooted. He urged that such a narrow piece of iron would not interfere with the natural expansion and contraction of the foot; and in this he at once went wrong, for malleable iron has no spring in it. Then, in spite of his theory, as he expressed it, he carried his shoe right round the foot into the bars, beyond where the crust ceases to be independent of them. He then got a very narrow, weak shoe, about a foot in circumference (if circumference can be applied to that which is not a complete circle); and, as he ought to have foreseen, the shoe then twisted or broke on violent exertion.' Still, as freeing the horse from a large amount of the weight usually attached to his foot, the change was an important benefit; and the lesson thus taught was not thrown

away. The shoe was reduced by a man at Melton from the full to the three-quarter size, and in this form it weighs five ounces. Seeley's patent horseshoe, adopted by the North Metropolitan Tramways Company, weighs one pound and a quarter, this being a reduction of one-half on the weight of the ordinary shoe; and we have to remember that each additional ounce on the horse's foot makes a most sensible difference in the amount of work performed by him during the day. Shoeing their horses on the principle of the modified Charlier shoe, Messrs. Smither and Son, of Upper East Smithfield, have found the result marvellously to their advantage, in the measure of comfort and safety with which their animals do their work, whether in the London streets, on pavement, or on country roads. So far as their experience has gone, there are no horses which it does not suit, and it is of special service for young horses running on the London stones, and for horses with tender feet, or corns, and to prevent slipping. In other words, the absence of metal confers benefits which cannot be bestowed by its presence. Facts in America teach the same lesson. At a meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture in 1878, Mr. Bowditch, a practical farmer, declared that 'nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the trouble in horses' feet come from shoeing,' that he was in the habit of driving very hard down hill, that he had galloped on ice on a horse whose feet had merely a small bit of iron four inches long curled round the toe, and that this piece of iron is all that is needed even in the case of an animal whose feet have been abused for a series of years. When nothing is left but this fragment of the traditional shoe, and when even this fragment has, as in Massachusetts and elsewhere, been retained for the fore feet only, it is incredible that men should fail to ask what the use of this relic of the old system may be. Donkeys in Ireland are unshod, and they work on roads at least as rough, hard, slimy and slippery as those of England. 'Can one really believe,' asks 'Free Lance,' 'that the animal which is endowed with the greater speed and power should have worse feet than his inferior in both respects?' To such a question one answer only can be given; and the lesson may be learnt by anyone who will take the trouble to go to the wilds of Exmoor or Dartmoor. There, as in the Orkneys and on the Welsh hills and in many parts of the continent of Europe, horses run unshod over rocks, through ravines, and up or down precipitous ridges. 'Yet all this,' Mr. Douglas remarks, 'is done without difficulty, and to the evident advantage of their hoofs, for these animals never suffer from contracted feet, or from corns, sand-cracks, &c., until they become civilised and have been shod.' Mr. Douglas, it is true, holds that civilisation involves the need of a shoe of some sort for horses as for men; Mr. Mayhew advocates the use of the tip, and, as we have said, it is not in human nature to stop short at such a point as this. It is obvious that if the complete abandonment of iron is followed by increased efficiency and power of endurance on the part of the horse, as well as from a number of painful and highly injurious dis-

eases, the owner is directly and largely benefited in more ways than one. His horses live in greater comfort and for a longer time; his veterinary surgeon's bill and the outlay for medicine are greatly lessened, and the costs of farriery disappear altogether.

Farriers will, of course, complain that their occupation is gone, and that they are ruined men; but little heed was paid to like pleas when they were urged for the drivers and attendants of coaches and coach horses when the first railways were constructed. Matters will adjust themselves in this case as they did in the other. But that the change cannot be effected in a day or a week, no one will venture to deny. The feet of horses are ordinarily treated, not wantonly but through ignorance, with a cruelty which is simply shocking. With vast numbers of animals which are not kept for purposes of drudgery, and in whose appearance their owners feel a pride, the hoof is a mere wreck, and the sight of the mangled and split hoof may well excite not merely pity but wonder that any can passively allow such evils to go on. A few, however, will always be found with resolution enough to shake off the fetters of traditionalism; and some of these have already expressed their opinion with sufficient emphasis. One of these, writing in November 1878, says:—

> The argument against horseshoes seemed to me so strong, and the convenience of doing without them so great, that I resolved to try the experiment. Accordingly, when my pony's shoes were worn out, I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an occasional drive of a mile or two on the high road while his hoofs were hardening. The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping away, until it had worn down below the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, *quite unlike what it had been before.* I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed, his tread is almost noiseless, and his hoofs know no danger from the rough hands of the farrier, and the change altogether has been a clear gain, without anything to set off against it. The pony was between four and five years old, and had been regularly shod up to the present year. He now goes better without shoes than he ever did with them.

A well-known Cumberland farmer, writing about the same time, speaks of a farm-horse in his possession, which, having been lamed by a nail driven into its foot, had been for many months in the hands of the farrier. Tired out with this annoyance, the owner had his shoes taken off and turned him out to pasture. While still rather lame, the horse was set to work on the land; and he is now, we are told, 'doing all sorts of farm work, and dragging his load as well as any shod horse even over hard pavement.' If judgment based on knowledge is to carry weight, the question would soon be settled. We have already seen the opinions expressed by the most able writers on the horse, and especially on the structure and treatment of his feet, as well as by the best veterinary surgeons. The verdict of the 'Lancet' is almost more emphatic. 'As a matter of physiological

fitness,' it says, 'nothing more indefensible than the use of shoes can be imagined. Not only is the mode of attaching them by nails injurious to the hoof, it is the probable, if not evident, cause of many affections of the foot and leg, which impair the usefulness and must affect the comfort of the animal.' If we add that the hunter is benefited almost more than other horses by being allowed to use his feet as nature made them, the admission is made in the interests of the horse and not as an expression of opinion on the controversy respecting the right or the wrong of foxhunting. It is enough to say that for horses which have to move rapidly, and to come down with a sudden shock on sticky and slippery ground, the natural course of the process of expansion and contraction is of the first importance. For those who may care nothing for the gratification of hunting men, it may be amusing or provoking to learn that in times of hard frost hunters have been enabled to chase the prey by the aid of gutta-percha soles fastened to the feet; but all who are anxious only for the welfare of the horse will see in this fact strong evidence of the uselessness of the iron shoe. The plain truth is that differences in the quality of soil, be it hard or soft, stony or sandy, smooth and slippery, are of comparatively little importance to the horse whose feet are as nature made them. In the words of 'Free Lance,' 'the unshod horse can successfully deal with all roads;' and assuredly no one will dream of asserting that shod horses can do this, for on the setting in of frost, for instance, they cannot be worked until certain ceremonies have been gone through at the blacksmith's forge. The unshod horse can tread firmly on the slime of wood pavement when shod horses are slipping and struggling in agony around them; he can gallop on ice, and trot for miles together on the hardest and roughest flint roads, with far more ease and comfort than horses whose feet are shod with iron, or even with gutta-percha. 'Free Lance' rightly remarks that 'if they could not there would be an end of the thing, for evidently the horse should be able to go anywhere and everywhere, and at a moment's notice.' It seems hard to produce the conviction that the natural sole of the horse's foot is almost impenetrable, that it is so hard and strong as to protect the sensible sole from all harm, and that all feet exposed to hard objects are made harder by the contact, provided only that the sole is never pared. This adequacy of the horse's foot to all demands that may be made upon it is forcibly illustrated by Mr. Bracy Clark, who, like Mr. Douglas and Mr. Mayhew, contented himself with striving to produce a perfect shoe, although he acknowledged that if we wish to appreciate the full beauty of its structure, 'we must dismiss from our views the miserable, coerced, shod foot entirely and consider the animal in a pure state of nature using his foot without any defence.' Probably Mr. Clark thought that, though we may consider it in its natural state, few can ever so behold it, as all horses in civilised countries are in greater or less degree brought under artificial conditions. The plea is fallacious. The horse is clearly intended by nature to serve as a

domesticated animal; and so long as we do not interfere with the proper functions of any part of its body (and the abomination of bearing reins and other such practices interfere with them grievously and even fatally), we bring it under no conditions which it was not designedly calculated to encounter. Private owners and companies whose horses must be numbered by troops are naturally irritated by the accidents constantly occurring on smooth and slimy pavements or on rough and hard stone or flint roads, and in their disgust they now offered rewards for the invention of a shoe which shall render the horse indifferent to the materials over which he has to pass, and have clamoured for a uniform system of pavements in all towns. It seems strange indeed that no misgiving seems to cross their minds that they are taking thought of the wrong surface, and that they are scared by false terrors when they dread the contact of the unshod hoof with sand, granite, flint, wood, or asphalte.

It cannot, indeed, be too often repeated or too strongly insisted on, that the foot of the horse in no way needs to rest on soft and yielding surfaces. The very opposite of this is the truth, and this truth was perceived as clearly by Xenophon as by the ablest physiologists of our own day. Speaking, as he says, not from theory, but from wide and varied experience, Xenophon insists that in order to ensure the healthiness of horses, stable floors must not be smooth or damp, that they should be lined with stones of irregular shapes, of much the same size as the animal's hoof, and that the ground outside the stable, on which it is groomed, should be covered in parts with loose stones laid down in large quantities, but surrounded by an iron rim to prevent their being scattered. Standing on these, the horse, Xenophon adds, will be in much the same condition as if he were travelling on a stony road, and as he must move his hoof when he is being rubbed down as much as when he is walking, the stones thus spread about will strengthen the frogs of his feet. It is not easy to repress a certain feeling of shame at the disingenuousness of modern writers who have tried to shirk the difficulty by saying that Xenophon had no knowledge of our hard roads. It is enough to reply that he speaks distinctly of roads covered with stones, and of the benefit which the horse derives from traversing them. There is not a word to justify a suspicion that he would have shrunk from the hardest roadway of modern times. Xenophon is thus in complete agreement with Lord Pembroke's remark that the constant use of litter in a stable makes the feet tender and causes swelled legs. In his judgment the bare stone pavement will cool, harden, and improve a horse's feet merely by his standing on it. Acting on the same principle, Vegetius, as 'Free Lance' remarks, holds that the floor of a stable should be made, not of soft wood, but of solid hard oak, which will make the foot of the horse as hard as a rock. It should surely be unnecessary to say that these writers make not the remotest reference or allusion to the shoeing of horses. It was impossible that they could notice a practice which was unknown to the ancient

world, and which is in truth simply a modern, as it is also a most uncalled for, barbarism. No iron helped to produce the heavy sound of solid horn which Virgil ascribes to the fiery steed of Pollux. Of late years we have heard much of the unjustifiable waste of time spent on classical literature which has no practical bearing on the interests of modern life. It is unfortunate that Xenophon's treatise on the management of horses has not formed one of the subjects for the upper forms of our public schools; and it would be well if they were made to read with care a book written by one who wrote unfettered by the restraints of any traditional system, and who successfully brought the cavalry as well as the infantry of the Cyreian army of Greeks from the plains of Babylon to the shores of the Euxine. There they would see how thoroughly the rules laid down by the leader of the Ten Thousand for the selection and the management of horses are in accordance with the highest scientific knowledge of the present day, and how happy an ignorance he displays of the long and dismal catalogue of diseases and miseries which a wrongheaded and ridiculous system has called into existence. No horses could be subjected to a more severe strain in every limb of their body than were those which Xenophon led from Cunaxa over the Armenian highlands to the walls of Trebizond; yet we hear nothing of any special difficulties arising from diseases of the foot or leg. It may probably be said with truth that the strain endured by those horses could be borne only by unshod animals. Paul Louis Courier, the French translator of Xenophon's treatise, was so struck by the apparent soundness of his method, that he put it to the test by riding unshod horses in the Calabrian campaign of 1807, and he did so with complete success. But that which with him was a voluntary experiment has been for others an involuntary necessity. This was the case with many of our cavalry horses during the Indian Mutiny, and their riders have declared that they were never better mounted in their lives. In the retreat of the French from Moscow the horses, 'Free Lance' remarks, lost all their shoes before they reached the Vistula; yet they found their way to France over hard, rough, and frozen ground. In his invasion of America, Cortes could not carry about with him the anvils, forges, and iron needed for shoeing even the small number of horses which he had with him. But these horses did their work and survived it, and from them comes the fierce mustang of Mexico, which still goes unshod. There is great force in the remark of 'Free Lance' that horses are not indigenous to America, this being their first introduction, and that climate and locality, therefore, have not that influence over the hoof which they are commonly supposed to have. The small horses of the irregular cavalry at the Cape, which took part in the battle of Ulundi, had no shoes on their hind feet, and few were shod even in front, but they held out longer and went miles farther than the shod animals; and no complaints were made of any of them falling lame, although, as 'Free Lance' adds, 'sheets of wet slippery rock and rolling stones in river beds would be calculated to try the hoofs to the utmost.'

But it is scarcely necessary to cite more instances of the vast benefits which those who have had the courage to leave the feet of their horses as nature made them have received under the most varied conditions of work, of soil, and of climate. Humanity and self-interest here point in the same direction, and only folly of the most perverse kind will have the hardihood to fight for the maintenance of the existing system. The cruelties practised (whether unwittingly or wantonly) on the horse's foot have been extended over a series of generations, but the only penalty which remains to be paid for the ill-doing of years is the surrender of a few days or a few weeks of the labour of the animal which has been thus misused. On the other side, there is a certainty that we shall be entering on a course which will triple the length of time over which the efficiency of the horse will be extended, and which therefore will, within twenty years, have saved the nation a hundred and thirty-five millions sterling. It will further ensure the immediate saving of all the money now spent on farriery, and this saving, which must be at the least forty shillings a year on every horse, will amount to two millions and a quarter; and there will be the further saving in straw as well as on medicines, nostrums, and remedies no longer needed for animals rescued from a system which was a fruitful source of discomfort, disease, and death. The angry controversies which the subject is now constantly calling forth and exasperating will at the same time disappear. There will no longer be an outcry for uniformity in the system of paving towns, for horses will go as well on one kind of pavement as on another. There will no longer be querulous demands on inventors for the devising of a perfect shoe, because it will be clearly seen that this perfect shoe has been furnished already by nature, and that it is only human ignorance and conceit which has marred the work of God. We may now look back with some feeling of envious regret on the wiser, because more natural, methods of the ancient world; and future generations will look back with feelings of simple wonderment at the infatuation which could submit without a struggle to a system which doomed the horse to unnecessary disease and agony and to a premature death, while it deprived his owner of wealth often sorely needed for his own welfare and that of all depending on him. Of the ultimate issue there can be no doubt; but it is still the duty of 'Free Lance,' as of all whose eyes are opened to the mischiefs of the existing system, to fight the battle to the end.

GEORGE W. COX.

The Problem of Railway Safety.

It is now rather more than five years since public attention was invited, in the pages of this Magazine, to the frequent losses of life, and cases of personal injury, occurring in the conduct of our railway traffic. And it was pointed out that, as far as inference was attainable from the published accounts, the increase of death rate was attributable to the identical cause that was at the same time producing a steady decrease in the net earning power of lines that conveyed certain descriptions of traffic.

Since the date of the articles in question the process of the improvement of one class of railway property and the deterioration of the other class indicated, has steadily continued. Since 1874, the net earnings of the five principal passenger lines have advanced from the rate of 3·41 to that of 3·97 per cent. on the aggregate capital; while those of the four chief mineral carrying lines have decreased from an average of 5·34 to one of 4·82 per cent., calculated in the same manner. With regard to safety, not only had the proportion of the number of deaths to the passengers carried been reduced by one-half, but the actual number of accidents had decreased by one-third; while the number of train miles annually run had increased by 11 per cent., from 1874 to 1879. To the extension of the system of interlocking points and signals, from 44 to 71 per cent. of the total mileage, and to that of the block system, from 42 to 63 per cent., this increase of safety may beyond question be mainly attributed. There occurred, in the period cited, the trifling increase in gross receipts per mile of from 3,459*l.* to 3,488*l.* per annum. But already in the present year the rapidly succeeding occurrence of seven railway catastrophes, each of the first magnitude as regards mechanical gravity, although several were happily unattended by the loss of human life, has shown how far we are from having attained anything like security for travellers.

In the meantime the managers of our railways have steadfastly adhered to that which, if their policy be really indefensible, is the better part of valour. They have spent 107,000,000*l.* in adding 1,200 miles of railway to the 16,500 which were open in 1875, and in increasing the capital cost of each mile of line open from 37,000*l.* to 40,500*l.* The accompanying diminution of net earning power, according to the Board of Trade returns, is from 4·37 to 4·15 per cent. The chairmen of the half-yearly meetings have so far altered their language as to admit that the mineral traffic, which in 1875

they called the backbone of dividend, is on the contrary a 'poor paying' traffic. No official attempt, however, has been made to show that this trade is in any way remunerative. The admission made by the Board of Trade that the present returns are wholly inadequate to throw light on the real problem of railway working has been unattended by any results.

In the meantime separate and distinct echoes to our note of alarm have been returned from very different centres of intelligence —from Dublin, from Sydney, from Paris, and from Brussels. In Dublin, Mr. William Fleming, in four successive numbers of 'The Index to our Railway System,' has given an exhaustive analysis of the returns and accounts of the companies, so far as their form allowed. He has pointed out the absence of proper information; and he has drawn gloomy prognostics for the future, such as afford at least ample grounds for the demand for a proper reckoning. Mr. Rae, and his successor Mr. Goodchap, Commissioners of the Railways of New South Wales, have adopted our suggestions as to giving official details of the cost of working the different kinds of traffic; and have shown that out of every 1,000*l.* received for coal freight, at the price of one penny per ton per mile, *the total net profit earned* (without reference to interest on capital) *is* 26*l.* on the Southern and Western Railway. The French Government have proposed and carried votes for the expenditure of a sum of 40,000,000*l.* sterling on the completion of the inland navigation of France, on the express ground that coal cannot be transported by railway, even for long distances, at a less cost than from 0·54*d.* to 0·62*d.* per ton per mile, while it can be transported by canal at 0·22*d.* per ton per mile. And the Belgian Minister of Public Works has brought before the Chambers a detailed report, pointing out that the carriage on the Belgian lines of traffic at inadequate prices, and the steady augmentation of the capital and debt of the railways, were tending to impose a crushing weight on the productive industry of Belgium.

Thus during the past five years the march of information and of argument has been decided, in the direction we ventured to anticipate. The advance of a portion of the English railway companies has been in the opposite direction. A recurrence of those casualties which, in the present state of affairs, *must* occur when a mixed traffic attains certain proportions, has afresh directed public attention to the subject. And the Queen herself has expressed the anxiety with which she has witnessed the recurrence of the old form of disaster, at the same time with the repeated occurrence of disasters of a new type, arising directly from one of the expedients adopted in order to facilitate the working of a mixed traffic.

Under these circumstances it may be expected that 'Fraser's Magazine' should afford some review of the main elements of the great problems of railway safety and of railway prosperity, especially calling attention to those facts which have been brought within the

grasp of the statist since the publication of our papers on the subject in 1877 and 1878.

If a series of unattached bodies are compelled to travel in the same path, collisions between them can only be avoided when they move in the same direction, and at the same speed. This simple dynamical law underlies the whole working of the railway system.

Railway trains may be made to travel over the same track in opposite directions alternately. They can only do so in perfect safety by one arrangement,—that of the staff, or permit, which ensures that only one engine shall be on the same section of a line at a given time. But the amount of work that can be done on this system is small.

For the passage of trains over the same line, in the same direction, at different speeds, no absolute rule of safety exists, although the efficient working of the block system produces an approach to safety. In this case the work done, as well as the danger incurred, mainly depends on the ratio between the different speeds. Thus the London and North-Western Railway run passenger trains timed at 40 miles per hour, and mineral trains timed at 15 miles per hour. For one of the latter to get out of the way of one of the former, starting 15 minutes later, there must be a siding every 7½ miles. In point of fact, between Camden Town and Hillingdon, a distance of 75 miles, there are 10 waggon sidings. But the risk incurred by the entrance into and exit from these sidings is considerable, and the speed and number of the passenger trains must be proportionately limited, when only two lines of way are provided. Four lines, in consequence, have now been laid for 80 miles on this railway.

In all cases of doubling the lines of way, opportunities of collision will arise at stations, unless the goods and the passenger lines are so distinct as to prevent the slow and the fast traffic from ever passing over the same points. Great relief to the traffic may be obtained by doubling the way; but this source of danger can never be entirely obviated so long as the stations are common to the two descriptions of trade.

At the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway in the year 1840, 28 daily trains in each direction were all that were required or run. The average gross load of each journey was 40 tons for a passenger train, and 98·67 tons for a merchandise train. The average speed of the former was 25 miles per hour, that of the latter 20 miles per hour. Thus there was an interval of 51 minutes between the departure of any two successive trains, taking an average through the twenty-four hours. And by a moderate extension of this mean interval between the starting of a goods and of a following passenger train, the latter would be prevented from catching the former before arriving at the terminus.

With a double road, carrying this small amount of traffic, it seemed to be at the same time safe and desirable to attract as much trade as possible to the line. And any traffic that would pay a small

net profit, after defraying all its own expenses of every kind, was thus worth securing; as it would pay something, however small, towards the interest of capital, by occupying time that would otherwise have been lost to the company.

The line of policy thus adopted has ever since been maintained by railway managers, in spite of the widely differing circumstances of the present time. Mr. Robert Stephenson, who declared that a cheap passenger tariff, with ample accommodation, was the great point for railway directors to study, and that the carriage of minerals at the freight of one-halfpenny per ton per mile was a positive robbery of the carrying company, still admitted the utility of mineral transport in rural districts. But when, as became the case in 1875, 127 trains each way ran through the Primrose Hill tunnel, instead of 28 (and that without counting the short local trains); when the weight of the passenger trains was increased from 40 to 257 tons, and the speed from 25 to 40 miles an hour, at the same time that the weight of the mineral trains was increased to 540 tons, and the speed reduced from 20 to 15 miles per hour, it became evident that rules which were well considered in 1840 had become wholly inapplicable. Little more than 11 minutes could elapse, on the average, between the starting of two successive trains. But in 12 minutes, while a mineral train only advances 3 miles, an express train advances 8 miles. Thus even the allowance of a waggon siding every $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles became inadequate, and the London and North Western Company was put to the expense of laying four lines of railway for 81 miles out of London, and three lines for 34 miles further.

It may here be remarked, as illustrating the demand on the capital, as well as on the occupation of the line, due to each description of traffic, that in 1875, out of 1,935 locomotives possessed by the London and North Western Company, only 391 were passenger engines; and of the remainder 171 were constantly employed in the process of shunting and marshalling the goods and mineral trains. Roughly stated, the capital invested in plant for the passenger traffic will thus have cost about 1,500,000*l.*, and that for the goods and mineral traffic, 6,000,000*l.*, or in that proportion. The gross earning of each passenger engine in 1875 was 9,555*l.*, that of each goods or mineral engine was 2,772*l.* Thus the distribution of the capital in plant should be regarded in ascertaining the value of each kind of traffic.

In volume xxxviii. of the 'Minutes of Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers' for the session 1873–1874, is a chart, or diagram, of the working time-table of that portion of the Great Northern Railway which extends from London to Peterborough. The course of each train is drawn on this chart, the various kinds of trains being distinguished by different colours. The distance is 76 miles, which is covered by the most rapid express train in 1 hour and 25 minutes, or at the rate of 1 mile in 1·12 minutes, or 53·6 miles per hour.

The slowest goods train occupied 6 hours 50 minutes, being at the rate of 1 mile in 5·4 minutes, or 11·11 miles an hour.

Nineteen passenger trains occupied the line for an aggregate of 35 hours 40 minutes; 19 goods trains occupied the line for 72 hours 36 minutes; and 33 coal trains occupied the line for 140 hours 35 minutes, according to the table, during the same 24 hours. This refers to through trains alone. Thus the actual occupation of the way and stations of the company (without making any allowance for the extra length of the mineral trains) was in the ratio of 14·6 per cent. for passengers, 29·4 per cent. for goods, and 56 per cent. for minerals. In the year 1875 the gross earnings of this line were 42·5 per cent. from passengers, 36·40 from goods, and 17·10 from minerals. Thus 56 per cent. of the capital of the line was occupied in earning 17·10 per cent. of the gross profits. What share of the net profits that percentage represents the accounts do not show; but it has recently been generally admitted that the mineral traffic is a 'poor paying' business.

The ruling gradient of the Great Northern Railway is one in 100. Over a line of this inclination the most economical rate of travelling is about 30 miles per hour. The goods trains are under this economy of speed, averaging a mile in 3·2 minutes. The mineral trains average a mile in 3·62 minutes. But the ratios are not uniform. They are made up of rapid running and stoppages. The fuel expenses are increased by the former, and the wages expended by the latter, so that the mineral traffic is thus conveyed at a greater cost per ton mile gross than the goods traffic. Of the passenger trains 12 require an average time of 1½ hour, and 7 an average time of 2 hours 38 minutes, to run the 76 miles, being at the rates of about 50 and 29 miles an hour. The cost of the slower trains will be, per ton mile gross, close upon that of the goods trains; that of the 50 mile per hour traffic will be about 27 per cent. more than the most economical speed. At 10 miles an hour the cost per ton mile gross is half as much again as at the most economical speed.

Thus the mineral trains, weight for weight, cost rather more than the most rapid passenger traffic, on the assumption that all the charges of the line are equally divided over the gross tonnage carried over the rails. It may be added that the coaching stock of the company requires 9 miles of line for standing room, and the waggon stock requires, exclusive of the lengths of line required for sorting and shunting, 50 miles; this is exclusive of any vehicles not the property of the company.

On the London and North Western Railway, according to statements to be found in vol. xli. of the 'Proceedings of the Institution of Civil Engineers,' the proportion of time occupied by the different descriptions of traffic over the 79½ miles from London comes out at 43 per cent. for mineral trains, 34 per cent. for goods trains, and 23 per cent. for passenger trains. But this is taken from the running speeds mentioned by Mr. Findlay, and not, as in the case of the

Great Northern traffic, from the total time consumed between the termini. The correction due to the latter consideration will bring the percentage very near to that of the Great Northern traffic.

Thus, whether we regard the interest on the capital invested in plant, the earning per locomotive, or the proportion of time for which the line of a railway is occupied by the respective kinds of traffic, we find a difference of from three to four, or even five to one, in the gross earning power of the passenger, as compared with the non-passenger, traffic. In the case of the Taff Vale Railway, which has been especially laid out for a mineral line, where the freight is not kept down by competitive sea or water carriage, where the waggons have an exceptional carrying capacity in proportion to their weight, and where the carriage of the minerals is chiefly effected by the force of gravity (the locomotives bringing back the empty waggons), a single pair of lines of way has been found inadequate to carry a mineral and merchandise traffic of under 5,000*l.* per mile, together with a passenger traffic of under 650*l.* per mile. On the other hand, the Metropolitan Railway carries a traffic of 36,600*l.* per mile, and the Metropolitan District one of 34,000*l.* in passengers alone, the former contriving to earn a further 2,000*l.* per mile from merchandise traffic. Thus, as far as our experience goes, the earning capacity of a passenger line is at least sevenfold that of a non-passenger line. And the Metropolitan engines earn more than 12,000*l.*, and the Metropolitan District engines more than 10,000*l.* each per annum; while in the only case in which we have the particulars of the respective earnings of non-passenger engines (with the exception of the lines worked by gravity) the annual earning does not reach 2,000*l.* apiece.

Comparing, then, the outcome of our English practice, the carrying capacity of a passenger line is sevenfold that of a non-passenger line, and the earning capacity of passenger plant (per 100*l.* of the cost) is fourfold that of non-passenger plant. This refers to gross earnings alone. We have yet to inquire into the proportionate net earnings to be derived from the different descriptions of traffic.

The main difference in the cost of conveying different descriptions of freight, whether passenger or goods, arises from the proportion of tare, or dead weight, to the paying load. There is, indeed, a considerable difference in the cost of speed. But this difference is not in favour of very low speeds. At from 25 to 35 miles per hour, on a line of easy gradients, there is but little difference in the cost per ton of the train. Above or below these rates the cost increases, being close upon the same figure at 15 and at 50 miles per hour. And if a mean speed of 20 miles per hour is made up by running at 30 miles and by waiting at intervals in the sidings, the cost will be 7 per cent. higher than that of a 30 miles per hour train. Thus, instead of diminishing expense by diminishing the speed of mineral trai below the normal most economical rate of the given line, working c

will be increased by such retardation, and that without taking into account the increase due to the demand for interest on capital.

Mr. Robert Stephenson, in his inaugural address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, pointed out that the cost of carrying a ton of goods must always be more than that of carrying a ton of passengers, as the latter load and unload themselves, as well as carry themselves to and from the platforms of arrival and departure. Thus, excepting in the case of speeds considerably exceeding 35 miles an hour, the conveyance of a ton of loaded goods train will always at least equal, and may considerably exceed, that of the conveyance of a ton of loaded passenger train.

The average proportions of paying load and of dead weight in the mineral waggons of the four great trunk mineral carrying lines—the London and North Western, the Great Northern, the Midland, and the North Eastern—allowing for the return of the waggons empty, are 44 tons of load to 56 tons of tare.

The average proportions of paying load and dead weight in a normal passenger train on the above railways (according to the data given in the 'Report of the Commission on Railway Accounts' of 1877) are 16·45 tons of load, to 83·55 tons of tare, supposing each seat to be full.

The railway returns give no information as to the average proportion of full and empty seats in a passenger train. On the French railways about one seat in four is filled. If we adopt that average the passenger tare will amount to 95·89 per cent., and the net load to 4·11 per cent. In France the passenger tare is 94·5, in India 88·2, in the United States, on 3 lines, 94·5; and in New South Wales 93 per cent. of the gross load.

If we assume that at the low rate of one halfpenny per ton per mile coal can be carried on an English railway without either profit or loss, the cost of running a train of 175 tons gross weight will be 38·5*d*. The receipts from that train, if loaded with coal (up and down mileage included) will also be 38·5*d*. But, taking the passengers at only a penny per mile each, the earning of a passenger train of 175 tons gross weight, one quarter full, will be 108*d*., and the net profit 69·5*d*. In a passenger train a little more than half full, a fare of one-sixth of a penny per passenger per mile would be the equivalent of a charge of one halfpenny per ton per mile for the carriage of minerals.

The general outcome of the above facts is to the following effect:—In localities where there is no competitive water carriage, a mineral traffic may be carried on at remunerative prices, and to an amount (as far as our experience goes) of gross income not exceeding 5,000*l*. per mile per annum. The proportionate profit on the traffic will depend on the rate of freight that the mineral will bear.

In lines of small traffic, it may be advantageous to carry a portion of mineral or other low-paying traffic at rates that afford but a small profit, if it is certain that there is a profit honestly earned after

paying every expense contingent on the cheap traffic, including, of course, the wear and tear of rails.

When the receipts from all sources of traffic attain the figure of from 4,000*l.* to 5,000*l.* per mile per annum, the conveyance of a mixed traffic becomes a source of considerable danger, and the necessity of laying new lines to relieve the traffic begins to become apparent. The question then arises how far it is remunerative to lay additional lines, or, in other words, to construct trunk railways, for the exclusive conveyance of mineral traffic.

In regarding this part of the problem we have to bear in mind the fact that the rate at which sea-borne coal can be delivered in the Thames must always control the freight which can be demanded for railway-borne coal, and that fairly remunerative freights by rail are thus out of the question.

Then we have to remember that the capacity for gross earning on a passenger line is shown by experience to be more than seven times as much as that on a mineral line, and that the earning power of passenger rolling stock is more than three times that of mineral rolling stock, for equal amounts of capital.

As to the net profit, the details above given show that, at equal speeds, the cost of conveying a passenger is rather less than one-fifth of that of conveying a ton of minerals, supposing the carriages to be full. If they are half full, five passengers can be conveyed for the cost of two tons of minerals. Thus if the mineral freight be equal to the passenger fare, the net profit of the latter traffic will be not only two and a half times as much as that of the mineral traffic, in proportion to the gross receipts, but will be equal to from two and a half to five times the gross charge per mineral ton, less the cost of conveying that ton of minerals.

It may seem almost neglectful of the supreme importance of human life to lay so much stress on the question of the financial value of that traffic which, when mixed with passenger traffic, is so serious a cause of danger. But it is not as against safety that we would poise economy. The two elements weigh on the same side of the scale; and, human nature being what it is, we have reason to anticipate that the danger to human life involved in the conduct of a heavy mixed traffic is not less likely to be seriously contemplated, from a knowledge of the fact that—practically, if not necessarily—the same kind of traffic is decidedly hostile to the interests of the pocket.

F. R. Conder.

One Daisy and Two Violets.

(Sent from the Grave of Keats, Rome, 1880.)

ONE daisy and two violets
Mix and mingle their faint sweets,
For they grew like soft regrets
On the grave of English Keats,
In that Rome in which the past
Folds dusky wings and sleeps at last.

Two violets and one daisy here
Meet me with their tender look,
And my lost youth grows all clear,
Like a pool in summer brook
When the sunshine manifold
Turns all the pebbles into gold.

In that time a spirit bright
Came and took me by the hand,
In his eyes was all the light
Of that wondrous pagan land
Where the gods still dwell, but we
Are cold at heart and cannot see.

One light finger touch'd my heart,
And as fairy clouds arise
When the wind's most cunning art
Rears them up against the skies,
So within me dreams rise up
Like angels holding each a cup.

And I drank, and straightway came
Shapes of beauty, and their feet
Made rare music, just the same
As those melodies so sweet
Which this spirit sang, for he
Was one great throb of song to me.

There were forms of half-seen things,
Shadows that the dim woods keep;
Shapes of tender fashionings,
Such as those love who will reap
Dim fields of the past, but leave
Behind them aught that tends to grieve.

Glimpses into high abodes
Where the winds have never sound,
Profiles of the idle gods
Lying half asleep, and crown'd
With a wreath of vine which they
Felt with their fingers all the day.

Naiads by the streams I saw,
  Hamadryads by the trees;
Heard their voices in mute awe
  Join together like soft seas
When the winds aweary lie
For rest in hollows of the sky.

All the old life—ever young
  To young hearts—was mine. I lay
Lapp'd in songs this spirit sung;
  I had nought to do with day,
And the night was lit with beams
And splendours from his golden dreams.

Strange these simple flowers should bring
  Back that lost time unto me;
Touch my dull day with the spring
  Of what was, as when a tree,
Wither'd, stands in summer air,
With one leaf growing here and there.

So the thoughts of those far years
  Come into my heart, and look
For a moment in their fears,
  Then shrink back as at rebuke,
Whispering, as they pass away,
'Here all is changed; we cannot stay.'

And I sigh, but sigh in vain,
  For the past goes on and on,
Will not turn to lend again
  To this staider life one tone
Of that music which was ours
When day and night had bloom like flowers.

One sweet daisy faint of dye,
  Violets that keep their sweets,
See, I place them, with a sigh,
  In this book of English Keats
Where he sings with murmurous breath
That cannot feel the touch of death.

They will wither and become
  Things we may not touch but view,
Though they speak of that grand Rome
  And the grave whereon they grew,
Fading 'neath a gentle wrong
Between rich leaves of fadeless song.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A Visit to the Oldest State in Europe.

THAT the smallest and the oldest of European governments should be combined in one is in itself a curious fact; that this government should be engulfed, so to speak, in the middle of Italy, with principalities, duchies, and kingdoms whirling around it like leaves driven by a winter's storm, adds force to this political phenomenon; but that so little is known and so little veneration paid to this Methuselah amongst States is perhaps the most extraordinary feature in its existence amongst us in the nineteenth century.

For this is a community whose authentic history dates from the days of Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and whose legendary history carries us back to the days when the persecutions of the Roman Emperor Diocletian drove a pious anchorite to the mountains in the neighbourhood of Rimini, there to form a semi-ecclesiastical community, which still retains its primitive simplicity both in constitution and customs.

San Marino is the name of this Liliputian State; it has a population of eight thousand souls, an area of sixteen square miles; it is governed by two Captains, it has Secretaries of State for home and foreign affairs, and above all it has a most exemplary Chancellor of its limited Exchequer, who has invariably an annual balance to place at his country's disposition.

Here, indeed, is a field for a modern Gulliver; the whole atmosphere of the place is, politically speaking, Liliputian, and one longs to people the solitary mountain which occupies almost the whole of the Republic with dwarfs and beings of another world. Strange to say, in Roman days this mountain was known as the 'Titanic rock;' here, amongst the upheaval of strata and yawning chasms of tufa, the ancients conjured up a race of giants, ambitious in their greatness to overthrow the King of Heaven; whilst now we find existing on this very spot the most pigmy of States. As the scene of a fairy tale San Marino would offer the facilities of a Brobdingnag and a Liliput all in one.

Curiosity led me to this mountain Republic, curiosity led me to examine its history and its constitution, and my curiosity was rewarded by the discovery of a unique instance of mediæval statecraft, the sole survivor of the countless republics which once dotted Italy, still governed by institutions which were hoary with age when Cæsar Borgia endeavoured to add it to his dominions, and which Napoleon the Great respected and Garibaldi treated with decorum. Let those who feel disposed visit with me this tiny State and discuss its peculiarities, only alluding to its constitution and history with Napoleonic respect when occasion may require.

After a drive of a few hours from Rimini our *vetturino* made us aware that we were crossing the frontier of the Republic, where the road which leads to the little commercial village at the foot of the Titanic rock traversed a stream which formed the eastern boundary, and Gulliver found himself amongst the 'ever free' Liliputians. And indeed there are not wanting numerous signs of this much vaunted liberty which the eight thousand Liliputians enjoy. The word *Libertà* is chalked up in large letters against every second house; their motto of *Libertas* is forced on your notice at every turn; it adorns their stamps, their coins, their flag; it is engraven over each of the city portals; and before a few days' residence amongst them had expired, the very notion of liberty became irksome in the extreme. I went to the theatre and was greeted by a drop scene representing almost naked Liberty. I mounted up to the piazza and found a white marble statue representing the same personage. I ascended still higher to the parish church, and lo! the patron saint stood over the high altar, with a scroll in his right hand on which was written Liberty!

Nevertheless it was satisfactory to learn that this liberty ended not in a display of the simple word, and this boast of fifteen centuries' standing is still genuine in all its branches. Taxation here is reduced to a mere nothing; the voice of the people governs everything. The officials are sufficiently paid by the honour conferred upon them, and receive a mere nominal salary. Property, hence, as compared with Italy, is of enormous value, and a law has been passed enacting that no foreigner can hold land within the narrow precincts of the Republic unless he has spent six consecutive years as a citizen within its boundaries, and during this period has conducted himself as a moral and exemplary citizen should.

Very simple-minded are these Republicans; their requirements are but few, and the luxuries they can offer to visitors are exceedingly limited, so that to one anxious to reside amongst them for any length of time the accommodation offered by the little inn in the Borgo or commercial centre at the foot of the rock, will be looked upon with blank dismay. Ankle-deep we sank in mire as we crossed the threshold, to be accosted by every stench with which an Italian pothouse is redolent; the bedroom looked alive with discomforts, and, though breathing an air of freedom far older than any we could find elsewhere, we heaved a sigh, and wished it could be less impure.

Before, however, we decided on establishing ourselves in these quarters, I determined to issue forth and see if the little town, the centre of government, built upon a cliff a thousand feet above the centre of commerce, could offer us a more inviting resting place. I was fortified in my search by a letter of introduction to a leading Republican, Domenico Fattori by name, no less a personage than the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and brother of a most learned citizen, who had printed a little story of his country's liberties which was exhi-

bited, together with other treasures of the like sort, in San Marino's little room at the last Paris Exhibition.

Thus I stepped up the steep, rugged path which leads to the city, gaining confidence at every step as I left below me the loathsome 'Borgo,' and saw enchanting panoramas of mountains, plain, and sea, all brilliantly illumined by a rich opalesque sunset over the pinnacled Apennines, which here assume those grotesque shapes delineated by masters of the Umbrian school.

Did my eyes deceive me? No, it was indeed true. Coming towards me down the rugged path, I saw a gentleman in a tall hat, wearing a badly-fitting suit of dress clothes and a white tie, and in attendance upon him was a lackey in gaudy livery. Nothing more out of place could be imagined: a half-naked anchorite or a skin-clad herdsman one would have passed by unnoticed; and my heart misgave me, for into this wild spot I had not thought it necessary to drag my evening toilette. I questioned my conductor as to the meaning of this apparition, and learned to my relief that he was a Captain of the most serene Republic of San Marino out for a state walk. When engaged in his official capacity a Captain always wears this dress, and in the state wardrobe six dress suits are kept to fit all shapes and sizes of Republicans who may attain to the dignity of ruler.

It was with some feelings of trepidation that I knocked at Fattori's door, and was ushered into a sitting-room to interview his wife and sister, owing to the absence of the lord. I told my tale candidly. I stated how charmed I was with all I had seen except the inn, and that I craved for a more pleasing habitation. They referred me to a neighbouring house, and invited us next day to join their party in witnessing the grand ceremony of the installation of the incoming Captains, on which occasion, twice a year, the Sammarinesi shake off their lethargy and appear right merry in holiday attire.

Charmingly primitive were our host and hostess, whom I found inhabiting a little house near the principal gate of the city; perhaps no two people could be more entertaining in their domestic arrangements. The lady of the house was portly and garrulous; she was, we remarked, most noble in her bearing, and of noble Republican blood she proved to be. Hers was one of the oldest of San Marino's noble families, for, owing to the inconvenience of having two illiterate Captains, certain families are set apart as noble, from amongst whom one of the rulers is chosen. Here their privileges of nobility cease, cra[illegible]t not their pride, for old Signora Casali, whose maiden name Italy, [illegible]Belluzzi, was most proud of her pedigree. She scoffed at the later when C[illegible]tions to the Sammarinese peerage as 'nobilità di carta,' mere paper Napoleon [illegible] and for her own parental house she claimed the honour of Let those wh[illegible]he genuine nobility of blood. She thoroughly despised its peculiarities[illegible]nd drunken husband, who was the impersonation of a Napoleonic re[illegible]nonentity. Every meal we ate under the shadow of their

roof was attended by the talkative pair, and many were the stories they told us of their quaint little country which served as a relish to many a frugal repast.

Though poor, our accommodation was cleanly, and though our food was brought up from the Borgo and invariably arrived cold, yet the keen mountain air assisted us to dispose of most unpalatable dishes. Everything they sent us tasted the same—be it turkey, beefsteak, or chicken, the difference was hardly perceptible; but we had come to study the Liliputians and not our own comforts, so we were content.

How do the Liliputians amuse themselves? was one of our first questions, and we soon found them a right jovial eight thousand. Religious festivals are common, and so is wine, and the two combined result in many an uproarious scene. The Sunday before we left was the festival of Santa Mustiola, celebrated at a short distance from the town. After the formalities of the mass and procession had been gone through, crowds of men and women collected at a neighbouring house to drink and play games. By this time I was well known to most of them, and each exhorted me to put my lips to their brimming jugs of wine. They filled my pockets with walnuts. So intent were they on hospitality, that I was forced to watch my opportunity to effect an escape as fast as my legs would carry me, to avoid involuntary inebriation.

On the day of San Marino, their patron saint, they hold grand festivities outside the walls. The *pièce de résistance* for this day is a refined species of cruelty to animals: a live cock is procured and hung by its legs from a tree; each competitor in turn endeavours by a leap to wring its neck. Great excitement prevails amongst the bystanders, and when success attends the attempt the victor is loudly cheered, he receives the bird by way of reward, and the unsuccessful pay a small sum towards the purchase of the cock.

Winter at San Marino is terribly severe; for months they are snow and frost-bound, and to amuse themselves the Republicans have invented a species of tabogening, and down the main street of the town they whirl themselves on a crazy piece of wood with terrible velocity. Last winter a lady Sammarinese gained for herself an unpleasant notoriety at this game, for she slipped off her *liscia* or sledge, and performed the rest of the downward descent on her own person, which became wofully contused thereby.

The first of April is a day of general mirth and hilarity. Woe to the Liliputian sluggard who tarries in bed after sunrise on this morning; he renders himself liable to be dragged from his couch, and in his nocturnal attire placed on muleback with an umbrella in his hand, and, shivering with cold, he is set up as an object of derision in the most exposed part of the town. This disaster one year befell our old host, who had been imbibing freely the night before. His wife entered fully into the fun of the thing, and assisted her husband's tormentors in laying their plans. However, lest her domestic arrangements should be exposed to question, she took care that her spouse should retire to

rest with a clean nightgown, so that he might appear before the world to the best advantage.

It is the case at San Marino, as it is in other primitive societies, that the marriage ceremony is attended with unusual merriment; the happy pair trip along the street attended by all their friends at an early hour in the day, to be united under the roof of their country's god; or, if the distance be great, the bride rides with her lady friends astride a mule. On the return to the parental homestead the bride and bridegroom are placed aloft on a daïs to be the cynosure of neighbouring eyes for the remainder of the day, whilst wild dancing and festivities take place around them. It is a keenly contested point among the assembled matrons, who shall have the honour of assisting the bride on retiring to rest; but it is the oldest and most venerated of the Liliputian mothers who is appointed to the almost sacred office of presenting the 'nouveaux mariés' with a mess of potage at sunrise.

They dearly love the Italian game of *palla* on this mountain-top; they are inveterate theatre goers, possessing two within their territory; an excuse for a masquerade they seize with avidity, and talk incessantly of their success in deception on such occasions. Our landlady told us how her mother, when eighty years of age, had gone to a masked ball dressed as a girl of seventeen and, thanks to her good figure and activity, she was enabled to carry off the palm of being belle of the evening.

Let us now say a word about the constitution of this curious little State. In it we see the lineal descendant of ancient Rome, tracing its pedigree through the vicissitudes of mediæval Italy and her municipal organisations, each of which reproduced a miniature example of the mighty Roman fabric. Here, in the days of constitutional governments and deeply elaborated schemes of legislation, we find two old Roman consuls ruling a speck of Italy. They now call themselves Captains, but one is still patrician and one is still plebeian, as in the earlier days of the Roman Republic; they owe their election to the Senate, which at San Marino as in Rome still wields the chief executive power, but now it is termed the Council of Sixty. There is yet another power in the State, namely, the general *arringo*, or gathering of the people, to decide on momentous questions of the day. Each male Republican can here make his voice heard; but it is now but seldom convened, and occupies much the same position that Rome's Comitia Curiata did in the latter days of the Republic.

I felt myself lucky when one day our host informed me that an *arringo* would be held on the morrow, and that he would have much pleasure in conducting me thither. My thoughts involuntarily wandered back to the days when Rome's people were summoned to the Comitia to decide on peace and war, but I was not privileged to hear an eager unanimous decision on the necessity of crushing Carthage, or of resisting to the death the invaders from Gaul. No, it was a real blow to my dreams of the past when some forty or fifty Republicans assembled to discuss the advisability of opening telegraphic communi-

cation with the neighbouring town of Rimini, and thus did the degenerate offspring of the Roman Curia on that day recognize its existence in the nineteenth century, and acted accordingly.

This existence of telegraphy I look upon as one of the first symptoms of decay in our veteran State. The simple-mindedness with which they assembled daily around the postman in the Borgo at the sound of his bell, and awaited the distribution of his small handful of letters, will rapidly disappear. They resisted to the death a tempting proposition for a railroad, an hotel, and a gambling house, from some energetic company; but will they resist the more insidious innovations which will follow in the wake of the electric wires, and in the train of the feverish excitement incident on having a separate room in the Street of Nations at a Paris Exhibition? No, if I could have that day recorded a vote in San Marino's assembly, I should have opposed the introduction of the telegraph. I should have opposed entering into contact with the outer world, and have been content to boast of the greatest claim to notoriety San Marino has, namely, that of being a living fossil of bygone ages.

Let no one who can so arrange fail to visit San Marino on April 1 or October 1; perhaps, if he be not an early riser, for above-mentioned reasons the latter date had best be chosen; for on these days the Captains are elected for the ensuing six months, and the visitor will derive much amusement, if not profit, from being present at the ceremony. Their dress is rich; they are resplendent with the cordon of San Marino's military order around their necks, and moreover a eulogistic address is delivered to the bystanders, entering deeply into San Marino's historical lore. On this day is to be seen the little Republican army of eighteen strong, drawn up to the best advantage. Though the soldiers have no notion of drill or of military bearing, though their gaudy uniforms fit them like sacks, nevertheless they are unique in themselves; there are only eighteen such in the whole wide world, and they represent the smallest standing army in existence. However, San Marino is not entirely dependent on them for its defence; every male citizen is presumably a soldier, and they are divided into several regiments; but their uniforms have long since been worn out, and in these days of peace the prudent lawgivers have not seen fit to replace them. Yet the law obliges each man to keep a gun and a cockade in case of a rupture with some foreign power.

I feel morally convinced that Lord Cardwell must one day have been at San Marino and, whilst sighing over the extravagance of the British lion, have mentally resolved to follow the humble example set him by Europe's smallest State.

The traveller who is not fortunate enough to be present at the installation of the Captain, may any day get an order to inspect their state wardrobe, where are seen their rich velvet cloaks, their insignia of office, and the above-mentioned collection of dress clothes; he will then feel thankful that he was not born a Sammarinese, with a chance of the captaincy, for it would require an acute archæologist to decide

on the date of these raiments, and an entire disregard for cleanliness to allow of putting them on.

For the lovers of legendary lore and wild fantastic beauties, San Marino is a perfect paradise. Legends are attached to each weird spot, principally connected with the history of their patron saint, and the scenes of his spiritual labours in the days of Diocletian. There is his bed of hewn stone, his garden in an almost inaccessible cliff, his head and face in the parish church; but perhaps the heritage he has left his successors most worthy of remark is their skill in stone-masonry. Himself a quarryman employed in building Rimini, S. Marino gathered around him on his mountain a colony of his comrades, and for fifteen centuries these men of San Marino have hewn and toiled in their natural workshops for a means of livelihood.

They are most expert too in the rearing of cattle, and from far dealers come to the fairs at San Marino to purchase the far-famed oxen fed on the slopes of the giant mountain.

Very excellent grapes are produced on the sulphurous soil around Mount Titanus, and the wines produced from them are sparkling and pure. Their cellars beneath the mountain are warm in winter and cool in summer; no wonder then that they exceed occasionally in their libations. There is a well-known character at San Marino, an old beggarman, who gains his livelihood by means of a poem he once wrote; he has spent his patrimony on drink, and now subsists on the enthusiasm excited by his stirring verses. This poem is entitled, 'Che Tremenda Repubblica,' and, intoxicated with their love of liberty, the Sammarinesi at their festivals will listen again and again to the pompous refrain of the old man's song. He is the hero of their oft-repeated festivals and the minstrel of their board.

It was with many feelings of regret that we left this old-fashioned little country, and it was with infinite pleasure that shortly after my departure I received an intimation that for the interest I had taken in the Republic they had thought fit to make me a citizen. For in these days of craving for novelty it was satisfactory to me to look through the list of citizens, and find myself the only Englishman enrolled therein. Continental celebrities there were by scores whom interest or curiosity had brought in contact with the Republic; and the accompanying letter, herewith transcribed, will show their own opinion of the honour they conferred upon me. It ran as follows:—

San Marino: Feb. 14, 1879.

Illustrious Sir and Fellow-citizen,—The gift of citizenship of San Marino is truly a great one, since if perchance you are at a distance you may be protected thereby; but if you come to this Alpine mountain no one can molest you, and you will be respected by all, and possess the same privileges that the other citizens enjoy. Accept, then, dear sir, this diploma in order that the great city of London may rejoice with you over the possession of it. Be good enough to acknowledge the receipt of the diploma. Your devoted servant, FRANCESCO CASALI.

P.S.—Our Republic enjoys the greatest tranquillity.

Before bidding adieu to San Marino, I propose laying before any traveller who may wend that way the advantages which a sojourn in the Republic offers for exploring an almost unknown district of the Apennines. By means of a small pony-chaise, possessed by an energetic Republican who has seen somewhat of the outer world and served under the Italian flag in the Crimea, we were enabled to make some delightful excursions from our Republic to Verruchio, where Dante places the scene of the imprisonment of the erring Paolo and Francesca da Rimini, and where a red mediæval castle, a stronghold of the Malatesta, dominates a beetling cliff, and looks down in grim silence on a little town teeming with reminiscences of the *wrongheads*.

To the small streamlet which once decided the destinies of the world we paid a pilgrimage—the far-famed Rubicon, which flows some few miles beyond Verruchio, or rather there is the bed in which it once did flow.

San Leo offers the architect two rich and ancient cathedrals where the Bishops of Montefeltro once held their see. This is indeed a strange weird spot, built on a rock which, like San Marino, is raised 2,000 feet above the surrounding valley. On the journey thither from San Marino, the traveller passes Monte Maggio, or the 'bowing mountain,' which the countryfolk tell you inclines eastwards each year more and more in pious reverence towards the Holy Sepulchre; and the old inhabitants of San Marino affirm that now they can distinctly see houses which were invisible from the opposite valley in their youth. And Monte Maggio too is celebrated for a theft perpetrated by Napoleon, who took from thence to Paris two lovely frescoes by Giulio Romano, and replaced them with hideous daubs.

Urbino, the eagle nest of the Montefeltrian dukes, the quondam hereditary protectors of our little Republic, is a pleasant drive from San Marino, and there the artist and the antiquary can enjoy to the full the legacies of beauty which the art-loving Dukes of Urbino have left behind them.

Buried in a cleft of the Apennines, and approached only by a bridle path from San Marino, is the quaint village of Monte Cerignone. A high arched bridge over a mountain stream leads you into the town, and reminds you of the Ponte alla Maddalena near Lucca. And a grim square castle overlooks the town, once a favourite summer resort of the Urbino dukes. It is still rich in mouldering frescoes and beautiful specimens of Cinquecento work by skilful artists, who were summoned thither by the dukes to beautify their summer hiding place.

These and many others are the attractions offered by San Marino, where a spring or autumn month can be spent, combining as it does the rare advantage of sea breezes and pure mountain air together.

J. Theodore Bent.

The Penitence of Rajah Yayati.

THE poet whom an able critic has declared to be, after Goethe, pre-eminently the modern poet, first and chief amongst singers to apply the modern spirit to literature, Heinrich Heine, has been pleased in one of his wayward moods to describe himself as 'Prince of the Ganges.' He is seated upon a tavern bench, and in his hand is a glass of red Rhine wine, when freely flow his tears, for he beholds once again his dear and cherished native land—the sacred Ganges with her blue waters, the eternal Himalayas, the gigantic forests of palms and banyans, beneath which pass slowly troops of sage elephants and white-robed pilgrims. Flowers, strange as creations of a dream, gaze upon him with quiet pity; marvellous birds of golden plumage shrilly utter screams of joy; around him, in the Eastern sunshine, leap and chatter the nimble apes; and from the distant pagodas comes to him the droning chant of the pious Brahmans. . . . But the vision fades; here he is outside a tavern at Venice, and his tears are dropping into his glass of Rhenish wine. 'Madam, I have deceived you,' he hastens to explain (he is relating this fable in the ears of the charming lady whose eyes remind him of violets) :—

> I am not the Prince of the Ganges. Never have I dreamed my dreams beneath the palms of India, never have I beheld the sacred river, nor the lotus flowers reflected in the purifying waters; never fallen in prayer before the god Juggernat, whose diamonds are so deserving of reverence. But my origin is from Hindostan, and this is why I feel myself perfectly at home in the immense melodious forests of Valmiki. . . . I also consider myself entitled to believe that the whole Maha-Bharata, with its two hundred thousand verses, was but a love song, an amorous allegory addressed, some few thousand or more years since, by my remote ancestor to my fascinating remote ancestress.

The last observation is somewhat unfortunate, since we are afraid we must conclude from it that Heine had never read the Maha-Bharata. Only a very insignificant proportion of these two hundred thousand verses have love for their theme. And it is plainly impossible to suppose that the writer of the most perfect love songs in the world could have, intentionally, accused an ancestor of his own, though never so remote, of attempting to win his lady's heart by tales of fierce battle and long metaphysical discourses. But although Heine may have taken few rambles therein, that he should have felt himself perfectly at home in the 'immense melodious forest' of old Indian poetry is quite what one would have expected. Immeasurable indeed, at first sight, would seem the distance between this wild luxuriant jungle and the cultured rose garden of modern romance: there, the atmosphere of miracles still undisturbed; here,

the very starlight infiltrate with realism; there, a thousand years but as yesterday, not able to steal from a maiden the bloom of youth, or to quench the penitential ardour of an ascetic worthy of the name; here, life indeed swifter than a weaver's shuttle, the rising and setting of each day's sun before one; there, man still bound up in the universal brotherhood, nature's latest-born son and spokesman celebrating the story of her life in hymns of joy and lamentation, singing the dirge of the dying sun, lending words to the storm's wailings, and a voice to the dumb earth, lying parched in seasons of drought; here, man supreme, and nature used scornfully to illustrate his moods; the very roses blooming to crown his pleasures, and the songs of nightingales burthened with the pain and passion of human love. And yet beneath these miraculous palms, and sacred peepuls, and love-consecrate acacias, the modern poet, i.e. the poet possessed by modern ideas, would meet a familiar spirit, in fantastic and picturesque disguise no doubt, and, in the dreamy East, childlike and naïve still, whereas in the cold clear West she has become self-conscious and cynical; but at heart the same, profoundly free, profoundly fearless; familiar and even playful with her gods, with man, divided between compassion and reverence; for the rest untroubled by any supernatural terrors; but always troubled with, or at any rate always mindful of, the world-sorrow, age waiting upon youth, fatigue following after pleasure, love ending in loss, and life vanishing in death.

Heinrich Heine, of course, in the expression we have quoted, was merely recording in his own whimsical way the impression made on him by an idea which had not, at that time, become too hackneyed to influence the imagination. The common origin of the Aryan races now ranks amongst those respectable and well-established doctrines which neither provoke dispute nor impart inspiration. In becoming respectable, we may safely conclude the creed of the philologists would have lost all attraction for such a consistent revolutionist as Heine; and we can easily imagine that if, for instance in our own case, too much were said of our place in the Indo-European family, we should have him reminding us that the three rulers we have chosen to rule over us, viz. our religion, our banker, and our prime minister, are of Semitic and not Aryan extraction; whilst the present fashion by which our young maidens dress their hair in pigtails suggests a reminiscence probably Turanian. Heine himself, as we know, had claims to Semitic as well as Aryan origin; but we wholly fail to follow Mr. Arnold when he discovers in the Voltaire of Germany the 'spirit of Judæa, the intensity and the longings which cannot be uttered,' which belong to the Hebrew character. Heine's spiritual inheritance was that of his own century, and cannot properly be connected with his nationality, whether Teutonic or Hebraic. But this nineteenth century, of which he was so true a son, has its own 'intensity,' its own unutterable longings; and inasmuch as Heine with all his genius and brilliancy failed to enter

into this earnest and living side of modern idealism, he failed, also Mr. Arnold rightly admits elsewhere, to be an adequate interpre of the modern world. And it is precisely in the religious emotional phase of modern thought—the new ideas as distinguis either from the old, drawn from Semitic sources, or from sceptic and active antagonism directed against historical faith—that find this impressive spiritual resemblance to the ideal tone standard of old Indian poetry. It must not be supposed we are attempting to prove any Aryan inheritance of religi and poetical sentiment, flowing down to us from the vital sou where our forefathers drank. Standing where we now do, the g streams of human thought, and poetry, and speculation are bro up into rivers no longer, but form one mighty sea. We refus limit our claims in this great ocean, or to trace out any spe current—the whole is our inheritance. And of the treasures t waters wash up to our feet, we take what gifts we will—preser some as curious relics merely, and others as beautiful tokens worlds swept out of life; but receiving others, again, as messa miraculously addressed to ourselves—heart messages of which own hearts hold the key, borne across these trackless waters f the unseen shores that lie beyond the furthermost horizon; prov that the men who once dwelt there were not only of like passi with ourselves, but of like spirit also.

'We children of this latter day,' says an eminent scholar eloquent writer, the late Emanuel Deutsch, 'look upon all literat religious, legal, and otherwise, whensoever and wheresoever produ as part and parcel of humanity. We, in a manner, feel a kin responsibility for it. We seek to understand the phase of cult which begot these items of our inheritance—the spirit that mo upon their face.' No one more forcibly than Mr. Deutsch, need add, no one with more enthusiasm and reverence, has shown us 'spirit moving on the face' of Semitic religious faith, as we hav under its three great phases of Judaism, Mahommedanism, Christianity. Monotheism in its severe purity, compunction, loathing consciousness of sin (sin, not as any special infraction the moral law, but as a pervading taint upon man and nature, inherent inevitable guilt, against which David cries out in his g 'Behold, I was shapen in wickedness, and in sin hath my mother c ceived me!"), and, as a natural consequence of this sense of gu yearnings for spiritual deliverance, for assurance of God's pard and His aid to escape the wrath to come—here we have the essen principles of all the Semitic religions. In his fine Essay upon Isl Mr. Deutsch draws the grand contrast between the voice of Mahor and that of the Arabian poets, who, before his time, had sung valour and generosity; of love, and strife, and revenge; of their no tribe and ancestors; of beautiful women; or of early graves u which weeps the morning's cloud; and the fleeting nature of l which comes and goes as the waves of the desert sand; as the tents

a caravan; as a flower that shoots up and dies, while the white stars will rise and set everlastingly, and the mountains will rear their heads heavenward, and never grow old.'

'Mohammed,' continues Mr. Deutsch, 'sang none of these. No love-minstrelsy, his; not the joys of this world, nor sword, nor camel, nor jealousy, nor human vengeance, nor the glories of tribe or ancestor, nor the unmeaning swiftly and for ever extinguished existence of man, were his themes. He preached *Islam*. And he preached it by rending the skies above, and tearing open the ground below; by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing; but such swearing had never been heard in or out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the Book, by the moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery, and by the day of judgment. That day of judgment, at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish; and like locust swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, "Art thou filled full?" and Hell cries to Allah, "More, more, give me more, . . . while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them, both men and women.'

Here we have the spirit, not of Islam only, grand, terrible, soul-appalling—in truth an angel with a 'flaming sword,' turned every way, to keep the way of the Tree of Life.

In the less sombre but more dreamy Aryan world, no 'flaming sword' keeps the way of the Tree of Life: the path stands open. But here also man has risen above primitive innocence and content. Of the fruit of both trees has he tasted, until, in truth, his eyes are opened and he knows, not only good and evil, but the secret of life and death. He is not driven forth from Eden, nor is the ground accursed for his sake; but the awakened spirit within him sees the fair garden to be but a picture of the senses, which, gazed at fixedly, melts into nothingness; whilst, as at the first, the earth is without form and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep. And his own existence he sees to be a dream, an illusion; and concerning his bodily existence he is warned, not wrathfully by an offended God, but compassionately by the indwelling soul—'Dust thou art, and to dust must return.'

Life in this view, or the picture painted of it by consciousness, is only a vision. And hence an atmosphere of melancholy and of yearning, tenderness and pity, is spread over this solid-seeming world, with its swelling seas and mighty mountains, and vast forests teeming with innumerable animals, and rich cities crowded with men and women —all a dream! But it must be borne in mind that the dreamer is the soul; and this divine reality asserts itself in the very recognition of the fleeting visionary nature of all appearances. So then there is no bitterness, no despair; nor is the vision troubled by haunting phantoms or ignoble terrors. Nature may be but a fair apparition,

evoked by the soul; but there is no plague spot on her bosom. Human life may be but a bubble floating on the ocean of existence, but it is not overshadowed by menaces nor distracted by remorse. Here is no sense of native impurity, no wrestling of the spirit with the flesh; here are no temptations of the devil, no hideous forebodings of the wrath to come—the burning pit where the worm dies not and the fire is not quenched—no appalling visions of the Pale Horse and the dreadful rider Death, and of Hell following him.

For better, or for worse, as we may take it, the angel with the flaming sword is fading out of our modern skies. But the still blue heavens of the Aryan world never knew the dark shadow of the spreading wings. Here, for symbols, were only the shifting clouds, appearing out of the air, and melting into the element from which they were born; and above the clouds, the stars, 'bright as with tears, for sympathy with the little destiny of man.'

To the Eastern sage, then, as to the modern idealist, the call (for here, too, there is a call—a moment of awakening from dull contentment and from selfish aims) declares itself, not by a sudden conviction of sin, and that holy 'fear' which the Psalmist declares to be the beginning of wisdom, but by a recognition of the fleeting nature of the individual life as such, and a longing to break through the prison walls of self into the larger universe, where death has no dominion; where a generation swept away, a nation scattered, a planet dissipated in space, are as the fallen leaves of one vanished summer, and where the one eternal fact is Life—Life, not indeed 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' but in constant change, in unresting movement, outward, upward, onward. So far, then, we may trace the dreamy mysticism of India and the 'cosmic emotion' of the modern world flowing in parallel streams. Humanitarianism, 'the enthusiasm of humanity,' and the 'pathetic fallacy,' which carries this 'enthusiasm' through the domain of Nature down to her very plants and stones, have their counterpart in the infinite compassion and infinite reverence of the gentle Brahman; infinite compassion, which touches the most powerful and successful rajah as it does the meanest insect—for are not both dying? infinite reverence, which reaches the insect as it does the rajah—for do not both share in the quenchless life of Brahm? But, now, when we come to the effects of these kindred inspirations upon the conduct and thoughts of men, we must expect to find all the difference which distinguishes life, and the value of life, under an Eastern and a Western sky. George Eliot, in her noble poem of 'Jubal,' has, consciously or unconsciously, given us a modern parable in place of an ancient legend. Here death (the sudden recognition of death) proves

> the tear-watered seed
> Of various life, and action-shaping need.

Man, ceasing to believe himself immortal, is kindled to new eagerness, to new intensity: more beautiful to him, because of the death

shadow across it, is the face of nature; more intense is human love—thrilled by 'diffusive dread' into 'finer tenderness.' Nor is this all. He feels the 'stings of new ambition,' and is strong 'in the force which springs from passion beating on the shores of fate.' 'Come,' he exclaims to his fellows, with him menaced by this coming night of helplessness—

> Come, let us fashion acts that are to be
> When we shall lie in darkness silently.

We must not look for this noble moral vitality in the mystical absorption of the Aryan visionary. Our modern poet has painted the eager Western character beneath the influence of a suddenly darkened hope in personal immortality, thrown back upon itself, as it were, and concentrated in energy; the instinctive love of life and delight in action not quenched, but transformed by an impulse of spiritual will from selfish instinct into religious passion.

But in the more languid Eastern temperament there is not this passionate attachment to life for its own sake, and apart from its conditions. The mere sense of existence in itself is rather a physical weariness than a physical delight. Anticipation of its extinction, then, touches life with no anguish, with no intensity of pain, but at most with a subdued and quiet melancholy, 'resembling sorrow only as the mists resemble the rain.' And hence we have here no 'passion beating on the shores of fate,' no 'clutching haste' making work eager, and stirring men to nobler ambition. The natural inclination is towards a life of contemplation, rather than a life of action; and this mood is heightened by the belief that all action belongs to the illusive world of sense, which is but a passing vision. The wise man, then, will take his stand by the one reality—the soul—and choose to be rather a spectator of the world-vision than an actor in it. He will not, indeed, hate the world, nor look forth upon it without compassion and love, the love a dreamer may feel for his dream; but he will seek to emancipate himself from its illusions; he will withdraw himself from pain and pleasure, from action and desire, preserving the native tranquillity of the soul, that, uncoloured by illusion and untroubled by passion, it may be, as in the past and in the future, so in the present, one with Eternal Brahm.

Having, after this strange and sympathetic fashion, journeyed thus far together, must we—who are heirs of this nineteenth century, followers after a new ideal—part with the poet-mystic of ancient Brahmanism, taking separate paths that can have no meeting-place? Before *us* lies the world—in which we would store living memories, ere we vanish hence and are no more seen; before the Brahman is stretched the desert, where, in quietude and contemplation, he seeks to unite his soul with Brahm. How should this great gulf be bridged? or can it be bridged at all? Let us follow our Brahman, driven forth of the spirit into the wilderness, and see.

And first: we are the children of this world, *terræ filii*,

Matthew Arnold has somewhere scornfully called us, having our portion in this life, in its stress, storm, and fever—not able to postpone living to any season more perfect, or more picturesque, but accepting our own age, our own day, as the one upon which shines the fertilising sun; whilst on yesterday the sun has set, and to-morrow means, for us, the night in which no man can work. This is so: but the world which we claim as our portion includes the desert also. This life of action in the present, and for the present, this need to 'feel, create, bestow,' to 'bear our part, whilst the one spirit's plastic stress sweeps through the dull dense world,' expresses what may be called the *moral* enthusiasm of the modern spirit; and for any such moral *impulse* we shall of course seek vainly in old Indian poetry, or indeed throughout the ancient world. But the ***religious***, or ideal, enthusiasm, which is no less a part of our higher nature, does not allow men to rest contented with being associated in the energies and moving forces of the universe: it leads them to conceive themselves also as one with the purpose, or soul, of the universe. 'Man's thought takes flight for the centre, where through it hath part in the whole,' says our great poet (who surely, in his moments of higher inspiration, must be called, before Heine, the poet of the modern spirit).

The abysses forbid it not enter: the stars make room for the soul.
Space is the soul's to inherit: the night is hers, as the day;
Lo, saith man, this is my spirit; how shall not the worlds make way?
Space is thought's, and the wonders thereof, and the secret of space;
Is thought not more than the thunders and lightnings? shall thought give place?
Is the body not more than the vesture? the life not more than the meat?
The will, than the word and the gesture, the heart, than the hands and the feet?
Is the tongue not more than the speech? is the head not more than the crown?
And if higher than is heaven be the reach of the soul, shall not heaven bow down?

But what, now, if it should prove that this sense of the soul's supremacy, this foretaste of immortality, not by any hope of a prolonged association with mortal conditions and accidents, but by an exaltation of the soul above all conditions—this putting off of self, to enter into the life of the human spirit—what if this, or something strangely like this, were to our Eastern dreamer emancipation of the soul from Maya, illusion and its reunion with Eternal Brahm? Of course, if this were so, it would only be in rare and precious moments of spiritual exaltation that the modern idealist would breathe the hypermundane atmosphere in which the Brahman mystic would alone exist. But this is of the essence of modern feeling; our morality we always have with us, a lamp to our feet; but our religion, at least in its highest moods, not always, lest haply it should cease to be a religion; cease to be a something sacred and secret during the hours of labour and

research, to shine out when toil is suspended and the world has fallen quiet, a star in Heaven.

To some readers we may seem to have been assuming this spiritual relationship between modern thought and ancient mysticism upon somewhat insufficient grounds. We may then give as an illustration what we should, perhaps, have commenced with as our text—the story of the final 'emancipation' of Rajah Yayati from earthly affections and desires, and his further deliverance from spiritual pride and an undue longing after celestial beatitude; until at length the Swarga itself cannot disturb his soul's tranquillity: he has conquered a higher good than Swarga, 'a mind not to be changed by place or time.'

We have selected Rajah Yayati from amongst the numberless anchorites and religious penitents who are familiar figures in these immense forests of Valmiki and Vyasa, because the story of his call to a life of contemplation and spiritual absorption resembles somewhat the sudden awakening of the sons of Lamech to love of the world and labour for its sake. Yayati has no natural inclination towards the life of a recluse; he is not one of those stern and gloomy hermits who rejoice in hard penances much as worldly men delight in luxury and self-indulgence; nor does he become an ascetic in the same way as the famous Rajah Visvamitra and other heroes of Indian story, to obtain supernatural power and annihilate his enemies. Yayati, when we first meet with him, is a brave young rajah, famous for his good looks and generosity, and (which proves sufficiently how far removed he then is from 'perfection,' according to the Brahman standard) for his skill as a hunter. Rajah Yayati, then, is one day pursuing a gazelle through a deep forest, when he hears a maiden's voice imploring his aid, proceeding from an old well by the wayside. The distressed damsel is Devayani, the beautiful daughter of a famous Brahman, who is the guru or spiritual adviser of the rajah of the Asuras.[1] Devayani has been bathing with other young maidens, amongst whom is Sarmitha, the daughter of the rajah of the Asuras, in a stream flowing through the forests, and on coming out of the water there has been a girlish quarrel. Sarmitha has taken Devayani's 'chuddah' or mantle, instead of her own, and the proud daughter of a Brahman is indignant beyond measure that her dress should be defiled by the touch of even a princess of the despised race of the Asuras. 'Yes, yes,' retorts Sarmitha, 'you say well, Devayani, that I should not wear the dress of the daughter of one of my father's hired servants! Upon that, Devayani's rage is beyond control; she rushes at Sarmitha and beats her, and Sarmitha in return pushes her into the well by the wayside; and then, frightened at her own act, runs away and leaves her companion to her fate. Luckily for Devayani the well is an old one, and nearly dry; but the proud maiden is of course covered with mud and disfigured with weeping, when the gallant

[1] Genii, wood-demons—probably robber tribes infesting the forests.

young rajah rescues her; and so, with true Oriental courtesy, he averts his eyes from her, and, saluting her respectfully, goes his way, without even asking her name. But Devayani has fallen in love with the handsome young rajah, who has taken her hand to raise her out of the well. No other man, she vows, shall touch her hand. She will marry no one else. But first she has to be revenged upon Sarmitha, for the rajah of the Asuras would not offend his guru to save many daughters. A Brahman's wrath, he knows, is as terrible as a Brahman's favour is precious; and so, whatever compensation Devayani claims for the insult offered her by Sarmitha, he promises shall be gladly paid. Devayani demands that the Princess Sarmitha and all her serving maidens may become her, Devayani's, slaves. And now, a few days later, the proud and beautiful Devayani, waited on by Sarmitha and her maidens, returns to the same part of the forest; and she bids Sarmitha pick wild flowers for her, and weave her a wreath, whilst she sits in state near the old well by the wayside. And, once again, the young Rajah Yayati, in pursuit of a gazelle, chances to pass that way. He is astonished to see in this lonely place so many beautiful maidens; and, above all, he wishes to know how Sarmitha, whose beauty and rich apparel show that she is of noble birth, has become a slave. Devayani answers this question somewhat coldly; but as the young rajah is about to continue his road, she steps down from her forest throne and, raising her clasped hands to her brow, makes herself known to him as the distressed maiden whom he rescued from the well. 'And now,' she says, 'I and my maidens are your servants. I have chosen you for my lord, and indeed this is appointed by destiny; for did not you take my hand in yours?' Rajah Yayati, at first, seeks to excuse himself: he is not of the Brahman caste, he is not worthy of the noble Devayani; and he fears lest he may provoke her father's wrath by consenting to accept her love. Devayani, however, will take no refusal; and the end of the matter is that her father raises Yayati to the Brahman caste, by virtue of miraculous privileges bestowed on him by the gods; and so all difficulties are smoothed away, and the marriage of Rajah Yayati and Devayani is celebrated with great rejoicings. But it must be supposed that the jealous Devayani has noticed in her lord a somewhat too warm admiration for the beauty of the unfortunate Sarmitha. In any case, ere Rajah Yayati leaves with his bride, his saintly father-in-law gives him in parting a sacred charge: 'Let nothing induce you, Rajah Yayati, to give the second place in your love to Sarmitha, the daughter of the rajah of the Asuras. You must honour this young slave as one who, but for an evil destiny, would have been a princess; but let her be to you no nearer than a sister.' . . . Rajah Yayati, however, at the early part of his career, is plainly not possessed of any miraculous gift of self-control. He *does* give Sarmitha the second if not the first place in his love; and a more mortal injury in a land where a wife's supreme honour is in her position as the mother of sons—whereas Devayani has only two sons, she discovers that her detested rival, Sarmitha, is the

mother of three princely boys, whom Rajah Yayati cannot but acknowledge as his children. Here, then, we have the preliminary episode, which, at the risk of appearing to have wandered from our theme, we have given as briefly as possible, because it shows sufficiently that Rajah Yayati, who is to rise to be a type of a soul emancipated from selfish desire and from love of pleasure and fear of pain, is at the outset, to say the least, as much bound about and blinded by illusions of the senses and the fever of desire as are ordinary mortals.

But now that we have come to Rajah Yayati's punishment, we pass at once from an atmosphere of pleasant comedy into one of deep and tragic earnestness. The jealous and outraged Devayani rushes to her father, and demands vengeance upon her treacherous husband. The Brahman, looking sternly upon Yayati, who, like Adam in the garden, seeks to pass on the burthen of guilt to the woman 'who tempted him,' curses him, standing now in the full vigour and prime of manhood, with the decrepitude of premature old age. And Rajah Yayati cries out that his punishment is greater than he can bear—as yet. Like the sons of Lamech, he exclaims that he had never loved life and the joy of life enough; let him but say farewell to these delights ere they are withdrawn from him for ever. He will not rebel against his sentence; but give him but a few brief years of youth, that it may not be said the cup of life was withdrawn from his lips ere he had tasted it. His entreaties are so far successful, that he is permitted to exchange his hideous and infirm old age for the youth of anyone whom he can persuade to bear his punishment for him for a brief term of years. When the appointed time has expired, Rajah Yayati must restore the loan of youth, and take upon his own shoulders the punishment of old age. And now the unhappy rajah wanders forth amongst outcasts and starving wretches who are only less miserable than himself—they *are* less miserable, for not one of them, even when bribed by a kingdom, will consent to give their youth even for a few years in exchange for the repulsive infirmities of old age. At length, after many wanderings, Rajah Yayati comes to his own palace. By this time his sons have grown to men's estate, and Yayati thinks, surely those born of my heart will lend me the life they received from me? But Rajah Yayati sees his children shudder as they look upon him; and first one, and then another, refuses his request. 'Why did you offend this holy Brahman, my father?' asks the eldest. 'I am not attached to the pleasures of youth, but I desire wisdom; and old age deadens the mind.' The second son is a skilful hunter; can an old man hold the bow? The third is in love; and what smiles has a maiden for hideous age? The fourth would be a famous warrior. The fifth is proud, and cannot brook the scorn with which menials and children insult the aged. But Yayati, like Lear, has at least one devoted child. Puru, the youngest born of Sarmitha, will freely and gladly bear the burthen of his father's punishment: and give his youth, and strength, and ardour, not for a term of y only, but for so long as destiny may have allotted them to him.

have not here space in which to quote Yayati's touching reproof to his four cold-hearted sons and his praise of Puru. He accepts the youth of his youngest son, but only for the time required to realise fully the value and delight of the world, to which he must so soon say farewell.

And now we have Rajah Yayati clothed in renewed youth, athirst for pleasure, and love, and wisdom, and power, and all that makes men cling to life. We are not allowed to think that he seeks only base enjoyments and animal pleasures. We are told that he becomes famous, not only for his splendour and luxury, but also for his many virtues and deeds of valour. All the sages and poets he calls to his court. He joins in stirring adventures, and carries on successful wars. And yet, before the term appointed has expired, he returns to his son Puru, and, offering him his youth, craves as a favour to receive again the once loathed punishment of age! This is what he says:—

My son, clothed in thy youth, I have tasted the pleasures of sense, I have conquered all difficulties. I have used time and strength according to my own will. But this is what I have found: the attainment of the thing desired does not quench desire; desire grows as a fire on which is poured clarified butter. If all the rice and barley, all the flocks, all the gold, all the beautiful women the earth contains, cannot satisfy the desire of one man, true wisdom is to put away desire altogether. This thirst, the foolish so vainly strive to slake, is never quenched: it does not grow old when men grow old: it is a mortal fever: happy he who is free from it! For me, I have passed many years attached to pleasures of the senses, and always amidst one enjoyment a thirst for new joys was awakened. Puru, I am content; take now thy youth and this empire. For me, I will put off desire, and, turning my face towards the Absolute Being, will dwell tranquilly in the home of the gazelles.

All the rice and barley, all the flocks, all the gold, all the beautiful women in the world, cannot satisfy the desire of one man! Is this the voice of Rajah Yayati, or of Thomas Carlyle prophesying to us from far away in the Eastern desert? But we shall have yet another reminiscence of Teufelsdrockh and his 'Baphometic Fire Baptism,' ere we bid Rajah Yayati farewell.

Yayati, having passed on his kingdom to Puru, now uncomplainingly takes up his burthen of old age and departs for the lonely forests; and here, for many years, he leads the life of a religious penitent, becoming famous for his self-macerations; and at length, when death releases him, ascending from earth to Swarga. But it will be seen that he has not even yet attained perfection. His cruel self-macerations whilst on earth are still a subject of pride to him; and once, when Indra, the sky god, asks him, 'How is it, Rajah Yayati, that you have here a place amongst the immortals?' he answers, 'By virtue of my astounding penances, Indra. No man, and no god even, has inflicted upon himself such maceration.' 'Because you boast of your penances,' answers Indra, 'the merit of them

is exhausted. If you endured these self-mortifications only to obtain Swarga, you are not worthy to dwell amongst the immortals.' 'True and just, O Indra!' answers Rajah Yayati meekly; 'but if I must now fall from Swarga, let my fall be among just souls.' So Rajah Yayati is precipitated from heaven, and he falls into a region inhabited by just souls, whose virtues have raised them above the earth, but who are not yet sufficiently perfect to ascend to Swarga. The ruler of this region hastens to pay Rajah Yayati great honour, but he refuses to receive any homage. 'I am Yayati,' he says, 'the son of Nahusha, the father of Puru, a man who has lost virtue, since he boasted of his great penances.' Then Ashtaka, the ruler amongst just souls, is amazed, and asks, 'Are not penances for the health of the soul?' Yayati answers:—

The man who possesses wealth honours Brahma with sacrifices; he who has intelligence studies the Vedas; the penitent macerates his body—all these escape illusions, and arrive at beatitude—but the wise do not boast that they have conquered Swarga by their penances. Swarga does not belong to the soul, but to destiny. . . . I have fallen from Swarga, but I feel no pain or terror. The source of pain and pleasure is not in myself; all my strength then is put forth to remain untroubled by either. . . . One man says, 'I must give alms.' 'Sacrifice,' they command another. 'I must read the Vedas,' says a third. 'I must bind myself by a vow of penance,' observes a fourth. One must lay aside these restless fears. These practices are obstacles in the soul's path. What is best is to identify oneself with the Eternal Being, and to aspire to supreme quietude in this world and the next.

Ashtaka asks him what now must befall him. Yayati answers that he must sink into the abyss Naraka, where foul birds of prey will hunt him, and tear him with their beaks and talons. Ashtaka exclaims that Yayati shall not enter Naraka; he shall have his, Ashtaka's, place in Swarga! Yayati answers quietly that he has given alms to the Brahmans in his day, but that he himself does not receive alms. Then the just souls press round him, all eagerly imploring him not to enter Naraka; to allow them to suffer for him. He refuses, and says: 'Think not of saving me from suffering; but rather turn your hearts to the conquest of indifference to suffering.'

And—so bidding them farewell—he is about to plunge into the dark abyss, when suddenly there appear in the air five flaming chariots! Yayati is to ascend with Ashtaka and his three friends to Swarga! But even so he is unmoved; and as the fire-chariots are ascending through the air, he says: 'Better than Swarga is it to possess one's soul in tranquillity.'

Here then we have the supreme spiritual triumph. The soul is raised, not alone above Gehenna and its terrors, but above Swarga and its beatitude. It was of the pangs of Tophet that Teufelsdrockh asked himself: 'Hast thou not a heart? Canst thou not bear whatsoever it be?' But Rajah Yayati, ascending in his fire-chariot to endless bliss, can say to himself of this also: 'Art thou not a soul? Wilt thou be greatly moved, or elated, be it what it may?'

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The Irish Land Question.

LARGE as the Irish Land question is, it cannot be properly apprehended unless as a branch of a larger one. It is neither a Land question only, nor an Irish question only. It has deep roots in the history of Ireland and the old wrongs of its native population, and the first and last thought of a great part of the Irish people is land; but it has roots also in the state of modern society—in the growing consciousness of popular strength, in the fact that the balance of power is altered, and that its centre is now among the many instead of the few—in ideas of equality from the new world, and of revolution from the old world, and in all that is commonly meant by democracy. It involves a problem not only as to the use of the national soil, and the relations of landlord and tenant, but as to the directions of legislation, and the tendency of modern society respecting State intervention. A keen observer of the most disturbed parts of Ireland, it is true, has lately said that the more that is seen of the people of the West, the more distinct becomes the conviction that the difficulty is rather economic than political, the complaints pouring in on every side referring not in the least to politics.[1] Yet even in the remotest districts of Connaught the peasant is becoming conscious that his vote counts for more than his landlord's, that his representatives sit in Parliament, and that his cause is gaining ground. He is stirred, too, by a movement in the air of which he is hardly aware; his brothers and cousins have sent him something besides money from the Transatlantic Republic, and if he now raises his voice only about land, he knows that he can make it heard afar off. In less disturbed parts of the island nearer the eastern shore, the political element is distinctly perceptible; and Fenianism, which is at once the ally and the rival of the Land League, aims ultimately at more than the separation of Ireland from England. Nor is it in this sense only that more than an Irish land question is before us. What brings it so prominently to the front in England as the political question of the day is neither the recent distress nor the present agitation, for in both respects the state of the island has been worse in the memory of many. It is that in England, too, a new political spirit is astir; that landlords are no longer dominant over legislation about land; and, moreover, that there is a tendency to extend the control of the State to matters formerly left to private arrangement.

Down to recent years the course of legislation in this country, under the influence of the ideas of Adam Smith and his followers,

[1] Letter of Special Commissioner of the *Daily News*, November 9.

seemed to indicate a contraction of the sphere of Government. The society of our day, said Sir Henry Maine twenty years ago, is mainly distinguished from that of preceding generations by the largeness of the sphere of contract, and the assumptions of political economy would fail to correspond with the facts of life, were it not true that imperative law had abandoned the largest part of the field it once occupied. This proposition is in marked contrast with that of German economists and publicists, who assume that, as a community ascends to higher stages of culture, the State enlarges its province and tends to include within its scope the whole of social life. Without going all lengths with this doctrine, we may perceive that State intervention is no longer circumscribed by the limits surrounding it when the maxim of *laissez faire* was at the height of its authority. A multitude of causes tend to widen the province and quicken the activity of Government. The public know more than they did about evils calling for remedy. The press has acquired greater influence, and social grievances and wants are more powerfully and constantly urged. There is really a keener desire for the welfare of the poorer classes, and a warmer sympathy with suffering. With the spread of equality some of the old fences around property, and even personal independence, have been removed. Aristocracy is distant, reserved, neither brooking interference with its own affairs, nor caring to meddle with those of others. Plutocracy, too, is averse from interference; it desires to make what bargains it pleases, to build wherever ground can be purchased by capital, to fill country and town with the smoke of tall chimneys, and to do what it wills with its own.

Democracy, on the contrary, is familiar, intrusive, meddlesome, and levelling. The interference of the Legislature last session, between landlord and tenant in England, and between employer and workman, was at once sign and effect of a change in the political constitution which will have further consequences. A number of new interests are gaining representation; new experiences and new political energies are called into play. The extension of the suffrage to women would undoubtedly lead to an increased activity of Government in many directions,—some undreamt of at present by the most earnest advocates of Woman's Rights. The State is ever acquiring greater powers and energies, further and quicker sight, a longer arm, a more impulsive heart, and a more active if not a more vigorous brain. The most powerful individual can nowhere escape the eye of the public or the control of the law; and a deeper feeling of national unity, as opposed to that of rank or caste, helps to foster the idea of the right of the State, as the impersonation of the national power and will, to subordinate everything to the public good. A generation ago, the practice of impressment or conscription seemed to most Englishmen a monstrous violation of personal liberty; now it is certain that compulsory military service would be resorted to if the safety of the country required it. Those who regarded the

repeal of the Corn Laws as a legislative recognition of the maxim of *laissez faire* were in error. It was a result of the Reform of Parliament, of legislators becoming more democratic, and setting aside the ideas of great landowners in the interest of the majority. There has long been an Irish land question, but it has only recently assumed its present prominence as a problem for Parliament to solve, and it may be taken for certain that the economic canons of the last generation respecting the sphere of the State will not determine the nature of the solution it shall ultimately receive.

Two opposite errors pervade much that is said on the two sides of the controversy. The advocates of the Irish landlords for the most part show no consciousness that we are in presence of a movement which is not exclusively Irish, but a movement of the age. Some of their opponents, on the other hand, seem to assume that it is enough to call a movement popular, democratic, and in harmony with the temper and spirit of the times, to establish its beneficial tendency. Government grows stronger as it becomes more closely identified with the feelings, convictions, and will of the people whose force it wields, but it does not follow that it must exercise its increased powers wisely or well. The theory of representative Government embodied in Mr. Mill's treatise is that prosperity must attain a greater height, and be more widely diffused, in proportion to the number and variety of personal energies acting on legislation directly or indirectly. As the State becomes more representative of the ideas and feelings of the people at large, it was assumed that the general interest, instead of that of particular classes, must become its object and care. Such has not, in fact, been always the actual result. It is true that a narrow limitation of the franchise led to class legislation, but it does not follow that by its extension class legislation is avoided. The legislatures of the most democratic communities show a strong tendency to sacrifice the interests of the public to those of particular classes of producers, to shape the laws in conformity with the dictates of vigilant and organised bodies, instead of in accordance with the welfare of the inert and unorganised mass of society. 'Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura succurrunt' is true of law-making as well as of its administration. Free trade itself was carried in England by the exertions of particular classes of traders, and though much was said about the interests of the public, Cotton was King. Were Ireland to get a Parliament to itself, one of the earliest measures would be to protect Irish producers against English and foreign competition; nor would protection stop there—the small farmer would be protected against the large, and in other branches of business defensive measures would be taken against large capital. There was a movement in Ireland twenty or thirty years ago, zealously advocated by Mr. Butt, against monster shops. Mr. Bagehot says in his book on the English Constitution, that the natural idol of the Anglo-Saxon is gold, and that he bows down before a big heap, and sneers as he passes a little one. To bow down to the little heap is no nobler or

less self-seeking a cult, and may have more pernicious effects. The worship of big heaps has some tendency to create them, and they cannot be piled up without some benefit to the community. The worship of little heaps may be so conducted as to leave no heap at all in the end.

We reach thus two points in our inquiry in reference to the Irish Land problem. First, that legislation on the subject will be governed neither by old economic formulas nor by the ideas of landlords, but will be democratic in its character; secondly, that it will not on that account be necessarily politic, just or beneficial. It is thought, however, by some, and such seems to have been M. de Tocqueville's conviction, that, for better for worse, the movement of democracy follows a course over which no control can be exercised. The truth is that the movement is irresistible but not uncontrollable; it has tendencies which will prevail, but it is amenable, in England at least, to reason and guidance in the paths which it takes towards its ends. Universal adult suffrage is sure to arrive, but it will depend much on the wisdom and moderation of popular politicians, whether it shall come suddenly in an angry storm or by gradual and quiet expansion. The majority of the electors of the United Kingdom may be said to have already resolved that Parliament shall grapple with the Irish Land Question, but the manner of doing so is left for the present to particular statesmen. 'Sic volo, sic jubeo' is the principle alike of democracy and of despotism, but it does not follow that 'Stat pro ratione voluntas.'

The first step then is to consider the economic condition of Ireland. Regarded from this point of view, the greater part of the island is less unprosperous than is generally imagined in England. The true economic line of division in Ireland between advancement and stagnation was never between North and South, or between Ulster and the other provinces, but between East and West, between the English and the Irish side of the island. The manufactures lie in the east of Ulster, but the farming is better in parts of several south-eastern counties than in parts of Antrim or Down. Even in Antrim and Down there are mountainous and ill-favoured districts to which the natives were driven by English and Scotch settlers, and which have lagged behind the movement around them. Were Mr. Tuke, however, to revisit even Connaught and Donegal at this moment, he would behold a different prospect from that which he painted last spring. On wild hills and bogs and on remote shores, and in a few localities where cheap and bad seed was sown and the crops have in consequence failed, there is, indeed, immediate want, and the need of relief will be urgent before the winter is over. Yet Mr. Tuke might this autumn have heard women in Mayo, whose families were getting public or private relief when he was among them, asking unprecedented prices for fowls and eggs, and answering objections, 'Well, we don't care whether you buy or not; we can afford to eat them ourselves this year.' The shops of county towns not far from where

Captain Boycott has been beleaguered, have been full of winter goods and of customers on market days.

Comparing England and Ireland, on the whole, and looking at the condition of the rural population of both as they were thirty years ago and as they are now, and at the prospects of agriculture apart from political and civil disorder, Ireland exhibits, on the whole, the more satisfactory aspect. There is greater improvement in the condition of the country people in general, and the outlook of farming in the face of American competition is brighter. Ireland is in soil and climate better adapted than England for the productions which the foreigner finds it hardest to export, and which are most remunerative in price. The peasant is better clad in winter, and leads a happier life summer and winter, in Tipperary than in Dorsetshire. Some of the very facts of which landlords and agents in Ireland complain most, afford by no means unfavourable indications on the whole. It is curious to observe how similar is the language which residents in widely distant parts of the island use with reference to extravagance and debt on the part of tenants. A gentleman in Connaught writes: 'The Land Act of 1870 enabled small tenants to mortgage the holdings; this they have been doing ever since, and with the money so obtained living in quite a different style from what they did formerly. Their daughters dress extravagantly and receive comparatively large fortunes, much of which is often spent immediately. There are about four times as many banks in Mayo as there were, and most of the business is in loans to small tenants, though sometimes they receive considerable sums on deposit from some of them. There are in all parts of the country tenants who are irretrievably insolvent.' From the county Monaghan, in Ulster, a correspondent reports: 'The Monaghan farmers are almost universally deeply in debt to banks, shopkeepers, and moneylenders. This was one bad effect of the Land Act, as it procured them unlimited credit, and they are so much in debt that it will take more than one good harvest to make much improvement in their affairs. Besides, they have got into extravagant habits as regards both food and dress, and this will help to keep them poor.' From Cavan, in the same province, a person of great experience writes: 'Holders of less than ten acres are worse off than the larger holders, for one reason, because they have endeavoured to live up to the standard of larger farmers and have not the means to do so. I should say that the tenantry of this county are so steeped in debt, owing to their reckless borrowing of money during the good years, that a very grave prospect lies before them unless a succession of prosperous years enables them to regain their property, and that they take warning by what has passed.' From the county Tipperary, in Munster, the account comes: 'There is little poverty in this county, there being few small tenants except on good land. These spend immense sums on drink and consequent fines. They give their daughters good fortunes when they marry, and wives and daughters dress well. A farmer of ten or

twelve acres generally keeps a maid servant. The large farmers lost much on stock this year, but seem none of them to live less well.' A great land agent who manages estates in several eastern and midland counties of Leinster states: 'Although the larger holders are, I believe, well able to pay their rent, the smaller tenants are, as a general rule, poor. They have had this year an abundant harvest, but the last two years left many of them in debt to shopkeepers and moneylenders, and one good harvest will not set everything straight. At present, however, instead of applying themselves to work out of debt by the ordinary means of thrift and industry, they are all like young hounds with their heads up, expecting that some great revolution in the conditions of land tenure will make them all rich by Act of Parliament.'

The main facts brought out in such accounts have two sides. A rise in the standard of living is in itself good, not only because sufficiency and comfort contribute to happiness, but because a low standard leads to indolence, and leaves nothing to fall back upon or to retrench from. It used to be said that potatoes and rags were the cause of Irish overpopulation and beggary, and, though rather the effect than the cause, they reacted in that way. A higher measure of wants on the part of a peasantry is a mark of the growth among them of ideas of respectability and self-respect; it is a sign that their labour and produce are fetching a better price, and that they themselves are rising in the social scale, and breaking with ancient and barbarous usages. It is but natural to find them at the same time copying their superiors in superfluous consumption as well as in the requisites of healthful existence and decency. In every age when a considerable improvement has shown itself in the modes of living, it has at first been regarded as foolish and hurtful luxury, as in part it commonly has been. In Elizabeth's day Harrison complained that when houses were built of willow and wattles the men were of oak, but now that they must needs live in more durable dwellings, they had become as weak as willow themselves; and, now that chimneys were many, there were many sufferers from rheums and catarrh, whereas formerly the smoke hardened both the house and its inmates. Mr. Tuke has described a turf hovel, which the friends with him at first could not believe to be a human habitation, and a still wretcheder dwelling, scooped out in a bog. Such habitations are not creations either of modern 'landlordism' or of unprecedented distress; they are survivals of the barbarism of earlier times. Cave men may still be found, not only in Ireland but in more prosperous countries; they are beheld with astonishment by a stranger, but cave men once regarded the builders of houses with much greater astonishment. The drinking in Ireland is a serious evil, but not a new one; what is new is that there is something over for substantial food and good clothing. 'It's all competition that's ruining the country,' said a Tipperary man to the writer, in the town of Cahir, one October Sunday evening, pointing to a swarm of labourers in and around the public-

houses in the market-place, waiting to be hired for potato-digging. 'Look at them poor boys drinking their money, and the farmers upstairs waiting till the one's more drunk than the other, to bargain with them. And the farmers is drunk themselves.' The 'poor boys' were nevertheless all comfortably and respectably clothed, and the spokesman would have seen no harm in the drinking had it taken place on an ordinary Sunday. It was the intrusion of business into the pastime of the evening that provoked his censure.

The indebtedness of the Irish tenant at present is not altogether a bad sign. The development of banks, the custom of dealing with them, the ability to give better security than formerly, are all good in themselves. All people in trade are occasionally borrowers, and unexpected disasters may leave them in debt. Indebtedness is common among the happiest peasantry in Europe, that of France, and French country gentlemen, in the evidence published in the Reports of the Enquête Agricole, hold much the same language about the extravagance and the debts of the farming classes that one hears now in Ireland, where a rise in the standard of living has certainly taken place. Two bad seasons came together on tenants who had been both making and spending more money than formerly. There was want of thrift and of providence, but the want of both was greater in old times, when they spent much less on their living and could not get into debt.

The real, radical weakness of Irish rural economy is the existence of a multitude of cottier holdings, the produce of which is insufficient to support the tenants, while other employment on the spot, to eke out the livelihood of the family, is not forthcoming. The change that is taking place in English agriculture will make the position of the cottier in Connaught and Donegal, with a few acres of land, still more precarious and wretched, by diminishing employment in summer and autumn, and drying up an indispensable subsidiary source of subsistence. The practice hitherto has been for the Connaught man to migrate to England in March, April, or May, leaving his little plot to his wife and children to manage, and often not returning himself until December with a good part of a year's wages in hand. During the last two years many of these poor men not only gained nothing, but lost their expenses in going over. English husbandry may recover prosperity, but to do so it must be in a great measure transformed, and the transformation is likely to shorten considerably the demand for Irish labour. And as matters stood heretofore, the Western cottier was always in peril, and in extremity when a bad season occurred. Mr. Tuke's pages are full of evidence on the point, which no one acquainted with Ireland will dispute.

> The little farms are the curse of the country; no man can really live on them in the best times. . . . No one can dispute that it is of the utmost importance to realise the fact that farms under ten, fifteen, or twenty acres of land, according to quality, are too small to support a family. It matters not whether a man has fixity of tenure, or being a peasant proprietor has no rent to pay, he cannot, unless he has some other

source of income, live and bring up a family on the small farms under ten or fifteen acres which form so large a proportion of the holdings in the West of Ireland.

Nevertheless, even in this respect the economic condition of Ireland has materially improved in the last thirty years. Clearances of cottier holdings have been in some cases harshly brought about, it is true; the terror of the famine of 1846 was before the minds of landlords and agents; they resolved to prevent its recurrence, and they carried out the resolution in some cases with unsparing rigour. Yet a diminution of such holdings was an inevitable condition of the improvement of Irish rural economy and husbandry. The most unsatisfactory features of the present economic situation is that so many remain. But, looking at it as a whole, one may see that what is unsoundest in it is old, what is new is improvement.

It is not the economic but the civil and political condition of Ireland then that is alarming, and some of the darkest features are new. The rent question itself is no novelty. Peremptory demands for the payment of rent, and refusals to comply, were not unknown in the golden age to which the native Irish tenant looks back. The aposiopesis in the old couplet tells more eloquently than words how such differences arose and were settled under native Irish chiefs. 'Says O'Neill to O'Donnell—If you don't pay your rent—— Says O'Donnell to O'Neill—I owe none, and if I did——' But it is not a mere landlord and tenant question that now confronts the Executive Government and the Legislature, embittered as that is by old historical wrongs, or in some cases by the rigorous exercise of strict legal rights. A new revolutionary spirit, which draws inspiration from many different sources, is in the air, gathering round it long-standing causes of discontent, but having also an independent modern origin and a wider sweep. The people know that a revolution in the distribution of political power has already taken place, and they are anxious to realise its fruits. They have been told that the people make the land laws in America, and that in France and Prussia the land has been taken from the nobles and gentry and given to the peasantry. Whoever knows enough of the French people to picture to his mind what the civil state of France would be now, were land and property in as few hands as in Ireland, may form some conception of the ideas and feelings at work among a no less excitable and far more ignorant Celtic population. It is an uprising not only of the descendants of the oppressed against the descendants or successors of the oppressors, but of the many against the few, of the poor against the rich, that we see beginning and spreading. The landlords are only the first objects of popular envy and wrath. The large farmer is already marked out for destruction; and, with an ingratitude that adds a revolting feature to the scene, the extermination of English and Scotch settlers is threatened by Connaught peasants, who have

owed their own subsistence for many years in a great measure to the hospitality of England and Scotland, and who have been from father to son for generations competing with English and Scotch agricultural labourers and dividing their bread.

Nor would the movement subside when the landlord, the English and Scotch settler, the large farmer, and the grazier had been 'hunted out of the country.' The banker, the money-lender, the shopkeeper would receive only the mercy of the Cyclops, and be devoured last. At this moment there are places in Connaught where no magistrate dares to sit on the bench, no farmer dares to sue another, no tradesman dares to present a bill. The small farmer himself would soon find that he had an account to settle with a class that possesses still less. 'J'y suis; j'y reste' is now his answer to the landlord's summons; but landless labourers may extort a different reply. M. de Lavergne, in his treatise on the rural economy of France, complained that the French Government in the treatment of rich and poor parts of that country had followed the maxim, 'To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' The opposite maxim is gaining ground in Ireland, 'To him that hath not shall be given, and from him that hath shall be taken away even that which he hath.' Last year Mr. Parnell distinguished between 'the good landlords' and 'the bad landlords,' professing to agitate only against the latter. This year he asserts that 'landlordism' must be got rid of altogether, nor has he stopped there. At a meeting of the Land League a few weeks ago, he said, 'The labourers might trust him to obtain for them equal facilities with the farmers to become owners of land. He thought the League should discourage the letting of the grass lands next summer, enabling small farmers and labourers to get back the rich class of feeding grounds.' In the lowest deep there is a lower deep.

An agrarian revolt could be easily suppressed and with little bloodshed. The Irish peasant is quick to know when he is beaten, and to count odds. But the landlords and the Government would find themselves still in presence of a combination against the payment of rent. The difficulty is not to be solved by cunning statutory contrivances to deprive landlords of ownership without giving it to the tenants; thereby leaving nobody with the rights of property over the soil, and deepening the feeling on the part of Irish tenants that 'landlordism' is an incubus to be got rid of. The main object ought to be, not to surround the exercise of landownership with such penalties that practically a tenant cannot be removed, but to reinforce landowners with such an accession to their number as materially to alter the balance, to array against spoliation and anarchy a force more conservative than any army of policemen or soldiers, and to do this without establishing a precedent for legislative confiscation of the possessions of the minority by the majority. Combinations to reduce rents have not been unknown in France in recent years, but

they have never spread far, or caused danger to society,[2] because of the multitude of landowners, and because no prudent tenant need despair of possessing a farm of his own.

Lord Beaconsfield, in a speech a year ago at the Mansion House, strove 'to impress on the consciousness of the nation' that 'no tenure of land can be contrived except on the condition of furnishing three incomes, rent, profit, and wages,' and that 'the three incomes which the land in any circumstances must supply, in England are distributed among three classes, and in the lands where peasant proprietors prevail are devoted to one class.' The answer is that not only may land be had in America without payment of rent, but a system of tenure actually exists in Ireland which in many cases yields no profit, but only rent and scanty wages for indolent and unskilful labour. Where the three incomes are really forthcoming, it is of no small advantage to a locality that they should be largely in the hands of small proprietors who are never absentees. A noble absentee has told the English public something about 'the Portsmouth custom' in the county of Wexford, from which he draws some 16,000*l.* a year, without so much as a house of his own to fill during the few days of an occasional visit. Two hundred and sixty small landowners, each with 60*l.* a year in rent or its equivalent, and wages and profit besides on their industry and capital, would do a good deal more for the trade of Enniscorthy in the midst of the Portsmouth estate. There are, however, better customs than the Portsmouth one on the Castleboro, the Wilton, and not a few other Wexford estates; and the best system economically and socially, is one that admits of properties of different sizes, allowing the small owner to rise, developing various types of life, and giving room for experiments in cultivation of which only large owners are capable. Such a system is in harmony with the policy of Mr. Bright's clauses in the Land Act of 1870, and with the statesmanlike views of Mr. Shaw Lefevre. So urgent, however, has become the necessity for enlisting on the side of security and order in Ireland a multitude of proprietors, that could it be done by no other means than buying out the existing landlords altogether, however great the loss of some of them might be, the transaction might nevertheless be a prudent one on the part of the State. Large sums of 100,000,000*l.* and upwards have been spoken of as required for the purpose; and Lord Beaconsfield, who calls the National Debt a fleabite, ought not to object merely because of the amount of the purchase money. No such sum, however, seems requisite. The rents of those landowners who were willing to accept a commutation—which might, as a general

[2] 'Nous avons eu aussi en France des tentatives pour fonder quelque chose de pareil: tel est ce qu'on appelle dans certains cantons *le mauvais gré*, c'est-à-dire une véritable coalition entre les cultivateurs pour forcer les propriétaires à louer leurs terres à bas prix, ou à donner au préalable une large indemnité au fermier sortant, qu'il ait ou non amélioré le sol; mais cet abus, contraire à toute espèce de progrès agricole, et qui démoralise profondément les populations rurales, n'a jamais pris chez nous beaucoup d'extension.'—L. de Lavergne, *Economie Rurale de l'Angleterre*, 4me éd. p. 413.

rule, be left optional—could be converted into Land Annuities, secured on and collected by means of a land tax, levied on the tenants becoming proprietors, like local rates, by public officers under a Land Board. This Land Tax might further be redeemable by instalments payable as the new owners were able, and not at fixed periods only.[3] It is certain that a great number of the present landlords in the western, and some in the eastern counties, would accept a commutation thus secured, escaping as they would thereby many charges, deductions, and risks incident to their present position. Lower terms too might safely be offered than would be just were they expropriated by a compulsory Act. To diminish absenteeism on the part of the land annuitants, they might be permitted to retain part of their present property in the neighbourhood of their houses in absolute ownership, free from the provisions of the Act of 1870. Existing absentees, not engaged in the public service, might be expropriated without any such option, the annuities payable to them being fixed by the Land Board on a valuation based on the average of the rents in the locality. The land held by the London Companies in Ulster might fairly be dealt with in a more summary fashion. It has no claim to be regarded as private property, and part of it might justly be applied to defray the expenses of the Land Board.

Optional commutation is not open to the powerful objections urged by Lord Dufferin against the plan of compulsory expropriation of the landlords of Ireland with compensation, proposed by Mr. Mill in 1868. It may however be asked in Lord Dufferin's words, in relation even to an optional commutation such as is here proposed—'In what respect would the condition of affairs be an improvement on the present? You would not have got rid of

[3] It would not be unjust to make even the unredeemed annuities terminable after a long period, say a hundred and twenty years, but it might be useless and inexpedient to propose it. Commenting on the gross injustice of an American economist's proposal that the State should everywhere confiscate land rent without compensation, the present writer has observed (*Fortnightly Review*, October 1880), that, as a matter of abstract justice, a period of four generations or 120 years might be fixed at which all landed property should lapse to the State, say in the year 2001; but this suggestion was not put forward as a practicable scheme. Mr. Alfred Wallace has since (*Contemporary Review*, November 1880), applied the suggestion with respect to 'four generations' to Ireland, but with an alteration that would work grievous injustice. Instead of taking four generations as a fixed period of time, he interprets it as four successions or changes of ownership, overlooking the fact that four successions might take place in as few years, or even less. It would not be an unprecedented occurrence for a parent, who had just succeeded to an estate, and three of his children to be carried off by an epidemic; and according to Mr. Wallace's plan his other children would be left penniless orphans. Moreover, the market value of property liable to lapse in such a manner would suffer a corresponding depreciation, and existing mortgages and family charges could not be met out of it. There is no novelty in Mr. Wallace's suggestion that property should be descendible and devisable only to near relatives, nor could there be injustice in fixing a future and distant period at which such a law of succession should come into operation, but it would be most unjust to give immediate effect to it. There is also the practical objection that such a measure as Mr. Wallace proposes has no chance of adoption. What is wanted is one that will not break up the Liberal Party or the Government, and that will pass both Houses of Parliament.

"landlordism," you would only have substituted an innumerable crowd of needy landlords for the present more affluent proprietors.'[4] The answer is, look at France with its innumerable crowd of little landowners, and think what its condition would be if in their stead there were only as many landowners as in Ireland. By the creation of a multitude of small landowners in Ireland you would get rid of much of the agrarian difficulty as affecting the peace and security of society. There have been, as already observed, combinations against the payment of rent in France, but the owners of landed property were too many for them. In Ireland even now there are no attempts to assassinate public officers, because the peasantry know that the State is immortal; and under the proposed system they would be interested in its security as the guardian of their own property. But it is not proposed here to include the smallest class of holdings in the commutation, unless in cases where the Land Board should see fit by reason of special circumstances, such as a market garden near a town. The business of a great number of the cottier holdings is of too hazardous a character, and carried on in too unskilful a manner, to fit the occupants for the position of owners. To give perpetuity or fixity in any shape to them would be to perpetuate bad farming, and to prevent the more industrious, energetic, and thrifty of the class to whom they belong from bettering their position by the enlargement of their farms. The Act of 1870 went in two respects on wrong lines. Instead of boldly creating a great number of small proprietors with full ownership, it aimed at giving tenants indiscriminately an indefinite interest in the holdings, thereby causing much uncertainty and litigation, and satisfying neither landlord nor tenant. Secondly, it deliberately sought to protect the smallest holdings by higher proportionate compensation for disturbance, and other privileges. The compensation for disturbance given by the Act is in inverse ratio to the value of the holding, and one might say, as a general rule, to the skill and efficiency of the farming. In the case of holdings of above 100*l.* annual value, the compensation is in no case to exceed one year's rent; in that of holdings of 10*l.* a year and under, it may amount to seven years' rent, and so inflict a ruinous penalty for getting rid of a sluggard who is exhausting the soil, though ready to swear he reclaimed it at infinite cost in labour. This is protectionism in its most sinister form. We deem it bad economic policy on the part of the legislatures of other countries to protect domestic industries against the competition of foreigners, yet our own Legislature protects small farms, scarcely deserving to be called farms at all, against large farms, by rigorous penalties on their consolidation and privileges to their occupants. It might as wisely have attempted to protect the hand-loom against the power-loom. One may see here an instance of that tendency of modern legislation to protect par-

[4] *Examination of Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland.* By Lord Dufferin. P. 19. John Murray, 1868.

ticular classes of producers, of which examples are, as before said, to be seen in other countries. Moreover in this case Parliament has bowed down to 'the little heap,' and set one of the worst precedents that the new constituencies could have before them. The attempt last session to introduce the principle of foreign law, that the failure of crops shall exempt small holders from the payment of rent, was likewise of ill omen. 'He that observeth the winds shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.' The husbandman should count on the chance of foul weather and unfavourable seasons, and a fair-weather farmer is unfit for his trade. He has in truth begun to count on them in a wrong fashion. The scene in 'Punch' of the Irish peasant saying, 'Plase God, we'll have another bad year yet,' was a divination. Words to that effect were actually used in the West. The Fleming inherits a love of minute and careful cultivation, but out-door relief and compensation for the failure of crops would soon turn the Pays de Waes itself back into a desert.

Instead of seeking to protect other holdings by special privileges, the Legislature should assist escape from them by emigration, as Mr. Mill strenuously urged; and the best of their occupiers might thus get elbow-room to work up to larger farms of their own. In all Mr. Tuke's sad story of the distress in the West of Ireland last spring, there is nothing so sad as the case of the man who saved 125*l.* in seven years in America, and came back to sink it in Donegal on the tenant right of a small farm. 'It's no use,' said the poor fellow; 'a man may as well lie down and die; we're beaten, everything is against us; I shall take my wife and family to Ameriky again!' When asked why he had come back before and bought the farm, he replied 'Nature binds a man to his own counthrey;' on which Mr. Tuke remarks, 'What true pathos and sentiment there is in these men!' Pathos and sentiment, certainly, but not true in the sense of being directed aright. By his own 'counthrey' the man meant that part of Ireland in which he was born and bred; and few men or women in the most fortunate ranks of life can cleave to the place in which their childhood was passed. The son of an Irish farmer, who had left the paternal hearth, and made his way in the world, said to the present writer that, had he twelve sons, like Jacob, instead of gathering them round his bedside in his old age, he would drive them from his door with his crutch and scatter them over the globe.

No measures of the character indicated will, however, suffice in the present emergency. One is reminded of the crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty, when one hears it invoked against 'coercion' to prevent anarchy and to maintain security of life and property. All government is coercive, and its restraints become more strict and more numerous for their protection, as regard for the weak and defenceless grows stronger, and the forces at the disposal of the State become more powerful and better organised. The Norman,

Plantagenet, and Tudor kings were arbitrary rulers, yet powerless to prevent innumerable acts of oppression, cruelty, and wrong, and had themselves small feeling for suffering. None but a highwayman would have stopped a coach in the last century, though it were likely to run over a woman or child. Now persons of high rank are ordered about by a policeman, and bidden to stop or go this way or that as he directs. When a fire takes place, the neighbouring houses may be injured or destroyed, and their inmates turned into the street, to prevent the conflagration from spreading. Men are compelled to vaccinate their children, to send them to school, to serve on juries themselves, and try prisoners, at great inconvenience and loss; and they would be forced to bear arms as soldiers in defence of the country were it invaded. The notions of some politicians about liberty are partly survivals of muddy eighteenth century theories of natural rights, and partly results of thoughtlessness respecting the nature and objects of civil government, and the numerous restraints it imposes which they never think of disputing. It is not on behalf of landlords and agents alone that preventive measures against outrage are needed in Ireland, but also of thousands of peaceable, industrious, and thrifty tenants and their families. At a public meeting a few weeks ago Mr. Parnell's secretary spoke with theatrical and grotesque commiseration of the anxiety an assassin, who had shot a man a few days before, must have endured while lying in wait for his victim. 'Think of the anguish of mind he must have suffered during those hours!' Good citizens are likely to think more of the anguish of mind in the homes of honest men who are liable to be fired at through their windows at night, dragged out of bed, carded, cruelly beaten, mutilated, and finally perhaps murdered, for paying their debts, or farming land that had never been decently farmed before. Principles adverse to that of the general good, Bentham has contemptuously characterised as maxims of sympathy and antipathy. 'Punish as you hate; if you hate not, punish not at all.' There are doubtless persons who, exasperated at the fiendish outrages committed in Ireland, are disposed to punish as they hate; yet the politicians who oppose the coercive measures necessary to prevent their commission, because their own anger and antipathy are not aroused in the cause of Irish landlords, may be more cold-blooded, but are not less irrational. Among the measures most urgently needed is a change in the Irish jury system. A country of which most of the inhabitants resembled Lord O'Hagan would have small need of any criminal jury system at all; but the noble lord overestimated the stage of advancement his own country had attained, and the Jury Act that goes by his name is an obstacle to its attainment.[5]

[5] A resident magistrate of great ability and long experience says on this subject: 'No amelioration of affairs can be expected until crime is punished, and that cannot be as long as the present jury system exists. From the class from which petty jurors are taken emanate agrarian outrages, disaffection, and perjury. It is childish

Repression of agrarian crime is an indispensable step towards the solution of the Irish land question, but it is only a step. It will never be solved until so large a number of the Irish people are on the side of landed property that its rights are sacred in the eyes of the majority. 'Fixity of tenure, fair rents, and free sale,' would stop short of creating a multitude of families interested in the maintenance of landownership, and taking a pride and a pleasure in it. Acute logicians like Lord Sherbrooke will easily find objections to any plan of diffusing landownership by the intervention of the State. But logicians should remember Archbishop Whately's refutation of 'the fallacy of objections,' that is to say, of concluding that a system is untenable because some objections may be urged against it. The true question is whether there are not greater objections to its rejection. There may be risk in adopting it, but much greater danger in turning away from it for fear of them. The British Empire is surrounded with risks; so is every undertaking in life. There is risk in going out of one's house; but the slothful man who says, 'there is a lion without,' is more likely to perish by bringing the wolf to his door.

T. E. C. Leslie.

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to expect such a tribunal to punish the guilty. Nothing takes the heart out of all entrusted with the administration of the law so much as to see, assizes after assizes, juries retiring to "consider their verdict," and returning half an hour afterwards to affirm that in their belief the accused did not commit the offence with which he has been charged, though proved in the clearest manner.'

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to him at 39 Paternoster Row, E.C.

As the Magazine has an ample staff of Contributors, MSS. are not invited without previous correspondence, and uninvited MSS. cannot be returned except at the convenience of the Editor. No copies of verses can be returned.

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